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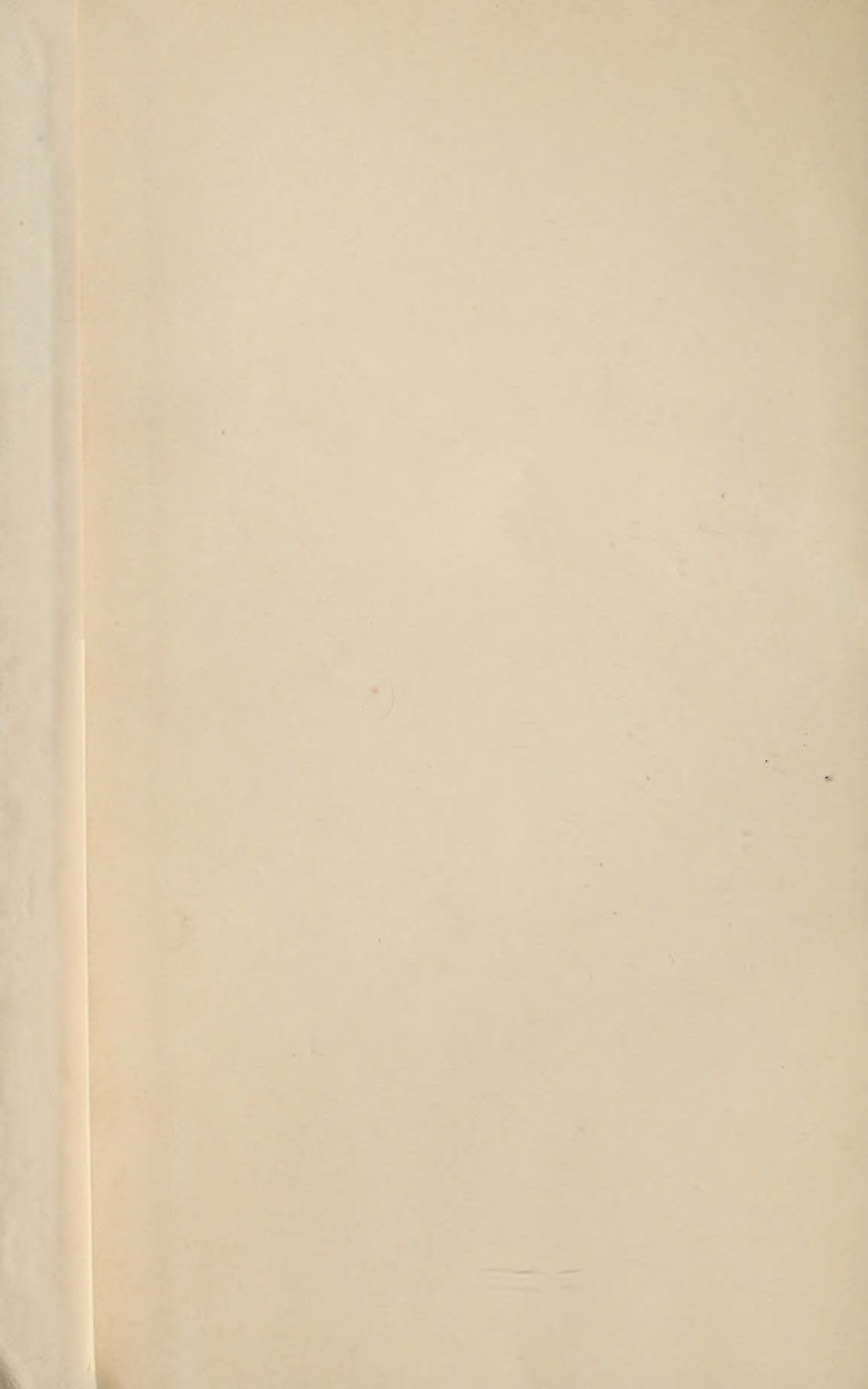



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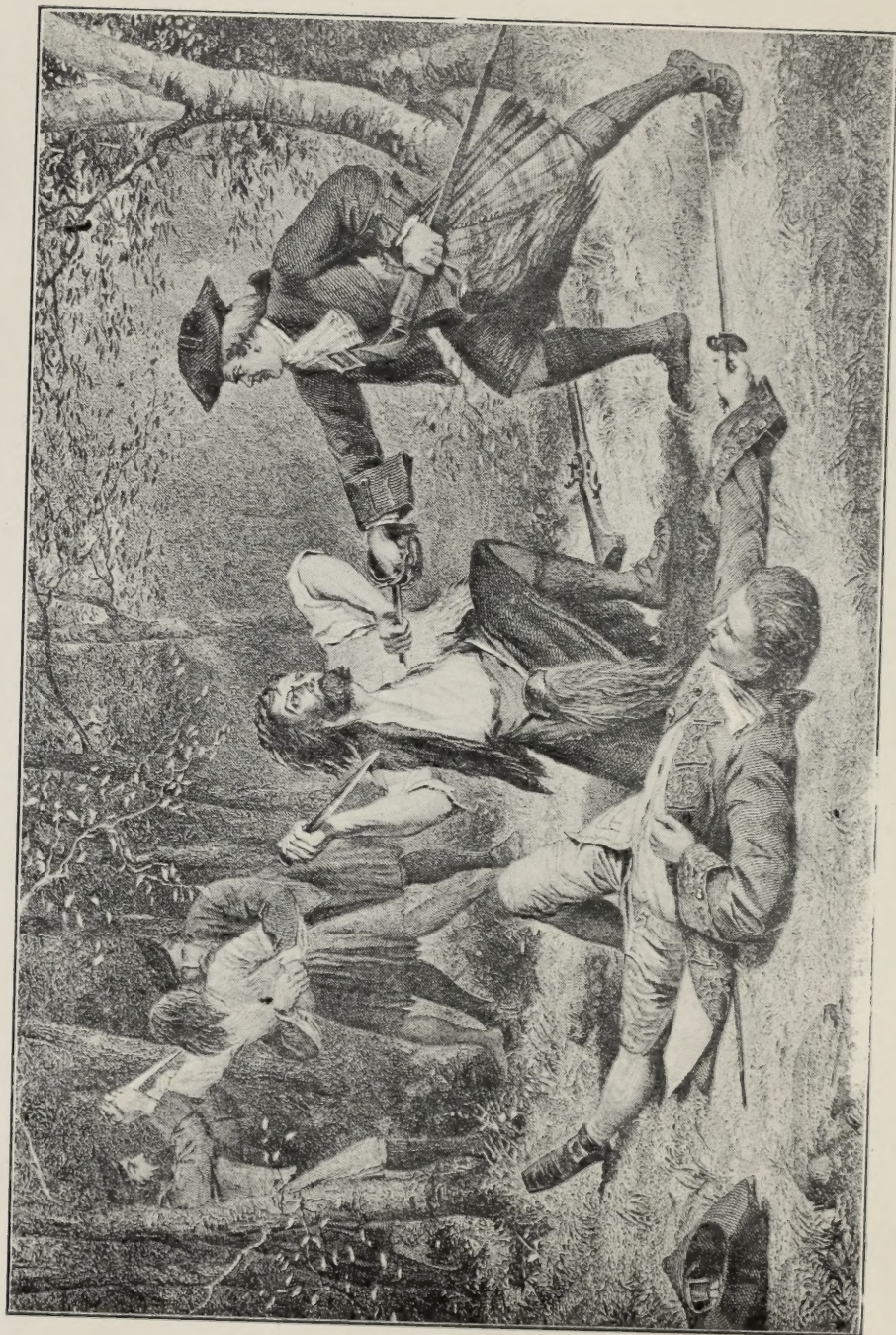
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The death of Sir George Staunton.

THE
HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

TALES OF MY LANDLORD

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Hear, Lord of Colding and Brithel
Your Ward and heir to Johnny Greig,
If there's a hale son of your house,
I wish ye were it;
A plebeian among your noble peers,
An' I'll be content to be
Your vassal, your man, your man,
Your man, your man, your man.



NEW YORK
THE WAVERLEY BOOK COMPANY

Brooklyn, N.Y. 1898

Ahora bien, dixo il Cura, traedme, senor huésped, aquesos libros, que los quiero ver. Que me place, respondió el, y entrando en su aposento, sacó dél una maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenilla, y abriéndola halló en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano.—DON QUIXOTE, Parte I., Capitulo xxxii.

It is mighty well, said the priest ; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, answered the host ; and going to his chamber, he brought out a little old cloke-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a fine character.—JARVIS'S *Translation*.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

THE Author has stated in the preface to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, 1827, that he received from an anonymous correspondent an account of the incident upon which the following story is founded. He is now at liberty to say that the information was conveyed to him by a late amiable and ingenious lady, whose wit and power of remarking and judging of character still survive in the memory of her friends. Her maiden name was Miss Helen Lawson, of Girthhead, and she was wife of Thomas Goldie, Esq., of Craigmuir, Commissary of Dumfries.

Her communication was in these words :

“ I had taken for summer lodgings a cottage near the old Abbey of Lincluden. It had formerly been inhabited by a lady who had pleasure in embellishing cottages, which she found perhaps homely and even poor enough ; mine therefore possessed many marks of taste and elegance unusual in this species of habitation in Scotland, where a cottage is literally what its name declares.

“ From my cottage door I had a partial view of the old Abbey before mentioned ; some of the highest arches were seen over, and some through, the trees were scattered along a lane which led down to the ruin, and the strange fantastic shapes of almost all those old ashes accorded wonderfully well with the building they at once shaded and ornamented.

“ The Abbey itself from my door was almost on a level with the cottage ; but on coming to the end of the lane, it was discovered to be situated on a high perpendicular bank, at the foot of which run the clear waters of the Cluden, where they hasten to join the sweeping Nith,

Whose distance roaring swells and fa's.

As my kitchen and parlor were not very far distant, I one day went in to purchase some chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. It was a little, rather stout-looking woman, who seemed to be between seventy and eighty years of age; she was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland; her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent. I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking how she maintained herself, etc.

"She said that in winter she footed stockings, that is, knit feet to country people's stockings, which bears about the same relation to stocking-knitting that cobbling does to shoemaking, and is of course both less profitable and less dignified; she likewise taught a few children to read, and in summer she whiles reared a few chickens.

I said I could venture to guess from her face she had never been married. She laughed heartily at this, and said, "I maun hae the queerist face that ever was seen, that ye could guess that. Now, do tell me, madam, how ye cam to think sae?" I told her it was from her cheerful disengaged countenance. She said, "Mem, have ye na far mair reason to be happy than me, wi' a gude husband and a fine family o' bairns, and plenty o' everything? For me, I'm the puirist o' a' puir bodies, and can hardly contrive to keep mysell alive in a' thae wee bits o' ways I hae tell't ye." After some more conversation, during which I was more and more pleased with the old woman's sensible conversation and the *naïveté* of her remarks, she rose to go away, when I asked her name. Her countenance suddenly clouded, and she said gravely, rather coloring, "My name is Helen Walker; but your husband kens weel about me."

"In the evening I related how much I had been pleased, and inquired what was extraordinary in the history of the poor woman. Mr. — said, there were perhaps few more remarkable people than Helen Walker. She had been left an orphan, with the charge of a sister considerably younger than herself, and who was educated and maintained by her exertions. Attached to her by so many ties, therefore, it will not be easy to conceive her feelings when she found that this only sister must be tried by the laws of her country for child-murder, and upon being called as principal witness against her. The

counsel for the prisoner told Helen, that if she could declare that her sister had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her any intimation on the subject, such a statement would save her sister's life, as she was the principal witness against her. Helen said, 'It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood; and, whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath according to my conscience.'

"The trial came on, and the sister was found guilty and condemned; but, in Scotland, six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution, and Helen Walker availed herself of it. The very day of her sister's condemnation, she got a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case, and that very night set out on foot to London.

"Without introduction or recommendation, with her simple, perhaps ill-expressed, petition, drawn up by some inferior clerk of the court, she presented herself, in her tartan plaid and country attire, to the late Duke of Argyle, who immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, and Helen returned with it on foot, just in time to save her sister.

"I was so strongly interested by this narrative, that I determined immediately to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker; but as I was to leave the country next day, I was obliged to defer it till my return in spring, when the first walk I took was to Helen Walker's cottage.

"She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme, and I endeavored to obtain some account of Helen from an old woman who inhabited the other end of her cottage. I inquired if Helen ever spoke of her past history, her journey to London, etc. 'Na,' the old woman said, 'Helen was a wily body, and whene'er ony o' the neebors asked anything about it, she aye turned the conversation.'

"In short, every answer I received only tended to increase my regret, and raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroic virtue."

This narrative was enclosed in the following letter to the Author, without date or signature:

"SIR—The occurrence just related happened to me twenty-six years ago. Helen Walker lies buried in the churchyard of Irongray, about six miles from Dumfries. I once proposed that a small monument should have been erected to commemorate so remarkable a character, but I now prefer leaving it to you to perpetuate her memory in a more durable manner."

The reader is now able to judge how far the Author has improved upon, or fallen short of, the pleasing and interesting sketch of high principle and steady affection displayed by Helen Walker, the prototype of the fictitious Jeanie Deans. Mrs. Goldie was unfortunately dead before the Author had given his name to these volumes, so he lost all opportunity of thanking that lady for her highly valuable communication. But her daughter, Miss Goldie, obliged him with the following additional information :

“ Mrs. Goldie endeavored to collect further particulars of Helen Walker, particularly concerning her journey to London, but found this nearly impossible ; as the natural dignity of her character, and a high sense of family respectability, made her so indissolubly connect her sister’s disgrace with her own exertions, that none of her neighbors durst ever question her upon the subject. One old woman, a distant relation of Helen’s, and who is still living, says she worked an harvest with her, but that she never ventured to ask her about her sister’s trial, or her journey to London. ‘Helen,’ she added, ‘was a lofty body, and used a high style o’ language.’ The same old woman says that every year Helen received a cheese from her sister, who lived at Whitehaven, and that she always sent a liberal portion of it to herself or to her father’s family. This fact, though trivial in itself, strongly marks the affection subsisting between the two sisters, and the complete conviction on the mind of the criminal that her sister had acted solely from high principle, not from any want of feeling, which another small but characteristic trait will further illustrate. A gentleman, a relation of Mrs. Goldie’s, who happened to be travelling in the North of England, on coming to a small inn, was shown into the parlor by a female servant, who, after cautiously shutting the door, said, ‘Sir, I’m Nelly Walker’s sister.’ Thus practically showing that she considered her sister as better known by her high conduct than even herself by a different kind of celebrity.

“ Mrs. Goldie was extremely anxious to have a tombstone and an inscription upon it erected in Irongray churchyard ; and if Sir Walter Scott will condescend to write the last, a little subscription could be easily raised in the immediate neighborhood, and Mrs. Goldie’s wish be thus fulfilled.”

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the request of Miss Goldie will be most willingly complied with, and without the necessity of any tax on the public.* Nor is there much oc-

* See Tombstone to Helen Walker. Note 1.

casion to repeat how much the Author conceives himself obliged to his unknown correspondent, who thus supplied him with a theme affording such a pleasing view of the moral dignity of virtue, though unaided by birth, beauty, or talent. If the picture has suffered in the execution, it is from the failure of the Author's powers to present in detail the same simple and striking portrait exhibited in Mrs. Goldie's letter.

ABBOTSFORD, *April 1, 1830.*

ALTHOUGH it would be impossible to add much to Mrs. Goldie's picturesque and most interesting account of Helen Walker, the prototype of the imaginary Jeanie Deans, the Editor may be pardoned for introducing two or three anecdotes respecting that excellent person, which he has collected from a volume entitled *Sketches from Nature*, by John M'Diarmid, a gentleman who conducts an able provincial paper in the town of Dumfries.

Helen was the daughter of a small farmer in a place called Dalquhairn, in the parish of Irongray ; where, after the death of her father, she continued, with the unassuming piety of a Scottish peasant, to support her mother by her own unremitting labor and privations ; a case so common that even yet, I am proud to say, few of my countrywomen would shrink from the duty.

Helen Walker was held among her equals "pensy," that is, proud or conceited ; but the facts brought to prove this accusation seem only to evince a strength of character superior to those around her. Thus it was remarked, that when it thundered, she went with her work and her Bible to the front of the cottage, alleging that the Almighty could smite in the city as well as in the field.

Mr. M'Diarmid mentions more particularly the misfortune of her sister, which he supposes to have taken place previous to 1736. Helen Walker, declining every proposal of saving her relation's life at the expense of truth, borrowed a sum of money sufficient for her journey, walked the whole distance to London barefoot, and made her way to John Duke of Argyle. She was heard to say that, by the Almighty's strength, she had been enabled to meet the Duke at the most critical moment, which, if lost, would have caused the inevitable forfeiture of her sister's life.

Isabella, or Tibby Walker, saved from the fate which im-

pended over her, was married by the person who had wronged her (named Waugh), and lived happily for great part of a century, uniformly acknowledging the extraordinary affection to which she owed her preservation.

Helen Walker died about the end of the year 1791, and her remains are interred in the churchyard of her native parish of Irongray, in a romantic cemetery on the banks of the Cairn. That a character so distinguished for her undaunted love of virtue lived and died in poverty, if not want, serves only to show us how insignificant, in the sight of Heaven, are our principal objects of ambition upon earth.

TO THE BEST OF PATRONS,
A PLEASED AND INDULGENT READER,
JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM

WISHES HEALTH, AND INCREASE, AND CONTENTMENT

COURTEOUS READER,

IF ingratitude comprehendeth every vice, surely so foul a stain worst of all beseemeth him whose life has been devoted to instructing youth in virtue and in humane letters. Therefore have I chosen, in this prolegomenon, to unload my burden of thanks at thy feet, for the favor with which thou hast kindly entertained the *Tales of my Landlord*. Certes, if thou hast chuckled over their facetious and festive descriptions, or hast thy mind filled with pleasure at the strange and pleasant turns of fortune which they record, verily, I have also simpered when I beheld a second story with attics, that has arisen on the basis of my small domicile at Gandercleugh, the walls having been aforehand pronounced by Deacon Barrow to be capable of enduring such an elevation. Nor has it been without delectation that I have endued a new coat (snuff-brown, and with metal buttons), having all nether garments corresponding thereto. We do therefore lie, in respect of each other, under a reciprocation of benefits, whereof those received by me being the most solid, in respect that a new house and a new coat are better than a new tale and an old song, it is meet that my gratitude should be expressed with the louder voice and more preponderating vehemence. And how should it be so expressed? Certainly not in words only, but in act and deed. It is with this sole purpose, and disclaiming all intention of purchasing that pendicle or poffle of land called the Carlinescroft, lying adjacent to my garden, and measuring seven acres, three roods, and four perches, that I have committed to the eyes of those who thought well of the former tomes, these four additional volumes* of the *Tales of my*

* [*The Heart of Midlothian* was originally published in four volumes.]

Landlord. Not the less, if Peter Prayfort be minded to sell the said poffle, it is at his own choice to say so ; and, peradventure, he may meet with a purchaser ; unless, gentle Reader, the pleasing pourtraictures of Peter Pattieson, now given unto thee in particular, and unto the public in general, shall have lost their favor in thine eyes, whereof I am no way distrustful. And so much confidence do I repose in thy continued favor, that, should thy lawful occasions call thee to the town of Gandercleugh, a place frequented by most at one time or other in their lives, I will enrich thine eyes with a sight of those precious manuscripts whence thou hast derived so much delectation, thy nose with a snuff from my mull, and thy palate with a dram from my bottle of strong waters, called by the learned of Gandercleugh the Dominie's Dribble o' Drink.

It is there, O highly esteemed and beloved Reader, thou wilt be able to bear testimony, through the medium of thine own senses, against the children of vanity, who have sought to identify thy friend and servant with I know not what inditer of vain fables ; who hath cumbered the world with his devices, but shrunk from the responsibility thereof. Truly, this hath been well termed a generation hard of faith ; since what can a man do to assert his property in a printed tome, saving to put his name in the title-page thereof, with his description, or designation, as the lawyers term it, and place of abode ? Of a surety I would have such sceptics consider how they themselves would brook to have their works ascribed to others, their names and professions imputed as forgeries, and their very existence brought into question ; even although, peradventure, it may be it is of little consequence to any but themselves, not only whether they are living or dead, but even whether they ever lived or no. Yet have my maligners carried their uncharitable censures still farther. These cavillers have not only doubted mine identity, although thus plainly proved, but they have impeached my veracity and the authenticity of my historical narratives ! Verily, I can only say in answer, that I have been cautelous in quoting mine authorities. It is true, indeed, that if I had hearkened with only one ear, I might have rehearsed my tale with more acceptation from those who love to hear but half the truth. It is, it may hap, not altogether to the discredit of our kindly nation of Scotland, that we are apt to take an interest, warm, yea partial, in the deeds and sentiments of our forefathers. He whom his adversaries describe as a perjured Prelatist, is desirous that his predecessors should be held moderate in their power, and just in their execution of its privileges, when,

truly, the unimpassioned peruser of the annals of those times shall deem them sanguinary, violent, and tyrannical.

Again, the representatives of the suffering nonconformists desire that their ancestors, the Cameronians, shall be represented not simply as honest enthusiasts, oppressed for conscience' sake, but persons of fine breeding, and valiant heroes. Truly, the historian cannot gratify these predilections. He must needs describe the Cavaliers as proud and high-spirited, cruel, remorseless, and vindictive; the suffering party as honorably tenacious of their opinions under persecution, their own tempers being, however, sullen, fierce, and rude, their opinions absurd and extravagant, and their whole course of conduct that of persons whom hellebore would better have suited than prosecutions unto death for high treason. Natheless, while such and so preposterous were the opinions on either side, there were, it cannot be doubted, men of virtue and worth on both, to entitle either party to claim merit from its martyrs. It has been demanded of me, Jedediah Cleishbotham, by what right I am entitled to constitute myself an impartial judge of their discrepancies of opinions, seeing (as it is stated) that I must necessarily have descended from one or other of the contending parties, and be, of course, wedded for better or for worse, according to the reasonable practice of Scotland, to its dogmata, or opinions, and bound, as it were, by the tie matrimonial, or, to speak without metaphor, *ex jure sanguinis*, to maintain them in preference to all others.

But, nothing denying the rationality of the rule, which calls on all now living to rule their political and religious opinions by those of their great-grandfathers, and inevitable as seems the one or the other horn of the dilemma betwixt which my adversaries conceive they have pinned me to the wall, I yet spy some means of refuge, and claim a privilege to write and speak of both parties with impartiality. For, O ye powers of logic! when the Prelatists and Presbyterians of old times went together by the ears in this unlucky country, my ancestor—venerated be his memory!—was one of the people called Quakers,* and suffered severe handling from either side, even to the extenuation of his purse and the incarceration of his person.

Craving thy pardon, gentle Reader, for these few words concerning me and mine, I rest, as above expressed, thy sure and obligated friend,

J. C.

GANDERCLEUGH, *this 1st of April, 1818.*

* See Sir Walter Scott's Relations with the Quakers. Note 2.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

CHAPTER I

BEING INTRODUCTORY

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying six insides.

FRERE.

THE times have changed in nothing more—we follow as we were wont the manuscript of Peter Pattieson—than in the rapid conveyance of intelligence and communication betwixt one part of Scotland and another. It is not above twenty or thirty years, according to the evidence of many credible witnesses now alive, since a little miserable horse-cart, performing with difficulty a journey of thirty miles *per diem*, carried our mails from the capital of Scotland to its extremity. Nor was Scotland much more deficient in these accommodations than our richer sister had been about eighty years before. Fielding, in his *Tom Jones*, and Farquhar, in a little farce called the *Stage-Coach*, have ridiculed the slowness of these vehicles of public accommodation. According to the latter authority, the highest bribe could only induce the coachman to promise to anticipate by half an hour the usual time of his arrival at the Bull and Mouth.

But in both countries these ancient, slow, and sure modes of conveyance are now alike unknown: mail-coach races against mail-coach, and high-flier against high-flier, through the most remote districts of Britain. And in our village alone, three post-coaches, and four coaches with men armed, and in scarlet cassocks, thunder through the streets each day, and rival in brilliancy and noise the invention of the celebrated tyrant :

Demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen,
Ære et cornipedum pulsu, simularat, equorum.

Now and then, to complete the resemblance, and to correct the presumption of the venturous charioteers, it does

happen that the career of these dashing rivals of Salmonius meets with as undesirable and violent a termination as that of their prototype. It is on such occasions that the "insides" and "outsides," to use the appropriate vehicular phrases, have reason to rue the exchange of the slow and safe motion of the ancient fly-coaches, which, compared with the chariots of Mr. Palmer, so ill deserve the name. The ancient vehicle used to settle quietly down, like a ship scuttled and left to sink by the gradual influx of the waters, while the modern is smashed to pieces with the velocity of the same vessel hurled against breakers, or rather with the fury of a bomb bursting at the conclusion of its career through the air. The late ingenious Mr. Pennant, whose humor it was to set his face in stern opposition to these speedy conveyances, had collected, I have heard, a formidable list of such casualties, which, joined to the imposition of innkeepers, whose charges the passengers had no time to dispute, the sauciness of the coachman, and the uncontrolled and despotic authority of the tyrant called the guard, held forth a picture of horror, to which murder, theft, fraud, and speculation lent all their dark coloring. But that which gratifies the impatience of the human disposition will be practised in the teeth of danger, and in defiance of admonition ; and, in despite of the Cambrian antiquary, mail-coaches not only roll their thunders round the base of Penmen-Maur and Cader-Edris, but

Frighted Skiddaw hears afar
The rattling of the unscythed car.

And perhaps the echoes of Ben Nevis may soon be awakened by the bugle, not of a warlike chieftain, but of the guard of a mail-coach.

It was a fine summer day, and our little school had obtained a half-holiday, by the intercession of a good-humored visitor.* I expected by the coach a new number of an interesting periodical publication, and walked forward on the highway to meet it, with the impatience which Cowper has described as actuating the resident in the country when longing for intelligence from the mart of news :

The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh,—I long to know them all ;
I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance again.

* His honor Gilbert Goslinn of Gandercleugh ; for I love to be precise in matters of importance.—J. C.

It was with such feelings that I eyed the approach of the new coach, lately established on our road, and known by the name of the Somerset, which, to say truth, possesses some interest for me, even when it conveys no such important information. The distant tremulous sound of its wheels was heard just as I gained the summit of the gentle ascent, called the Goslin brae, from which you command an extensive view down the valley of the river Gander. The public road, which comes up the side of that stream, and crosses it at a bridge about a quarter of a mile from the place where I was standing, runs partly through enclosures and plantations, and partly through open pasture land. It is a childish amusement perhaps—but my life has been spent with children, and why should not my pleasures be like theirs?—childish as it is, then, I must own I have had great pleasure in watching the approach of the carriage, where the openings of the road permit it to be seen. The gay glancing of the equipage, its diminished and toy-like appearance at a distance, contrasted with the rapidity of its motion, its appearance and disappearance at intervals, and the progressively increasing sounds that announce its nearer approach, have all to the idle and listless spectator, who has nothing more important to attend to, something of awakening interest. The ridicule may attach to me, which is flung upon many an honest citizen, who watches from the window of his villa the passage of the stage-coach; but it is a very natural source of amusement notwithstanding, and many of those who join in the laugh are perhaps not unused to resort to it in secret.

On the present occasion, however, fate had decreed that I should not enjoy the consummation of the amusement by seeing the coach rattle past me as I sat on the turf, and hearing the hoarse grating voice of the guard as he skimmed forth for my grasp the expected packet, without the carriage checking its course for an instant. I had seen the vehicle thunder down the hill that leads to the bridge with more than its usual impetuosity, glittering all the while by flashes from a cloudy tabernacle of the dust which it had raised, and leaving a train behind it on the road resembling a wreath of summer mist. But it did not appear on the top of the nearer bank within the usual space of three minutes, which frequent observation had enabled me to ascertain was the medium time for crossing the bridge and mounting the ascent. When double that space had elapsed, I became alarmed, and walked hastily forward. As I came in sight of the bridge, the cause of delay was too manifest, for the Somerset had made a *summerset* in good earnest, and overturned so completely, that it was literally

resting upon the ground, with the roof undermost, and the four wheels in the air. The "exertions of the guard and coachman," both of whom were gratefully commemorated in the newspapers, having succeeded in disentangling the horses by cutting the harness, were now proceeding to extricate the "insides" by a sort of summary and Cæsarean process of delivery, forcing the hinges from one of the doors which they could not open otherwise. In this manner were two disconsolate damsels set at liberty from the womb of the leathern conveniency. As they immediately began to settle their clothes, which were a little deranged, as may be presumed, I concluded they had received no injury, and did not venture to obtrude my services at their toilet, for which, I understand, I have since been reflected upon by the fair sufferers. The "outsides," who must have been discharged from their elevated situation by a shock resembling the springing of a mine, escaped, nevertheless, with the usual allowance of scratches and bruises, excepting three, who, having been pitched into the river Gander, were dimly seen contending with the tide, like the relics of Æneas's shipwreck—

Rari apparent nantes in gurgite vasto.

I applied my poor exertions where they seemed to be most needed, and with the assistance of one or two of the company who had escaped unhurt, easily succeeded in fishing out two of the unfortunate passengers, who were stout active young fellows; and but for the preposterous length of their greatcoats, and the equally fashionable latitude and longitude of their Wellington trousers, would have required little assistance from any one. The third was sickly and elderly, and might have perished but for the efforts used to preserve him.

When the two greatcoated gentlemen had extricated themselves from the river, and shaken their ears like huge water-dogs, a violent altercation ensued betwixt them and the coachman and guard, concerning the cause of their overthrow. In the course of the squabble, I observed that both my new acquaintances belonged to the law, and that their professional sharpness was likely to prove an overmatch for the surly and official tone of the guardians of the vehicle. The dispute ended in the guard assuring the passengers that they should have seats in a heavy coach which would pass that spot in less than half a hour, providing it were not full. Chance seemed to favor this arrangement, for when the expected vehicle arrived, there were only two places occupied in a carriage which professed to carry six. The two ladies who had been disin-

tered out of the fallen vehicle were readily admitted, but positive objections were stated by those previously in possession to the admittance of the two lawyers, whose wetted garments being much of the nature of well-soaked sponges, there was every reason to believe they would refund a considerable part of the water they had collected, to the inconvenience of their fellow-passengers. On the other hand, the lawyers rejected a seat on the roof, alleging that they had only taken that station for pleasure for one stage, but were entitled in all respects to free egress and regress from the interior, to which their contract positively referred. After some altercation, in which something was said upon the edict *Nautæ, caupones, stabularii*, the coach went off, leaving the learned gentlemen to abide by their action of damages.

They immediately applied to me to guide them to the next village and the best inn ; and from the account I gave them of the Wallace Head, declared they were much better pleased to stop there than to go forward upon the terms of that impudent scoundrel the guard of the Somerset. All that they now wanted was a lad to carry their travelling bags, who was easily procured from an adjoining cottage ; and they prepared to walk forward, when they found there was another passenger in the same deserted situation with themselves. This was the elderly and sickly-looking person who had been precipitated into the river along with the two young lawyers. He, it seems, had been too modest to push his own plea against the coachman when he saw that of his betters rejected, and now remained behind with a look of timid anxiety, plainly intimating that he was deficient in those means of recommendation which are necessary passports to the hospitality of an inn.

I ventured to call the attention of the two dashing young blades, for such they seemed, to the desolate condition of their fellow-traveller. They took the hint with ready good-nature.

“O, true, Mr. Dunover,” said one of the youngsters, “you must not remain on the *pavé* here ; you must go and have some dinner with us ; Halkit and I must have a post-chaise to go on, at all events, and we will set you down wherever suits you best.”

The poor man, for such his dress, as well as his diffidence, bespoke him, made the sort of acknowledging bow by which says a Scotchman, “It’s too much honor for the like of me ;” and followed humbly behind his gay patrons, all three besprinkling the dusty road as they walked along with the moisture of their drenched garments, and exhibiting the singular and somewhat ridiculous appearance of three persons

suffering from the opposite extreme of humidity, while the summer sun was at its height, and everything else around them had the expression of heat and drought. The ridicule did not escape the young gentlemen themselves, and they had made what might be received as one or two tolerable jests on the subject before they had advanced far on their peregrination.

“We cannot complain, like Cowley,” said one of them, “that Gideon’s fleece remains dry, while all around is moist; this is the reverse of the miracle.”

“We ought to be received with gratitude in this good town; we bring a supply of what they seem to need most,” said Halkit.

“And distribute it with unparalleled generosity,” replied his companion; “performing the part of three water-carts for the benefit of their dusty roads.”

“We come before them, too,” said Halkit, “in full professional force—counsel and agent——”

“And client,” said the young advocate, looking behind him. And then added, lowering his voice, “that looks as if he had kept such dangerous company too long.”

It was, indeed, too true, that the humble follower of the gay young men had the threadbare appearance of a worn-out litigant, and I could not but smile at the conceit, though anxious to conceal my mirth from the object of it.

When we arrived at the Wallace Inn, the elder of the Edinburgh gentlemen, and whom I understood to be a barrister, insisted that I should remain and take part of their dinner; and their inquiries and demands speedily put my Landlord and his whole family in motion to produce the best cheer which the larder and cellar afforded, and proceed to cook it to the best advantage, a science in which our entertainers seemed to be admirably skilled. In other respects they were lively young men, in the heyday of youth and good spirits, playing the part which is common to the higher classes of the law at Edinburgh, and which nearly resembles that of the young Templars in the days of Steele and Addison. An air of giddy gayety mingled with the good sense, taste, and information which their conversation exhibited; and it seemed to be their object to unite the character of men of fashion and lovers of the polite arts. A fine gentleman, bred up in the thorough idleness and inanity of pursuit which I understand is absolutely necessary to the character in perfection, might in all probability have traced a tinge of professional pedantry which marked the barrister in spite of his efforts, and something of

active bustle in his companion, and would certainly have detected more than a fashionable mixture of information and animated interest in the language of both. But to me, who had no pretensions to be so critical, my companions seemed to form a very happy mixture of good-breeding and liberal information, with a disposition to lively rattle, pun, and jest, amusing to a grave man, because it is what he himself can least easily command.

The thin pale-faced man, whom their good-nature had brought into their society, looked out of place, as well as out of spirits, sat on the edge of his seat, and kept the chair at two feet distance from the table, thus incommoding himself considerably in conveying the victuals to his mouth, as if by way of penance for partaking of them in the company of his superiors. A short time after dinner, declining all entreaty to partake of the wine, which circulated freely round, he informed himself of the hour when the chaise had been ordered to attend; and saying he would be in readiness, modestly withdrew from the apartment.

"Jack," said the barrister to his companion, "I remember that poor fellow's face; you spoke more truly than you were aware of; he really is one of my clients, poor man."

"Poor man!" echoed Halkit. "I suppose you mean he is your one and only client?"

"That's not my fault, Jack," replied the other, whose name I discovered was Hardie. "You are to give me all your business, you know; and if you have none, the learned gentleman here knows nothing can come of nothing."

"You seem to have brought something to nothing, though, in the case of that honest man. He looks as if he were just about to honor with his residence the HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN."

"You are mistaken: he is just delivered from it. Our friend here looks for an explanation. Pray, Mr. Pattieson, have you been in Edinburgh?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Then you must have passed, occasionally at least, though probably not so faithfully as I am doomed to do, through a narrow intricate passage, leading out of the north-west corner of the Parliament Square, and passing by a high and antique building, with turrets and iron grates,

"Making good the saying odd,
Near the church and far from God——"

Mr. Halkit broke in upon his learned counsel to contrib-

ute his moiety to the riddle—"Having at the door the sign of the Red Man——"

"And being on the whole," resumed the counsellor, interrupting his friend in his turn, "a sort of place where misfortune is happily confounded with guilt, where all who are in wish to get out——"

"And where none who have the good luck to be out wish to get in," added his companion.

"I conceive you, gentlemen," replied I: "you mean the prison."

"The prison," added the young lawyer. "You have hit it—the very reverend tolbooth itself; and let me tell you, you are obliged to us for describing it with so much modesty and brevity; for with whatever amplifications we might have chosen to decorate the subject, you lay entirely at our mercy, since the Fathers Conscript of our city have decreed that the venerable edifice itself shall not remain in existence to confirm or to confute us."

"Then the tolbooth of Edinburgh is called the Heart of Midlothian?" said I.

"So termed and reputed, I assure you."

"I think," said I, with the bashful diffidence with which a man lets slip a pun in presence of his superiors, "the metropolitan county may, in that case, be said to have a sad heart."

"Right as my glove, Mr. Pattieson," added Mr. Hardie; "and a close heart, and a hard heart. Keep it up, Jack."

"And a wicked heart, and a poor heart," answered Hal-kit, doing his best.

"And yet it may be called in some sort a strong heart, and a high heart," rejoined the advocate. "You see I can put you both out of heart."

"I have played all my hearts," said the younger gentleman.

"Then we'll have another lead," answered his companion. "And as to the old and condemned tolbooth, what pity the same honor cannot be done to it as has been done to many of its inmates. Why should not the tolbooth have its "Last Speech, Confession, and Dying Words?" The old stones would be just as conscious of the honor as many a poor devil who has dangled like a tassel at the west end of it, while the hawkers were shouting a confession the culprit had never heard of."

"I am afraid," said I, "if I might presume to give my opinion, it would be a tale of unvaried sorrow and guilt."

“Not entirely, my friend,” said Hardie; “a prison is a world within itself, and has its own business, griefs, and joys, peculiar to its circle. Its inmates are sometimes short-lived, but so are soldiers on service; they are poor relatively to the world without, but there are degrees of wealth and poverty among them, and so some are relatively rich also. They cannot stir abroad, but neither can the garrison of a besieged fort, nor the crew of a ship at sea; and they are not under a dispensation quite so desperate as either, for they may have as much food as they have money to buy, and are not obliged to work whether they have food or not.”

“But what variety of incident,” said I, not without a secret view to my present task, “could possibly be derived from such a work as you are pleased to talk of?”

“Infinite,” replied the young advocate. “Whatever of guilt, crime, imposture, folly, unheard-of misfortunes, and unlooked-for change of fortune, can be found to checker life, my Last Speech of the Tolbooth should illustrate with examples sufficient to gorge even the public’s all-devouring appetite for the wonderful and horrible. The inventor of fictitious narratives has to rack his brains for means to diversify his tale, and after all can hardly hit upon characters or incidents which have not been used again and again, until they are familiar to the eye of the reader, so that the development, *enlèvement*, the desperate wound of which the hero never dies, the burning fever from which the heroine is sure to recover, become a mere matter of course. I join with my honest friend Crabbe, and have an unlucky propensity to hope when hope is lost, and to rely upon the cork-jacket, which carries the heroes of romance safe through all the billows of affliction.” He then declaimed the following passage, rather with too much than too little emphasis:

Much have I fear’d, but am no more afraid,
When some chaste beauty, by some wretch betray’d,
Is drawn away with such distracted speed,
That she anticipates a dreadful deed.
Not so do I. Let solid walls impound
The captive fair, and dig a moat around;
Let there be brazen locks and bars of steel,
And keepers cruel, such as never feel;
With not a single note the purse supply,
And when she begs, let men and maids deny;
Be windows those from which she dares not fall
And help so distant, ’tis in vain to call;
Still means of freedom will some Power devise,
And from the baffled ruffian snatch his prize.

"The end of uncertainty," he concluded, "is the death of interest; and hence it happens that no one now reads novels."

"Hear him, ye gods!" returned his companion. "I assure you, Mr. Pattieson, you will hardly visit this learned gentleman but you are likely to find the new novel most in repute lying on his table—snugly intrenched, however, beneath Stair's *Institutes*, or an open volume of Morison's *Decisions*."

"Do I deny it?" said the hopeful jurisconsult, "or wherefore should I, since it is well known these Delilahs seduced my wisers and my betters? May they not be found lurking amidst the multiplied memorials of our most distinguished counsel, and even peeping from under the cushion of a judge's arm-chair? Our seniors at the bar, within the bar, and even on the bench, read novels; and, if not belied, some of them have written novels into the bargain. I only say, that I read from habit and from indolence, not from real interest; that, like Ancient Pistol devouring his leek, I read and swear till I get to the end of the narrative. But not so in the real records of human vagaries, not so in the *State Trials*, or in the *Books of Adjournal*, where every now and then you read new pages of the human heart, and turns of fortune far beyond what the boldest novelist ever attempted to produce from the coinage of his brain."

"And for such narratives," I asked, "you suppose the history of the prison of Edinburgh might afford appropriate materials?"

"In a degree unusually ample, my dear sir," said Hardie. "Fill your glass, however, in the meanwhile. Was it not for many years the place in which the Scottish Parliament met? Was it not James's place of refuge, when the mob, inflamed by a seditious preacher, broke forth on him with the cries of 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon; bring forth the wicked Haman?' Since that time how many hearts have throbbed within these walls, as the tolling of the neighboring bell announced to them how fast the sands of their life were ebbing; how many must have sunk at the sound; how many were supported by stubborn pride and dogged resolution; how many by the consolations of religion? Have there not been some, who, looking back on the motives of their crimes, were scarce able to understand how they should have had such temptation as to seduce them from virtue? and have there not, perhaps, been others, who, sensible of their innocence, were divided between indignation at the undeserved doom which they were

to undergo, consciousness that they had not deserved it, and racking anxiety to discover some way in which they might yet vindicate themselves? Do you suppose any of these deep, powerful, and agitating feelings can be recorded and perused without exciting a corresponding depth of deep, powerful, and agitating interest? O! do but wait till I publish the *causes célèbres* of Caledonia, and you will find no want of a novel or a tragedy for some time to come. The true thing will triumph over the brightest inventions of the most ardent imagination. *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*"

"I have understood," said I, encouraged by the affability of my rattling entertainer, "that less of this interest must attach to Scottish jurisprudence than to that of any other country. The general morality of our people, their sober and prudent habits——"

"Secure them," said the barrister, "against any great increase of professional thieves and depredators, but not against wild and wayward starts of fancy and passion, producing crimes of an extraordinary description, which are precisely those to the detail of which we listen with thrilling interest. England has been much longer a highly civilized country; her subjects have been very strictly amenable to laws administered without fear or favor; a complete division of labor has taken place among her subjects; and the very thieves and robbers form a distinct class in society, subdivided among themselves according to the subject of their depredations, and the mode in which they carry them on, acting upon regular habits and principles, which can be calculated and anticipated at Bow Street, Hatton Garden, or the Old Bailey. Our sister kingdom is like a cultivated field: the farmer expects that, in spite of all his care, a certain number of weeds will rise with the corn, and can tell you beforehand their names and appearance. But Scotland is like one of her own Highland glens, and the moralist who reads the records of her criminal jurisprudence will find as many curious anomalous facts in the history of mind as the botanist will detect rare specimens among her dingles and cliffs."

"And that's all the good you have obtained from three perusals of the *Commentaries on Scottish Criminal Jurisprudence*?" said his companion. "I suppose the learned author very little thinks that the facts which his erudition and acuteness have accumulated for the illustration of legal doctrines might be so arranged as to form a sort of appendix to the half-bound and slipshod volumes of the circulating library."

"I'll bet you a pint of claret," said the elder lawyer,

“that he will not feel sore at the comparison. But as we say at the bar, ‘I beg I may not be interrupted;’ I have much more to say upon my Scottish collection of *causes célèbres*. You will please recollect the scope and motive given for the contrivance and execution of many extraordinary and daring crimes, by the long civil dissensions of Scotland; by the hereditary jurisdictions, which, until 1748, rested the investigation of crimes in judges, ignorant, partial, or interested; by the habits of the gentry, shut up in their distant and solitary mansion-houses, nursing their revengeful passions just to keep their blood from stagnating; not to mention that amiable national qualification, called the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, which our lawyers join in alleging as a reason for the severity of some of our enactments. When I come to treat of matters so mysterious, deep, and dangerous as these circumstances have given rise to, the blood of each reader shall be curdled, and his epidermis crisped into goose-skin. But, hist! here comes the landlord, with tidings, I suppose, that the chaise is ready.”

It was no such thing: the tidings bore, that no chaise could be had that evening, for Sir Peter Plyem had carried forward my Landlord’s two pair of horses that morning to the ancient royal borough of Bubbleburgh, to look after his interest there. But as Bubbleburgh is only one of a set of five boroughs which club their shares for a member of Parliament, Sir Peter’s adversary had judiciously watched his departure, in order to commence a canvass in the no less royal borough of Bitem, which, as all the world knows, lies at the very termination of Sir Peter’s avenue, and has been held in leading-strings by him and his ancestors for time immemorial. Now, Sir Peter was thus placed in the situation of an ambitious monarch who, after having commenced a daring inroad into his enemies’ territories, is suddenly recalled by an invasion of his own hereditary dominions. He was obliged in consequence to return from the half-won borough of Bubbleburgh to look after the half-lost borough of Bitem, and the two pairs of horses which had carried him that morning to Bubbleburgh were now forcibly detained to transport him, his agent, his valet, his jester, and his hard-drinker across the country to Bitem. The cause of this detention, which to me was of as little consequence as it may be to the reader, was important enough to my companions to reconcile them to the delay. Like eagles, they smelled the battle afar off, ordered a magnum of claret and beds at the Wallace, and entered at full career into the Bubbleburgh and Bitem politics, with all the probable

“petitions and complaints” to which they were likely to give rise.

In the midst of an anxious, animated, and, to me, most unintelligible discussion, concerning provosts, bailies, deacons, sets of boroughs, leets, town clerks, burgesses resident and non-resident, all of a sudden the lawyer recollected himself. “Poor Dunover, we must not forget him;” and the landlord was despatched in quest of the *pauvre honteux*, with an earnestly civil invitation to him for the rest of the evening. I could not help asking the young gentlemen if they knew the history of this poor man; and the counsellor applied himself to his pocket to recover the memorial or brief from which he had stated his cause.

“He has been a candidate for our *remedium miserabile*,” said Mr. Hardie, “commonly called a *cessio bonorum*. As there are divines who have doubted the eternity of future punishments, so the Scotch lawyers seem to have thought that the crime of poverty might be atoned for by something short of perpetual imprisonment. After a month’s confinement, you must know, a prisoner for debt is entitled, on a sufficient statement to our Supreme Court, setting forth the amount of his funds, and the nature of his misfortunes, and surrendering all his effects to his creditors, to claim to be discharged from prison.”

“I had heard,” I replied, “of such a humane regulation.”

“Yes,” said Halkit, “and the beauty of it is, as the foreign fellow said, you may get the *cessio* when the *bonorum* are all spent. But what, are you puzzling in your pockets to seek your only memorial among old play-bills, letters requesting a meeting of the faculty, rules of the Speculative Society,* syllabus of lectures—all the miscellaneous contents of a young advocate’s pocket, which contains everything but briefs and bank-notes? Can you not state a case of *cessio* without your memorial? Why, it is done every Saturday. The events follow each other as regularly as clockwork, and one form of condescendence might suit every one of them.”

“This is very unlike the variety of distress which this gentleman stated to fall under the consideration of your judges,” said I.

“True,” replied Halkit; “but Hardie spoke of criminal jurisprudence, and this business is purely civil. I could plead a *cessio* myself without the inspiring honors of a gown and three-tailed periwig. Listen. My client was bred a journeyman weaver—made some little money—took a farm—for con-

* A well-known debating club in Edinburgh (*Laing*).

ducting a farm, like driving a gig, comes by nature)—late severe times—induced to sign bills for a friend, for which he received no value—landlord sequestrates—creditors accept a composition—pursuer sets up a public-house—fails a second time—is incarcerated for a debt of ten pounds, seven shillings and sixpence—his debts amount to blank—his losses to blank—his funds to blank—leaving a balance of blank in his favor. There is no opposition; your lordships will please grant commission to take his oath.”

Hardie now renounced his ineffectual search, in which there was perhaps a little affectation, and told us the tale of poor Dunover’s distresses, with a tone in which a degree of feeling, which he seemed ashamed of as unprofessional, mingled with his attempts at wit, and did him more honor. It was one of those tales which seem to argue a sort of ill-luck or fatality attached to the hero. A well-informed, industrious, and blameless, but poor and bashful, man had in vain essayed all the usual means by which others acquire independence, yet had never succeeded beyond the attainment of bare subsistence. During a brief gleam of hope, rather than of actual prosperity, he had added a wife and family to his cares, but the dawn was speedily overcast. Everything retrograded with him towards the verge of the miry Slough of Despond, which yawns for insolvent debtors; and after catching at each twig, and experiencing the protracted agony of feeling them one by one elude his grasp, he actually sunk into the miry pit whence he had been extricated by the professional exertions of Hardie.

“And, I suppose, now you have dragged this poor devil ashore, you will leave him half naked on the beach to provide for himself?” said Halkit. “Hark ye,” and he whispered something in his ear, of which the penetrating and insinuating words, “Interest with my lord,” alone reached mine.

“It is *pessimi exempli*,” said Hardie, laughing, “to provide for a ruined client; but I was thinking of what you mention, provided it can be managed. But hush! here he comes.”

The recent relation of the poor man’s misfortunes had given him, I was pleased to observe, a claim to the attention and respect of the young men, who treated him with great civility, and gradually engaged him in a conversation which, much to my satisfaction, again turned upon the *causes célèbres* of Scotland. Emboldened by the kindness with which he was treated, Mr. Dunover began to contribute his share to the amusement of the evening. Jails, like other places,

have their ancient traditions, known only to the inhabitants, and handed down from one set of the melancholy lodgers to the next who occupy their cells. Some of these, which Dunover mentioned, were interesting, and served to illustrate the narratives of remarkable trials which Hardie had at his finger-ends, and which his companion was also well skilled in. This sort of conversation passed away the evening till the early hour when Mr. Dunover chose to retire to rest, and I also retreated to take down memorandums of what I had learned, in order to add another narrative to those which it had been my chief amusement to collect, and to write out in detail. The two young men ordered a broiled bone, Madeira negus, and a pack of cards, and commenced a game at picquet.

Next morning the travellers left Gandercleugh. I afterwards learned from the papers that both have been since engaged in the great political cause of Bubbleburgh and Bitem, a summary case, and entitled to particular despatch; but which, it is thought, nevertheless, may outlast the duration of the parliament to which the contest refers. Mr. Halkit, as the newspapers informed me, acts as agent or solicitor; and Mr. Hardie opened for Sir Peter Plyem with singular ability, and to such good purpose, that I understand he has since had fewer play-bills and more briefs in his pocket. And both the young gentlemen deserve their good fortune; for I learned from Dunover, who called on me some weeks afterwards, and communicated the intelligence with tears in his eyes, that their interest had availed to obtain him a small office for the decent maintenance of his family; and that, after a train of constant and uninterrupted misfortune, he could trace a dawn of prosperity to his having the good fortune to be flung from the top of a mail-coach into the river Gander, in company with an advocate and a writer to the signet. The reader will not perhaps deem himself equally obliged to the accident, since it brings upon him the following narrative, founded upon the conversation of the evening.

CHAPTER II

Who'er's been at Paris must needs know the Grève,
The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave,
Where honor and justice most oddly contribute,
To ease heroes' pains by an halter and gibbet.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but began ;
There the squire of the pad, and knight of the post,
Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes no more cross'd.
PRIOR.

IN former times, England had her Tyburn, to which the devoted victims of justice were conducted in solemn procession up what is now called Oxford Road. In Edinburgh, a large open street, or rather oblong square, surrounded by high houses, called the Grassmarket, was used for the same melancholy purpose. It was not ill chosen for such a scene, being of considerable extent, and therefore fit to accommodate a great number of spectators, such as are usually assembled by this melancholy spectacle. On the other hand, few of the houses which surround it were, even in early times, inhabited by persons of fashion ; so that those likely to be offended or over deeply affected by such unpleasant exhibitions were not in the way of having their quiet disturbed by them. The houses in the Grassmarket are, generally speaking, of a mean description ; yet the place is not without some features of grandeur, being overhung by the southern side of the huge rock on which the castle stands, and by the moss-grown battlements and turreted walls of that ancient fortress.

It was the custom, until within these thirty years or thereabouts, to use this esplanade for the scene of public executions. The fatal day was announced to the public by the appearance of a huge black gallows-tree towards the eastern end of the Grassmarket. This ill-omened apparition was of great height, with a scaffold surrounding it, and a double ladder placed against it, for the ascent of the unhappy criminal and the executioner. As this apparatus was always arranged before dawn, it seemed as if the gallows had grown out

of the earth in the course of one night, like the production of some foul demon ; and I well remember the fright with which the schoolboys, when I was one of their number, used to regard these ominous signs of deadly preparation. On the night after the execution the gallows again disappeared, and was conveyed in silence and darkness to the place where it was usually deposited, which was one of the vaults under the Parliament House, or courts of justice. This mode of execution is now exchanged for one similar to that in front of Newgate, with what beneficial effect is uncertain. The mental sufferings of the convict are indeed shortened. He no longer stalks between the attendant clergymen, dressed in his grave-clothes, through a considerable part of the city, looking like a moving and walking corpse, while yet an inhabitant of this world ; but as the ultimate purpose of punishment has in view the prevention of crimes, it may at least be doubted whether, in abridging the melancholy ceremony, we have not in part diminished that appalling effect upon the spectators which is the useful end of all such inflictions, and in consideration of which alone, unless in very particular cases, capital sentences can be altogether justified.

On the 7th day of September, 1736, these ominous preparations for execution were descried in the place we have described, and at an early hour the space around began to be occupied by several groups, who gazed on the scaffold and gibbet with a stern and vindictive show of satisfaction very seldom testified by the populace, whose good-nature in most cases forgets the crime of the condemned person, and dwells only on his misery. But the act of which the expected culprit had been convicted was of a description calculated nearly and closely to awaken and irritate the resentful feelings of the multitude. The tale is well known ; yet it is necessary to recapitulate its leading circumstances, for the better understanding what is to follow ; and the narrative may prove long, but I trust not uninteresting, even to those who have heard its general issue. At any rate, some detail is necessary, in order to render intelligible the subsequent events of our narrative.

Contraband trade, though it strikes at the root of legitimate government, by encroaching on its revenues ; though it injures the fair trader, and debauches the minds of those engaged in it, is not usually looked upon, either by the vulgar or by their betters, in a very heinous point of view. On the contrary, in those counties where it prevails, the cleverest, boldest, and most intelligent of the peasantry are uniformly

engaged in illicit transactions, and very often with the sanction of the farmers and inferior gentry. Smuggling was almost universal in Scotland in the reigns of George I. and II.; for the people, unaccustomed to imposts, and regarding them as an unjust aggression upon their ancient liberties, made no scruple to elude them whenever it was possible to do so.

The county of Fife, bounded by two firths on the south and north, and by the sea on the east, and having a number of small seaports, was long famed for maintaining successfully a contraband trade; and as there were many seafaring men residing there, who had been pirates and buccaneers in their youth, there were not wanting a sufficient number of daring men to carry it on. Among these, a fellow called Andrew Wilson, originally a baker in the village of Pathhead, was particularly obnoxious to the revenue officers. He was possessed of great personal strength, courage, and cunning, was perfectly acquainted with the coast, and capable of conducting the most desperate enterprises. On several occasions he succeeded in baffling the pursuit and researches of the king's officers; but he became so much the object of their suspicions and watchful attention that at length he was totally ruined by repeated seizures. The man became desperate. He considered himself as robbed and plundered, and took it into his head that he had a right to make reprisals, as he could find opportunity. Where the heart is prepared for evil, opportunity is seldom long wanting. This Wilson learned that the collector of the customs at Kirkcaldy had come to Pittenweem, in the course of his official round of duty, with a considerable sum of public money in his custody. As the amount was greatly within the value of the goods which had been seized from him, Wilson felt no scruple of conscience in resolving to reimburse himself for his losses at the expense of the collector and the revenue. He associated with himself one Robertson and two other idle young men, whom, having been concerned in the same illicit trade, he persuaded to view the transaction in the same justifiable light in which he himself considered it. They watched the motions of the collector; they broke forcibly into the house where he lodged, Wilson, with two of his associates, entering the collector's apartment, while Robertson, the fourth, kept watch at the door with a drawn cutlass in his hand. The officer of the customs, conceiving his life in danger, escaped out of his bedroom window, and fled in his shirt, so that the plunderers, with much ease, possessed themselves of about two hundred pounds of public money. This robbery was committed in a very audacious

manner, for several persons were passing in the street at the time. But Robertson, representing the noise they heard as a dispute or fray betwixt the collector and the people of the house, the worthy citizens of Pittenweem felt themselves no way called on to interfere in behalf of the obnoxious revenue officer; so, satisfying themselves with this very superficial account of the matter, like the Levite in the parable, they passed on the opposite side of the way. An alarm was at length given, military were called in, the depredators were pursued, the booty recovered, and Wilson and Robertson tried and condemned to death, chiefly on the evidence of an accomplice.

Many thought that, in consideration of the men's erroneous opinion of the nature of the action they had committed, justice might have been satisfied with a less forfeiture than that of two lives. On the other hand, from the audacity of the fact, a severe example was judged necessary; and such was the opinion of the government. When it became apparent that the sentence of death was to be executed, files, and other implements necessary for their escape, were transmitted secretly to the culprits by a friend from without. By these means they sawed a bar out of one of the prison windows, and might have made their escape, but for the obstinacy of Wilson, who, as he was daringly resolute, was doggedly pertinacious of his opinion. His comrade, Robertson, a young and slender man, proposed to make the experiment of passing the foremost through the gap they had made, and enlarging it from the outside, if necessary, to allow Wilson free passage. Wilson, however, insisted on making the first experiment, and being a robust and lusty man, he not only found it impossible to get through betwixt the bars, but, by his struggles, he jammed himself so fast that he was unable to draw his body back again. In these circumstances discovery became unavoidable; and sufficient precautions were taken by the jailer to prevent any repetition of the same attempt. Robertson uttered not a word of reflection on his companion for the consequences of his obstinacy; but it appeared from the sequel that Wilson's mind was deeply impressed with the recollection that, but for him, his comrade, over whose mind he exercised considerable influence, would not have engaged in the criminal enterprise which had terminated thus fatally; and that now he had become his destroyer a second time, since, but for his obstinacy, Robertson might have effected his escape. Minds like Wilson's, even when exercised in evil practices, sometimes retain the power of thinking and resolving with enthusiastic generosity.

His whole thoughts were now bent on the possibility of saving Robertson's life, without the least respect to his own. The resolution which he adopted, and the manner in which he carried it into effect, were striking and unusual.

Adjacent to the tolbooth or city jail of Edinburgh is one of three churches into which the cathedral of St. Giles is now divided, called, from its vicinity, the Tolbooth Church. It was the custom that criminals under sentence of death were brought to this church, with a sufficient guard, to hear and join in public worship on the Sabbath before execution. It was supposed that the hearts of these unfortunate persons, however hardened before against feelings of devotion, could not but be accessible to them upon uniting their thoughts and voices, for the last time, along with their fellow-mortals, in addressing their Creator. And to the rest of the congregation it was thought it could not but be impressive and affecting to find their devotions mingling with those who, sent by the doom of an earthly tribunal to appear where the whole earth is judged, might be considered as beings trembling on the verge of eternity. The practice, however edifying, has been discontinued, in consequence of the incident we are about to detail.

The clergyman whose duty it was to officiate in the Tolbooth Church had concluded an affecting discourse, part of which was particularly directed to the unfortunate men, Wilson and Robertson, who were in the pew set apart for the persons in their unhappy situation, each secured betwixt two soldiers of the City Guard. The clergyman had reminded them that the next congregation they must join would be that of the just or of the unjust; that the psalms they now heard must be exchanged, in the space of two brief days, for eternal hallelujahs or eternal lamentations; and that this fearful alternative must depend upon the state to which they might be able to bring their minds before the moment of awful preparation; that they should not despair on account of the suddenness of the summons, but rather to feel this comfort in their misery, that, though all who now lifted the voice, or bent the knee, in conjunction with them lay under the same sentence of certain death, *they* only had the advantage of knowing the precise moment at which it should be executed upon them. "Therefore," urged the good man, his voice trembling with emotion, "redeem the time, my unhappy brethren, which is yet left; and remember that, with the grace of Him to whom space and time are but as nothing, salvation may yet be assured, even in the pittance of delay which the laws of your country afford you."

Robertson was observed to weep at these words ; but Wilson seemed as one whose brain had not entirely received their meaning, or whose thoughts were deeply impressed with some different subject ; an expression so natural to a person in his situation that it excited neither suspicion nor surprise.

The benediction was pronounced as usual, and the congregation was dismissed, many lingering to indulge their curiosity with a more fixed look at the two criminals, who now, as well as their guards, rose up, as if to depart when the crowd should permit them. A murmur of compassion was heard to pervade the spectators, the more general, perhaps, on account of the alleviating circumstances of the case ; when all at once, Wilson, who, as we have already noticed, was a very strong man, seized two of the soldiers, one with each hand, and calling at the same time to his companion, " Run, Geordie, run !" threw himself on a third, and fastened his teeth on the collar of his coat. Robertson stood for a second as if thunderstruck, and unable to avail himself of the opportunity of escape ; but the cry of " Run, run !" being echoed from many around, whose feelings surprised them into a very natural interest in his behalf, he shook off the grasp of the remaining soldier, threw himself over the pew, mixed with the dispersing congregation, none of whom felt inclined to stop a poor wretch taking this last chance for his life, gained the door of the church, and was lost to all pursuit.

The generous intrepidity which Wilson had displayed on this occasion augmented the feeling of compassion which attended his fate. The public, where their own prejudices are not concerned being easily engaged on the side of disinterestedness and humanity, admired Wilson's behavior, and rejoiced in Robertson's escape. This general feeling was so great that it excited a vague report that Wilson would be rescued at the place of execution, either by the mob or by some of his old associates, or by some second extraordinary and unexpected exertion of strength and courage on his own part. The magistrates thought it their duty to provide against the possibility of disturbance. They ordered out, for protection of the execution of the sentence, the greater part of their own City Guard, under the command of Captain Porteous, a man whose name became too memorable from the melancholy circumstances of the day and subsequent events. It may be necessary to say a word about this person and the corps which he commanded. But the subject is of importance sufficient to deserve another chapter.

CHAPTER III

And thou, great god of aqua-vitæ !
Wha sways the empire of this city,
(When fou we're sometimes capernoity),
Be thou prepared,
To save us frae that black banditti,
The City Guard !

FERGUSON'S *Daft Days*.

CAPTAIN JOHN PORTEOUS, a name memorable in the traditions of Edinburgh, as well as in the records of criminal jurisprudence, was the son of a citizen of Edinburgh, who endeavored to breed him up to his own mechanical trade of a tailor. The youth, however, had a wild and irreclaimable propensity to dissipation, which finally sent him to serve in the corps long maintained in the service of the States of Holland, and called the Scotch Dutch. Here he learned military discipline ; and returning afterwards, in the course of an idle and wandering life, to his native city, his services were required by the magistrates of Edinburgh, in the disturbed year 1715, for disciplining their City Guard, in which he shortly afterwards received a captain's commission. It was only by his military skill, and an alert and resolute character as an officer of police, that he merited this promotion, for he is said to have been a man of profligate habits, an unnatural son, and a brutal husband. He was, however, useful in his station, and his harsh and fierce habits rendered him formidable to rioters or disturbers of the public peace.

The corps in which he held his command is, or perhaps we should rather say *was*, a body of about one hundred and twenty soldiers, divided into three companies, and regularly armed, clothed, and embodied. They were chiefly veterans who enlisted in this corps, having the benefit of working at their trades when they were off duty. These men had the charge of preserving public order, repressing riots and street robberies, acting, in short, as an armed police, and attending on all public occasions where confusion or popular disturbance might be expected.* Poor Ferguson, whose irregularities

* See Edinburgh City Guard. Note 3.

sometimes led him into unpleasant *rencontres* with these military conservators of public order, and who mentions them so often that he may be termed their poet laureate, thus admonishes his readers, warned doubtless by his own experience :

Gude folk, as ye come frae the fair,
Bide yont frae this black squad ;
There's nae sic savages elsewhere
Allow'd to wear cockad.

In fact, the soldiers of the City Guard, being, as we have said, in general discharged veterans, who had strength enough remaining for this municipal duty, and being, moreover, for the greater part, Highlanders, were neither by birth, education, nor former habits trained to endure with much patience the insults of the rabble, or the provoking petulance of truant schoolboys, and idle debauchees of all descriptions, with whom their occupation brought them into contact. On the contrary, the tempers of the poor old fellows were soured by the indignities with which the mob distinguished them on many occasions, and frequently might have required the soothing strains of the poet we have just quoted—

O soldiers ! for your ain dear sakes,
For Scotland's love, the Land o' Cakes,
Gie not her bairns sic deadly pails,
Nor be sae rude,
Wi' firelock or Lochaber axe,
As spill their bluid !

On all occasions when a holiday licensed some riot and irregularity, a skirmish with these veterans was a favorite recreation with the rabble of Edinburgh. These pages may perhaps see the light when many have in fresh recollection such onsets as we allude to. But the venerable corps with whom the contention was held may now be considered as totally extinct. Of late the gradual diminution of these civic soldiers reminds one of the abatement of King Lear's hundred knights. The edicts of each succeeding set of magistrates have, like those of Goneril and Regan, diminished this venerable band with the similar question, "What need we five and twenty?—ten?—or five?" And it is now nearly come to, "What need one?" A spectre may indeed here and there still be seen, of an old gray-headed and gray-bearded Highlander, with war-worn features, but bent double by age ; dressed in an old-fashioned cocked hat, bound with white tape instead of silver lace, and in coat, waistcoat, and breeches of a muddy-colored red, bearing in

his withered hand an ancient weapon, called a Lochaber axe, a long pole, namely, with an axe at the extremity and a hook at the back of the hatchet.* Such a phantom of former days still creeps, I have been informed, round the statue of Charles the Second, in the Parliament Square, as if the image of a Stuart were the last refuge for any memorial of our ancient manners; and one or two others are supposed to glide around the door of the guard-house assigned to them in the Lucken-booths when their ancient refuge in the High Street was laid low.† But the fate of manuscripts bequeathed to friends and executors is so uncertain, that the narrative containing these frail memorials of the old Town Guard of Edinburgh, who, with their grim and valiant corporal, John Dhu, the fiercest-looking fellow I ever saw, were, in my boyhood, the alternate terror and derision of the petulant brood of the High School, may, perhaps, only come to light when all memory of the institution has faded away, and then serve as an illustration of Kay's caricatures, who has preserved the features of some of their heroes. In the preceding generation, when there was a perpetual alarm for the plots and activity of the Jacobites, some pains were taken by the magistrates of Edinburgh to keep this corps, though composed always of such materials as we have noticed, in a more effective state than was afterwards judged necessary, when their most dangerous service was to skirmish with the rabble on the king's birthday. They were, therefore, more the objects of hatred, and less that of scorn, than they were afterwards accounted.

To Captain John Porteous the honor of his command and of his corps seems to have been a matter of high interest and importance. He was exceedingly incensed against Wilson for the affront which he construed him to have put upon his soldiers, in the effort he made for the liberation of his companion, and expressed himself most ardently on the subject. He was no less indignant at the report that there was an intention to rescue Wilson himself from the gallows, and uttered many threats and imprecations upon that subject, which were afterwards remembered to his disadvantage. In fact, if a good deal of determination and promptitude rendered Porteous, in one respect, fit to command guards designed to suppress popular commotion, he seems, on the other, to have been disqualified for a charge so delicate by a hot and surly temper, always too ready to come to blows and violence, a character void of

* This hook was to enable the bearer of the Lochaber axe to scale a gateway, by grappling the top of the door and swinging himself up by the staff of his weapon.

† See Last March of the City Guard. Note 4.

principle, and a disposition to regard the rabble, who seldom failed to regale him and his soldiers with some marks of their displeasure, as declared enemies, upon whom it was natural and justifiable that he should seek opportunities of vengeance. Being, however, the most active and trustworthy among the captains of the City Guard, he was the person to whom the magistrates confided the command of the soldiers appointed to keep the peace at the time of Wilson's execution. He was ordered to guard the gallows and scaffold, with about eighty men, all the disposable force that could be spared for that duty.

But the magistrates took further precautions, which affected Porteous's pride very deeply. They requested the assistance of part of a regular infantry regiment, not to attend upon the execution, but to remain drawn up on the principal street of the city, during the time that it went forward, in order to intimidate the multitude, in case they should be disposed to be unruly, with a display of force which could not be resisted without desperation. It may sound ridiculous in our ears, considering the fallen state of this ancient civic corps, that its officer should have felt punctiliously jealous of its honor. Yet so it was. Captain Porteous resented as an indignity the introducing the Welsh Fusileers within the city, and drawing them up in the street where no drums but his own were allowed to be sounded without the special command or permission of the magistrates. As he could not show his ill-humor to his patrons the magistrates, it increased his indignation and his desire to be revenged on the unfortunate criminal Wilson, and all who favored him. These internal emotions of jealousy and rage wrought a change on the man's mien and bearing, visible to all who saw him on the fatal morning when Wilson was appointed to suffer. Porteous's ordinary appearance was rather favorable. He was about the middle size, stout, and well made, having a military air, and yet rather a gentle and mild countenance. His complexion was brown, his face somewhat fretted with the scars of the smallpox, his eyes rather languid than keen or fierce. On the present occasion, however, it seemed to those who saw him as if he were agitated by some evil demon. His step was irregular, his voice hollow and broken, his countenance pale, his eyes staring and wild, his speech imperfect and confused, and his whole appearance so disordered that many remarked he seemed to be "fey," a Scottish expression, meaning the state of those who are driven on to their impending fate by the strong impulse of some irresistible necessity.

One part of his conduct was truly diabolical, if, indeed, it has not been exaggerated by the general prejudice entertained against his memory. When Wilson, the unhappy criminal, was delivered to him by the keeper of the prison, in order that he might be conducted to the place of execution, Porteous, not satisfied with the usual precautions to prevent escape, ordered him to be manacled. This might be justifiable from the character and bodily strength of the malefactor, as well as from the apprehensions so generally entertained of an expected rescue. But the handcuffs which were produced being found too small for the wrists of a man so big-boned as Wilson, Porteous proceeded with his own hands, and by great exertion of strength, to force them till they clasped together, to the exquisite torture of the unhappy criminal. Wilson remonstrated against such barbarous usage, declaring that the pain distracted his thoughts from the subjects of meditation proper to his unhappy condition.

“It signifies little,” replied Captain Porteous ; “your pain will be soon at an end.”

“Your cruelty is great,” answered the sufferer. “You know not how soon you yourself may have occasion to ask the mercy which you are now refusing to a fellow-creature. May God forgive you !”

These words, long afterwards quoted and remembered, were all that passed between Porteous and his prisoner ; but as they took air and became known to the people, they greatly increased the popular compassion for Wilson, and excited a proportionate degree of indignation against Porteous, against whom, as strict, and even violent, in the discharge of his unpopular office, the common people had some real, and many imaginary, causes of complaint.

When the painful procession was completed, and Wilson, with the escort, had arrived at the scaffold in the Grassmarket, there appeared no signs of that attempt to rescue him which had occasioned such precautions. The multitude, in general, looked on with deeper interest than at ordinary executions ; and there might be seen on the countenances of many a stern and indignant expression, like that with which the ancient Cameronians might be supposed to witness the execution of their brethren, who glorified the Covenant on the same occasion, and at the same spot. But there was no attempt at violence. Wilson himself seemed disposed to hasten over the space that divided time from eternity. The devotions proper and usual on such occasions were no sooner fin-

ished than he submitted to his fate, and the sentence of the law was fulfilled.

He had been suspended on the gibbet so long as to be totally deprived of life, when at once, as if occasioned by some newly received impulse, there arose a tumult among the multitude. Many stones were thrown at Porteous and his guards ; some mischief was done ; and the mob continued to press forward with whoops, shrieks, howls, and exclamations. A young fellow, with a sailor's cap slouched over his face, sprung on the scaffold and cut the rope by which the criminal was suspended. Others approached to carry off the body, either to secure for it a decent grave, or to try, perhaps, some means of resuscitation. Captain Porteous was wrought, by this appearance of insurrection against his authority, into a rage so headlong as made him forget that, the sentence having been fully executed, it was his duty not to engage in hostilities with the misguided multitude, but to draw off his men as fast as possible. He sprung from the scaffold, snatched a musket from one of his soldiers, commanded the party to give fire, and, as several eye-witnesses concurred in swearing, set them the example by discharging his piece and shooting a man dead on the spot. Several soldiers obeyed his command or followed his example ; six or seven persons were slain, and a great many were hurt and wounded.

After this act of violence, the Captain proceeded to withdraw his men towards their guard-house in the High Street. The mob were not so much intimidated as incensed by what had been done. They pursued the soldiers with execrations, accompanied by volleys of stones. As they pressed on them, the rearmost soldiers turned and again fired with fatal aim and execution. It is not accurately known whether Porteous commanded this second act of violence ; but of course the odium of the whole transactions of the fatal day attached to him, and to him alone. He arrived at the guard-house, dismissed his soldiers, and went to make his report to the magistrates concerning the unfortunate events of the day.

Apparently by this time Captain Porteous had begun to doubt the propriety of his own conduct, and the reception he met with from the magistrates was such as to make him still more anxious to gloss it over. He denied that he had given orders to fire ; he denied he had fired with his own hand ; he even produced the fusee which he carried as an officer for examination : it was found still loaded. Of three cartridges which he was seen to put in his pouch that morning, two were still there ; a white handkerchief was thrust into the muzzle

of the piece, and returned unsoiled or blackened. To the defence founded on these circumstances it was answered, that Porteous had not used his own piece, but had been seen to take one from a soldier. Among the many who had been killed and wounded by the unhappy fire, there were several of better rank ; for even the humanity of such soldiers as fired over the heads of the mere rabble around the scaffold proved in some instances fatal to persons who were stationed in windows, or observed the melancholy scene from a distance. The voice of public indignation was loud and general ; and, ere men's tempers had time to cool, the trial of Captain Porteous took place before the High Court of Justiciary. After a long and patient hearing, the jury had the difficult duty of balancing the positive evidence of many persons, and those of respectability, who deposed positively to the prisoner's commanding his soldiers to fire, and himself firing his piece, of which some swore that they saw the smoke and flash, and beheld a man drop at whom it was pointed, with the negative testimony of others, who, though well stationed for seeing what had passed, neither heard Porteous give orders to fire, nor saw him fire himself ; but, on the contrary, averred that the first shot was fired by a soldier who stood close by him. A great part of his defence was also founded on the turbulence of the mob, which witnesses, according to their feelings, their pre-lilections, and their opportunities of observation, represented differently ; some describing as a formidable riot what others represented as a trifling disturbance, such as always used to take place on the like occasions, when the executioner of the law and the men commissioned to protect him in his task were generally exposed to some indignities. The verdict of the jury sufficiently shows how the evidence preponderated in their minds. It declared that John Porteous fired a gun among the people assembled at the execution ; that he gave orders to his soldiers to fire, by which many persons were killed and wounded ; but, at the same time, that the prisoner and his guard had been wounded and beaten by stones thrown at them by the multitude. Upon this verdict, the Lords of Justiciary passed sentence of death against Captain John Porteous, adjudging him, in the common form, to be hanged on a gibbet at the common place of execution, on Wednesday, 8th September, 1736, and all his movable property to be forfeited to the king's use, according to the Scottish law in cases of wilful murder.

CHAPTER IV

The hour's come, but not the man.*

Kelpie.

ON the day when the unhappy Porteous was expected to suffer the sentence of the law, the place of execution, extensive as it is, was crowded almost to suffocation. There was not a window in all the lofty tenements around it, or in the steep and crooked street, called the Bow, by which the fatal procession was to descend from the High Street, that was not absolutely filled with spectators. The uncommon height and antique appearance of these houses, some of which were formerly the property of the Knights Templars and the Knights of St. John, and still exhibit on their fronts and gables the iron cross of these orders, gave additional effect to a scene in itself so striking. The area of the Grassmarket resembled a huge dark lake or sea of human heads, in the centre of which arose the fatal tree, tall, black, and ominous, from which dangled the deadly halter. Every object takes interest from its uses and associations, and the erect beam and empty noose, things so simple in themselves, became, on such an occasion, objects of terror and of solemn interest.

Amid so numerous an assembly there was scarcely a word spoken, save in whispers. The thirst of vengeance was in some degree allayed by its supposed certainty ; and even the populace, with deeper feeling than they are wont to entertain, suppressed all clamorous exultation, and prepared to enjoy the scene of retaliation in triumph, silent and decent, though stern and relentless. It seemed as if the depth of their hatred to the unfortunate criminal scorned to display itself in anything resembling the more noisy current of their ordinary feelings. Had a stranger consulted only the evidence of his ears, he might have supposed that so vast a multitude were assembled for some purpose which affected them with the deepest sorrow, and stilled those noises which, on all ordinary occasions, arise from such a concourse ; but if he gazed upon

* See The Kelpie's Voice. Note 5.

their faces he would have been instantly undeceived. The compressed lip, the bent brow, the stern and flashing eye of almost every one on whom he looked, conveyed the expression of men come to glut their sight with triumphant revenge. It is probable that the appearance of the criminal might have somewhat changed the temper of the populace in his favor, and that they might in the moment of death have forgiven the man against whom their resentment had been so fiercely heated. It had, however, been destined that the mutability of their sentiments was not to be exposed to this trial.

The usual hour for producing the criminal had been past for many minutes, yet the spectators observed no symptom of his appearance. "Would they venture to defraud public justice?" was the question which men began anxiously to ask at each other. The first answer in every case was bold and positive—"They dare not." But when the point was further canvassed, other opinions were entertained, and various causes of doubt were suggested. Porteous had been a favorite officer of the magistracy of the city, which, being a numerous and fluctuating body, requires for its support a degree of energy in its functionaries which the individuals who compose it cannot at all times alike be supposed to possess in their own persons. It was remembered that in the information for Porteous (the paper, namely, in which his case was stated to the judges of the criminal court), he had been described by his counsel as the person on whom the magistrates chiefly relied in all emergencies of uncommon difficulty. It was argued, too, that his conduct, on the unhappy occasion of Wilson's execution, was capable of being attributed to an imprudent excess of zeal in the execution of his duty, a motive for which those under whose authority he acted might be supposed to have great sympathy. And as these considerations might move the magistrates to make a favorable representation of Porteous's case, there were not wanting others in the higher departments of government which would make such suggestions favorably listened to.

The mob of Edinburgh, when thoroughly excited, had been at all times one of the fiercest which could be found in Europe; and of late years they had risen repeatedly against the government, and sometimes not without temporary success. They were conscious, therefore, that they were no favorites with the rulers of the period, and that, if Captain Porteous's violence was not altogether regarded as good service, it might certainly be thought that to visit it with a capital punishment would render it both delicate and dangerous

for future officers, in the same circumstances, to act with effect in repressing tumults. There is also a natural feeling, on the part of all members of government, for the general maintenance of authority ; and it seemed not unlikely that what to the relatives of the sufferers appeared a wanton and unprovoked massacre, should be otherwise viewed in the cabinet of St. James's. It might be there supposed that, upon the whole matter, Captain Porteous was in the exercise of a trust delegated to him by the lawful civil authority ; that he had been assaulted by the populace, and several of his men hurt ; and that, in finally repelling force by force, his conduct could be fairly imputed to no other motive than self-defence in the discharge of his duty.

These considerations, of themselves very powerful, induced the spectators to apprehend the possibility of a reprieve ; and to the various causes which might interest the rulers in his favor the lower part of the rabble added one which was peculiarly well adapted to their comprehension. It was averred, in order to increase the odium against Porteous, that, while he repressed with the utmost severity the slightest excesses of the poor, he not only overlooked the license of the young nobles and gentry, but was very willing to lend them the countenance of his official authority in execution of such loose pranks as it was chiefly his duty to have restrained. This suspicion, which was perhaps much exaggerated, made a deep impression on the minds of the populace ; and when several of the higher rank joined in a petition recommending Porteous to the mercy of the crown, it was generally supposed he owed their favor not to any conviction of the hardship of his case, but to the fear of losing a convenient accomplice in their debaucheries. It is scarcely necessary to say how much this suspicion augmented the people's detestation of this obnoxious criminal, as well as their fear of his escaping the sentence pronounced against him.

While these arguments were stated and replied to, and canvassed and supported, the hitherto silent expectation of the people became changed into that deep and agitating murmur which is sent forth by the ocean before the tempest begins to howl. The crowded populace, as if their motions had corresponded with the unsettled state of their minds, fluctuated to and fro without any visible cause of impulse, like the agitation of the waters called by sailors the ground-swell. The news, which the magistrates had almost hesitated to communicate to them, were at length announced, and spread among the spectators with a rapidity like lightning. A re-

prieve from the Secretary of State's office, under the hand of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, had arrived, intimating the pleasure of Queen Caroline (regent of the kingdom during the absence of George II. on the Continent), that the execution of the sentence of death pronounced against John Porteous, late Captain-Lieutenant of the City Guard of Edinburgh, present prisoner in the tolbooth of that city, be respite for six weeks from the time appointed for his execution.

The assembled spectators of almost all degrees, whose minds had been wound up to the pitch which we have described, uttered a groan, or rather a roar of indignation and disappointed revenge, similar to that of a tiger from whom his meal has been rent by his keeper when he was just about to devour it. This fierce exclamation seemed to forebode some immediate explosion of popular resentment, and, in fact, such had been expected by the magistrates, and the necessary measures had been taken to repress it. But the shout was not repeated, nor did any sudden tumult ensue, such as it appeared to announce. The populace seemed to be ashamed of having expressed their disappointment in a vain clamor, and the sound changed, not into the silence which had preceded the arrival of these stunning news, but into stifled mutterings, which each group maintained among themselves, and which were blended into one deep and hoarse murmur which floated above the assembly.

Yet still, though all expectation of the execution was over the mob remained assembled, stationary, as it were, through very resentment, gazing on the preparations for death, which had now been made in vain, and stimulating their feelings by recalling the various claims which Wilson might have had on royal mercy, from the mistaken motives on which he acted, as well as from the generosity he had displayed towards his accomplice. "This man," they said, "the brave, the resolute, the generous, was executed to death without mercy for stealing a purse of gold, which in some sense he might consider as a fair reprisal; while the profligate satellite, who took advantage of a trifling tumult, inseparable from such occasions, to shed the blood of twenty of his fellow-citizens, is deemed a fitting object for the exercise of the royal prerogative of mercy. Is this to be borne? Would our fathers have borne it? Are not we, like them, Scotsmen and burghers of Edinburgh?"

The officers of justice began now to remove the scaffold and other preparations which had been made for the execu-

tion, in hopes, by doing so, to accelerate the dispersion of the multitude. The measure had the desired effect ; for no sooner had the fatal tree been unfixed from the large stone pedestal or socket in which it was secured, and sunk slowly down upon the wain intended to remove it to the place where it was usually deposited, than the populace, after giving vent to their feelings in a second shout of rage and mortification, began slowly to disperse to their usual abodes and occupations.

The windows were in like manner gradually deserted, and groups of the more decent class of citizens formed themselves, as if waiting to return homewards when the streets should be cleared of the rabble. Contrary to what is frequently the case, this description of persons agreed in general with the sentiments of their inferiors, and considered the cause as common to all ranks. Indeed, as we have already noticed, it was by no means among the lowest class of the spectators, or those most likely to be engaged in the riot at Wilson's execution, that the fatal fire of Porteous's soldiers had taken effect. Several persons were killed who were looking out at windows at the scene, who could not of course belong to the rioters, and were persons of decent rank and conditions. The burghers, therefore, resenting the loss which had fallen on their own body, and proud and tenacious of their rights, as the citizens of Edinburgh have at all times been, were greatly exasperated at the unexpected respite of Captain Porteous.

It was noticed at the time, and afterwards more particularly remembered, that, while the mob were in the act of dispersing, several individuals were seen busily passing from one place and one group of people to another, remaining long with none, but whispering for a little time with those who appeared to be declaiming most violently against the conduct of government. These active agents had the appearance of men from the country, and were generally supposed to be old friends and confederates of Wilson, whose minds were of course highly excited against Porteous.

If, however, it was the intention of these men to stir the multitude to any sudden act of mutiny, it seemed for the time to be fruitless. The rabble, as well as the more decent part of the assembly, dispersed, and went home peaceably ; and it was only by observing the moody discontent on their brows, or catching the tenor of the conversation they held with each other, that a stranger could estimate the state of their minds. We will give the reader this advantage, by associating ourselves with one of the numerous groups who

were painfully ascending the steep declivity of the West Bow, to return to their dwellings in the Lawnmarket.

“An unco thing this, Mrs. Howden,” said old Peter Plumdamas to his neighbor the rousing-wife, or saleswoman, as he offered her his arm to assist her in the toilsome ascent, “to see the grit folk at Lunnon set their face against law and gospel, and let loose sic a reprobate as Porteous upon a peaceable town !”

“And to think o’ the weary walk they hae gien us,” answered Mrs. Howden, with a groan ; “and sic a comfortable window as I had gotten, too, just within a pennystane cast of the scaffold—I could hae heard every word the minister said—and to pay twal pennies for my stand, and a’ for naething !”

“I am judging,” said Mr. Plumdamas, “that this reprieve wadna stand gude in the auld Scots law, when the kingdom *was* a kingdom.”

“I dinna ken muckle about the law,” answered Mrs. Howden ; “but I ken, when we had a king, and a chancellor, and parliament men o’ our ain, we could aye peeble them wi’ stanes when they werena gude bairns. But naeboddy’s nails can reach the length o’ Lunnon.”

“Weary on Lunnon, and a’ that e’er came out o’t !” said Miss Grizel Damahoy, an ancient seamstress ; “they hae taen awa’ our parliament, and they hae oppressed our trade. Our gentles will hardly allow that a Scots needle can sew ruffles on a sark, or lace on an owerlay.”

“Ye may say that, Miss Damahoy, and I ken o’ them that hae gotten raisins frae Lunnon by forpits at ance,” responded Plumdamas ; “and then sic an host of idle English gaugers and excisemen as hae come down to vex and torment us, that an honest man canna fetch sae muckle as a bit anker o’ brandy frae Leith to the Lawnmarket, but he’s like to be rubbit o’ the very gudes he’s bought and paid for. Weel, I winna justify Andrew Wilson for pitting hands on what wasna his ; but if he took nae mair than his ain, there’s an awfu’ difference between that and the fact this man stands for.”

“If ye speak about the law,” said Mrs. Howden, “here comes Mr. Saddletree, that can settle it as weel as ony on the bench.”

The party she mentioned, a grave elderly person, with a superb periwig, dressed in a decent suit of sad-colored clothes, came up as she spoke, and courteously gave his arm to Miss Grizel Damahoy.

It may be necessary to mention that Mr. Bartoline Saddle-

tree kept an excellent and highly esteemed shop for harness, saddles, etc., etc., at the sign of the Golden Nag, at the head of Bess Wynd.* His genius, however (as he himself and most of his neighbors conceived), lay towards the weightier matters of the law, and he failed not to give frequent attendance upon the pleadings and arguments of the lawyers and judges in the neighboring square, where, to say the truth, he was oftener to be found than would have consisted with his own emolument; but that his wife, an active painstaking person, could, in his absence, make an admirable shift to please the customers and scold the journeymen. This good lady was in the habit of letting her husband take his way, and go on improving his stock of legal knowledge without interruption; but, as if in requital, she insisted upon having her own will in the domestic and commercial departments which he abandoned to her. Now, as Bartoline Saddletree had a considerable gift of words, which he mistook for eloquence, and conferred more liberally upon the society in which he lived than was at all times gracious and acceptable, there went forth a saying, with which wags used sometimes to interrupt his rhetoric, that, as he had a golden nag at his door, so he had a gray mare in his shop. This reproach induced Mr. Saddletree, on all occasions, to assume rather a haughty and stately tone towards his good woman, a circumstance by which she seemed very little affected, unless he attempted to exercise any real authority, when she never failed to fly into open rebellion. But such extremes Bartoline seldom provoked; for, like the gentle King Jamie, he was fonder of talking of authority than really exercising it. This turn of mind was on the whole lucky for him; since his substance was increased without any trouble on his part, or any interruption of his favorite studies.

This word in explanation has been thrown in to the reader while Saddletree was laying down, with great precision, the law upon Porteous's case, by which he arrived at this conclusion, that, if Porteous had fired five minutes sooner, before Wilson was cut down, he would have been *versans in licito*, engaged, that is, in a lawful act, and only liable to be punished *propter excessum*, or for lack of discretion, which might have mitigated the punishment to *pœna ordinaria*.

"Discretion!" echoed Mrs. Howden, on whom, it may well be supposed, the fineness of this distinction was entirely thrown away, "whan had Jock Porteous either grace, discretion, or gude manners? I mind when his father——"

* See Bess Wynd. Note 6.

“But, Mrs. Howden——” said Saddletree.

“And I,” said Miss Damahoy, “mind when his mother——”

“Miss Damahoy——” entreated the interrupted orator.

“And I,” said Plumdamas, “mind when his wife——”

“Mr. Plumdamas—Mrs. Howden—Miss Damahoy,” again implored the orator, “mind the distinction,” as Counsellor Crossmyloof says—‘I,’ says he, ‘take a distinction.’ Now, the body of the criminal being cut down, and the execution ended, Porteous was no longer official; the act which he came to protect and guard being done and ended, he was no better than *civis ex populo*.”

“*Quivis—quivis*, Mr. Saddletree, craving your pardon,” said, with a prolonged emphasis on the first syllable, Mr. Butler, the deputy schoolmaster of a parish near Edinburgh, who at that moment came up behind them as the false Latin was uttered.

“What signifies interrupting me, Mr. Butler?—but I am glad to see ye notwithstanding. I speak after Counsellor Crossmyloof, and he said *civis*.”

“If Counsellor Crossmyloof used the dative for the nominative, I would have crossed *his* loof with a tight leathern strap, Mr. Saddletree; there is not a boy on the booby form but should have been scourged for such a solecism in grammar.”

“I speak Latin like a lawyer, Mr. Butler, and not like a schoolmaster,” retorted Saddletree.

“Scarce like a schoolboy, I think,” rejoined Butler.

“It matters little,” said Bartoline; “all I mean to say is, that Porteous has become liable to the *pæna extra ordinem* or capital punishment, which is to say, in plain Scotch, the gallows, simply because he did not fire when he was in office, but waited till the body was cut down, the execution whilk he had in charge to guard implemented, and he himself exonerated of the public trust imposed on him.”

“But, Mr. Saddletree,” said Plumdamas, “do ye really think John Porteous’s case wad hae been better if he had begun firing before ony stanes were flung at a’?”

“Indeed do I, neighbor Plumdamas,” replied Bartoline, confidently, “he being then in point of trust and in point of power, the execution being but inchoate, or, at least, not implemented, or finally ended; but after Wilson was cut down it was a’ ower—he was clean exauctorated, and had nae mair ado but to get awa’ wi’ his Guard up this West Bow as fast as

if there had been a caption after him. And this is law, for I heard it laid down by Lord Vincovincementem."

"Vincovincementem! Is he a lord of state or a lord of seat?" inquired Mrs. Howden.

"A lord of seat—a lord of session. I fash mysell little wi' lords o' state; they vex me wi' a wheen idle questions about their saddles, and curpels, and holsters, and horse-furniture, and what they'll cost, and whan they'll be ready. A wheen galloping geese! my wife may serve the like o' them."

"And so might she, in her day, hae served the best lord in the land, for as little as ye think o' her, Mr. Saddletree," said Mrs. Howden, somewhat indignant at the contemptuous way in which her gossip was mentioned; "when she and I were twa gilpies, we little thought to hae sitten down wi' the like o' my auld Davie Howden, or you either, Mr. Saddletree."

While Saddletree, who was not bright at a reply, was cudgelling his brains for an answer to this home-thrust, Miss Damahoy broke in on him.

"And as for the lords of state," said Miss Damahoy, "ye suld mind the riding o' the parliament, Mr. Saddletree, in the gude auld time before the Union: a year's rent o' mony a gude estate gaed for horse-graith and harnessing, forbye broidered robes and foot-mantles, that wad hae stude by their lane wi' gold brocade, and that were muckle in my ain line."

"Ay, and then the lusty banqueting, with sweetmeats and comfits wet and dry, and dried fruits of divers sorts," said Plum-damas. "But Scotland was Scotland in these days."

"I'll tell ye what it is, neighbors," said Mrs. Howden, "I'll ne'er believe Scotland is Scotland ony mair, if our kindly Scots sit down with the affront they hae gien us this day. It's not only the bluid that *is* shed, but the bluid that might hae been shed, that's required at our hands. There was my daughter's wean, little Eppie Daidle—my oe, ye ken, Miss Grizel—had played the truant frae the school, as bairns will do, ye ken, Mr. Butler——"

"And for which," interjected Mr. Butler, "they should be soundly scourged by their well-wishers."

"And had just cruppen to the gallows' foot to see the hanging, as was natural for a wean; and what for mightna she hae been shot as weel as the rest o' them, and where wad we a' hae been then? I wonder how Queen Carline—if her name be Carline—wad hae liked to hae had ane o' her ain bairns in sic a venture?"

"Report says," answered Butler, "that such a circumstance would not have distressed her Majesty beyond endurance."

“Aweel,” said Mrs. Howden, “the sum o’ the matter is, that, were I a man, I wad hae amends o’ Jock Porteous, be the upshot what like o’t, if a’ the carles and carlines in England had sworn to the nay-say.”

“I would claw down the tolbooth door wi’ my nails,” said Miss Grizel, “but I wad be at him.”

“Ye may be very right, ladies,” said Butler, “but I would not advise you to speak so loud.”

“Speak!” exclaimed both the ladies together, “there will be naething else spoken about frae the Weigh House to the Water Gate till this is either ended or mended.”

The females now departed to their respective places of abode. Plumdamas joined the other two gentlemen in drinking their “meridian,” a bumper-dram of brandy, as they passed the well-known low-browed shop in the Lawnmarket where they were wont to take that refreshment. Mr. Plumdamas then departed towards his shop, and Mr. Butler, who happened to have some particular occasion for the rein of an old bridle—the truants of that busy day could have anticipated its application—walked down the Lawnmarket with Mr. Saddletree, each talking as he could get a word thrust in, the one on the laws of Scotland, the other on those of syntax, and neither listening to a word which his companion uttered.

CHAPTER V

**Elswhair he colde right weel lay down the law,
But in his house was meek as is a daw.**

DAVIE LINDSAY.

“THERE has been Jock Driver, the carrier, here, speering about his new graith,” said Mrs. Saddletree to her husband, as he crossed his threshold, not with the purpose, by any means, of consulting him upon his own affairs, but merely to intimate, by a gentle recapitulation, how much duty she had gone through in his absence.

“Weel,” replied Bartoline, and deigned not a word more.

“And the Laird of Girdingburst has had his running footman here, and ca’d himsell—he’s a civil pleasant young gentleman—to see when the broidered saddle-cloth for his sorrel horse will be ready, for he wants it again the Kelso races.”

“Weel, aweel,” replied Bartoline, as laconically as before.

“And his lordship, the Earl of Blazonbury, Lord Flash and Flame, is like to be clean daft that the harness for the six Flanders mears, wi’ the crests, coronets, housings, and mountings conform, are no sent hame according to promise gien.”

“Weel, weel, weel—weel, weel, gudewife,” said Saddletree, “if he gangs daft, we’ll hae him cognosced—it’s a’ very weel.”

“It’s weel that ye think sae, Mr. Saddletree,” answered his helpmate, rather nettled at the indifference with which her report was received; “there’s mony ane wad hae thought themselves affronted if sae mony customers had ca’d and naebody to answer them but womenfolk; for a’ the lads were aff, as soon as your back was turned, to see Porteous hanged, that might be counted upon; and sae, you no being at hame——”

“Houts, Mrs. Saddletree,” said Bartoline, with an air of consequence, “dinna deave me wi’ your nonsense; I was under the necessity of being elsewhere: *non omnia*, as Mr. Crossmyloof said, when he was called by two macers at once—*non omnia possumus—pessimus—possimis*—I ken our law Latin offends Mr. Butler’s ears, but it means ‘Naebody,’ an

it were the Lord President himsell, 'can do twa turns at ance.'"

"Very right, Mr. Saddletree," answered his careful help-mate, with a sarcastic smile; "and nae doubt it's a decent thing to leave your wife to look after young gentlemen's saddles and bridles, when ye gang to see a man that never did ye nae ill raxing a halter."

"Woman," said Saddletree, assuming an elevated tone, to which the "meridian" had somewhat contributed, "desist—I say forbear, from intromitting with affairs thou canst not understand. D'ye think I was born to sit here broggin an elshin through bend-leather, when sic men as Duncan Forbes and that other Arniston chield there, without muckle greater parts, if the close-head speak true, than mysell, maun be presidents and king's advocates, nae doubt, and wha but they? Whereas, were favor equally distribute, as in the days of the wight Wallace——"

"I ken naething we wad hae gotten by the wight Wallace," said Mrs. Saddletree, "unless, as I hae heard the auld folk tell, they fought in thae days wi' bend-leather guns, and then it's a chance but what, if he had bought them, he might have forgot to pay for them. And as for the greatness of your parts, Bartley, the folk in the close-head maun ken mair about them than I do, if they make sic a report of them."

"I tell ye, woman," said Saddletree, in high dudgeon, "that ye ken naething about these matters. In Sir William Wallace's days there was nae man pinned down to sic a slavish wark as a saddler's, for they got ony leather graith that they had use for ready-made out of Holland."

"Well," said Butler, who was, like many of his profession, something of a humorist and dry joker, "if that be the case, Mr. Saddletree, I think we have changed for the better; since we make our own harness, and only import our lawyers from Holland."

"It's ower true, Mr. Butler," answered Bartoline, with a sigh; "if I had had the luck—or rather, if my father had had the sense to send me to Leyden and Utrecht to learn the *Substitutes* and *Pandex*——"

"You mean the *Institutes*—Justinian's *Institutes*, Mr. Saddletree?" said Butler.

"Institutes and substitutes are synonymous words, Mr. Butler, and used indifferently as such in deeds of tailzie, as you may see in Balfour's *Practiques*, or Dallas of St. Martin's *Styles*. I understand these things pretty weel, I thank God; but I own I should have studied in Holland."

"To comfort you, you might not have been farther forward than you are now, Mr. Saddletree," replied Mr. Butler; "for our Scottish advocates are an aristocratic race. Their brass is of the right Corinthian quality, and *Non cuivis contigit adire Corinthum*. Aha, Mr. Saddletree!"

"And aha, Mr. Butler," rejoined Bartoline, upon whom, as may be well supposed, the jest was lost, and all but the sound of the words, "ye said a gliff syne it was *quivis*, and now I heard ye say *cuivis* with my ain ears, as plain as ever I heard a word at the fore-bar."

"Give me your patience, Mr. Saddletree, and I'll explain the discrepancy in three words," said Butler, as pedantic in his own department, though with infinitely more judgment and learning, as Bartoline was in his self-assumed profession of the law. "Give me your patience for a moment. You'll grant that the nominative case is that by which a person or thing is nominated or designed, and which may be called the primary case, all others being formed from it by alterations of the termination in the learned languages, and by prepositions in our modern Babylonian jargons? You'll grant me that, I suppose, Mr. Saddletree?"

"I dinna ken whether I will or no—*ad avisandum*, ye ken—naeboddy should be in a hurry to make admissions, either in point of law or in point of fact," said Saddletree, looking, or endeavoring to look, as if he understood what was said.

"And the dative case——" continued Butler.

"I ken what a tutor dative is," said Saddletree, "readily enough."

"The dative case," resumed the grammarian, "is that in which anything is given or assigned as properly belonging to a person or thing. You cannot deny that, I am sure."

"I am sure I'll no grant it though," said Saddletree.

"Then, what the *deevil* d'ye take the nominative and the dative cases to be?" said Butler, hastily, and surprised at once out of his decency of expression and accuracy of pronunciation.

"I'll tell you that at leisure, Mr. Butler," said Saddletree, with a very knowing look. "I'll take a day to see and answer every article of your condescendence, and then I'll hold you to confess or deny, as accords."

"Come, come, Mr. Saddletree," said his wife, "we'll hae nae confessions and condescendences here, let them deal in thae sort o' wares that are paid for them; they suit the like o' us as ill as a demi-pique saddle would set a draught ox."

"Aha!" said Mr. Butler, "*Optat ephippia bos piger*,

nothing new under the sun. But it was a fair hit of Mrs. Saddletree, however."

"And it wad far better become ye, Mr. Saddletree," continued his helpmate, "since ye say ye hae skeel o' the law, to try if ye can do onything for Effie Deans, puir thing, that's lying up in the tolbooth yonder, cauld, and hungry, and comfortless. A servant lass of ours, Mr. Butler, and as innocent a lass, to my thinking, and as usefu' in the shop. When Mr. Saddletree gangs out—and ye're aware he's seldom at hame when there's ony o' the plea-houses open—puir Effie used to help me to tumble the bundles o' barked leather up and down, and range out the gudes, and suit a'bodys humors. And troth, she could aye please the customers wi' her answers, for she was aye civil, and a bonnier lass wasna in Auld Reekie. And when folk were hasty and unreasonable, she could serve them better than me, that am no sae young as I hae been, Mr. Butler, and a wee bit short in the temper into the bargain; for when there's ower mony folks crying on me at anes, and nane but ae tongue to answer them, folk maun speak hastily, or they'll ne'er get through their wark. Sae I miss Effie daily."

"*De die in diem*," added Saddletree.

"I think," said Butler, after a good deal of hesitation, "I have seen the girl in the shop, a modest-looking, fair-haired girl?"

"Ay, ay, that's just puir Effie," said her mistress. "How she was abandoned to hersell, or whether she was sackless o' the sinfu' deed, God in Heaven knows; but if she's been guilty, she's been sair tempted, and I wad amaist take my Bible aith she hasna been hersell at the time."

Butler had by this time become much agitated; he fidgeted up and down the shop, and showed the greatest agitation that a person of such strict decorum could be supposed to give way to. "Was not this girl," he said, "the daughter of David Deans, that had the parks at St. Leonard's taken? and has she not a sister?"

"In troth has she—puir Jeanie Deans, ten years aulder than hersell; she was here greeting a wee while syne about her tittie. And what could I say to her, but that she behoved to come and speak to Mr. Saddletree when he was at hame? It wasna that I thought Mr. Saddletree could do her or ony other body muckle gude or ill, but it wad aye serve to keep the puir thing's heart up for a wee while; and let sorrow come when sorrow maun."

"Ye're mistaen, though, gudewife," said Saddletree, scorn-

fully, "for I could hae gien her great satisfaction ; I could hae proved to her that her sister was indicted upon the statute 1690, chap. 1 [21]—for the mair ready prevention of child-murder, for concealing her pregnancy, and giving no account of the child which she had borne."

"I hope," said Butler—"I trust in a gracious God, that she can clear herself."

"And sae do I, Mr. Butler," replied Mrs. Saddletree. "I am sure I wad hae answered for her as my ain daughter ; but, wae's my heart, I had been tender a' the simmer, and scarce ower the door o' my room for twal weeks. And as for Mr. Saddletree, he might be in a lying-in hospital, and ne'er find out what the women cam there for. Sae I could see little or naething o' her, or I wad hae had the truth o' her situation out o' her, I'se warrant ye. But we a' think her sister maun be able to speak something to clear her."

"The haill Parliament House," said Saddletree, "was speaking o' naething else, till this job o' Porteous's put it out o' head. It's a beautiful point of presumptive murder, and there's been nane like it in the Justiciar Court since the case of Luckie Smith, the howdie, that suffered in the year 1679."

"But what's the matter wi' you, Mr. Butler?" said the good woman ; "ye are looking as white as a sheet ; will ye take a dram ?"

"By no means," said Butler, compelling himself to speak. "I walked in from Dumfries yesterday, and this is a warm day."

"Sit down," said Mrs. Saddletree, laying hands on him kindly, "and rest ye ; ye'll kill yoursell, man, at that rate. And are we to wish you joy o' getting the scule, Mr. Butler ?"

"Yes—no—I do not know," answered the young man, vaguely. But Mrs. Saddletree kept him to the point, partly out of real interest, partly from curiosity.

"Ye dinna ken whether ye are to get the free scule o' Dumfries or no, after hinging on and teaching it a' the simmer ?"

"No, Mrs. Saddletree, I am not to have it," replied Butler, more collectedly. "The Laird of Black-at-the-Bane had a natural son bred to the kirk, that the presbytery could not be prevailed upon to license ; and so——"

"Ay, ye need say nae mair about it ; if there was a laird that had a puir kinsman or a bastard that it wad suit, there's eneugh said. And ye're e'en come back to Liberton to wait for dead men's shoon ? and, for as frail as Mr. Whackbairn

is, he may live as lang as you, that are his assistant and successor."

"Very like," replied Butler, with a sigh; "I do not know if I should wish it otherwise."

"Nae doubt it's a very vexing thing," continued the good lady, "to be in that dependent station; and you that hae right and title to sae muckle better, I wonder how ye bear these crosses."

"*Quos diligit castigat*," answered Butler; "even the pagan Seneca could see an advantage in affliction. The heathens had their philosophy and the Jews their revelation, Mrs. Saddletree, and they endured their distresses in their day. Christians have a better dispensation than either, but doubtless——"

He stopped and sighed.

"I ken what ye mean," said Mrs. Saddletree, looking toward her husband; "there's whiles we lose patience in spite of baith book and Bible. But ye are no gaun awa', and looking sae poorly; ye'll stay and take some kail wi' us?"

Mr. Saddletree laid aside Balfour's *Practiques* (his favorite study, and much good may it do him), to join in his wife's hospitable importunity. But the teacher declined all entreaty, and took his leave upon the spot.

"There's something in a' this," said Mrs. Saddletree, looking after him as he walked up the street. "I wonder what makes Mr. Butler sae distressed about Effie's misfortune; there was nae acquaintance atween them that ever I saw or heard of; but they were neighbors when David Deans was on the Laird o' Dumbiedikes' land. Mr. Butler wad ken her father, or some o' her folk. Get up, Mr. Saddletree; ye have set yoursell down on the very brecham that wants stitching; and here's little Willie, the prentice. Ye little rinthereout deil that ye are, what takes you raking through the gutters to see folk hangit? How wad ye like when it comes to be your ain chance, as I winna insure ye, if ye dinna mend your manners? And what are ye maundering and greeting for, as if a word were breaking your banes? Gang in bye, and be a better bairn another time, and tell Peggy to gie ye a bicker o' broth, for ye'll be as gleg as a gled, I'se warrant ye. It's a fatherless bairn, Mr. Saddletree, and motherless, whilk in some cases may be waur, and ane would take care o' him if they could; it's a Christian duty."

"Very true, gudewife," said Saddletree, in reply, "we are *in loco parentis* to him during his years of pupillarity, and I hae had thoughts of applying to the court for a commission as *factor loco tutoris*, seeing there is nae tutor nominate, and the

tutor-at-law declines to act ; but only I fear the expense of the procedure wad not be *in rem versam*, for I am not aware if Willie has ony effects whereof to assume the administration."

He concluded this sentence with a self-important cough, as one who has laid down the law in an indisputable manner.

"Effects!" said Mrs. Saddletree; "what effects has the puir wean? He was in rags when his mother died; and the blue polonie that Effie made for him out of an auld mantle of my ain was the first decent dress the bairn ever had on. Puir Effie! can ye tell me now really, wi' a' your law, will her life be in danger, Mr. Saddletree, when they arena able to prove that ever there was a bairn ava?"

"Whoy," said Mr. Saddletree, delighted at having for once in his life seen his wife's attention arrested by a topic of legal discussion—"whoy, there are two sorts of *murdrum*, or *murdragium*, or what you *populariter et vulgariter* call murther. I mean there are many sorts; for there's your *murthrum per vigiliis et insidias* and your *murthrum* under trust."

"I am sure," replied his moiety, "that murther by trust is the way that the gentry murther us merchants, and whiles make us shut the booth up; but that has naething to do wi' Effie's misfortune."

"The case of Effie—or Euphemia—Deans," resumed Saddletree, "is one of those cases of murder presumptive, that is, a murder of the law's inferring or construction, being derived from certain *indicia* or grounds of suspicion."

"So that," said the good woman, "unless puir Effie has communicated her situation, she'll be hanged by the neck, if the bairn was still-born, or if it be alive at this moment?"

"Assuredly," said Saddletree, "it being a statute made by our sovereign Lord and Lady to prevent the horrid delict of bringing forth children in secret. The crime is rather a favorite of the law, this species of murther being one of its ain creation." *

"Then, if the law makes murders," said Mrs. Saddletree, "the law should be hanged for them; or if they wad hang a lawyer instead, the country wad find nae faut."

A summons to their frugal dinner interrupted the further progress of the conversation, which was otherwise like to take a turn much less favorable to the science of jurisprudence and its professors than Mr. Bartoline Saddletree, the fond admirer of both, had at its opening anticipated.

* See Law relating to Child-Murder. Note 7.

CHAPTER VI

But up then raise all Edinburgh,
They all rose up by thousands three.

Johnie Armstrong's Goodnight.

BUTLER, on his departure from the sign of the Golden Nag, went in quest of a friend of his connected with the law, of whom he wished to make particular inquiries concerning the circumstances in which the unfortunate young woman mentioned in the last chapter was placed, having, as the reader has probably already conjectured, reasons much deeper than those dictated by mere humanity for interesting himself in her fate. He found the person he sought absent from home, and was equally unfortunate in one or two other calls which he made upon acquaintances whom he hoped to interest in her story. But everybody was, for the moment, stark mad on the subject of Porteous, and engaged busily in attacking or defending the measures of government in reprieving him; and the ardor of dispute had excited such universal thirst that half the young lawyers and writers, together with their very clerks, the class whom Butler was looking after, had adjourned the debate to some favorite tavern. It was computed by an experienced arithmetician that there was as much twopenny ale consumed on the discussion as would have floated a first-rate man-of-war.

Butler wandered about until it was dusk, resolving to take that opportunity of visiting the unfortunate young woman, when his doing so might be least observed; for he had his own reasons for avoiding the remarks of Mrs. Saddletree, whose shop-door opened at no great distance from that of the jail, though on the opposite or south side of the street, and a little higher up. He passed, therefore, through the narrow and partly covered passage leading from the north-west end of the Parliament Square.

He stood now before the Gothic entrance of the ancient prison, which, as is well known to all men, rears its ancient front in the very middle of the High Street, forming, as it were, the termination to a huge pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which, for some inconceivable reason, our an-

cestors had jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town, leaving for passage a narrow street on the north, and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow crooked lane, winding betwixt the high and sombre walls of the tolbooth and the adjacent houses on the one side, and the buttresses and projections of the old Cathedral upon the other. To give some gayety to this sombre passage, well known by the name of the Krames, a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of cobblers' stalls, are plastered, as it were, against the Gothic projections and abutments, so that it seemed as if the traders had occupied with nests, bearing the same proportion to the building, every buttress and coign of vantage, as the martlet did in Macbeth's castle. Of later years these booths have degenerated into mere toy-shops, where the little loiterers chiefly interested in such wares are tempted to linger, enchanted by the rich display of hobby-horses, babies, and Dutch toys, arranged in artful and gay confusion; yet half-scared by the cross looks of the withered pantaloon, or spectacled old lady, by whom these tempting stores are watched and superintended. But in the times we write of the hosiers, the glovers, the hatters, the mercers, the milliners, and all who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now termed haberdashers' goods, were to be found in this narrow alley.

To return from our digression. Butler found the outer turnkey, a tall, thin old man, with long silver hair, in the act of locking the outward door of the jail. He addressed himself to this person, and asked admittance to Effie Deans, confined upon accusation of child-murder. The turnkey looked at him earnestly, and, civilly touching his hat out of respect to Butler's black coat and clerical appearance, replied, "It was impossible any one could be admitted at present."

"You shut up earlier than usual, probably on account of Captain Porteous's affair?" said Butler.

The turnkey, with the true mystery of a person in office, gave two grave nods, and withdrawing from the wards a ponderous key of about two feet in length, he proceeded to shut a strong plate of steel which folded down above the keyhole, and was secured by a steel spring and catch. Butler stood still instinctively while the door was made fast, and then looking at his watch, walked briskly up the street, muttering to himself almost unconsciously—

*Porta adversa, ingens, solidoque adamante columnæ;
Vis ut nulla virum, non ipsi excindere ferro
Cœlicolæ valeant. Stat ferrea turris ad auras, etc.**

* See Translation. Note 8.

Having wasted half an hour more in a second fruitless attempt to find his legal friend and adviser, he thought it time to leave the city and return to his place of residence in a small village about two miles and a half to the southward of Edinburgh. The metropolis was at this time surrounded by a high wall, with battlements and flanking projections at some intervals, and the access was through gates, called in the Scottish language "ports," which were regularly shut at night. A small fee to the keepers would indeed procure egress and ingress at any time, through a wicket left for that purpose in the large gate, but it was of some importance to a man so poor as Butler to avoid even this slight pecuniary mulct; and fearing the hour of shutting the gates might be near, he made for that to which he found himself nearest, although by doing so he somewhat lengthened his walk homewards. Bristo Port was that by which his direct road lay, but the West Port, which leads out of the Grassmarket, was the nearest of the city gates to the place where he found himself, and to that, therefore, he directed his course.

He reached the port in ample time to pass the circuit of the walls, and enter a suburb called Portsburgh, chiefly inhabited by the lower order of citizens and mechanics. Here he was unexpectedly interrupted. He had not gone far from the gate before he heard the sound of a drum, and, to his great surprise, met a number of persons, sufficient to occupy the whole front of the street, and form a considerable mass behind, moving with great speed towards the gate he had just come from, and having in front of them a drum beating to arms. While he considered how he should escape a party assembled, as it might be presumed, for no lawful purpose, they came full on him and stopped him.

"Are you a clergyman?" one questioned him.

Butler replied that "he was in orders, but was not a placed minister."

"It's Mr. Butler from Liberton," said a voice from behind; "he'll discharge the duty as weel as ony man."

"You must turn back with us, sir," said the first speaker, in a tone civil but peremptory.

"For what purpose, gentlemen?" said Mr. Butler. "I live at some distance from town; the roads are unsafe by night; you will do me a serious injury by stopping me."

"You shall be sent safely home, no man shall touch a hair of your head; but you must and shall come along with us."

"But to what purpose or end, gentlemen?" said Butler. "I hope you will be so civil as to explain that to me?"

"You shall know that in good time. Come along, for come you must, by force or fair means ; and I warn you to look neither to the right hand nor the left, and to take no notice of any man's face, but consider all that is passing before you as a dream."

"I would it were a dream I could awaken from," said Butler to himself ; but having no means to oppose the violence with which he was threatened, he was compelled to turn round and march in front of the rioters, two men partly supporting and partly holding him. During this parley the insurgents had made themselves masters of the West Port, rushing upon the waiters (so the people were called who had the charge of the gates), and possessing themselves of the keys. They bolted and barred the folding doors, and commanded the person whose duty it usually was to secure the wicket, of which they did not understand the fastenings. The man, terrified at an incident so totally unexpected, was unable to perform his usual office, and gave the matter up, after several attempts. The rioters, who seemed to have come prepared for every emergency, called for torches, by the light of which they nailed up the wicket with long nails, which, it appeared probable, they had provided on purpose.

While this was going on, Butler could not, even if he had been willing, avoid making remarks on the individuals who seemed to lead this singular mob. The torch-light, while it fell on their forms and left him in the shade, gave him an opportunity to do so without their observing him. Several of those who appeared most active were dressed in sailors' jackets, trowsers, and sea-caps ; others in large loose-bodied greatcoats, and slouched hats ; and there were several who, judging from their dress, should have been called women, whose rough deep voices, uncommon size, and masculine deportment and mode of walking, forbade them being so interpreted. They moved as if by some well-concerted plan of arrangement. They had signals by which they knew, and nicknames by which they distinguished, each other. Butler remarked that the name of Wildfire was used among them, to which one stout amazon seemed to reply.

The rioters left a small party to observe the West Port, and directed the waiters, as they valued their lives, to remain within their lodge, and make no attempt for that night to repossess themselves of the gate. They then moved with rapidity along the low street called the Cowgate, the mob of the city everywhere rising at the sound of their drum and joining them. When the multitude arrived at the Cowgate Port,

they secured it with as little opposition as the former, made it fast, and left a small party to observe it. It was afterwards remarked as a striking instance of prudence and precaution, singularly combined with audacity, that the parties left to guard those gates did not remain stationary on their posts, but flitted to and fro, keeping so near the gates as to see that no efforts were made to open them, yet not remaining so long as to have their persons closely observed. The mob, at first only about one hundred strong, now amounted to thousands, and were increasing every moment. They divided themselves so as to ascend with more speed the various narrow lanes which lead up from the Cowgate to the High Street; and still beating to arms as they went, and calling on all true Scotsmen to join them, they now filled the principal street of the city.

The Netherbow Port might be called the Temple Bar of Edinburgh, as, intersecting the High Street at its termination, it divided Edinburgh, properly so called, from the suburb named the Canongate, as Temple Bar separates London from Westminster. It was of the utmost importance to the rioters to possess themselves of this pass, because there was quartered in the Canongate at that time a regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Moyle, which might have occupied the city by advancing through this gate, and would possess the power of totally defeating their purpose. The leaders therefore hastened to the Netherbow Port, which they secured in the same manner, and with as little trouble, as the other gates, leaving a party to watch it, strong in proportion to the importance of the post.

The next object of these hardy insurgents was at once to disarm the City Guard and to procure arms for themselves; for scarce any weapons but staves and bludgeons had been yet seen among them. The guard-house was a long, low, ugly building (removed in 1787), which to a fanciful imagination might have suggested the idea of a long black snail crawling up the middle of the High Street, and deforming its beautiful esplanade. This formidable insurrection had been so unexpected that there were no more than the ordinary sergeant's guard of the city corps upon duty; even these were without any supply of powder and ball; and sensible enough what had raised the storm, and which way it was rolling, could hardly be supposed very desirous to expose themselves by a valiant defence to the animosity of so numerous and desperate a mob, to whom they were on the present occasion much more than usually obnoxious.

There was a sentinel upon guard, who, that one town guard soldier might do his duty on that eventful evening, presented his piece, and desired the foremost of the rioters to stand off. The young amazon, whom Butler had observed particularly active, sprung upon the soldier, seized his musket, and after a struggle succeeded in wrenching it from him, and throwing him down on the causeway. One or two soldiers, who endeavored to turn out to the support of their sentinel, were in the same manner seized and disarmed, and the mob without difficulty possessed themselves of the guard-house, disarming and turning out-of-doors the rest of the men on duty. It was remarked that, notwithstanding the city soldiers had been the instruments of the slaughter which this riot was designed to revenge, no ill-usage or even insult was offered to them. It seemed as if the vengeance of the people disdained to stoop at any head meaner than that which they considered as the source and origin of their injuries.

On possessing themselves of the guard, the first act of the multitude was to destroy the drums, by which they supposed an alarm might be conveyed to the garrison in the Castle; for the same reason they now silenced their own, which was beaten by a young fellow, son to the drummer of Portsburgh, whom they had forced upon that service. Their next business was to distribute among the boldest of the rioters the guns, bayonets, partizans, halberds, and battle or Lochaber axes. Until this period the principal rioters had preserved silence on the ultimate object of their rising, as being that which all knew, but none expressed. Now, however, having accomplished all the preliminary parts of their design, they raised a tremendous shout of "Porteous! Porteous! To the tolbooth! To the tolbooth!"

They proceeded with the same prudence when the object seemed to be nearly in their grasp as they had done hitherto when success was more dubious. A strong party of the rioters, drawn up in front of the Luckenbooths, and facing down the street, prevented all access from the eastward, and the west end of the defile formed by the Luckenbooths was secured in the same manner; so that the tolbooth was completely surrounded, and those who undertook the task of breaking it open effectually secured against the risk of interruption.

The magistrates, in the meanwhile, had taken the alarm, and assembled in a tavern, with the purpose of raising some strength to subdue the rioters. The deacons, or presidents of the trades, were applied to, but declared there was little chance of their authority being respected by the craftsmen,

where it was the object to save a man so obnoxious. Mr. Lindsay, member of parliament for the city, volunteered the perilous task of carrying a verbal message from the Lord Provost to Colonel Moyle, the commander of the regiment lying in the Canongate, requesting him to force the Netherbow Port, and enter the city to put down the tumult. But Mr. Lindsay declined to charge himself with any written order, which, if found on his person by an enraged mob, might have cost him his life ; and the issue of the application was, that Colonel Moyle, having no written requisition from the civil authorities, and having the fate of Porteous before his eyes as an example of the severe construction put by a jury on the proceedings of military men acting on their own responsibility, declined to encounter the risk to which the Provost's verbal communication invited him.

More than one messenger was despatched by different ways to the Castle, to require the commanding officer to march down his troops, to fire a few cannon-shot, or even to throw a shell among the mob, for the purpose of clearing the streets. But so strict and watchful were the various patrols whom the rioters had established in different parts of the street, that none of the emissaries of the magistrates could reach the gate of the Castle. They were, however, turned back without either injury or insult, and with nothing more of menace than was necessary to deter them from again attempting to accomplish their errand.

The same vigilance was used to prevent everybody of the higher, and those which, in this case, might be deemed the more suspicious, orders of society from appearing in the street, and observing the movements, or distinguishing the persons, of the rioters. Every person in the garb of a gentleman was stopped by small parties of two or three of the mob, who partly exhorted, partly required of them, that they should return to the place from whence they came. Many a quadrille table was spoiled that memorable evening ; for the sedan chairs of ladies, even of the highest rank, were interrupted in their passage from one point to another, in despite of the laced footmen and blazing flambeaux. This was uniformly done with a deference and attention to the feelings of the terrified females which could hardly have been expected from the videttes of a mob so desperate. Those who stopped the chair usually made the excuse that there was much disturbance on the streets, and that it was absolutely necessary for the lady's safety that the chair should turn back. They offered themselves to escort the vehicles which they had thus

interrupted in their progress, from the apprehension, probably, that some of those who had casually united themselves to the riot might disgrace their systematic and determined plan of vengeance, by those acts of general insult and license which are common on similar occasions.

Persons are yet living who remember to have heard from the mouths of ladies thus interrupted on their journey in the manner we have described, that they were escorted to their lodgings by the young men who stopped them, and even handed out of their chairs, with a polite attention far beyond what was consistent with their dress, which was apparently that of journeymen mechanics.* It seemed as if the conspirators, like those who assassinated the Cardinal Beaton in former days, had entertained the opinion that the work about which they went was a judgment of Heaven, which, though unsanctioned by the usual authorities, ought to be proceeded in with order and gravity.

While their outposts continued thus vigilant, and suffered themselves neither from fear nor curiosity to neglect that part of the duty assigned to them, and while the main guards to the east and west secured them against interruption, a select body of the rioters thundered at the door of the jail, and demanded instant admission. No one answered, for the outer keeper had prudently made his escape with the keys at the commencement of the riot, and was nowhere to be found. The door was instantly assailed with sledge-hammers, iron crows, and the coulter of ploughs, ready provided for the purpose, with which they prized, heaved, and battered for some time with little effect; for, being of double oak planks, clinched, both end-long and athwart, with broad-headed nails, the door was so hung and secured as to yield to no means of forcing, without the expenditure of much time. The rioters, however, appeared determined to gain admittance. Gang after gang relieved each other at the exercise, for, of course, only a few could work at a time; but gang after gang retired, exhausted with their violent exertions, without making much progress in forcing the prison door. Butler had been led up near to this the principal scene of action; so near, indeed, that he was almost deafened by the unceasing clang of the heavy fore-hammers against the iron-bound portals of the prison. He began to entertain hopes, as the task seemed protracted, that the populace might give it over in despair, or that some rescue might arrive to disperse them. There was a moment at which the latter seemed probable.

* See Note 9.

The magistrates, having assembled their officers and some of the citizens who were willing to hazard themselves for the public tranquillity, now sallied forth from the tavern where they held their sitting, and approached the point of danger. Their officers went before them with links and torches, with a herald to read the Riot Act, if necessary. They easily drove before them the outposts and videttes of the rioters; but when they approached the line of guard which the mob, or rather, we should say, the conspirators, had drawn across the street in the front of the Luckenbooths, they were received with an unintermitted volley of stones, and, on their nearer approach, the pikes, bayonets, and Lochaber axes of which the populace had possessed themselves were presented against them. One of their ordinary officers, a strong resolute fellow, went forward, seized a rioter, and took from him a musket; but, being unsupported, he was instantly thrown on his back in the street, and disarmed in his turn. The officer was too happy to be permitted to rise and run away without receiving any further injury; which afforded another remarkable instance of the mode in which these men had united a sort of moderation towards all others with the most inflexible inveteracy against the object of their resentment. The magistrates, after vain attempts to make themselves heard and obeyed, possessing no means of enforcing their authority, were constrained to abandon the field to the rioters, and retreat in all speed from the showers of missiles that whistled around their ears.

The passive resistance of the tolbooth gate promised to do more to baffle the purpose of the mob than the active interference of the magistrates. The heavy sledge-hammers continued to din against it without intermission, and with a noise which, echoed from the lofty buildings around the spot, seemed enough to have alarmed the garrison in the Castle. It was circulated among the rioters that the troops would march down to disperse them, unless they could execute their purpose without loss of time; or that, even without quitting the fortress, the garrison might obtain the same end by throwing a bomb or two upon the street.

Urged by such motives for apprehension, they eagerly relieved each other at the labor of assailing the tolbooth door; yet such was its strength that it still defied their efforts. At length a voice was heard to pronounce the words, "Try it with fire." The rioters, with a unanimous shout, called for combustibles, and as all their wishes seemed to be instantly supplied, they were soon in possession of two or three empty tar-barrels.

A huge red glaring bonfire speedily arose close to the door of the prison, sending up a tall column of smoke and flame against its antique turrets and strongly grated windows, and illuminating the ferocious and wild gestures of the rioters who surrounded the place, as well as the pale and anxious groups of those who, from windows in the vicinage, watched the progress of this alarming scene. The mob fed the fire with whatever they could find fit for the purpose. The flames roared and crackled among the heaps of nourishment piled on the fire, and a terrible shout soon announced that the door had kindled, and was in the act of being destroyed. The fire was suffered to decay, but long ere it was quite extinguished the most forward of the rioters rushed, in their impatience, one after another, over its yet smoldering remains. Thick showers of sparkles rose high in the air as man after man bounded over the glowing embers and disturbed them in their passage. It was now obvious to Butler and all others who were present that the rioters would be instantly in possession of their victim, and have it in their power to work their pleasure upon him, whatever that might be.*

* See The Old Tolbooth. Note 10.

CHAPTER VII

The evil you teach us, we will execute ; and it shall go hard
but we will better the instruction.

Merchant of Venice.

THE unhappy object of this remarkable disturbance had been that day delivered from the apprehension of a public execution, and his joy was the greater, as he had some reason to question whether government would have run the risk of unpopularity by interfering in his favor, after he had been legally convicted, by the verdict of a jury, of a crime so very obnoxious. Relieved from this doubtful state of mind, his heart was merry within him, and he thought, in the emphatic words of Scripture on a similar occasion, that surely the bitterness of death was past. Some of his friends, however, who had watched the manner and behavior of the crowd when they were made acquainted with the reprieve, were of a different opinion. They augured, from the unusual sternness and silence with which they bore their disappointment, that the populace nourished some scheme of sudden and desperate vengeance ; and they advised Porteous to lose no time in petitioning the proper authorities that he might be conveyed to the Castle under a sufficient guard, to remain there in security until his ultimate fate should be determined. Habituated, however, by his office to overawe the rabble of the city, Porteous could not suspect them of an attempt so audacious as to storm a strong and defensible prison ; and, despising the advice by which he might have been saved, he spent the afternoon of the eventful day in giving an entertainment to some friends who visited him in jail, several of whom, by the indulgence of the captain of the tolbooth, with whom he had an old intimacy, arising from their official connection, were even permitted to remain to supper with him, though contrary to the rules of the jail.

It was, therefore, in the hour of unalloyed mirth, when this unfortunate wretch was "full of bread," hot with wine,

and high in mistimed and ill-grounded confidence, and, alas ! with all his sins full blown, when the first distant shouts of the rioters mingled with the song of merriment and intemperance. The hurried call of the jailer to the guests, requiring them instantly to depart, and his yet more hasty intimation that a dreadful and determined mob had possessed themselves of the city gates and guard-house, were the first explanation of these fearful clamors.

Porteous might, however, have eluded the fury from which the force of authority could not protect him, had he thought of slipping on some disguise and leaving the prison along with his guests. It is probable that the jailer might have connived at his escape, or even that, in the hurry of this alarming contingency, he might not have observed it. But Porteous and his friends alike wanted presence of mind to suggest or execute such a plan of escape. The latter hastily fled from a place where their own safety seemed compromised, and the former, in a state resembling stupefaction, awaited in his apartment the termination of the enterprise of the rioters. The cessation of the clang of the instruments with which they had at first attempted to force the door gave him momentary relief. The flattering hopes that the military had marched into the city, either from the Castle or from the suburbs, and that the rioters were intimidated and dispersing, were soon destroyed by the broad and glaring light of the flames, which, illuminating through the grated window every corner of his apartment, plainly showed that the mob, determined on their fatal purpose, had adopted a means of forcing entrance equally desperate and certain.

The sudden glare of light suggested to the stupefied and astonished object of popular hatred the possibility of concealment or escape. To rush to the chimney, to ascend it at the risk of suffocation, were the only means which seem to have occurred to him ; but his progress was speedily stopped by one of those iron gratings which are, for the sake of security, usually placed across the vents of buildings designed for imprisonment. The bars, however, which impeded his further progress served to support him in the situation which he had gained, and he seized them with the tenacious grasp of one who esteemed himself clinging to his last hope of existence. The lurid light which had filled the apartment lowered and died away ; the sound of shouts was heard within the walls, and on the narrow and winding stair, which, cased within one of the turrets, gave access to the upper apartments of the prison. The huzza of the rioters was answered by a shout wild and des-

perate as their own, the cry, namely, of the imprisoned felons, who, expecting to be liberated in the general confusion, welcomed the mob as their deliverers. By some of these the apartment of Porteous was pointed out to his enemies. The obstacle of the lock and bolts was soon overcome, and from his hiding-place the unfortunate man heard his enemies search every corner of the apartment, with oaths and maledictions, which would but shock the reader if we recorded them, but which served to prove, could it have admitted of doubt, the settled purpose of soul with which they sought his destruction.

A place of concealment so obvious to suspicion and scrutiny as that which Porteous had chosen could not long screen him from detection. He was dragged from his lurking-place, with a violence which seemed to argue an intention to put him to death on the spot. More than one weapon was directed towards him, when one of the rioters, the same whose female disguise had been particularly noticed by Butler, interfered in an authoritative tone. "Are ye mad?" he said, "or would ye execute an act of justice as if it were a crime and a cruelty? This sacrifice will lose half its savor if we do not offer it at the very horns of the altar. We will have him die where a murderer should die, on the common gibbet. We will have him die where he spilled the blood of so many innocents!"

A loud shout of applause followed the proposal, and the cry, "To the gallows with the murderer! To the Grass-market with him!" echoed on all hands.

"Let no man hurt him," continued the speaker; "let him make his peace with God, if he can; we will not kill both his soul and body."

"What time did he give better folk for preparing their account?" answered several voices. "Let us mete to him with the same measure he measured to them."

But the opinion of the spokesman better suited the temper of those he addressed, a temper rather stubborn than impetuous, sedate though ferocious, and desirous of coloring their cruel and revengeful action with a show of justice and moderation.

For an instant this man quitted the prisoner, whom he consigned to a selected guard, with instructions to permit him to give his money and property to whomsoever he pleased. A person confined in the jail for debt received this last deposit from the trembling hand of the victim, who was at the same time permitted to make some other brief arrangements to meet his

approaching fate. The felons, and all others who wished to leave the jail, were now at full liberty to do so ; not that their liberation made any part of the settled purpose of the rioters, but it followed as almost a necessary consequence of foreing the jail doors. With wild cries of jubilee they joined the mob, or disappeared among the narrow lanes to seek out the hidden receptacles of vice and infamy where they were accustomed to lurk and conceal themselves from justice.

Two persons, a man about fifty years old and a girl about eighteen, were all who continued within the fatal walls, excepting two or three debtors, who probably saw no advantage in attempting their escape. The persons we have mentioned remained in the strong-room of the prison, now deserted by all others. One of their late companions in misfortune called out to the man to make his escape, in the tone of an acquaintance. "Rin for it, Ratcliffe ; the road's clear."

"It may be sae, Willie," answered Ratcliffe, composedly, "but I have taen a fancy to leave aff trade, and set up for an honest man."

"Stay there and be hanged, then, for a donnard auld deevil !" said the other, and ran down the prison stair.

The person in female attire whom we have distinguished as one of the most active rioters was about the same time at the ear of the young woman. "Flee, Effie, flee !" was all he had time to whisper. She turned towards him an eye of mingled fear, affection, and upbraiding, all contending with a sort of stupefied surprise. He again repeated, "Flee, Effie, flee, for the sake of all that's good and dear to you !" Again she gazed on him, but was unable to answer. A loud noise was now heard, and the name of Madge Wildfire was repeatedly called from the bottom of the staircase.

"I am coming—I am coming," said the person who answered to that appellative ; and then reiterating hastily, "For God's sake—for your own sake—for my sake, flee, or they'll take your life !" he left the strong-room.

The girl gazed after him for a moment, and then faintly muttering, "Better tyne life, since tint is gude fame," she sunk her head upon her hand, and remained seemingly unconscious as a statue of the noise and tumult which passed around her.

That tumult was now transferred from the inside to the outside of the tolbooth. The mob had brought their destined victim forth, and were about to conduct him to the common place of execution, which they had fixed as the scene of his death. The leader whom they distinguished by the name of

Madge Wildfire had been summoned to assist at the procession by the impatient shouts of his confederates.

"I will insure you five hundred pounds," said the unhappy man, grasping Wildfire's hand—"five hundred pounds for to save my life."

The other answered in the same undertone, and returning his grasp with one equally convulsive, "Five hundred-weight of coined gold should not save you. Remember Wilson!"

A deep pause of a minute ensued, when Wildfire added, in a more composed tone, "Make your peace with Heaven. Where is the clergyman?"

Butler, who, in great terror and anxiety, had been detained within a few yards of the tolbooth door, to wait the event of the search after Porteous, was now brought forward and commanded to walk by the prisoner's side, and to prepare him for immediate death. His answer was a supplication that the rioters would consider what they did. "You are neither judges nor jury," said he. "You cannot have, by the laws of God or man, power to take away the life of a human creature, however deserving he may be of death. If it is murder even in a lawful magistrate to execute an offender otherwise than in the place, time, and manner which the judges' sentence prescribes, what must it be in you, who have no warrant for interference but your own wills? In the name of Him who is all mercy, show mercy to this unhappy man, and do not dip your hands in his blood, nor rush into the very crime which you are desirous of avenging!"

"Cut your sermon short, you are not in your pulpit," answered one of the rioters.

"If we hear more of your clavers," said another, "we are like to hang you up beside him."

"Peace! hush!" said Wildfire. "Do the good man no harm; he discharges his conscience, and I like him the better."

He then addressed Butler. "Now, sir, we have patiently heard you, and we just wish you to understand, in the way of answer, that you may as well argue to the ashler-work and iron stanchels of the tolbooth as think to change our purpose. Blood must have blood. We have sworn to each other by the deepest oaths ever were pledged, that Porteous shall die the death he deserves so richly; therefore, speak no more to us, but prepare him for death as well as the briefness of his change will permit."

They had suffered the unfortunate Porteous to put on his

night-gown and slippers, as he had thrown off his coat and shoes in order to facilitate his attempted escape up the chimney. In this garb he was now mounted on the hands of two of the rioters, clasped together, so as to form what is called in Scotland "The King's Cushion." Butler was placed close to his side, and repeatedly urged to perform a duty always the most painful which can be imposed on a clergyman deserving of the name, and now rendered more so by the peculiar and horrid circumstances of the criminal's case. Porteous at first uttered some supplications for mercy, but when he found that there was no chance that these would be attended to, his military education, and the natural stubbornness of his disposition, combined to support his spirits.

"Are you prepared for this dreadful end?" said Butler, in a faltering voice. "O turn to Him in whose eyes time and space have no existence, and to whom a few minutes are as a lifetime, and a lifetime as a minute."

"I believe I know what you would say," answered Porteous, sullenly. "I was bred a soldier; if they will murder me without time, let my sins as well as my blood lie at their door."

"Who was it," said the stern voice of Wildfire, "that said to Wilson at this very spot, when he could not pray, owing to the galling agony of his fetters, that his pains would soon be over? I say to you, take your own tale home; and if you cannot profit by the good man's lessons, blame not them that are still more merciful to you than you were to others."

The procession now moved forward with a slow and determined pace. It was enlightened by many blazing links and torches; for the actors of this work were so far from affecting any secrecy on the occasion that they seemed even to court observation. Their principal leaders kept close to the person of the prisoner, whose pallid yet stubborn features were seen distinctly by the torch-light, as his person was raised considerably above the concourse which thronged around him. Those who bore swords, muskets, and battle-axes marched on each side, as if forming a regular guard to the procession. The windows, as they went along, were filled with the inhabitants, whose slumbers had been broken by this unusual disturbance. Some of the spectators muttered accents of encouragement; but in general they were so much appalled by a sight so strange and audacious, that they looked on with a sort of stupefied astonishment. No one offered, by act or word, the slightest interruption.

The rioters, on their part, continued to act with the same

air of deliberate confidence and security which had marked all their proceedings. When the object of their resentment dropped one of his slippers, they stopped, sought for it, and replaced it upon his foot with great deliberation.* As they descended the Bow towards the fatal spot where they designed to complete their purpose, it was suggested that there should be a rope kept in readiness. For this purpose the booth of a man who dealt in cordage was forced open, a coil of rope fit for their purpose was selected to serve as a halter, and the dealer next morning found that a guinea had been left on his counter in exchange ; so anxious were the perpetrators of this daring action to show that they meditated not the slightest wrong for infraction of law, excepting so far as Porteous was himself concerned.

Leading, or carrying along with them, in this determined and regular manner, the object of their vengeance, they at length reached the place of common execution, the scene of his crime, and destined spot of his sufferings. Several of the rioters (if they should not rather be described as conspirators) endeavored to remove the stone which filled up the socket in which the end of the fatal tree was sunk when it was erected for its fatal purpose ; others sought for the means of constructing a temporary gibbet, the place in which the gallows itself was deposited being reported too secure to be forced, without much loss of time.

Butler endeavored to avail himself of the delay afforded by these circumstances to turn the people from their desperate design. "For God's sake," he exclaimed, "remember it is the image of your Creator which you are about to deface in the person of this unfortunate man ! Wretched as he is, and wicked as he may be, he has a share in every promise of Scripture, and you cannot destroy him in impenitence without blotting his name from the Book of Life. Do not destroy soul and body ; give time for preparation."

"What time had they," returned a stern voice, "whom he murdered on this very spot ? The laws both of God and man call for his death."

"But what, my friends," insisted Butler, with a generous disregard to his own safety—"what hath constituted you his judges ?"

"We are not his judges," replied the same person ; "he has been already judged and condemned by lawful authority. We are those whom Heaven, and our righteous anger, have

* This little incident, characteristic of the extreme composure of this extraordinary mob, was witnessed by a lady who, disturbed, like others, from her slumbers, had gone to the window. It was told to the Author by the lady's daughter.

stirred up to execute judgment, when a corrupt government would have protected a murderer."

"I am none," said the unfortunate Porteous; "that which you charge upon me fell out in self-defence, in the lawful exercise of my duty."

"Away with him—away with him!" was the general cry. "Why do you trifle away time in making a gallows? that dyester's pole is good enough for the homicide."

The unhappy man was forced to his fate with remorseless rapidity. Butler, separated from him by the press, escaped the last horrors of his struggles. Unnoticed by those who had hitherto detained him as a prisoner, he fled from the fatal spot, without much caring in what direction his course lay. A loud shout proclaimed the stern delight with which the agents of this deed regarded its completion. Butler then, at the opening into the low street called the Cowgate, cast back a terrified glance, and by the red and dusky light of the torches he could discern a figure wavering and struggling as it hung suspended above the heads of the multitude, and could even observe men striking at it with their Lochaber axes and partizans. The sight was of a nature to double his horror and to add wings to his flight.

The street down which the fugitive ran opens to one of the eastern ports or gates of the city. Butler did not stop till he reached it, but found it still shut. He waited nearly an hour, walking up and down in inexpressible perturbation of mind. At length he ventured to call out and rouse the attention of the terrified keepers of the gate, who now found themselves at liberty to resume their office without interruption. Butler requested them to open the gate. They hesitated. He told them his name and occupation.

"He is a preacher," said one; "I have heard him preach in Haddo's Hole."

"A fine preaching has he been at the night," said another; "but maybe least said is soonest mended."

Opening then the wicket of the main gate, the keepers suffered Butler to depart, who hastened to carry his horror and fear beyond the walls of Edinburgh. His first purpose was instantly to take the road homeward; but other fears and cares, connected with the news he had learned in that remarkable day, induced him to linger in the neighborhood of Edinburgh until daybreak. More than one group of persons passed him as he was whiling away the hours of darkness that yet remained, whom, from the stifled tones of their discourse, the unwonted hour when they travelled, and the hasty pace

at which they walked, he conjectured to have been engaged in the late fatal transaction.

Certain it was, that the sudden and total dispersion of the rioters, when their vindictive purpose was accomplished, seemed not the least remarkable feature of this singular affair. In general, whatever may be the impelling motive by which a mob is at first raised, the attainment of their object has usually been only found to lead the way to further excesses. But not so in the present case. They seemed completely satiated with the vengeance they had prosecuted with such stanch and sagacious activity. When they were fully satisfied that life had abandoned their victim, they dispersed in every direction, throwing down the weapons which they had only assumed to enable them to carry through their purpose. At daybreak there remained not the least token of the events of the night, excepting the corpse of Porteous, which still hung suspended in the place where he had suffered, and the arms of various kinds which the rioters had taken from the City Guard-house, which were found scattered about the streets as they had thrown them from their hands, when the purpose for which they had seized them was accomplished.*

The ordinary magistrates of the city resumed their power, not without trembling at the late experience of the fragility of its tenure. To march troops into the city, and commence a severe inquiry into the transactions of the preceding night, were the first marks of returning energy which they displayed. But these events had been conducted on so secure and well-calculated a plan of safety and secrecy, that there was little or nothing learned to throw light upon the authors or principal actors in a scheme so audacious. An express was despatched to London with the tidings, where they excited great indignation and surprise in the council of regency, and particularly in the bosom of Queen Caroline, who considered her own authority as exposed to contempt by the success of this singular conspiracy. Nothing was spoke of for some time save the measure of vengeance which should be taken, not only on the actors of this tragedy, so soon as they should be discovered, but upon the magistrates who had suffered it to take place, and upon the city which had been the scene where it was exhibited. On this occasion, it is still recorded in popular tradition that her Majesty, in the height of her displeasure, told the celebrated John, Duke of Argyle, that, sooner than submit to such an insult, she would make Scotland a hunting-field. "In that case, Madam," answered that high-spirited noble-

* See *The Murder of Captain Porteous*. Note 11.

man, with a profound bow, "I will take leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready."

The import of the reply had more than met the ear ; and as most of the Scottish nobility and gentry seemed actuated by the same national spirit, the royal displeasure was necessarily checked in mid-volley, and milder courses were recommended and adopted, to some of which we may hereafter have occasion to advert.

CHAPTER VIII

Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me ;
St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
Sin' my true-love's forsaken me.

Old Song.

If I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semicircular rocks called Salisbury Crags, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built, high-piled city, stretching itself out beneath in a form which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon ; now a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains ; and now a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland Mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed as it is of these enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with, or divided from, each other in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful, yet so varied, so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime, is lighted up by the tints of morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes, the effect approaches near to enchantment. This path used to be my favorite evening and morning resort, when engaged with a favorite author or new subject of study. It is, I am informed, now become totally impassable, a circumstance which, if true, reflects little credit on the taste of the Good Town or its leaders.*

* A beautiful and solid pathway has, within a few years, been formed around these romantic rocks ; and the Author has the pleasure to think that the passage in the text gave rise to the undertaking.

It was from this fascinating path—the scene to me of so much delicious musing, when life was young and promised to be happy, that I have been unable to pass it over without an episodical description—it was, I say, from this romantic path that Butler saw the morning arise the day after the murder of Porteous. It was possible for him with ease to have found a much shorter road to the house to which he was directing his course, and, in fact, that which he chose was extremely circuitous. But to compose his own spirits, as well as to while away the time, until a proper hour for visiting the family without surprise or disturbance, he was induced to extend his circuit by the foot of the rocks, and to linger upon his way until the morning should be considerably advanced. While, now standing with his arms across and waiting the slow progress of the sun above the horizon, now sitting upon one of the numerous fragments which storms had detached from the rocks above him, he is meditating alternately upon the horrible catastrophe which he had witnessed, and upon the melancholy, and to him most interesting, news which he had learned at Saddletree's, we will give the reader to understand who Butler was, and how his fate was connected with that of Effie Deans, the unfortunate handmaiden of the careful Mrs. Saddletree.

Reuben Butler was of English extraction, though born in Scotland. His grandfather was a trooper in Monk's army, and one of the party of dismounted dragoons which formed the forlorn hope at the storming of Dundee in 1651. Stephen Butler (called, from his talents in reading and expounding, Scripture Stephen and Bible Butler) was a stanch Independent, and received in its fullest comprehension the promise that the saints should inherit the earth. As hard knocks were what had chiefly fallen to his share hitherto in the division of this common property, he lost not the opportunity, which the storm and plunder of a commercial place afforded him, to appropriate as large a share of the better things of this world as he could possibly compass. It would seem that he had succeeded indifferently well, for his exterior circumstances appeared, in consequence of this event, to have been much mended.

The troop to which he belonged was quartered at the village of Dalkeith, as forming the body-guard of Monk, who, in the capacity of general for the Commonwealth, resided in the neighboring castle. When, on the eve of the Restoration, the general commenced his march from Scotland, a measure pregnant with such important consequences, he new-modelled his

troops, and more especially those immediately about his person, in order that they might consist chiefly of individuals devoted to himself. On this occasion Scripture Stephen was weighed in the balance and found wanting. It was supposed he felt no call to any expedition which might endanger the reign of the military sainthood, and that he did not consider himself as free in conscience to join with any party which might be likely ultimately to acknowledge the interest of Charles Stuart, the son of "the last man," as Charles I. was familiarly and irreverently termed by them in their common discourse, as well as in their more elaborate predications and harangues. As the time did not admit of cashiering such dissidents, Stephen Butler was only advised in a friendly way to give up his horse and accoutrements to one of Middleton's old troopers, who possessed an accommodating conscience of a military stamp, and which squared itself chiefly upon those of the colonel and paymaster. As this hint came recommended by a certain sum of arrears presently payable, Stephen had carnal wisdom enough to embrace the proposal, and with great indifference saw his old corps depart for Coldstream, on their route for the south, to establish the tottering government of England on a new basis.

The "zone" of the ex-trooper, to use Horace's phrase, was weighty enough to purchase a cottage and two or three fields (still known by the name of Beersheba), within about a Scottish mile of Dalkeith; and there did Stephen establish himself with a youthful helpmate, chosen out of the said village, whose disposition to a comfortable settlement on this side of the grave reconciled her to the gruff manners, serious temper, and weather-beaten features of the martial enthusiast. Stephen did not long survive the falling on "evil days and evil tongues" of which Milton, in the same predicament, so mournfully complains. At his death his consort remained an early widow, with a male child of three years old, which, in the sobriety wherewith it demeaned itself, in the old-fashioned and even grim cast of its features, and in its sententious mode of expressing itself, would sufficiently have vindicated the honor of the widow of Beersheba, had any one thought proper to challenge the babe's descent from Bible Butler.

Butler's principles had not descended to his family, or extended themselves among his neighbors. The air of Scotland was alien to the growth of Independency, however favorable to fanaticism under other colors. But, nevertheless, they were not forgotten; and a certain neighboring laird, who piqued himself upon the loyalty of his principles "in the worst of

times" (though I never heard they exposed him to more peril than that of a broken head, or a night's lodging in the main guard, when wine and Cavalierism predominated in his upper story), had found it a convenient thing to rake up all matter of accusation against the deceased Stephen. In this enumeration his religious principles made no small figure, as, indeed, they must have seemed of the most exaggerated enormity to one whose own were so small and so faintly traced as to be well-nigh imperceptible. In these circumstances, poor widow Butler was supplied with her full proportion of fines for non-conformity, and all the other oppressions of the time, until Beersheba was fairly wrenched out of her hands and became the property of the laird who had so wantonly, as it had hitherto appeared, persecuted this poor forlorn woman. When his purpose was fairly achieved, he showed some remorse or moderation, or whatever the reader may please to term it, in permitting her to occupy her husband's cottage, and cultivate, on no very heavy terms, a croft of land adjacent. Her son, Benjamin, in the meanwhile, grew up to man's estate, and, moved by that impulse which makes men seek marriage even when its end can only be the perpetuation of misery, he wedded and brought a wife, and eventually a son, Reuben, to share the poverty of Beersheba.

The Laird of Dumbiedikes * had hitherto been moderate in his exactions, perhaps because he was ashamed to tax too highly the miserable means of support which remained to the widow Butler. But when a stout active young fellow appeared as the laborer of the croft in question, Dumbiedikes began to think so broad a pair of shoulders might bear an additional burden. He regulated, indeed, his management of his dependants (who fortunately were but few in number) much upon the principle of the carters whom he observed loading their carts at a neighboring coal-hill, and who never failed to clap an additional brace of hundredweights on their burden, so soon as by any means they had compassed a new horse of somewhat superior strength to that which had broken down the day before. However reasonable this practice appeared to the Laird of Dumbiedikes, he ought to have observed that it may be overdone, and that it infers, as a matter of course, the destruction and loss of both horse, cart, and loading. Even so it befell when the additional "prestations" came to be demanded of Benjamin Butler. A man of few words and few ideas, but attached to Beersheba with a feeling like that which a vegetable entertains to the spot in which it chances

* See Dumbiedikes. Note 12.

to be planted, he neither remonstrated with the Laird nor endeavored to escape from him, but, toiling night and day to accomplish the terms of his taskmaster, fell into a burning fever and died. His wife did not long survive him; and, as if it had been the fate of this family to be left orphans, our Reuben Butler was, about the year 1704-5, left in the same circumstances in which his father had been placed, and under the same guardianship, being that of his grandmother, the widow of Monk's old trooper.

The same prospect of misery hung over the head of another tenant of this hard-hearted lord of the soil. This was a tough true-blue Presbyterian, called Deans, who, though most obnoxious to the Laird on account of principles in church and state, contrived to maintain his ground upon the estate by regular payment of mail-duties, kail, arriage, carriage, dry multure, lock, gowpen, and knaveship, and all the various exactions now commuted for money, and summed up in the emphatic word RENT. But the years 1700 and 1701, long remembered in Scotland for dearth and general distress, subdued the stout heart of the agricultural Whig. Citations by the ground-officer, decreets of the Baron Court, sequestrations, poidings of oversight and insight plenishing, flew about his ears as fast as ever the Tory bullets whistled around those of the Covenanters at Pentland, Bothwell Brig, or Aird's Moss. Struggle as he might, and he struggled gallantly, "Douce Davie Deans" was routed horse and foot, and lay at the mercy of his grasping landlord just at the time that Benjamin Butler died. The fate of each family was anticipated; but they who prophesied their expulsion to beggary and ruin were disappointed by an accidental circumstance.

On the very term-day when their ejection should have taken place, when all their neighbors were prepared to pity and not one to assist them, the minister of the parish, as well as a doctor from Edinburgh, received a hasty summons to attend the Laird of Dumbiedikes. Both were surprised, for his contempt for both faculties had been pretty commonly his theme over an extra bottle, that is to say, at least once every day. The leech for the soul and he for the body alighted in the court of the little old manor-house at almost the same time; and when they had gazed a moment at each other with some surprise, they in the same breath expressed their conviction that Dumbiedikes must needs be very ill indeed, since he summoned them both to his presence at once. Ere the servant could usher them to his apartment the party was augmented by a man of law, Nichil Novit, writing himself procurator

before the sheriff court, for in those days there were no solicitors. This latter personage was first summoned to the apartment of the Laird, where, after some short space, the soul-curer and the body-curer were invited to join him.

Dumbiedikes had been by this time transported into the best bedroom, used only upon occasions of death and marriage, and called, from the former of these occupations, the Dead Room. There were in this apartment, besides the sick person himself and Mr. Novit, the son and heir of the patient, a tall gawky silly-looking boy of fourteen or fifteen, and a house-keeper, a good buxom figure of a woman, betwixt forty and fifty, who had kept the keys and managed matters at Dumbiedikes since the lady's death. It was to these attendants that Dumbiedikes addressed himself pretty nearly in the following words; temporal and spiritual matters, the care of his health and his affairs, being strangely jumbled in a head which was never one of the clearest:

"These are sair times wi' me, gentlemen and neighbors! amaist as ill as at the aughty-nine, when I was rabbled by the collegeaners.* They mistook me muckle: they ca'd me a Papist, but there was never a Papist bit about me, minister. Jock, ye'll take warning. It's a debt we maun a' pay, and there stands Nichil Novit that will tell ye I was never gude at paying debts in my life. Mr. Novit, ye'll no forget to draw the annual rent that's due on the yerl's band; if I pay debt to other folk, I think they suld pay it to me—that equals aquals. Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping.† My father tauld me sae forty years sin', but I ne'er fand time to mind him. Jock, ne'er drink brandy in the morning, it files the stamach sair; gin ye take a morning's draught, let it be *aqua mirabilis*; Jenny there makes it weel. Doctor, my breath is growing as scant as a broken-winded piper's, when he has played for four-and-twenty hours at a penny-wedding. Jenny, pit the cod aneath my head; but it's a' needless! Mass John, could ye think o' rattling ower some bit short prayer; it wad do me gude maybe, and keep some queer thoughts out o' my head. Say something, man."

"I cannot use a prayer like a ratt-rhyme," answered the honest clergyman; "and if you would have your soul redeemed like a prey from the fowler, Laird, you must needs show me your state of mind."

"And shouldna ye ken that without my telling you?"

* See College Students. Note 13.

† See Recommendation to Arboriculture. Note 14.

answered the patient. "What have I been paying stipend and teind, parsonage and vicarage for, ever sin' the aughtynine, an I canna get a spell of a prayer for't, the only time I ever asked for ane in my life? Gang awa' wi' your Whiggery, if that's a' ye can do; auld Curate Kiltstoup wad hae read half the Prayer Book to me by this time. Awa' wi' ye! Doctor, let's see if ye can do onything better for me."

The Doctor, who had obtained some information in the meanwhile from the housekeeper on the state of his complaints, assured him the medical art could not prolong his life many hours.

"Then damn Mass John and you baith!" cried the furious and intractable patient. "Did ye come here for naething but to tell me that ye canna help me at the pinch? Out wi' them, Jenny—out o' the house! and, Jock, my curse, and the curse of Cromwell, go wi' ye, if ye gie them either fee or bountith, or sae muckle as a black pair o' cheverons!"

The clergyman and doctor made a speedy retreat out of the apartment, while Dumbiedikes fell into one of those transports of violent and profane language which had procured him the surname of Damn-me-dikes. "Bring me the brandy bottle, Jenny, ye b——," he cried, with a voice in which passion contended with pain. "I can die as I have lived, without fashing ony o' them. But there's ae thing," he said, sinking his voice—"there's ae fearful thing hings about my heart, and an anker of brandy winna wash it away. The Deanses at Woodend! I sequestered them in the dear years, and now they are to flit, they'll starve; and that Beersheba, and that auld trooper's wife and her oe, they'll starve—they'll starve! Look out, Jock; what kind o' night is't?"

"On-ding o' snaw, father," answered Jock, after having opened the window and looked out with great composure.

"They'll perish in the drifts!" said the expiring sinner—"they'll perish wi' cauld! but I'll be het enough, gin a' tales be true."

This last observation was made under breath, and in a tone which made the very attorney shudder. He tried his hand at ghostly advice, probably for the first time in his life, and recommended, as an opiate for the agonized conscience of the Laird, reparation of the injuries he had done to these distressed families, which, he observed by the way, the civil law called *restitutio in integrum*. But Mammon was struggling with Remorse for retaining his place in a bosom he had so long possessed; and he partly succeeded, as an old tyrant proves often too strong for his insurgent rebels.

“ I canna do’t,” he answered, with a voice of despair. “ It would kill me to do’t ; how can ye bid me pay back siller, when ye ken how I want it ? or dispone Beersheba, when it lies sae weel into my ain plaid-nuik ? Nature made Dumbiedikes and Beersheba to be ae man’s land. She did, by ——. Nichil, it wad kill me to part them.”

“ But ye maun die whether or no, Laird,” said Mr. Novit ; “ and maybe ye wad die easier ; it’s but trying. I’ll scroll the disposition in nae time.”

“ Dinna speak o’t, sir,” replied Dumbiedikes, “ or I’ll fling the stoup at your head. But, Jock, lad, ye see how the warld warstles wi’ me on my death-bed ; be kind to the puir creatures, the Deanses and the Butlers—be kind to them, Jock. Dinna let the warld get a grip o’ ye, Jock ; but keep the gear thegither ! and whate’er ye do, dispone Beersheba at no rate. Let the creatures stay at a moderate mailing, and hae bite and soup ; it will maybe be the better wi’ your father whare he’s gaun, lad.”

After these contradictory instructions, the Laird felt his mind so much at ease that he drank three bumpers of brandy continuously, and “ soughed awa’,” as Jenny expressed it, in an attempt to sing “ Deil stick the minister.”

His death made a revolution in favor of the distressed families. John Dumbie, now of Dumbiedikes, in his own right, seemed to be close and selfish enough ; but wanted the grasping spirit and active mind of his father ; and his guardian happened to agree with him in opinion that his father’s dying recommendation should be attended to. The tenants, therefore, were not actually turned out-of-doors among the snow wreaths, and were allowed wherewith to procure butter-milk and pease bannocks, which they ate under the full force of the original malediction. The cottage of Deans, called Woodend, was not very distant from that of Beersheba. Formerly there had been little intercourse between the families. Deans was a sturdy Scotchman, with all sorts of prejudices against the Southern, and the spawn of the Southern. Moreover, Deans was, as we have said, a stanch Presbyterian, of the most rigid and unbending adherence to what he conceived to be the only possible straight line, as he was wont to express himself, between right-hand heats and extremes and left-hand defections ; and, therefore, he held in high dread and horror all Independents, and whomsoever he supposed allied to them.

But, notwithstanding these national prejudices and religious professions, Deans and the widow Butler were placed in

such a situation as naturally and at length created some intimacy between the families. They had shared a common danger and a mutual deliverance. They needed each other's assistance, like a company who, crossing a mountain stream, are compelled to cling close together, lest the current should be too powerful for any who are not thus supported.

On nearer acquaintance, too, Deans abated some of his prejudices. He found old Mrs. Butler, though not thoroughly grounded in the extent and bearing of the real testimony against the defections of the times, had no opinions in favor of the Independent party; neither was she an Englishwoman. Therefore, it was to be hoped that, though she was the widow of an enthusiastic corporal of Cromwell's dragoons, her grandson might be neither schismatic nor anti-national, two qualities concerning which Goodman Deans had as wholesome a terror as against Papists and Malignants. Above all, for Douce Davie Deans had his weak side, he perceived that widow Butler looked up to him with reverence, listened to his advice, and compounded for an occasional fling at the doctrines of her deceased husband, to which, as we have seen, she was by no means warmly attached, in consideration of the valuable counsels which the Presbyterian afforded her for the management of her little farm. These usually concluded with, "they may do otherwise in England, neighbor Butler, for aught I ken;" or, "it may be different in foreign parts;" or, "they wha think differently on the great foundation of our covenanted reformation, overturning and misguggling the government and discipline of the kirk, and breaking down the carved work of our Zion, might be for sawing the craft wi' aits; but I say pease, pease." And as his advice was shrewd and sensible, though conceitedly given, it was received with gratitude, and followed with respect.

The intercourse which took place betwixt the families at Beersheba and Woodend became strict and intimate, at a very early period, betwixt Reuben Butler, with whom the reader is already in some degree acquainted, and Jeanie Deans, the only child of Douce Davie Deans by his first wife, "that singular Christian woman," as he was wont to express himself, "whose name was savory to all that knew her for a desirable professor, Christian Menzies in Hochmagirdle." The manner of which intimacy, and the consequences thereof, we now proceed to relate.

CHAPTER IX

Reuben and Rachel, though as fond as doves,
Were yet discreet and cautious in their loves,
Nor would attend to Cupid's wild commands,
Till cool reflection bade them join their hands.
When both were poor, they thought it argued ill
Of hasty love to make them poorer still.

CRABBE'S *Parish Register*.

WHILE widow Butler and widower Deans struggled with poverty, and the hard and sterile soil of those "parts and portions" of the lands of Dumbiedikes which it was their lot to occupy, it became gradually apparent that Deans was to gain the strife, and his ally in the conflict was to lose it. The former was a man, and not much past the prime of life; Mrs. Butler a woman, and declined into the vale of years. This, indeed, ought in time to have been balanced by the circumstance that Reuben was growing up to assist his grandmother's labors, and that Jeanie Deans, as a girl, could be only supposed to add to her father's burdens. But Douce Davie Deans knew better things, and so schooled and trained the young minion, as he called her, that from the time she could walk, upwards, she was daily employed in some task or other suitable to her age and capacity; a circumstance which, added to her father's daily instructions and lectures, tended to give her mind, even when a child, a grave, serious, firm, and reflecting cast. An uncommonly strong and healthy temperament, free from all nervous affection and every other irregularity, which, attacking the body in its more noble functions, so often influences the mind, tended greatly to establish this fortitude, simplicity, and decision of character.

On the other hand, Reuben was weak in constitution, and, though not timid in temper, might be safely pronounced anxious, doubtful, and apprehensive. He partook of the temperament of his mother, who had died of a consumption in early age. He was a pale, thin, feeble, sickly boy, and somewhat lame, from an accident in early youth. He was, besides, the child of a doting grandmother, whose too solici-

tous attention to him soon taught him a sort of diffidence in himself, with a disposition to overrate his own importance, which is one of the very worst consequences that children deduce from over-indulgence.

Still, however, the two children clung to each other's society, not more from habit than from taste. They herded together the handful of sheep, with the two or three cows, which their parents turned out rather to seek food than actually to feed upon the unenclosed common of Dumbiedikes. It was there that the two urchins might be seen seated beneath a blooming bush of whin, their little faces laid close together under the shadow of the same plaid drawn over both their heads, while the landscape around was embrowned by an overshadowing cloud, big with the shower which had driven the children to shelter. On other occasions they went together to school, the boy receiving that encouragement and example from his companion, in crossing the little brooks which intersected their path, and encountering cattle, dogs, and other perils upon their journey, which the male sex in such cases usually consider it as their prerogative to extend to the weaker. But when, seated on the benches of the school-house, they began to con their lessons together, Reuben, who was as much superior to Jeanie Deans in acuteness of intellect as inferior to her in firmness of constitution, and in that insensibility to fatigue and danger which depends on the conformation of the nerves, was able fully to requite the kindness and countenance with which, in other circumstances, she used to regard him. He was decidedly the best scholar at the little parish school; and so gentle was his temper and disposition, that he was rather admired than envied by the little mob who occupied the noisy mansion, although he was the declared favorite of the master. Several girls, in particular (for in Scotland they are taught with the boys), longed to be kind to and comfort the sickly lad, who was so much cleverer than his companions. The character of Reuben Butler was so calculated as to offer scope both for their sympathy and their admiration, the feelings, perhaps, through which the female sex, the more deserving part of them at least, is more easily attached.

But Reuben, naturally reserved and distant, improved none of these advantages; and only became more attached to Jeanie Deans, as the enthusiastic approbation of his master assured him of fair prospects in future life, and awakened his ambition. In the meantime, every advance that Reuben made in learning (and, considering his opportunities, they were uncommonly great) rendered him less capable of attending to the

domestic duties of his grandmother's farm. While studying the *pons asinorum* in Euclid, he suffered every "cuddie" upon the common to trespass upon a large field of pease belonging to the Laird, and nothing but the active exertions of Jeanie Deans, with her little dog Dustiefoot, could have saved great loss and consequent punishment. Similar miscarriages marked his progress in his classical studies. He read Virgil's *Georgics* till he did not know bear from barley; and had nearly destroyed the crofts of Beersheba while attempting to cultivate them according to the practice of Columella and Cato the Censor.

These blunders occasioned grief to his grand-dame, and disconcerted the good opinion which her neighbor, Davie Deans, had for some time entertained of Reuben.

"I see naething ye can make of that silly callant, neighbor Butler," said he to the old lady, "unless ye train him to the wark o' the ministry. And ne'er was there mair need of poorfu' preachers than e'en now in these cauld Gallio days, when men's hearts are hardened like the nether millstone, till they come to regard none of these things. It's evident this puir callant of yours will never be able to do an usefu' day's wark, unless it be as an ambassador from our Master; and I will make it my business to procure a license when he is fit for the same, trusting he will be a shaft cleanly polished, and meet to be used in the body of the kirk, and that he shall not turn again, like the sow, to wallow in the mire of heretical extremes and defections, but shall have the wings of a dove, though he hath lain among the pots."

The poor widow gulped down the affront to her husband's principles implied in this caution, and hastened to take Butler from the High School, and encourage him in the pursuit of mathematics and divinity, the only physics and ethics that chanced to be in fashion at the time.

Jeanie Deans was now compelled to part from the companion of her labor, her study, and her pastime, and it was with more than childish feeling that both children regarded the separation. But they were young, and hope was high, and they separated like those who hope to meet again at a more auspicious hour.

While Reuben Butler was acquiring at the University of St. Andrews the knowledge necessary for a clergyman, and macerating his body with the privations which were necessary in seeking food for his mind, his grand-dame became daily less able to struggle with her little farm, and was at length obliged to throw it up to the new Laird of Dumbiedikes.

That great personage was no absolute Jew, and did not cheat her in making the bargain more than was tolerable. He even gave her permission to tenant the house in which she had lived with her husband, as long as it should be "tenantable;" only he protested against paying for a farthing of repairs, any benevolence which he possessed being of the passive, but by no means of the active mood.

In the meanwhile, from superior shrewdness, skill, and other circumstances, some of them purely accidental, Davie Deans gained a footing in the world, the possession of some wealth, the reputation of more, and a growing disposition to preserve and increase his store, for which, when he thought upon it seriously, he was inclined to blame himself. From his knowledge in agriculture, as it was then practised, he became a sort of favorite with the Laird, who had no pleasure either in active sports or in society, and was wont to end his daily saunter by calling at the cottage of Woodend.

Being himself a man of slow ideas and confused utterance, Dumbiedikes used to sit or stand for half an hour with an old laced hat of his father's upon his head, and an empty tobacco-pipe in his mouth, with his eyes following Jeanie Deans, or "the lassie," as he called her, through the course of her daily domestic labor; while her father, after exhausting the subject of bestial, of ploughs, and of harrows, often took an opportunity of going full-sail into controversial subjects, to which discussions the dignitary listened with much seeming patience, but without making any reply, or, indeed, as most people thought, without understanding a single word of what the orator was saying. Deans, indeed, denied this stoutly, as an insult at once to his own talents for expounding hidden truths, of which he was a little vain, and to the Laird's capacity of understanding them. He said, "Dumbiedikes was nane of these flashy gentles, wi' lace on their skirts and swords at their tails, that were rather for riding on horseback to hell than ganging barefooted to Heaven. He wasna like his father—nae profane company-keeper, nae swearer, nae drinker, nae frequenter of play-house, or music-house, or dancing-house, nae Sabbath-breaker, nae imposer of aiths, or bonds, or denier of liberty to the flock. He clave to the warld, and the warld's gear, a wee ower muckle, but then there was some breathing of a gale upon his spirit," etc., etc. All this honest Davie said and believed.

It is not to be supposed that, by a father and a man of sense and observation, the constant direction of the Laird's eyes towards Jeanie was altogether unnoticed. This circum-

stance, however, made a much greater impression upon another member of his family, a second helpmate, to wit, whom he had chosen to take to his bosom ten years after the death of his first. Some people were of opinion that Douce Davie had been rather surprised into this step, for in general he was no friend to marriages or giving in marriage, and seemed rather to regard that state of society as a necessary evil—a thing lawful, and to be tolerated in the imperfect state of our nature, but which clipped the wings with which we ought to soar upwards, and tethered the soul to its mansion of clay, and the creature comforts of wife and bairns. His own practice, however, had in this material point varied from his principles, since, as we have seen, he twice knitted for himself this dangerous and ensnaring entanglement.

Rebecca, his spouse, had by no means the same horror of matrimony, and as she made marriages in imagination for every neighbor round, she failed not to indicate a match betwixt Dumbiedikes and her stepdaughter Jeanie. The goodman used regularly to frown and pshaw whenever this topic was touched upon, but usually ended by taking his bonnet and walking out of the house to conceal a certain gleam of satisfaction which, at such a suggestion, involuntarily diffused itself over his austere features.

The more youthful part of my readers may naturally ask whether Jeanie Deans was deserving of this mute attention of the Laird of Dumbiedikes; and the historian, with due regard to veracity, is compelled to answer that her personal attractions were of no uncommon description. She was short, and rather too stoutly made for her size, had gray eyes, light-colored hair, a round good-humored face, much tanned with the sun, and her only peculiar charm was an air of inexpressible serenity, which a good conscience, kind feelings, contented temper, and the regular discharge of all her duties, spread over her features. There was nothing, it may be supposed, very appalling in the form or manners of this rustic heroine; yet, whether from sheepish bashfulness, or from want of decision and imperfect knowledge of his own mind on the subject, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, with his old laced hat and empty tobacco-pipe, came and enjoyed the beatific vision of Jeanie Deans day after day, week after week, year after year, without proposing to accomplish any of the prophecies of the stepmother.

This good lady began to grow doubly impatient on the subject when, after having been some years married, she herself presented Douce Davie with another daughter, who was

named Euphemia, by corruption, Effie. It was then that Rebecca began to turn impatient with the slow pace at which the Laird's wooing proceeded, judiciously arguing that, as Lady Dumbiedikes would have but little occasion for tocher, the principal part of her gudeman's substance would naturally descend to the child by the second marriage. Other stepdames have tried less laudable means for clearing the way to the succession of their own children; but Rebecca, to do her justice, only sought little Effie's advantage through the promotion, or which must have generally been accounted such, of her elder sister. She therefore tried every female art within the compass of her simple skill to bring the Laird to a point; but had the mortification to perceive that her efforts, like those of an unskilful angler, only scared the trout she meant to catch. Upon one occasion, in particular, when she joked with the Laird on the propriety of giving a mistress to the house of Dumbiedikes, he was so effectually startled that neither laced hat, tobacco-pipe, nor the intelligent proprietor of these movables, visited Woodend for a fortnight. Rebecca was therefore compelled to leave the Laird to proceed at his own snail's pace, convinced by experience of the grave-digger's aphorism, that your dull ass will not mend his pace for beating.

Reuben in the meantime pursued his studies at the university, supplying his wants by teaching the younger lads the knowledge he himself acquired, and thus at once gaining the means of maintaining himself at the seat of learning and fixing in his mind the elements of what he had already obtained. In this manner, as is usual among the poorer students of divinity at Scottish universities, he contrived not only to maintain himself according to his simple wants, but even to send considerable assistance to his sole remaining parent, a sacred duty of which the Scotch are seldom negligent. His progress in knowledge of a general kind, as well as in the studies proper to his profession, was very considerable, but was little remarked, owing to the retired modesty of his disposition, which in no respect qualified him to set off his learning to the best advantage. And, thus had Butler been a man given to make complaints, he had his tale to tell, like others, of unjust preferences, bad luck, and hard usage. On these subjects, however, he was habitually silent, perhaps from modesty, perhaps from a touch of pride, or perhaps from a conjunction of both.

He obtained his license as a preacher of the Gospel, with some compliments from the presbytery by whom it was be-

stowed ; but this did not lead to any preferment, and he found it necessary to make the cottage at Beersheba his residence for some months, with no other income than was afforded by the precarious occupation of teaching in one or other of the neighboring families. After having greeted his aged grandmother, his first visit was to Woodend, where he was received by Jeanie with warm cordiality, arising from recollections which had never been dismissed from her mind, by Rebecca with good-humored hospitality, and by old Deans in a mode peculiar to himself.

Highly as Douce Davie honored the clergy, it was not upon each individual of the cloth that he bestowed his approbation ; and, a little jealous, perhaps, at seeing his youthful acquaintance erected into the dignity of a teacher and preacher, he instantly attacked him upon various points of controversy, in order to discover whether he might not have fallen into some of the snares, defections, and desertions of the time. Butler was not only a man of stanch Presbyterian principles, but was also willing to avoid giving pain to his old friend by disputing upon points of little importance ; and therefore he might have hoped to have come like refined gold out of the furnace of Davie's interrogatories. But the result on the mind of that strict investigator was not altogether so favorable as might have been hoped and anticipated. Old Judith Butler, who had hobbled that evening as far as Woodend, in order to enjoy the congratulations of her neighbors upon Reuben's return, and upon his high attainments, of which she was herself not a little proud, was somewhat mortified to find that her old friend Deans did not enter into the subject with the warmth she expected. At first, indeed, he seemed rather silent than dissatisfied ; and it was not till Judith had essayed the subject more than once that it led to the following dialogue :

"Aweel, neibor Deans, I thought ye wad hae been gläd to see Reuben amang us again, poor fallow."

"I *am* gläd, Mrs. Butler," was the neighbor's concise answer.

"Since he has lost his grandfather and his father—praised be Him that giveth and taketh !—I ken nae friend he has in the world that's been sae like a father to him as the sell o' ye, neibor Deans."

"God is the only Father of the fatherless," said Deans, touching his bonnet and looking upwards. "Give honor where it is due, gadewife, and not to an unworthy instrument."

"Aweel, that's your way o' turning it, and nae doubt ye

ken best. But I hae kenn'd ye, Davie, send a forpit o' meal to Beersheba when there wasna a bow left in the meal-ark at Woodend; ay, and I hae kenn'd ye——"

"Gudewife," said Davie, interrupting her, "these are but idle tales to tell me, fit for naething but to puff up our inward man wi' our ain vain acts. I stude beside blessed Alexander Peden, when I heard him call the death and testimony of our happy martyrs but draps of bluid and scarts of ink in respect of fitting discharge of our duty; and whatsuld I think of onything the like of me can do?"

"Weel, neibor Deans, ye ken best; but I maun say that I am sure you are glad to see my bairn again. The halt's gane now, unless he has to walk ower mony miles at a stretch; and he has a wee bit color in his cheek, that glads my auld een to see it; and he has as decent a black coat as the minister; and——"

"I am very heartily glad he is weel and thriving," said Mr. Deans, with a gravity that seemed intended to cut short the subject; but a woman who is bent upon a point is not easily pushed aside from it.

"And," continued Mrs. Butler, "he can wag his head in a pulpit now, neibor Deans, think but of that—my ain oe—and a'boddy maun sit still and listen to him, as if he were the Paip of Rome."

"The what? the who, woman?" said Deans, with a sternness far beyond his usual gravity, as soon as these offensive words had struck upon the tympanum of his ear.

"Eh, guide us!" said the poor woman; "I had forgot what an ill will ye had aye at the Paip, and sae had my puir gudeman, Stephen Butler. Mony an afternoon he wad sit and take up his testimony again the Paip, and again baptising of bairns, and the like."

"Woman," reiterated Deans, "either speak about what ye ken something o', or be silent. I say that Independency is a foul heresy, and Anabaptism a damnable and deceiving error, whilk suld be rooted out of the land wi' the fire o' the spiritual and the sword o' the civil magistrate."

"Weel, weel, neibor, I'll no say that ye mayna be right," answered the submissive Judith. "I am sure ye are right about the sawing and the mawing, the shearing and the leading, and what for suld ye no be right about kirk-wark, too? But concerning my oe, Reuben Butler——"

"Reuben Butler, gudewife," said David, with solemnity, "is a lad I wish heartily weel to, even as if he were mine ain son; but I doubt there will be outs and ins in the track of his

walk. I muckle fear his gifts will get the heels of his grace. He has ower muckle human wit and learning, and thinks as muckle about the form of the bicker as he does about the healsomeness of the food ; he maun broider the marriage-garment with lace and passments, or it's no gude enough for him. And it's like he's something proud o' his human gifts and learning, whilk enables him to dress up his doctrine in that fine airy dress. But," added he, at seeing the old woman's uneasiness at his discourse, "affliction may gie him a jagg, and let the wind out o' him, as out o' a cow that's eaten wet clover, and the lad may do weel, and be a burning and a shining light ; and I trust it will be yours to see, and his to feel it, and that soon."

Widow Butler was obliged to retire, unable to make anything more of her neighbor, whose discourse, though she did not comprehend it, filled her with undefined apprehensions on her grandson's account, and greatly depressed the joy with which she had welcomed him on his return. And it must not be concealed, in justice to Mr. Deans's discernment, that Butler, in their conference, had made a greater display of his learning than the occasion called for, or than was likely to be acceptable to the old man, who, accustomed to consider himself as a person pre-eminently entitled to dictate upon theological subjects of controversy, felt rather humbled and mortified when learned authorities were placed in array against him. In fact, Butler had not escaped the tinge of pedantry which naturally flowed from his education, and was apt, on many occasions, to make parade of his knowledge, when there was no need of such vanity.

Jeanie Deans, however, found no fault with this display of learning, but, on the contrary, admired it ; perhaps on the same score that her sex are said to admire men of courage, on account of their own deficiency in that qualification. The circumstances of their families threw the young people constantly together ; their old intimacy was renewed, though upon a footing better adapted to their age ; and it became at length understood betwixt them that their union should be deferred no longer than until Butler should obtain some steady means of support, however humble. This, however, was not a matter speedily to be accomplished. Plan after plan was formed, and plan after plan failed. The good-humored cheek of Jeanie lost the first flush of juvenile freshness ; Reuben's brow assumed the gravity of manhood ; yet the means of obtaining a settlement seemed remote as ever. Fortunately for the lovers, their passion was of no ardent or enthusiastic cast ;

and a sense of duty on both sides induced them to bear with patient fortitude the protracted interval which divided them from each other.

In the meanwhile, time did not roll on without effecting his usual changes. The widow of Stephen Butler, so long the prop of the family of Beersheba, was gathered to her fathers ; and Rebecca, the careful spouse of our friend Davie Deans, was also summoned from her plans of matrimonial and domestic economy. The morning after her death, Reuben Butler went to offer his mite of consolation to his old friend and benefactor. He witnessed, on this occasion, a remarkable struggle betwixt the force of natural affection and the religious stoicism which the sufferer thought it was incumbent upon him to maintain under each earthly dispensation, whether of weal or woe.

On his arrival at the cottage, Jeanie, with her eyes overflowing with tears, pointed to the little orchard, "in which," she whispered with broken accents, "my poor father has been since his misfortune." Somewhat alarmed at this account, Butler entered the orchard, and advanced slowly towards his old friend, who, seated in a small rude arbor, appeared to be sunk in the extremity of his affliction. He lifted his eyes somewhat sternly as Butler approached, as if offended at the interruption ; but as the young man hesitated whether he ought to retreat or advance, he arose and came forward to meet him with a self-possessed and even dignified air.

"Young man," said the sufferer, "lay it not to heart though the righteous perish and the merciful are removed, seeing, it may well be said, that they are taken away from the evils to come. Woe to me, were I to shed a tear for the wife of my bosom, when I might weep rivers of water for this afflicted church, cursed as it is with carnal seekers and with the dead of heart."

"I am happy," said Butler, "that you can forget your private affliction in your regard for public duty."

"Forget, Reuben ?" said poor Deans, putting his handkerchief to his eyes. "She's not to be forgotten on this side of time ; but He that gives the wound can send the ointment. I declare there have been times during this night when my meditation has been so wrapped that I knew not of my heavy loss. It has been with me as with the worthy John Semple, called Carspharn John,* upon a like trial : I have been this night on the banks of Ulai, plucking an apple here and there."

Notwithstanding the assumed fortitude of Deans, which

* See Note 15.

he conceived to be the discharge of a great Christian duty, he had too good a heart not to suffer deeply under this heavy loss. Woodend became altogether distasteful to him ; and as he had obtained both substance and experience by his management of that little farm, he resolved to employ them as a dairy-farmer, or cow-feeder, as they are called in Scotland. The situation he chose for his new settlement was at a place called St. Leonard's Crag, lying betwixt Edinburgh and the mountain called Arthur's Seat, and adjoining to the extensive sheep pasture still named the King's Park, from its having been formerly dedicated to the preservation of the royal game. Here he rented a small lonely house, about half a mile distant from the nearest point of the city, but the site of which, with all the adjacent ground, is now occupied by the buildings which form the south-eastern suburb. An extensive pasture-ground adjoining, which Deans rented from the keeper of the Royal Park, enabled him to feed his milk-cows ; and the unceasing industry and activity of Jeanie, his eldest daughter, was exerted in making the most of their produce.

She had now less frequent opportunities of seeing Reuben, who had been obliged, after various disappointments, to accept the subordinate situation of assistant in a parochial school of some eminence, at three or four miles' distance from the city. Here he distinguished himself, and became acquainted with several respectable burgesses, who, on account of health or other reasons, chose that their children should commence their education in this little village. His prospects were thus gradually brightening, and upon each visit which he paid at St. Leonard's he had an opportunity of gliding a hint to this purpose into Jeanie's ear. These visits were necessarily very rare, on account of the demands which the duties of the school made upon Butler's time. Nor did he dare to make them even altogether so frequent as these avocations would permit. Deans received him with civility indeed, and even with kindness ; but Reuben, as is usual in such cases, imagined that he read his purpose in his eyes, and was afraid too premature an explanation on the subject would draw down his positive disapproval. Upon the whole, therefore, he judged it prudent to call at St. Leonard's just so frequently as old acquaintance and neighborhood seemed to authorize, and no oftener. There was another person who was more regular in his visits.

When Davie Deans intimated to the Laird of Dumbiedikes his purpose of "quitting wi' the land and house at Woodend,"

the Laird stared and said nothing. He made his usual visits at the usual hour without remark, until the day before the term, when, observing the bustle of moving furniture already commenced, the great east-country "awmrie" dragged out of its nook, and standing with its shoulder to the company, like an awkward booby about to leave the room, the Laird again stared mightily, and was heard to ejaculate, "Hegh, sirs!" Even after the day of departure was past and gone, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, at his usual hour, which was that at which David Deans was wont to "loose the pleugh," presented himself before the closed door of the cottage at Woodend, and seemed as much astonished at finding it shut against his approach as if it was not exactly what he had to expect. On this occasion he was heard to ejaculate, "Gude guide us!" which, by those who knew him, was considered as a very unusual mark of emotion. From that moment forward, Dumbiedikes became an altered man, and the regularity of his movements, hitherto so exemplary, was as totally disconcerted as those of a boy's watch when he has broken the main-spring. Like the index of the said watch, did Dumbiedikes spin round the whole bounds of his little property, which may be likened unto the dial of the time-piece, with unwonted velocity. There was not a cottage into which he did not enter, nor scarce a maiden on whom he did not stare. But so it was, that although there were better farm-houses on the land than Woodend, and certainly much prettier girls than Jeanie Deans, yet it did somehow befall that the blank in the Laird's time was not so pleasantly filled up as it had been. There was no seat accommodated him so well as the "bunker" at Woodend, and no face he loved so much to gaze on as Jeanie Deans's. So, after spinning round and round his little orbit, and then remaining stationary for a week, it seems to have occurred to him that he was not pinned down to circulate on a pivot, like the hands of the watch, but possessed the power of shifting his central point and extending his circle if he thought proper. To realize which privilege of change of place, he bought a pony from a Highland drover, and with its assistance and company stepped, or rather stumbled, as far as St. Leonard's Crag.

Jeanie Deans, though so much accustomed to the Laird's staring that she was sometimes scarce conscious of his presence, had nevertheless some occasional fears lest he should call in the organ of speech to back those expressions of admiration which he bestowed on her through his eyes. Should this happen, farewell, she thought, to all chance of a union with Butler. For her father, however stout-hearted and inde-

pendent in civil and religious principles, was not without that respect for the laird of the land so deeply imprinted on the Scottish tenantry of the period. Moreover, if he did not positively dislike Butler, yet his fund of carnal learning was often the object of sarcasms on David's part, which were perhaps founded in jealousy, and which certainly indicated no partiality for the party against whom they were launched. And, lastly, the match with Dumbiedikes would have presented irresistible charms to one who used to complain that he felt himself apt to take "ower grit an armfu' o' the warld." So that, upon the whole, the Laird's diurnal visits were disagreeable to Jeanie from apprehension of future consequences, and it served much to console her, upon removing from the spot where she was bred and born, that she had seen the last of Dumbiedikes, his laced hat, and tobacco-pipe. The poor girl no more expected he could muster courage to follow her to St. Leonard's Crag than that any of her apple-trees or cabbages, which she had left rooted in the "yard" at Woodend, would spontaneously, and unaided, have undertaken the same journey. It was, therefore, with much more surprise than pleasure that, on the sixth day after their removal to St. Leonard's, she beheld Dumbiedikes arrive, laced hat, tobacco-pipe, and all, and, with the self-same greeting of "How's a' wi' ye, Jeanie? Whare's the gudeman?" assume as nearly as he could the same position in the cottage at St. Leonard's which he had so long and so regularly occupied at Woodend. He was no sooner, however, seated than, with an unusual exertion of his powers of conversation, he added, "Jeanie—I say, Jeanie, woman;" here he extended his hand towards her shoulder with all the fingers spread out as if to clutch it, but in so bashful and awkward a manner that, when she whisked herself beyond its reach, the paw remained suspended in the air with the palm open, like the claw of an heraldic griffin. "Jeanie," continued the swain, in this moment of inspiration—"I say, Jeanie, it's a braw day out-bye, and the roads are no that ill for boot-hose."

"The deil's in the daidling body," muttered Jeanie between her teeth; "wha wad hae thought o' his daikering out this length?" And she afterwards confessed that she threw a little of this ungracious sentiment into her accent and manner; for her father being abroad, and the "body," as she irreverently termed the landed proprietor, "looking unco gleg and canty, she didna ken what he might be coming out wi' next."

Her frowns, however, acted as a complete sedative, and

the Laird relapsed from that day into his former taciturn habits, visiting the cow-feeder's cottage three or four times every week, when the weather permitted, with apparently no other purpose than to stare at Jeanie Deans, while Douce Davie poured forth his eloquence upon the controversies and testimonies of the day.

CHAPTER X

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired ;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.

CRABBE.

THE visits of the Laird thus again sunk into matters of ordinary course, from which nothing was to be expected or apprehended. If a lover could have gained a fair one as a snake is said to fascinate a bird, by pertinaciously gazing on her with great stupid greenish eyes, which began now to be occasionally aided by spectacles, unquestionably Dumbiedikes would have been the person to perform the feat. But the art of fascination seems among the *artes perditæ*, and I cannot learn that this most pertinacious of starers produced any effect by his attentions beyond an occasional yawn.

In the meanwhile, the object of his gaze was gradually attaining the verge of youth, and approaching to what is called in females the middle age, which is impolitely held to begin a few years earlier with their more fragile sex than with men. Many people would have been of opinion that the Laird would have done better to have transferred his glances to an object possessed of far superior charms to Jeanie's, even when Jeanie's were in their bloom, who began now to be distinguished by all who visited the cottage at St. Leonard's Crag.

Effie Deans, under the tender and affectionate care of her sister, had now shot up into a beautiful and blooming girl. Her Grecian-shaped head was profusely rich in waving ringlets of brown hair, which, confined by a blue snood of silk, and shading a laughing Hebe countenance, seemed the picture of health, pleasure, and contentment. Her brown russet short-gown set off a shape which time, perhaps, might be expected to render too robust, the frequent objection to Scottish beauty, but which, in her present early age, was slender and taper, with that graceful and easy sweep of outline which at once indicates health and beautiful proportion of parts.

These growing charms, in all their juvenile profusion, had

no power to shake the steadfast mind, or divert the fixed gaze, of the constant Laird of Dumbiedikes. But there was scarce another eye that could behold this living picture of health and beauty without pausing on it with pleasure. The traveller stopped his weary horse on the eve of entering the city which was the end of his journey, to gaze at the sylph-like form that tripped by him, with her milk-pail poised on her head, bearing herself so erect, and stepping so light and free under her burden, that it seemed rather an ornament than an encumbrance. The lads of the neighboring suburb, who held their evening rendezvous for putting the stone, casting the hammer, playing at long bowls, and other athletic exercises, watched the motions of Effie Deans, and contended with each other which should have the good fortune to attract her attention. Even the rigid Presbyterians of her father's persuasion, who held each indulgence of the eye and sense to be a snare at least, if not a crime, were surprised into a moment's delight while gazing on a creature so exquisite—instantly checked by a sigh, reproaching at once their own weakness, and mourning that a creature so fair should share in the common and hereditary guilt and imperfection of our nature. She was currently entitled the Lily of St. Leonard's, a name which she deserved as much by her guileless purity of thought, speech, and action as by her uncommon loveliness of face and person.

Yet there were points in Effie's character which gave rise not only to strange doubt and anxiety on the part of Douce David Deans, whose ideas were rigid, as may easily be supposed, upon the subject of youthful amusements, but even of serious apprehension to her more indulgent sister. The children of the Scotch of the inferior classes are usually spoiled by the early indulgence of their parents; how, wherefore, and to what degree, the lively and instructive narrative of the amiable and accomplished authoress* of *Glenburnie* has saved me and all future scribblers the trouble of recording. Effie had had a double share of this inconsiderate and misjudged kindness. Even the strictness of her father's principles could not condemn the sports of infancy and childhood; and to the good old man his younger daughter, the child of his old age, seemed a child for some years after she attained the years of womanhood, was still called the "bit lassie" and "little Effie," and was permitted to run up and down uncontrolled, unless upon the Sabbath or at the times of family worship. Her sister, with all the love and care of a mother, could not be supposed to possess the same authoritative in-

* Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton.

fluence; and that which she had hitherto exercised became gradually limited and diminished as Effie's advancing years entitled her, in her own conceit at least, to the right of independence and free agency. With all the innocence and goodness of disposition, therefore, which we have described, the Lily of St. Leonard's possessed a little fund of self-conceit and obstinacy, and some warmth and irritability of temper, partly natural perhaps, but certainly much increased by the unrestrained freedom of her childhood. Her character will be best illustrated by a cottage evening scene.

The careful father was absent in his well-stocked byre, foddering those useful and patient animals on whose produce his living depended, and the summer evening was beginning to close in, when Jeanie Deans began to be very anxious for the appearance of her sister, and to fear that she would not reach home before her father returned from the labor of the evening, when it was his custom to have "family exercise," and when she knew that Effie's absence would give him the most serious displeasure. These apprehensions hung heavier upon her mind because, for several preceding evenings, Effie had disappeared about the same time, and her stay, at first so brief as scarce to be noticed, had been gradually protracted to half an hour, and an hour, and on the present occasion had considerably exceeded even this last limit. And now Jeanie stood at the door, with her hand before her eyes to avoid the rays of the level sun, and looked alternately along the various tracks which led towards their dwelling, to see if she could descry the nymph-like form of her sister. There was a wall and a stile which separated the royal domain, or King's Park, as it is called, from the public road; to this pass she frequently directed her attention, when she saw two persons appear there somewhat suddenly, as if they had walked close by the side of the wall to screen themselves from observation. One of them, a man, drew back hastily; the other, a female, crossed the stile and advanced towards her. It was Effie. She met her sister with that affected liveliness of manner which, in her rank, and sometimes in those above it, females occasionally assume to hide surprise or confusion; and she carolled as she came—

"The elfin knight sate on the brae,

The broom grows bonny, the broom grows fair;

And by there came liltin' a lady so gay,

And we daurna gang down to the broom nae mair."

"Whisht, Effie," said her sister; "our father's coming

out o' the byre." The damsel stinted in her song. "Whare hae ye been sae late at e'en?"

"It's no late, lass," answered Effie.

"It's chappit eight on every clock o' the town, and the sun's gaun down ahint the Corstorphine Hills. Whare can ye hae been sae late?"

"Nae gate," answered Effie.

"And wha was that parted wi' you at the stile?"

"Naebody," replied Effie once more.

"Nae gate! Naebody! I wish it may be a right gate, and a right body, that keeps folk out sae late at e'en, Effie."

"What needs ye be aye speering, then, at folk?" retorted Effie. "I'm sure, if ye'll ask nae questions, I'll tell ye nae lees. I never ask what brings the Laird of Dumbiedikes glowering here like a wull-cat—only his een's greener, and no sae gleg—day after day, till we are a' like to gaunt our chafts aff."

"Because ye ken very weel he comes to see our father," said Jeanie, in answer to this pert remark.

"And Dominie Butler—does he come to see our father, that's sae taen wi' his Latin words?" said Effie, delighted to find that, by carrying the war into the enemy's country, she could divert the threatened attack upon herself, and with the petulance of youth she pursued her triumph over her prudent elder sister. She looked at her with a sly air, in which there was something like irony, as she chanted, in a low but marked tone, a scrap of an old Scotch song—

"Through the kirkyard
I met wi' the Laird;
The silly puir body he said me nae harm.
But just ere 'twas dark,
I met wi the clerk—"

Here the songstress stopped, looked full at her sister, and, observing the tear gather in her eyes, she suddenly flung her arms round her neck and kissed them away. Jeanie, though hurt and displeased, was unable to resist the caresses of this untaught child of nature, whose good and evil seemed to flow rather from impulse than from reflection. But as she returned the sisterly kiss, in token of perfect reconciliation, she could not suppress the gentle reproof—"Effie, if ye will learn fule sangs, ye might make a kinder use of them."

"And so I might, Jeanie," continued the girl, clinging to her sister's neck; "and I wish I had never learned ane o' them,

and I wish we had never come here, and I wish my tongue had been blistered or I had vexed ye."

"Never mind that, Effie," replied the affectionate sister. "I canna be muckle vexed wi' onything ye say to me; but O dinna vex our father!"

"I will not—I will not," replied Effie; "and if there were as mony dances the morn's night as there are merry dancers in the north firmament on a frosty e'en, I winna budge an inch to gang near ane o' them."

"Dance!" echoed Jeanie Deans in astonishment. "O, Effie, what could take ye to a dance?"

It is very possible that, in the communicative mood into which the Lily of St. Leonard's was now surprised, she might have given her sister her unreserved confidence, and saved me the pain of telling a melancholy tale; but at the moment the word "dance" was uttered, it reached the ear of old David Deans, who had turned the corner of the house, and came upon his daughters ere they were aware of his presence. The word "prelate," or even the word "pope," could hardly have produced so appalling an effect upon David's ear; for, of all exercises, that of dancing, which he termed a voluntary and regular fit of distraction, he deemed most destructive of serious thoughts, and the readiest inlet to all sort of licentiousness; and he accounted the encouraging, and even permitting, assemblies or meetings, whether among those of high or low degree, for this fantastic and absurd purpose, or for that of dramatic representations, as one of the most flagrant proofs of defection and causes of wrath. The pronouncing of the word "dance" by his own daughters, and at his own door, now drove him beyond the verge of patience. "Dance!" he exclaimed. "Dance—dance, said ye? I daur ye, limmers that ye are, to name sic a word at my door-cheek! It's a dissolute profane pastime, practised by the Israelites only at their base and brutal worship of the Golden Calf at Bethel, and by the unhappy lass wha danced aff the head of John the Baptist, upon whilk chapter I will exercise this night for your farther instruction, since ye need it sae muckle, nothing doubting that she has cause to rue the day, lang or this time, that e'er she suld hae shook a limb on sic an errand. Better for her to hae been born a cripple, and carried frae door to door, like auld Bessie Bowie, begging bawbees, than to be a king's daughter, fiddling and flinging the gate she did. I hae often wondered that ony ane that ever bent a knee for the right purpose should ever daur to crook a hough to fyke and fling at piper's wind and fiddler's squealing. And I bless God, with that singular

worthy, Peter [Patrick] Walker,* the packman, at Bristo Port, that ordered my lot in my dancing days so that fear of my head and throat, dread of bloody rope and swift bullet, and trenchant swords and pain of boots and thumkins, cauld and hunger, wetness and weariness, stopped the lightness of my head and the wantonness of my feet. And now, if I hear ye, quean lassies, sae muckle as name dancing, or think there's sic a thing in this warld as flinging to fiddler's sounds and piper's springs, as sure as my father's spirit is with the just, ye shall be no more either charge or concern of mine! Gang in, then —gang in, then, hinnies," he added, in a softer tone, for the tears of both daughters, but especially those of Effie, began to flow very fast—"gang in, dears, and we'll seek grace to preserve us frae all manner of profane folly, whilk causeth to sin, and promoteth the kingdom of darkness, warring with the kingdom of light."

The objuration of David Deans, however well meant, was unhappily timed. It created a division of feelings in Effie's bosom, and deterred her from her intended confidence in her sister. "She wad haud me nae better than the dirt below her feet," said Effie to herself, "were I to confess I hae danced wi' him four times on the green down-bye, and ance at Maggie Macqueen's; and she'll maybe hing it ower my head that she'll tell my father, and then she wad be mistress and mair. But I'll no gang back there again. I'm resolved I'll no gang back. I'll lay in a leaf of my Bible,† and that's very near as if I had made an aith, that I winna gang back." And she kept her vow for a week, during which she was unusually cross and fretful, blemishes which had never before been observed in her temper, except during a moment of contradiction.

There was something in all this so mysterious as considerably to alarm the prudent and affectionate Jeanie, the more so as she judged it unkind to her sister to mention to their father grounds of anxiety which might arise from her own imagination. Besides, her respect for the good old man did not prevent her from being aware that he was both hot-tempered and positive, and she sometimes suspected that he carried his dislike to youthful amusements beyond the verge that religion and reason demanded. Jeanie had sense enough to see that a sudden and severe curb upon her sister's hitherto unrestrained freedom might be rather productive of harm than good, and that Effie, in the headstrong wilfulness of youth,

* See Patrick Walker. Note 16.

† This custom, of making a mark by folding a leaf in the party's Bible when a solemn resolution is formed, is still held to be, in some sense, an appeal to Heaven for his or her sincerity.

was likely to make what might be overstrained in her father's precepts an excuse to herself for neglecting them altogether. In the higher classes a damsel, however giddy, is still under the dominion of etiquette, and subject to the surveillance of mammas and chaperons ; but the country girl, who snatches her moment of gayety during the intervals of labor, is under no such guardianship or restraint, and her amusement becomes so much the more hazardous. Jeanie saw all this with much distress of mind, when a circumstance occurred which appeared calculated to relieve her anxiety.

Mrs. Saddletree, with whom our readers have already been made acquainted, chanced to be a distant relation of Douce David Deans, and as she was a woman orderly in her life and conversation, and, moreover, of good substance, a sort of acquaintance was formally kept up between the families. Now this careful dame, about a year and a half before our story commences, chanced to need, in the line of her profession, a better sort of servant, or rather shop-woman. "Mr. Saddletree," she said, "was never in the shop when he could get his nose within the Parliament House, and it was an awkward thing for a woman-body to be standing among bundles o' barkened leather her lane, selling saddles and bridles ; and she had cast her eyes upon her far-awa' cousin, Effie Deans, as just the very sort of lassie she would want to keep her in countenance on such occasions."

In this proposal there was much that pleased old David : there was bed, board, and bountith ; it was a decent situation ; the lassie would be under Mrs. Saddletree's eye, who had an upright walk, and lived close by the Tolbooth Kirk, in which might still be heard the comforting doctrines of one of those few ministers of the Kirk of Scotland who had not bent the knee unto Baal, according to David's expression, or become accessory to the course of national defections—union, toleration, patronages, and a bundle of prelatical Erastian oaths which had been imposed on the church since the Revolution, and particularly in the reign of "the late woman," as he called Queen Anne, the last of that unhappy race of Stuarts. In the good man's security concerning the soundness of the theological doctrine which his daughter was to hear, he was nothing disturbed on account of the snares of a different kind to which a creature so beautiful, young, and wilful might be exposed in the centre of a populous and corrupted city. The fact is, that he thought with so much horror on all approaches to irregularities of the nature most to be dreaded in such cases, that he would as soon have suspected

and guarded against Effie's being induced to become guilty of the crime of murder. He only regretted that she should live under the same roof with such a worldly-wise man as Bartoline Saddletree, whom David never suspected of being an ass as he was, but considered as one really endowed with all the legal knowledge to which he made pretension, and only liked him the worse for possessing it. The lawyers, especially those among them who sat as ruling elders in the General Assembly of the Kirk, had been forward in promoting the measures of patronage, of the abjuration oath, and others, which in the opinion of David Deans were a breaking down of the carved work of the sanctuary, and an intrusion upon the liberties of the kirk. Upon the dangers of listening to the doctrines of a legalized formalist, such as Saddletree, David gave his daughter many lectures; so much so, that he had time to touch but slightly on the dangers of chambering, company-keeping, and promiscuous dancing, to which, at her time of life, most people would have thought Effie more exposed than to the risk of theoretical error in her religious faith.

Jeanie parted from her sister with a mixed feeling of regret, and apprehension, and hope. She could not be so confident concerning Effie's prudence as her father, for she had observed her more narrowly, had more sympathy with her feelings, and could better estimate the temptations to which she was exposed. On the other hand, Mrs. Saddletree was an observing, shrewd, notable woman, entitled to exercise over Effie the full authority of a mistress, and likely to do so strictly, yet with kindness. Her removal to Saddletree's, it was most probable, would also serve to break off some idle acquaintances which Jeanie suspected her sister to have formed in the neighboring suburb. Upon the whole, then, she viewed her departure from St. Leonard's with pleasure, and it was not until the very moment of their parting for the first time in their lives, that she felt the full force of sisterly sorrow. While they repeatedly kissed each other's cheeks and wrung each other's hands, Jeanie took that moment of affectionate sympathy to press upon her sister the necessity of the utmost caution in her conduct while residing in Edinburgh. Effie listened, without once raising her large dark eyelashes, from which the drops fell so fast as almost to resemble a fountain. At the conclusion she sobbed again, kissed her sister, promised to recollect all the good counsel she had given her, and they parted.

During the first few weeks, Effie was all that her kins-

woman expected, and even more. But with time there came a relaxation of that early zeal which she manifested in Mrs. Saddletree's service. To borrow once again from the poet who so correctly and beautifully describes living manners—

Something there was,—what, none presumed to say,—
Clouds lightly passing on a summer's day ;
Whispers and hints, which went from ear to ear,
And mix'd reports no judge on earth could clear.

During this interval, Mrs. Saddletree was sometimes displeased by Effie's lingering when she was sent upon errands about the shop business, and sometimes by a little degree of impatience which she manifested at being rebuked on such occasions. But she good-naturedly allowed that the first was very natural to a girl to whom everything in Edinburgh was new, and the other was only the petulance of a spoiled child when subjected to the yoke of domestic discipline for the first time. Attention and submission could not be learned at once ; Holy-Rood was not built in a day ; use would make perfect.

It seemed as if the considerate old lady had presaged truly. Ere many months had passed, Effie became almost wedded to her duties, though she no longer discharged them with the laughing cheek and light step which at first had attracted every customer. Her mistress sometimes observed her in tears ; but they were signs of secret sorrow, which she concealed as often as she saw them attract notice. Time wore on, her cheek grew pale, and her step heavy. The cause of these changes could not have escaped the matronly eye of Mrs. Saddletree, but she was chiefly confined by indisposition to her bedroom for a considerable time during the latter part of Effie's service. This interval was marked by symptoms of anguish almost amounting to despair. The utmost efforts of the poor girl to command her fits of hysterical agony were often totally unavailing, and the mistakes which she made in the shop the while were so numerous and so provoking, that Bartoline Saddletree, who, during his wife's illness, was obliged to take closer charge of the business than consisted with his study of the weightier matters of the law, lost all patience with the girl, who, in his law Latin, and without much respect to gender, he declared ought to be cognosed by inquest of a jury, as *fatuus*, *furiosus*, and *naturaliter idiota*. Neighbors, also, and fellow-servants, remarked, with malicious curiosity or degrading pity, the disfigured shape, loose dress, and pale cheeks of the once beautiful and still interesting girl. But

to no one would she grant her confidence, answering all taunts with bitter sarcasm, and all serious expostulation with sullen denial, or with floods of tears.

At length, when Mrs. Saddletree's recovery was likely to permit her wonted attention to the regulation of her household, Effie Deans, as if unwilling to face an investigation made by the authority of her mistress, asked permission of Bartoline to go home for a week or two, assigning indisposition, and the wish of trying the benefit of repose and the change of air, as the motives of her request. Sharp-eyed as a lynx, or conceiving himself to be so, in the nice sharp quilllets of legal discussion, Bartoline was as dull at drawing inferences from the occurrences of common life as any Dutch professor of mathematics. He suffered Effie to depart without much suspicion, and without any inquiry.

It was afterwards found that a period of a week intervened betwixt her leaving her master's house and arriving at St. Leonard's. She made her appearance before her sister in a state rather resembling the specter than the living substance of the gay and beautiful girl who had left her father's cottage for the first time scarce seventeen months before. The lingering illness of her mistress had, for the last few months given her a plea for confining herself entirely to the dusky precincts of the shop in the Lawnmarket, and Jeanie was so much occupied, during the same period, with the concerns of her father's household, that she had rarely found leisure for a walk into the city, and a brief and hurried visit to her sister. The young women, therefore, had scarcely seen each other for several months, nor had a single scandalous surmise reached the ears of the secluded inhabitants of the cottage at St. Leonard's. Jeanie, therefore, terrified to death at her sister's appearance, at first overwhelmed her with inquiries, to which the unfortunate young woman returned for a time incoherent and rambling answers, and finally fell into a hysterical fit. Rendered too certain of her sister's misfortune, Jeanie had now the dreadful alternative of communicating her ruin to her father or of endeavoring to conceal it from him. To all questions concerning the name or rank of her seducer, and the fate of the being to whom her fall had given birth, Effie remained mute as the grave, to which she seemed hastening; and indeed the least allusion to either seemed to drive her to distraction. Her sister, in distress and in despair, was about to repair to Mrs. Saddletree to consult her experience, and at the same time to obtain what lights she could upon this most unhappy affair, when she was saved that trouble by a

new stroke of fate, which seemed to carry misfortune to the uttermost.

David Deans had been alarmed at the state of health in which his daughter had returned to her paternal residence ; but Jeanie had contrived to divert him from particular and specific inquiry. It was, therefore, like a clap of thunder to the poor old man when, just as the hour of noon had brought the visit of the Laird of Dumbiedikes as usual, other and sterner, as well as most unexpected, guests arrived at the cottage of St. Leonard's. These were the officers of justice, with a warrant of justiciary to search for and apprehend Euphemia or Effie Deans, accused of the crime of child-murder. The stunning weight of a blow so totally unexpected bore down the old man, who had in his early youth resisted the brow of military and civil tyranny, though backed with swords and guns, tortures and gibbets. He fell extended and senseless upon his own hearth ; and the men, happy to escape from the scene of his awakening, raised, with rude humanity, the object of their warrant from her bed, and placed her in a coach, which they had brought with them. The hasty remedies which Jeanie had applied to bring back her father's senses were scarce begun to operate when the noise of the wheels in motion recalled her attention to her miserable sister. To run shrieking after the carriage was the first vain effort of her distraction, but she was stopped by one or two female neighbors, assembled by the extraordinary appearance of a coach in that sequestered place, who almost forced her back to her father's house. The deep and sympathetic affliction of these poor people, by whom the little family at St. Leonard's were held in high regard, filled the house with lamentation. Even Dumbiedikes was moved from his wonted apathy, and, groping for his purse as he spoke, ejaculated, "Jeanie, woman !—Jeanie, woman ! dinna greet. It's sad wark ; but siller will help it," and he drew out his purse as he spoke.

The old man had now raised himself from the ground, and, looking about him as if he missed something, seemed gradually to recover the sense of his wretchedness. "Where," he said, with a voice that made the roof ring—"where is the vile harlot that has disgraced the blood of an honest man ? Where is she that has no place among us, but has come foul with her sins, like the Evil One, among the children of God ? Where is she, Jeanie ? Bring her before me, that I may kill her with a word and a look !"

All hastened around him with their appropriate sources of consolation—the Laird with his purse, Jeanie with burned

feathers and strong waters, and the women with their exhortations. "O neighbor—O Mr. Deans, it's a sair trial, doubtless; but think of the Rock of Ages, neighbor, think of the promise!"

"And I do think of it, neighbors, and I bless God that I can think of it, even in the wrack and ruin of a' that's nearest and dearest to me. But to be the father of a castaway, a profligate, a bloody Zipporah, a mere murderess! O, how will the wicked exult in the high places of their wickedness!—the prelatists, and the latitudinarians, and the hand-waied murderers, whose hands are hard as horn wi' hauding the slaughter-weapons; they will push out the lip, and say that we are even such as themselves. Sair, sair I am grieved, neighbors, for the poor castaway, for the child of mine old age; but sairer for the stumbling-block and scandal it will be to all tender and honest souls!"

"Davie, winna siller do't?" insinuated the Laird, still proffering his green purse, which was full of guineas.

"I tell ye, Dumbiedikes," said Deans, "that if telling down my haill substance could hae saved her frae this black snare, I wad hae walked out wi' naething but my bonnet and my staff to beg an awmous for God's sake, and ca'd myself an happy man. But if a dollar, or a plack, or the nineteenth part of a boddle wad save her open guilt and open shame frae open punishment, that purchase wad David Deans never make. Na, na; an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, life for life, blood for blood: it's the law of man, and it's the law of God. Leave me, sirs—leave me; I maun warstle wi' this trial in privacy and on my knees."

Jeanie, now in some degree restored to the power of thought, joined in the same request. The next day found the father and daughter still in the depth of affliction, but the father sternly supporting his load of ill through a proud sense of religious duty, and the daughter anxiously suppressing her own feelings to avoid again awakening his. Thus was it with the afflicted family until the morning after Porteous's death, a period at which we are now arrived.

CHAPTER XI

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—Oh ! and is all forgot ?

Midsummer Night's Dream.

WE have been a long while in conducting Butler to the door of the cottage at St. Leonard's ; yet the space which we have occupied in the preceding narrative does not exceed in length that which he actually spent on Salisbury Crags on the morning which succeeded the execution done upon Porteous by the rioters. For this delay he had his own motives. He wished to collect his thoughts, strangely agitated as they were, first by the melancholy news of Effie Deans's situation, and afterwards by the frightful scene which he had witnessed. In the situation also in which he stood with respect to Jeanie and her father, some ceremony, at least some choice of fitting time and season, was necessary to wait upon them. Eight in the morning was then the ordinary hour for breakfast, and he resolved that it should arrive before he made his appearance in their cottage.

Never did hours pass so heavily. Butler shifted his place and enlarged his circle to while away the time, and heard the huge bell of St. Giles's toll each successive hour in swelling tones, which were instantly attested by those of the other steeples in succession. He had heard seven struck in this manner, when he began to think he might venture to approach nearer to St. Leonard's, from which he was still a mile distant. Accordingly he descended from his lofty station as low as the bottom of the valley which divides Salisbury Crags from those small rocks which take their name from St. Leonard. It is, as many of my readers may know, a deep, wild, grassy valley, scattered with huge rocks and fragments which have descended from the cliffs and steep ascent to the east.

This sequestered dell, as well as other places of the open pasturage of the King's Park, was, about this time, often the

resort of the gallants of the time who had affairs of honor to discuss with the sword. Duels were then very common in Scotland, for the gentry were at once idle, haughty, fierce, divided by faction, and addicted to intemperance, so that there lacked neither provocation nor inclination to resent it when given; and the sword, which was part of every gentleman's dress, was the only weapon used for the decision of such differences. When, therefore, Butler observed a young man skulking, apparently to avoid observation, among the scattered rocks at some distance from the footpath, he was naturally led to suppose that he had sought this lonely spot upon that evil errand. He was so strongly impressed with this that, notwithstanding his own distress of mind, he could not, according to his sense of duty as a clergyman, pass this person without speaking to him. "There are times," thought he to himself, "when the slightest interference may avert a great calamity—when a word spoken in season may do more for prevention than the eloquence of Tully could do for remedying evil. And for my own griefs, be they as they may, I shall feel them the lighter if they divert me not from the prosecution of my duty."

Thus thinking and feeling, he quitted the ordinary path and advanced nearer the object he had noticed. The man at first directed his course towards the hill, in order, as it appeared, to avoid him; but when he saw that Butler seemed disposed to follow him, he adjusted his hat fiercely, turned round and came forward, as if to meet and defy scrutiny.

Butler had an opportunity of accurately studying his features as they advanced slowly to meet each other. The stranger seemed about twenty-five years old. His dress was of a kind which could hardly be said to indicate his rank with certainty, for it was such as young gentlemen sometimes wore while on active exercise in the morning, and which, therefore, was imitated by those of the inferior ranks, as young clerks and tradesmen, because its cheapness rendered it attainable, while it approached more nearly to the apparel of youths of fashion than any other which the manners of the times permitted them to wear. If his air and manner could be trusted, however, this person seemed rather to be dressed under than above his rank; for his carriage was bold and somewhat supercilious, his step easy and free, his manner daring and unconstrained. His stature was of the middle size, or rather above it, his limbs well-proportioned, yet not so strong as to infer the reproach of clumsiness. His features were uncommonly handsome, and all about him would have been interest-

ing and prepossessing, but for that indescribable expression which habitual dissipation gives to the countenance, joined with a certain audacity in look and manner, of that kind which is often assumed as a mask for confusion and apprehension.

Butler and the stranger met, surveyed each other; when, as the latter, slightly touching his hat, was about to pass by him, Butler, while he returned the salutation, observed, "A fine morning, sir. You are on the hill early."

"I have business here," said the young man, in a tone meant to repress further inquiry.

"I do not doubt it, sir," said Butler. "I trust you will forgive my hoping that it is of a lawful kind?"

"Sir," said the other with marked surprise, "I never forgive impertinence, nor can I conceive what title you have to hope anything about what no way concerns you."

"I am a soldier, sir," said Butler. "and have a charge to arrest evil-doers in the name of my Master."

"A soldier!" said the young man, stepping back and fiercely laying his hand on his sword—"a soldier, and arrest me? Did you reckon what your life was worth before you took the commission upon you?"

"You mistake me, sir," said Butler, gravely; "neither my warfare nor my warrant are of this world. I am a preacher of the Gospel, and have power, in my Master's name, to command the peace upon earth and good-will towards men which was proclaimed with the Gospel."

"A minister!" said the stranger, carelessly, and with an expression approaching to scorn. "I know the gentlemen of your cloth in Scotland claim a strange right of intermeddling with men's private affairs. But I have been abroad, and know better than to be priest-ridden."

"Sir, if it be true that any of my cloth, or, it might be more decently said, of my calling, interfere with men's private affairs, for the gratification either of idle curiosity or for worse motives, you cannot have learned a better lesson abroad than to condemn such practices. But, in my Master's work, I am called to be busy in season and out of season; and, conscious as I am of a pure motive, it were better for me to incur your contempt for speaking than the correction of my own conscience for being silent."

"In the name of the devil!" said the young man, impatiently. "say what you have to say, then; though whom you take me for, or what earthly concern you can have with me, a stranger to you, or with my actions and motives, of which you can know nothing, I cannot conjecture for an instant."

"You are about," said Butler, "to violate one of your country's wisest laws, you are about—which is much more dreadful—to violate a law which God Himself has implanted within our nature, and written, as it were, in the table of our hearts, to which every thrill of our nerves is responsive."

"And what is the law you speak of?" said the stranger, in a hollow and somewhat disturbed accent.

"Thou shalt do no MURDER," said Butler, with a deep and solemn voice.

The young man visibly started, and looked considerably appalled. Butler perceived he had made a favorable impression, and resolved to follow it up. "Think," he said, "young man," laying his hand kindly upon the stranger's shoulder, "what an awful alternative you voluntarily choose for yourself, to kill or be killed. Think what it is to rush uncalled into the presence of an offended Deity, your heart fermenting with evil passions, your hand hot from the steel you had been urging, with your best skill and malice, against the breast of a fellow-creature. Or, suppose yourself the scarce less wretched survivor, with the guilt of Cain, the first murderer, in your heart, with his stamp upon your brow—that stamp, which struck all who gazed on him with unutterable horror, and by which the murderer is made manifest to all who look upon him. Think——"

The stranger gradually withdrew himself from under the hand of his monitor; and, pulling his hat over his brows, thus interrupted him. "Your meaning, sir, I dare say, is excellent, but you are throwing your advice away. I am not in this place with violent intentions against any one. I may be bad enough—you priests say all men are so—but I am here for the purpose of saving life, not of taking it away. If you wish to spend your time rather in doing a good action than in talking about you know not what, I will give you an opportunity. Do you see yonder crag to the right, over which appears the chimney of a lone house? Go thither, inquire for one Jeanie Deans, the daughter of the goodman; let her know that he she wots of remained here from daybreak till this hour, expecting to see her, and that he can abide no longer. Tell her she *must* meet me at the Hunter's Bog to-night, as the moon rises behind St. Anthony's Hill, or that she will make a desperate man of me."

"Who or what are you," replied Butler, exceedingly and most unpleasantly surprised, "who charge me with such an errand?"

"I am the devil!" answered the young man, hastily.

Butler stepped instinctively back and commended himself internally to Heaven; for, though a wise and strong-minded man, he was neither wiser nor more strong-minded than those of his age and education, with whom to disbelieve witchcraft or spectres was held an undeniable proof of atheism.

The stranger went on without observing his emotion. "Yes! call me Apollyon, Abaddon, whatever name you shall choose, as a clergyman acquainted with the upper and lower circles of spiritual denomination, to call me by, you shall not find an appellation more odious to him that bears it than is mine own."

This sentence was spoken with the bitterness of self-upbraiding, and a contortion of visage absolutely demoniacal. Butler, though a man brave by principle, if not by constitution, was overawed; for intensity of mental distress has in it a sort of sublimity which repels and overawes all men, but especially those of kind and sympathetic dispositions. The stranger turned abruptly from Butler as he spoke, but instantly returned, and, coming up to him closely and boldly, said, in a fierce, determined tone, "I have told you who and what I am; who and what are you? What is your name?"

"Butler," answered the person to whom this abrupt question was addressed, surprised into answering it by the sudden and fierce manner of the querist—"Reuben Butler, a preacher of the Gospel."

At this answer, the stranger again plucked more deep over his brows the hat which he had thrown back in his former agitation. "Butler!" he repeated; "the assistant of the schoolmaster at Liberton?"

"The same," answered Butler, composedly.

The stranger covered his face with his hand, as if on sudden reflection, and then turned away; but stopped when he had walked a few paces, and seeing Butler follow him with his eyes, called out in a stern yet suppressed tone, just as if he had exactly calculated that his accents should not be heard a yard beyond the spot on which Butler stood. "Go your way and do mine errand. Do not look after me. I will neither descend through the bowels of these rocks, nor vanish in a flash of fire; and yet the eye that seeks to trace my motions shall have reason to curse it was ever shrouded by eyelid or eyelash. Begone, and look not behind you. Tell Jeanie Deans that when the moon rises I shall expect to meet her at Nicol Muschat's Cairn, beneath St. Anthony's Chapel."

As he uttered these words, he turned and took the road

against the hill, with a haste that seemed as peremptory as his tone of authority.

Dreading he knew not what of additional misery to a lot which seemed little capable of receiving augmentation, and desperate at the idea that any living man should dare to send so extraordinary a request, couched in terms so imperious, to the half-betrothed object of his early and only affection, Butler strode hastily towards the cottage, in order to ascertain how far this daring and rude gallant was actually entitled to press on Jeanie Deans a request which no prudent, and scarce any modest, young woman was likely to comply with.

Butler was by nature neither jealous nor superstitious; yet the feelings which lead to those moods of the mind were rooted in his heart, as a portion derived from the common stock of humanity. It was maddening to think that a profligate gallant, such as the manner and tone of the stranger evinced him to be, should have it in his power to command forth his future bride and plighted true-love, at a place so improper and an hour so unseasonable. Yet the tone in which the stranger spoke had nothing of the soft, half-breathed voice proper to the seducer who solicits an assignation; it was bold, fierce, and imperative, and had less of love in it than of menace and intimidation.

The suggestions of superstition seemed more plausible, had Butler's mind been very accessible to them. Was this indeed the Roaring Lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour? This was a question which pressed itself on Butler's mind with an earnestness that cannot be conceived by those who live in the present day. The fiery eye, the abrupt demeanor, the occasionally harsh, yet studiously subdued, tone of voice; the features, handsome, but now clouded with pride, now disturbed by suspicion, now inflamed with passion; those dark hazel eyes which he sometimes shaded with his cap, as if he were averse to have them seen while they were occupied with keenly observing the motions and bearing of others—those eyes that were now turbid with melancholy, now gleaming with scorn, and now sparkling with fury—was it the passions of a mere mortal they expressed, or the emotions of a fiend, who seeks, and seeks in vain, to conceal his fiendish designs under the borrowed mask of manly beauty? The whole partook of the mien, language, and port of the ruined archangel; and, imperfectly as we have been able to describe it, the effect of the interview upon Butler's nerves, shaken as they were at the time by the horrors of the preceding night, was greater than his understanding warranted, or his pride cared to submit to.

The very place where he had met this singular person was desecrated, as it were, and unhallowed, owing to many violent deaths, both in duels and by suicide, which had in former times taken place there; and the place which he had named as a rendezvous at so late an hour was held in general to be accursed, from a frightful and cruel murder which had been there committed, by the wretch from whom the place took its name, upon the person of his own wife.* It was in such places, according to the belief of that period, when the laws against witchcraft were still in fresh observance, and had even lately been acted upon, that evil spirits had power to make themselves visible to human eyes, and to practise upon the feelings and senses of mankind. Suspicions, founded on such circumstances, rushed on Butler's mind, unprepared as it was, by any previous course of reasoning, to deny that which all of his time, country, and profession believed; but common sense rejected these vain ideas as inconsistent, if not with possibility, at least with the general rules by which the universe is governed—a deviation from which, as Butler well argued with himself, ought not to be admitted as probable upon any but the plainest and most incontrovertible evidence. An earthly lover, however, or a young man who, from whatever cause, had the right of exercising such summary and unceremonious authority over the object of his long-settled, and apparently sincerely returned, affection, was an object scarce less appalling to his mind than those which superstition suggested.

His limbs exhausted with fatigue, his mind harassed with anxiety, and with painful doubts and recollections, Butler dragged himself up the ascent from the valley to St. Leonard's Crag and presented himself at the door of Deans's habitation, with feelings much akin to the miserable reflections and fears of its inhabitants.

* See Muschat's Cairn. Note 17.

CHAPTER XII

Then she stretch'd out her lily hand,
And for to do her best ;
' Hae back thy faith and troth, Willie,
God gie thy soul good rest !"

Old Ballad.

"COME in," answered the low and sweet-toned voice he loved best to hear, as Butler tapped at the door of the cottage. He lifted the latch, and found himself under the roof of affliction. Jeanie was unable to trust herself with more than one glance towards her lover, whom she now met under circumstances so agonizing to her feelings, and at the same time so humbling to her honest pride. It is well known that much both of what is good and bad in the Scottish national character arises out of the intimacy of their family connections. "To be come of honest folk," that is, of people who have borne a fair and unstained reputation, is an advantage as highly prized among the lower Scotch as the emphatic counterpart, "to be of a good family," is valued among their gentry. The worth and respectability of one member of a peasant's family is always accounted by themselves and others not only a matter of honest pride, but a guarantee for the good conduct of the whole. On the contrary, such a melancholy stain as was now flung on one of the children of Deans extended its disgrace to all connected with him, and Jeanie felt herself lowered at once in her own eyes and in those of her lover. It was in vain that she repressed this feeling, as far subordinate and too selfish to be mingled with her sorrow for her sister's calamity. Nature prevailed ; and while she shed tears for her sister's distress and danger, there mingled with them bitter drops of grief for her own degradation.

As Butler entered, the old man was seated by the fire with his well-worn pocket Bible in his hands, the companion of the wanderings and dangers of his youth, and bequeathed to him on the scaffold by one of those who, in the year 1686, sealed their enthusiastic principles with their blood. The sun sent its rays through a small window at the old man's back, and, "shining motty through the reek," to use the expression of a

bard of that time and country, illumined the gray hairs of the old man and the sacred page which he studied. His features, far from handsome, and rather harsh and severe, had yet, from their expression of habitual gravity and contempt for earthly things, an expression of stoical dignity amid their sternness. He boasted, in no small degree, the attributes which Southey ascribes to the ancient Scandinavians, whom he terms "firm to inflict and stubborn to endure." The whole formed a picture, of which the lights might have been given by Rembrandt, but the outline would have required the force and vigor of Michael Angelo.

Deans lifted his eye as Butler entered, and instantly withdrew it, as from an object which gave him at once surprise and sudden pain. He had assumed such high ground with this carnal-witted scholar, as he had in his pride termed Butler, that to meet him of all men under feelings of humiliation aggravated his misfortune, and was a consummation like that of the dying chief in the old ballad—"Earl Percy sees my fall!"

Deans raised the Bible with his left hand, so as partly to screen his face, and putting back his right as far as he could, held it towards Butler in that position, at the same time turning his body from him, as if to prevent his seeing the working of his countenance. Butler clasped the extended hand which had supported his orphan infancy, wept over it, and in vain endeavored to say more than the words—"God comfort you—God comfort you!"

"He will—He doth, my friend," said Deans, assuming firmness as he discovered the agitation of his guest; "He doth now, and He will yet more, in His own gude time. I have been ower proud of my sufferings in a gude cause, Reuben, and now I am to be tried with those whilk will turn my pride and glory into a reproach and a hissing. How muckle better I hae thought mysell than them that lay saft, fed sweet, and drank deep, when I was in the moss-hags and moors, wi' precious Donald [Richard] Cameron, and worthy Mr. Blackadder, called Guessagain; and how proud I was o' being made a spectacle to men and angels, having stood on their pillory at the Canongate afore I was fifteen years old, for the cause of a National Covenant! To think, Reuben, that I, wha hae been sae honored and exalted in my youth, nay, when I was but a hafflins callant, and that hae borne testimony again the defections o' the times, yearly, monthly, daily, hourly, minutely, striving and testifying with uplifted hand and voice, crying aloud, and sparing not, against all great

national snares, as the nation-wasting and church-sinking abomination of union, toleration, and patronage, imposed by the last woman of that unhappy race of Stuarts, also against the infringements and invasions of the just powers of elder-ship, whereanent I uttered my paper, called a 'Cry of an Howl in the Desert,' printed at the Bow-head, and sold by all flying stationers in town and country—and *now*——"

Here he paused. It may well be supposed that Butler, though not absolutely coinciding in all the good old man's ideas about church government, had too much consideration and humanity to interrupt him, while he reckoned up with conscious pride his sufferings, and the constancy of his testimony. On the contrary, when he paused under the influence of the bitter recollections of the moment, Butler instantly threw in his mite of encouragement.

"You have been well known, my old and revered friend, a true and tried follower of the Cross; one who, as St. Jerome hath it, '*per infamiam et bonam famam grassari ad immortalitatem*,' which may be freely rendered, 'who rusheth on to immortal life, through bad report and good report.' You have been one of those to whom the tender and fearful souls cry during the midnight solitude—'Watchman, what of the night?—Watchman, what of the night?' And, assuredly, this heavy dispensation, as it comes not without Divine permission, so it comes not without its special commission and use."

"I do receive it as such," said poor Deans, returning the grasp of Butler's hand; "and, if I have not been taught to read the Scripture in any other tongue but my native Scottish (even in his distress Butler's Latin quotation had not escaped his notice), I have, nevertheless, so learned them, that I trust to bear even this crook in my lot with submission. But O, Reuben Butler, the kirk, of whilk, though unworthy, I have yet been thought a polished shaft, and meet to be a pillar, holding, from my youth upward, the place of ruling elder—what will the lightsome and profane think of the guide that cannot keep his own family from stumbling? How will they take up their song and their reproach, when they see that the children of professors are liable to as foul backsliding as the offspring of Belial! But I will bear my cross with the comfort that whatever showed like goodness in me or mine was but like the light that shines frae creeping insects, on the brae-side, in a dark night; it kythes bright to the ee, because all is dark around it; but when the morn comes on the mountains, it is but a pair crawling kail-worm after a'.

And sae it shows wi' ony rag of human righteousness, or formal law-work, that we may pit round us to cover our shame."

As he pronounced these words, the door again opened, and Mr. Bartoline Saddletree entered, his three-pointed hat set far back on his head, with a silk handkerchief beneath it, to keep it in that cool position, his gold-headed cane in his hand, and his whole deportment that of a wealthy burgher, who might one day look to have a share in the magistracy, if not actually to hold the curule chair itself.

Rochefoucault, who has torn the veil from so many foul gangrenes of the human heart, says, we find something not altogether unpleasant to us in the misfortunes of our best friends. Mr. Saddletree would have been very angry had any one told him that he felt pleasure in the disaster of poor Effie Deans and the disgrace of her family; and yet there is great question whether the gratification of playing the person of importance, inquiring, investigating, and laying down the law on the whole affair, did not offer, to say the least, full consolation for the pain which pure sympathy gave him on account of his wife's kinswoman. He had now got a piece of real judicial business by the end, instead of being obliged, as was his common case, to intrude his opinion where it was neither wished nor wanted; and felt as happy in the exchange as a boy when he gets his first new watch, which actually goes when wound up, and has real hands and a true dial-plate. But besides this subject for legal disquisition, Bartoline's brains were also overloaded with the affair of Porteous, his violent death, and all its probable consequences to the city and community. It was what the French call *l'embarras des richesses*, the confusion arising from too much mental wealth. He walked in with a consciousness of double importance, full fraught with the superiority of one who possesses more information than the company into which he enters, and who feels a right to discharge his learning on them without mercy. "Good morning, Mr. Deans. Good-morrow to you, Mr. Butler; I was not aware that you were acquainted with Mr. Deans."

Butler made some slight answer; his reasons may be readily imagined for not making his connection with the family, which, in his eyes, had something of tender mystery, a frequent subject of conversation with indifferent persons, such as Saddletree.

The worthy burgher, in the plenitude of self-importance, now sat down upon a chair, wiped his brow, collected his breath, and made the first experiment of the resolved pith of his lungs, in a deep and dignified sigh, resembling a groan in

sound and intonation—"Awfu' times these, neighbor Deans—awfu' times!"

"Sinfu', shamefu', Heaven-daring times," answered Deans, in a lower and more subdued tone.

"For my part," continued Saddletree, swelling with importance, "what between the distress of my friends and my poor auld country, ony wit that ever I had may be said to have abandoned me, sae that I sometimes think myself as ignorant as if I were *inter rusticos*. Here when I arise in the morning, wi' my mind just arranged touching what's to be done in puir Effie's misfortune, and hae gotten the hail statute at my finger-ends, the mob maun get up and string Jock Porteous to a dyester's beam, and ding a'thing out of my head again."

Deeply as he was distressed with his own domestic calamity, Deans could not help expressing some interest in the news. Saddletree immediately entered on details of the insurrection and its consequences, while Butler took the occasion to seek some private conversation with Jeanie Deans. She gave him the opportunity he sought, by leaving the room, as if in prosecution of some part of her morning labor. Butler followed her in a few minutes, leaving Deans so closely engaged by his busy visitor that there was little chance of his observing their absence.

The scene of their interview was an outer apartment, where Jeanie was used to busy herself in arranging the productions of her dairy. When Butler found an opportunity of stealing after her into this place, he found her silent, dejected, and ready to burst into tears. Instead of the active industry with which she had been accustomed, even while in the act of speaking, to employ her hands in some useful branch of household business, she was seated listless in a corner, sinking apparently under the weight of her own thoughts. Yet the instant he entered, she dried her eyes, and, with the simplicity and openness of her character, immediately entered on conversation.

"I am glad you have come in, Mr. Butler," said she, "for—for—for I wished to tell ye, that all maun be ended between you and me; it's best for baith our sakes."

"Ended!" said Butler, in surprise; "and for what should it be ended? I grant this is a heavy dispensation, but it lies neither at your door nor mine: it's an evil of God's sending, and it must be borne; but it cannot break plighted troth, Jeanie, while they that plighted their word wish to keep it."

"But, Reuben," said the young woman, looking at him

affectionately, "I ken weel that ye think mair of me than yourself; and, Reuben, I can only in requital think mair of your weal than of my ain. Ye are a man of spotless name, bred to God's ministry, and a' men say that ye will some day rise high in the kirk, though poverty keep ye down e'en now. Poverty is a bad back-friend, Reuben, and that ye ken ower weel; but ill-fame is a waur ane, and that is a truth ye sall never learn through my means."

"What do you mean?" said Butler, eagerly and impatiently; "or how do you connect your sister's guilt, if guilt there be, which, I trust in God, may yet be disproved, with our engagement? How can that affect you or me?"

"How can you ask me that, Mr. Butler? Will this stain, d'ye think, ever be forgotten, as lang as our heads are abune the grund? Will it not stick to us, and to our bairns, and to their very bairns' bairns? To hae been the child of an honest man might hae been saying something for me and mine; but to be the sister of a—— O my God!" With this exclamation her resolution failed, and she burst into a passionate fit of tears.

The lover used every effort to induce her to compose herself, and at length succeeded; but she only resumed her composure to express herself with the same positiveness as before. "No, Reuben, I'll bring disgrace hame to nae man's hearth; my ain distresses I can bear, and I maun bear, but there is nae occasion for buckling them on other folks' shouthers. I will bear my load alone; the back is made for the burden."

A lover is by charter wayward and suspicious; and Jeanie's readiness to renounce their engagement, under pretence of zeal for his peace of mind and respectability of character, seemed to poor Butler to form a portentous combination with the commission of the stranger he had met with that morning. His voice faltered as he asked, "Whether nothing but a sense of her sister's present distress occasioned her to talk in that manner?"

"And what else can do sae?" she replied, with simplicity. "Is it not ten long years since we spoke together in this way?"

"Ten years?" said Butler. "It's a long time, sufficient perhaps for a woman to weary——"

"To weary of her auld gown," said Jeanie, "and to wish for a new ane, if she likes to be brave, but not long enough to weary of a friend. There ye may wish change, but the heart never."

"Never!" said Butler. "Under that point——"

"But not more bauld than true," said Jeanie, with the same quiet simplicity which attended her manner in joy and grief, in ordinary affairs, and in those which most interested her feelings.

Butler paused, and looking at her fixedly, "I am charged," he said, "with a message to you, Jeanie."

"Indeed! From whom? Or what can any ane have to say to me?"

"It is from a stranger," said Butler, affecting to speak with an indifference which his voice belied, "a young man whom I met this morning in the Park."

"Mercy!" said Jeanie, eagerly; "and what did he say?"

"That he did not see you at the hour he expected, but required you should meet him alone at Muschat's Cairn this night, so soon as the moon rises."

"Tell him," said Jeanie, hastily, "I shall certainly come."

"May I ask," said Butler, his suspicions increasing at the ready alacrity of the answer, "who this man is to whom you are so willing to give the meeting at a place and hour so uncommon?"

"Folk maun do muckle they have little will to do in this world," replied Jeanie.

"Granted," said her lover; "but what compels you to this? Who is this person? What I saw of him was not very favorable. Who or what is he?"

"I do not know!" replied Jeanie, composedly.

"You do not know?" said Butler, stepping impatiently through the apartment. "You purpose to meet a young man whom you do not know, at such a time and in a place so lonely; you say you are compelled to do this, and yet you say you do not know the person who exercises such an influence over you! Jeanie, what am I to think of this?"

"Think only, Reuben, that I speak truth, as if I were to answer at the last day. I do not ken this man, I do not even ken that I ever saw him; and yet I must give him the meeting he asks; there's life and death upon it."

"Will you not tell your father, or take him with you?" said Butler.

"I cannot," said Jeanie; "I have no permission."

"Will you let *me* go with you? I will wait in the Park till nightfall, and join you when you set out."

"It is impossible," said Jeanie; "there maunna be mortal creature within hearing of our conference."

"Have you considered well the nature of what you are going to do?—the time, the place, an unknown and suspicious

character? Why, if he had asked to see you in this house, your father sitting in the next room, and within call, at such an hour, you should have refused to see him."

"My weird maun be fulfilled, Mr. Butler. My life and my safety are in God's hands, but I'll not spare to risk either of them on the errand I am gaun to do."

"Then, Jeanie," said Butler, much displeased, "we must indeed break short off, and bid farewell. When there can be no confidence betwixt a man and his plighted wife on such a momentous topic, it is a sign that she has no longer the regard for him that makes their engagement safe and suitable."

Jeanie looked at him and sighed. "I thought," she said, "that I had brought myself to bear this parting; but—but—I did not ken that we were to part in unkindness. But I am a woman and you are a man, it may be different wi' you; if your mind is made easier by thinking sae hardly of me, I would not ask you to think otherwise."

"You are," said Butler, "what you have always been—wiser, better, and less selfish in your native feelings than I can be with all the helps philosophy can give to a Christian. But why—why will you persevere in an undertaking so desperate? Why will you not let me be your assistant, your protector, or at least your adviser?"

"Just because I cannot, and I dare not," answered Jeanie. "But hark, what's that? Surely my father is no weel?"

In fact, the voices in the next room became obstreperously loud of a sudden, the cause of which vociferation it is necessary to explain before we go further.

When Jeanie and Butler retired, Mr. Saddle-tree entered upon the business which chiefly interested the family. In the commencement of their conversation he found old Deans, who, in his usual state of mind, was no grantor of propositions, so much subdued by a deep sense of his daughter's danger and disgrace that he heard without replying to, or perhaps without understanding, one or two learned disquisitions on the nature of the crime imputed to her charge, and on the steps which ought to be taken in consequence. His only answer at each pause was, "I am no mind-doubting that you wuss us weel, your wife's our far-awa' cousin."

Encouraged by these symptoms of acquiescence, Saddle-tree, who, as an amateur of the law, had a supreme deference for all constituted authorities, again recurred to his other topic of interest, the murder, namely, of Porteous, and pronounced a severe censure on the parties concerned.

"These are kittle times—kittle times, Mr. Deans, when the people take the power of life and death out of the hands of the rightful magistrate into their ain rough grip. I am of opinion, and so, I believe, will Mr. Crossmyloof and the privy council, that this rising in effeir of war, to take away the life of a reprieved man, will prove little better than perduellion."

"If I hadna that on my mind whilk is ill to bear, Mr. Saddletree," said Deans, "I wad make bold to dispute that point wi' you."

"How could ye dispute what's plain law, man?" said Saddletree, somewhat contemptuously; "there's no a callant that e'er carried a pock wi' a process in't but will tell you that perduellion is the warst and maist virulent kind of treason, being an open convocating of the king's lieges against his authority, mair especially in arms, and by touk of drum, to baith whilk accessories my een and lugs bore witness, and muckle warse than lese-majesty, or the concealment of a treasonable purpose. It winna bear a dispute, neighbor."

"But it will, though," retorted Douce Davie Deans; "I tell ye it will bear a dispute. I never like your cauld, legal, formal doctrines, neighbor Saddletree. I haud unco little by the Parliament House, since the awfu' downfall of the hopes of honest folk that followed the Revolution."

"But what wad ye hae had, Mr. Deans?" said Saddletree, impatiently; "didna ye get baith liberty and conscience made fast, and settled by tailzie on you and your heirs forever?"

"Mr. Saddletree," retorted Deans, "I ken ye are one of those that are wise after the manner of this world, and that ye haud your part, and cast in your portion, wi' the lang-heads and lang-gowns, and keep with the smart witty-patel lawyers of this our land. Weary on the dark and dolefu' cast that they hae gien this unhappy kingdom, when their black hands of defection were clasped in the red hands of our sworn murtherers; when those who had numbered the towers of our Zion, and marked the bulwarks of our Reformation, saw their hope turn into a snare and their rejoicing into weeping."

"I canna understand this, neighbor," answered Saddletree. "I am an honest Presbyterian of the Kirk of Scotland, and stand by her and the General Assembly, and the due administration of justice by the fifteen Lords o' Session and the five Lords o' Justiciary."

"Out upon ye, Mr. Saddletree!" exclaimed David, who, in an opportunity of giving his testimony on the offences and backslidings of the land, forgot for a moment his own domes-

tic calamity—"out upon your General Assembly, and the back of my hand to your Court o' Session! What is the tane but a waefu' bunch o' cauldrie professors and ministers, that sat bien and warm when the persecuted remnant were warstling wi' hunger, and cauld, and fear of death, and danger of fire and sword, upon wet brae-sides, peat-hags, and flow-mosses, and that now creep out of their holes, like bluebottle flees in a blink of sunshine, to take the pu'pits and places of better folk—of them that witnessed, and testified, and fought, and endured pit, prison-house, and transportation beyond seas? A bonny birk there's o' them! And for your Court o' Session——"

"Ye may say what ye will o' the General Assembly," said Saddletree, interrupting him, "and let them clear them that kens them; but as for the Lords o' Session, forbye that they are my next-door neighbors, I would have ye ken, for your ain regulation, that to raise scandal anent them, whilk is termed, to 'murmur again' them, is a crime *sui generis*—*sui generis*, Mr. Deans; ken ye what that amounts to?"

"I ken little o' the language of Antiebrist," said Deans; "and I care less than little what carnal courts may call the speeches of honest men. And as to murmur again them, it's what a' the folk that loses their pleas, and nine-tenths o' them that win them, will be gay sure to be guilty in. Sae I wad hae ye ken that I haud a' your gleg-tongued advocates, that sell their knowledge for pieces of silver, and your worldly-wise judges, that will gie three days of hearing in presence to a debate about the peeling of an ingan, and no ae half-hour to the Gospel testimony, as legalists and formalists, countenancing, by sentences, and quirks, and cunning terms of law, the late begun courses of national defections—union, toleration, patronages, and Yerastian prelatie oaths. As for the soul and body-killing Court o' Justiciary——"

The habit of considering his life as dedicated to bear testimony in behalf of what he deemed the suffering and deserted cause of true religion had swept honest David along with it thus far; but with the mention of the criminal court, the recollection of the disastrous condition of his daughter rushed at once on his mind; he stopped short in the midst of his triumphant declamation, pressed his hands against his forehead, and remained silent.

Saddletree was somewhat moved, but apparently not so much so as to induce him to relinquish the privilege of pressing in his turn, afforded him by David's sudden silence. "Nae doubt, neighbor," he said, "it's a sair thing to hae to do wi

courts of law, unless it be to improve ane's knowledge and practique, by waiting on as a hearer; and touching this unhappy affair of Effie—ye'll hae seen the dittay, doubtless?" He dragged out of his pocket a bundle of papers, and began to turn them over. "This is no it: this is the information of Mungo Marsport, of that ilk, against Captain Lackland, for coming on his lands of Marsport with hawks, hounds, lying-dogs, nets, guns, cross-bows, hagbuts of found, or other engines more or less for destruction of game, sic as red-deer, fallow-deer, caper-cailzies, gray-fowl, moor-fowl, pairicks, herons, and sic-like; he the said defender not being ane qualified person, in terms of the statute 1621; that is, not having ane plough-gate of land. Now, the defences proponed say that *non constat* at this present what is a plough-gate of land, whilk uncertainty is sufficient to elide the conclusions of the libel. But then the answers to the defences—they are signed by Mr. Crossmyloof, but Mr. Younglad drew them—they propone that it signifies naething, *in hoc statu*, what or how muckle a plough-gate of land may be, in respect the defender has nae lands whatsoe'er, less or mair. 'Sae grant a plough-gate [here Saddletree read from the paper in his hand] to be less than the nineteenth part of a guse's grass'—I trow Mr. Crossmyloof put in that, I ken his style—'of a guse's grass, what the better will the defender be, seeing he hasna a divot-cast of land in Scotland? *Advocatus* for Lackland duplies that, *nihil interest de possessione*, the pursuer must put his case under the statute'—now this is worth your notice, neighbor—'and must show, *formaliter et specialiter*, as well as *generaliter*, what is the qualification that defender Lackland does *not* possess: let him tell me what a plough-gate of land is, and I'll tell him if I have one or no. Surely the pursuer is bound to understand his own libel and his own statute that he founds upon. Titius pursues Mævius for recovery of ane black horse lent to Mævius; surely he shall have judgment. But if Titius pursue Mævius for ane scarlet or crimson horse, doubtless he shall be bound to show that there is sic ane animal *in rerum natura*. No man can be bound to plead to nonsense, that is to say, to a charge which cannot be explained or understood'—he's wrang there, the better the pleadings the fewer understand them—'and so the reference unto this undefined and unintelligible measure of land is, as if a penalty was inflicted by statute for any man who suld hunt or hawk, or use lying-dogs, and wearing a sky-blue pair of breeches, without having——' But I am wearying you, Mr. Deans; we'll pass to your ain business, though this case of Marsport

against Lackland has made an unco din in the Outer House. Weel, here's the dittay against puir Effie: 'Whereas it is humbly meant and shown to us,' etc.—they are words of mere style—'that whereas, by the laws of this and every other well-regulated realm, the murder of any one, more especially of an infant child, is a crime of ane high nature, and severely punishable: And whereas, without prejudice to the foresaid generality, it was, by ane act made in the second session of the First Parliament of our most High and Dread Sovereigns William and Mary, especially enacted, that ane woman who shall have concealed her condition, and shall not be able to show that she hath called for help at the birth, in case that the child shall be found dead or amissing, shall be deemed and held guilty of the murder thereof; and the said facts of concealment and pregnancy being found proven or confessed, shall sustain the pains of law accordingly; yet, nevertheless, you, Effie or Euphemia Deans——'"

"Read no farther!" said Deans, raising his head up; "I would rather ye thrust a sword into my heart than read a word farther!"

"Weel, neighbor," said Saddletree, "I thought it wad hae comforted ye to ken the best and the warst o't. But the question is, what's to be dune?"

"Nothing," answered Deans, firmly, "but to abide the dispensation that the Lord sees meet to send us. O, if it had been His will to take the gray head to rest before this awful visitation on my house and name! But His will be done. I can say that yet, though I can say little mair."

"But, neighbor," said Saddletree, "ye'll retain advocates for the puir lassie? it's a thing maun needs be thought of."

"If there was ae man of them," answered Deans, "that held fast his integrity—but I ken them weel, they are a' carnal, crafty, and warld-hunting self-seekers, Yerastians and Arminians, every ane o' them."

"Hout tout, neighbor, ye maunna take the warld at its word," said Saddletree; "the very deil is no sae ill as he's ca'd; and I ken mair than ae advocate that may be said to hae some integrity as weel as their neighbors; that is, after a sort o' fashion o' their ain."

"It is indeed but a fashion of integrity that ye will find among them," replied David Deans, "and a fashion of wisdom, and fashion of carnal learning—gazing glancing-glasses they are, fit only to fling the glaiks in folks' een, wi' their pawky policy, and earthly ingine, their flights and refinements, and periods of eloquence, frae heathen emperors and

popish canons. They canna, in that daft trash ye were reading to me, sae muckle as ca' men that are sae ill-starred as to be amang their hands by ony name o' the dispensation o' grace, but maun new baptise them by the names of the accursed Titus, wha was made the instrument of burning the holy Temple, and other sic-like heathens."

"It's Tishius," interrupted Saddletree, "and no Titus. Mr. Crossmyloof cares as little about Titus or the Latin learning as ye do. But it's a case of necessity: she maun hae counsel. Now, I could speak to Mr. Crossmyloof; he's weel kenn'd for a round-spun Presbyterian, and a ruling elder to boot."

"He's a rank Yerastian," replied Deans; "one of the public and polititious warldly-wise men that stude up to prevent ane general owning of the cause in the day of power."

"What say ye to the auld Laird of Cuffabout?" said Saddletree; "he whiles thumps the dust out of a case gay and weel."

"He! the fause loon!" answered Deans. "He was in his bandaliers to hae joined the ungracious Highlanders in 1715, an they had ever had the luck to cross the Firth."

"Weel, Arniston? there's a clever chield for ye!" said Bartoline, triumphantly.

"Ay, to bring popish medals in till their very library from that schismatic woman in the north, the Duchess of Gordon."*

"Weel, weel, but somebody ye maun hae. What think ye o' Kittlepunt?"

"He's an Arminian."

"Woodsetter?"

"He's, I doubt, a Cocceian."

"Auld Whilliewhaw?"

"He's onything ye like."

"Young Næmmo?"

"He's naething at a'."

"Ye're ill to please, neighbor," said Saddletree. "I hae run ower the pick o' them for you, ye maun e'en choose for yoursell; but bethink ye that in the multitude of counsellors there's safety. What say ye to try young Mackenyie? he has a' his uncle's practiques at the tongue's end."

"What, sir, wad ye speak to me," exclaimed the sturdy Presbyterian, in excessive wrath, "about a man that has the blood of the saints at his fingers' ends? Didna his eme die

* James Dundas, younger of Arniston, was tried in the year 1711 upon a charge of leasing-making, in having presented, from the Duchess of Gordon, a medal of the Pretender, for the purpose, it was said, of affronting Queen Anne (*Laing*).

and gang to his place wi' the name of the Bluidy Mackenyie? and winna he be kenn'd by that name sae lang as there's a Scots tongue to speak the word? If the life of the dear bairn that's under a suffering dispensation, and Jeanie's, and my ain, and a' mankind's, depended on my asking sic a slave o' Satan to speak a word for me or them, they should a' gae down the water thegither for Davie Deans!"

It was the exalted tone in which he spoke this last sentence that broke up the conversation between Butler and Jeanie, and brought them both "ben the house," to use the language of the country. Here they found the poor old man half frantic between grief and zealous ire against Saddletree's proposed measures, his cheek inflamed, his hand clenched, and his voice raised, while the tear in his eye, and the occasional quiver of his accents, showed that his utmost efforts were inadequate to shaking off the consciousness of his misery. Butler, apprehensive of the consequences of his agitation to an aged and feeble frame, ventured to utter to him a recommendation to patience.

"*I am* patient," returned the old man, sternly, "more patient than any one who is alive to the woful backslidings of a miserable time can be patient; and in so much, that I need neither sectarians, nor sons nor grandsons of sectarians, to instruct my gray hairs how to bear my cross."

"But, sir," continued Butler, taking no offence at the slur cast on his grandfather's faith, "we must use human means. When you call in a physician, you would not, I suppose, question him on the nature of his religious principles?"

"Wad I *no*?" answered David. "But I wad, though; and if he didna satisfy me that he had a right sense of the right-hand and left-hand defections of the day, not a goutte of his physic should gang through my father's son."

It is a dangerous thing to trust to an illustration. Butler had done so and miscarried; but, like a gallant soldier when his musket misses fire, he stood his ground and charged with the bayonet. "This is too rigid an interpretation of your duty, sir. The sun shines, and the rain descends, on the just and unjust, and they are placed together in life in circumstances which frequently render intercourse between them indispensable, perhaps that the evil may have an opportunity of being converted by the good, and perhaps, also, that the righteous might, among other trials, be subjected to that of occasional converse with the profane."

"Ye're a silly callant, Reuben," answered Deans, "with your bits of argument. Can a man touch pitch and not be de-

filed ? Or what think ye of the brave and worthy champions of the Covenant, that wadna sae muckle as hear a minister speak, be his gifts and graces as they would, that hadna witnessed against the enormities of the day ? Nae lawyer shall ever speak for me and mine that hasna concurred in the testimony of the scattered yet lovely remnant which abode in the cliffs of the rocks."

So saying, and as if fatigued both with the arguments and presence of his guests, the old man arose, and seeming to bid them adieu with a motion of his head and hand, went to shut himself up in his sleeping-apartment.

"It's thraving his daughter's life awa'," said Saddletree to Butler, "to hear him speak in that daft gate. Where will he ever get a Cameronian advocate ? Or wha ever heard of a lawyer's suffering either for ae religion or another ? The lassie's life is clean flung awa'."

During the latter part of this debate, Dumbiedikes had arrived at the door, dismounted, hung the pony's bridle on the usual hook, and sunk down on his ordinary settle. His eyes, with more than their usual animation, followed first one speaker, then another, till he caught the melancholy sense of the whole from Saddletree's last words. He rose from his seat, stumped slowly across the room, and, coming close up to Saddletree's ear, said, in a tremulous, anxious voice, "Will—will siller do naething for them, Mr. Saddletree ?"

"Umph !" said Saddletree, looking grave, "siller will certainly do it in the Parliament House, if onything *can* do it ; but whare's the siller to come frae ? Mr. Deans, ye see, will do naething ; and though Mrs. Saddletree's their far-awa' friend and right good weel-wisher, and is weel disposed to assist, yet she wadna like to stand to be bound *singuli in solidum* to such an expensive wark. An ilka friend wad bear a share o' the burden, something might be dune, ilka ane to be liable for their ain input. I wadna like to see the case fa' through without being pled ; it wadna be creditable, for a' that daft Whig body says."

"I'll—I will—yes (assuming fortitude), I will be answerable," said Dumbiedikes, "for a score of punds sterling." And he was silent, staring in astonishment at finding himself capable of such unwonted resolution and excessive generosity.

"God Almighty bless ye, Laird !" said Jeanie, in a transport of gratitude.

"Ye may ca' the twenty punds thretty," said Dumbiedikes, looking bashfully away from her, and towards Saddletree.

"That will do bravely," said Saddletree, rubbing his hands ;

“and ye sall hae a’ my skill and knowledge to gar the siller gang far. I’ll tape it out weel ; I ken how to gar the birkies tak short fees, and be glad o’ them too : it’s only garring them trow ye hae twa or three cases of importance coming on, and they’ll work cheap to get custom. Let me alane for whilly-whaing an advocate. It’s nae sin to get as muckle frae them for our siller as we can ; after a’, it’s but the wind o’ their mouth, it costs them naething ; whereas, in my wretched occupation of a saddler, horse-milliner, and harness-maker, we are out unconscionable sums just for barked hides and leather.”

“Can I be of no use ?” said Butler. “My means, alas ! are only worth the black coat I wear ; but I am young, I owe much to the family. Can I do nothing ?”

“Ye can help to collect evidence, sir,” said Saddletree ; “if we could but find ony ane to say she had gien the least hint o’ her condition, she wad be brought aff wi’ a wat finger. Mr. Crossmyloof tell’d me sae. ‘The crown,’ says he, ‘canna be craved to prove a positive’—was’t a positive or a negative they couldna be ca’d to prove ? it was the tane or the tither o’ them, I am sure, and it maksna muckle matter whilk. ‘Wherefore,’ says he, ‘the libel maun be redargued by the panel proving her defences. And it canna be done otherwise.’”

“But the fact, sir,” argued Butler—“the fact that this poor girl has borne a child ; surely the crown lawyers must prove that ?” said Butler.

Saddletree paused a moment, while the visage of Dumbiedikes, which traversed, as if it had been placed on a pivot, from the one spokesman to the other, assumed a more blithe expression.

“Ye—ye—ye—es,” said Saddletree, after some grave hesitation ; “unquestionably that is a thing to be proved, as the court will more fully declare by an interlocutor of relevancy in common form ; but I fancy that job’s done already, for she has confessed her guilt.”

“Confessed the murder ?” exclaimed Jeanie, with a scream that made them all start.

“No, I didna say that,” replied Bartoline. “But she confessed bearing the babe.”

“And what became of it, then ?” said Jeanie ; “for not a word could I get from her but bitter sighs and tears.”

“She says it was taken away from her by the woman in whose house it was born, and who assisted her at the time.”

“And who was that woman ?” said Butler. “Surely by

her means the truth might be discovered. Who was she? I will fly to her directly."

"I wish," said Dumbiedikes, "I were as young and as supple as you, and had the gift of the gab as weel."

"Who is she?" again reiterated Butler, impatiently. "Who could that woman be?"

"Ay, wha kens that but hersell," said Saddletree; "she deponed further, and declined to answer that interrogatory."

"Then to herself will I instantly go," said Butler; "farewell, Jeanie." Then coming close up to her—"Take no *rash steps* till you hear from me. Farewell!" and he immediately left the cottage.

"I wad gang too," said the landed proprietor in an anxious, jealous, and repining tone, "but my powny winna for the life o' me gang ony other road than just frae Dumbiedikes to this house-end, and sae straight back again."

"Ye'll do better for them," said Saddletree, as they left the house together, "by sending me the thretty punds."

"Thretty punds?" hesitated Dumbiedikes, who was now out of the reach of those eyes which had inflamed his generosity. "I only said *twenty* punds."

"Ay; but," said Saddletree, "that was under protestation to add and eik; and so ye craved leave to amend your libel, and made it thretty."

"Did I? I dinna mind that I did," answered Dumbiedikes. "But whatever I said I'll stand to." Then bestriding his steed with some difficulty, he added, "Dinna ye think poor Jeanie's een wi' the tears in them glanced like lamor beads, Mr. Saddletree?"

"I kenna muckle about women's een, Laird," replied the insensible Bartoline; "and I care just as little. I wuss I were as weel free o' their tongues; though few wives," he added, recollecting the necessity of keeping up his character for domestic rule, "are under better command than mine, Laird. I allow neither perduellion nor lese-majesty against my sovereign authority."

The Laird saw nothing so important in this observation as to call for a rejoinder, and when they had exchanged a mute salutation, they parted in peace upon their different errands.

CHAPTER XIII

I'll warrant that fellow from drowning, were the ship no stronger than a nut-shell.

The Tempest.

BUTLER felt neither fatigue nor want of refreshment, although, from the mode in which he had spent the night, he might well have been overcome with either. But in the earnestness with which he hastened to the assistance of the sister of Jeanie Deans he forgot both.

In his first progress he walked with so rapid a pace as almost approached to running, when he was surprised to hear behind him a call upon his name, contending with an asthmatic cough, and half drowned amid the resounding trot of a Highland pony. He looked behind, and saw the Laird of Dumbiedikes making after him with what speed he might, for it happened, fortunately for the Laird's purpose of conversing with Butler, that his own road homeward was for about two hundred yards the same with that which led by the nearest way to the city. Butler stopped when he heard himself thus summoned, internally wishing no good to the panting equestrian who thus retarded his journey.

"Uh! uh! uh!" ejaculated Dumbiedikes, as he checked the hobbling pace of the pony by our friend Butler. "Uh! uh! it's a hard-set willyard beast this o' mine." He had in fact just overtaken the object of his chase at the very point beyond which it would have been absolutely impossible for him to have continued the pursuit, since there Butler's road parted from that leading to Dumbiedikes, and no means of influence or compulsion which the rider could possibly have used towards his Bucephalus could have induced the Celtic obstinacy of Rory Bean (such was the pony's name) to have diverged a yard from the path that conducted him to his own paddock.

Even when he had recovered from the shortness of breath occasioned by a trot much more rapid than Rory or he were accustomed to, the high purpose of Dumbiedikes seemed to stick as it were in his throat, and impede his utterance, so that Butler stood for nearly three minutes ere he could utter

a syllable; and when he did find voice, it was only to say, after one or two efforts, "Uh! uh! uhm! I say, Mr.—Mr. Butler, it's a braw day for the har'st."

"Fine day, indeed," said Butler. "I wish you good morning, sir."

"Stay—stay a bit," rejoined Dumbiedikes; "that was no what I had gotten to say."

"Then, pray be quick and let me have your commands," rejoined Butler. "I crave your pardon, but I am in haste, and *Tempus nemini*—you know the proverb."

Dumbiedikes did not know the proverb, nor did he even take the trouble to endeavor to look as if he did, as others in his place might have done. He was concentrating all his intellects for one grand proposition, and could not afford any detachment to defend outposts. "I say, Mr. Butler," said he, "ken ye if Mr. Saddletree's a great lawyer?"

"I have no person's word for it but his own," answered Butler, dryly; "but undoubtedly he best understands his own qualities."

"Umph!" replied the taciturn Dumbiedikes, in a tone which seemed to say, "Mr. Butler, I take your meaning." "In that case," he pursued, "I'll employ my ain man o' business, Nichil Novit—auld Nichil's son, and amaist as gleg as his father—to agent Effie's plea."

And having thus displayed more sagacity than Butler expected from him, he courteously touched his gold-laced cocked hat, and by a punch on the ribs conveyed to Rory Bean it was his rider's pleasure that he should forthwith proceed homewards; a hint which the quadruped obeyed with that degree of alacrity with which men and animals interpret and obey suggestions that entirely correspond with their own inclinations.

Butler resumed his pace, not without a momentary revival of that jealousy which the honest Laird's attention to the family of Deans had at different times excited in his bosom. But he was too generous long to nurse any feeling which was allied to selfishness. "He is," said Butler to himself, "rich in what I want; why should I feel vexed that he has the heart to dedicate some of his pelf to render them services which I can only form the empty wish of executing? In God's name, let us each do what we can. May she be but happy! saved from the misery and disgrace that seems impending! Let me but find the means of preventing the fearful experiment of this evening, and farewell to other thoughts, though my heart-strings break in parting with them!"

He redoubled his pace, and soon stood before the door of the tolbooth, or rather before the entrance where the door had formerly been placed. His interview with the mysterious stranger, the message to Jeanie, his agitating conversation with her on the subject of breaking off their mutual engagements, and the interesting scene with old Deans, had so entirely occupied his mind as to drown even recollection of the tragical event which he had witnessed the preceding evening. His attention was not recalled to it by the groups who stood scattered on the street in conversation, which they hushed when strangers approached, or by the bustling search of the agents of the city police, supported by small parties of the military, or by the appearance of the guard-house, before which were treble sentinels, or, finally, by the subdued and intimidated looks of the lower orders of society, who, conscious that they were liable to suspicion, if they were not guilty, of accession to a riot likely to be strictly inquired into, glided about with a humble and dismayed aspect, like men whose spirits being exhausted in the revel and the dangers of a desperate debauch overnight, are nerve-shaken, timorous, and unenterprising on the succeeding day.

None of these symptoms of alarm and trepidation struck Butler, whose mind was occupied with a different, and to him still more interesting, subject, until he stood before the entrance to the prison, and saw it defended by a double file of grenadiers, instead of bolts and bars. Their "Stand, stand!" the blackened appearance of the doorless gateway, and the winding staircase and apartments of the tolbooth, now open to the public eye, recalled the whole proceedings of the eventful night. Upon his requesting to speak with Effie Deans, the same tall, thin, silver-haired turnkey whom he had seen on the preceding evening made his appearance.

"I think," he replied to Butler's request of admission, with true Scottish indirectness, "ye will be the same lad that was for in to see her yestreen?"

Butler admitted he was the same person.

"And I am thinking," pursued the turnkey, "that ye speered at me when we locked up, and if we locked up earlier on account of Porteous?"

"Very likely I might make some such observation," said Butler; "but the question now is, can I see Effie Deans?"

"I dinna ken; gang in bye, and up the turnpike stair, and turn till the ward on the left hand."

The old man followed close behind him, with his keys in his hand, not forgetting even that huge one which had once

opened and shut the outward gate of his dominions, though at present it was but an idle and useless burden. No sooner had Butler entered the room to which he was directed, than the experienced hand of the warder selected the proper key, and locked it on the outside. At first Butler conceived this manœuvre was only an effect of the man's habitual and official caution and jealousy. But when he heard the hoarse command, "Turn out the guard!" and immediately afterwards heard the clash of a sentinel's arms, as he was posted at the door of his apartment, he again called out to the turnkey, "My good friend, I have business of some consequence with Effie Deans, and I beg to see her as soon as possible." No answer was returned. "If it be against your rules to admit me," repeated Butler in a still louder tone, "to see the prisoner, I beg you will tell me so, and let me go about my business. *Fugit irrevocabile tempus!*" muttered he to himself.

"If ye had business to do, ye suld hae dune it before ye cam here," replied the man of keys from the outside; "ye'll find it's easier wunnin in than wunnin out here. There's sma' likelihood o' another Porteous Mob coming to rabble us again: the law will haud her ain now, neighbor, and that ye'll find to your cost."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" retorted Butler. "You must mistake me for some other person. My name is Reuben Butler, preacher of the Gospel."

"I ken that weel enough," said the turnkey.

"Well, then, if you know me, I have a right to know from you, in return, what warrant you have for detaining me; that, I know, is the right of every British subject."

"Warrant!" said the jailer. "The warrant's awa' to Liberton wi' twa sheriff officers seeking ye. If ye had stayed at hame, as honest men should do, ye wad hae seen the warrant; but if ye come to be incarcerated of your ain accord, wha can help it, my jo?"

"So I cannot see Effie Deans, then," said Butler; "and you are determined not to let me out?"

"Troth will I no, neighbor," answered the old man, doggedly; "as for Effie Deans, ye'll hae enough ado to mind your ain business, and let her mind hers; and for letting you out, that maun be as the magistrate will determine. And fare ye weel for a bit, for I maun see Deacon Sawyers put on ane or twa o' the doors that your quiet folk broke down yesternight, Mr. Butler."

There was something in this exquisitely provoking, but there was also something darkly alarming. To be imprisoned,

even on a false accusation, has something in it disagreeable and menacing even to men of more constitutional courage than Butler had to boast; for although he had much of that resolution which arises from a sense of duty and an honorable desire to discharge it, yet, as his imagination was lively and his frame of body delicate, he was far from possessing that cool insensibility to danger which is the happy portion of men of stronger health, more firm nerves, and less acute sensibility. An indistinct idea of peril, which he could neither understand nor ward off, seemed to float before his eyes. He tried to think over the events of the preceding night, in hopes of discovering some means of explaining or vindicating his conduct for appearing among the mob, since it immediately occurred to him that his detention must be founded on that circumstance. And it was with anxiety that he found he could not recollect to have been under the observation of any disinterested witness in the attempts that he made from time to time to expostulate with the rioters, and to prevail on them to release him. The distress of Deans's family, the dangerous rendezvous which Jeanie had formed, and which he could not now hope to interrupt, had also their share in his unpleasant reflections. Yet impatient as he was to receive an *éclaircissement* upon the cause of his confinement, and if possible to obtain his liberty, he was affected with a trepidation which seemed no good omen, when, after remaining an hour in this solitary apartment, he received a summons to attend the sitting magistrate. He was conducted from prison strongly guarded by a party of soldiers, with a parade of precaution that, however ill-timed and unnecessary, is generally displayed *after* an event, which such precaution, if used in time, might have prevented.

He was introduced into the Council Chamber, as the place is called where the magistrates hold their sittings, and which was then at a little distance from the prison. One or two of the senators of the city were present, and seemed about to engage in the examination of an individual who was brought forward to the foot of the long green-covered table round which the council usually assembled.

"Is that the preacher?" said one of the magistrates, as the city officer in attendance introduced Butler. The man answered in the affirmative. "Let him sit down there an instant; we will finish this man's business very briefly."

"Shall we remove Mr. Butler?" queried the assistant.

"It is not necessary. Let him remain where he is."

Butler accordingly sat down on a bench at the bottom of the apartment, attended by one of his keepers.

It was a large room, partially and imperfectly lighted ; but by chance, or the skill of the architect, who might happen to remember the advantage which might occasionally be derived from such an arrangement, one window was so placed as to throw a strong light at the foot of the table at which prisoners were usually posted for examination, while the upper end, where the examinants sat, was thrown into shadow. Butler's eyes were instantly fixed on the person whose examination was at present proceeding, in the idea that he might recognize some one of the conspirators of the former night. But though the features of this man were sufficiently marked and striking, he could not recollect that he had ever seen them before.

The complexion of this person was dark, and his age somewhat advanced. He wore his own hair, combed smooth down, and cut very short. It was jet black, slightly curled by nature, and already mottled with gray. The man's face expressed rather knavery than vice, and a disposition to sharpness, cunning, and roguery, more than the traces of stormy and indulged passions. His sharp, quick black eyes, acute features, ready sardonic smile, promptitude, and effrontery, gave him altogether what is called among the vulgar a *knowing* look, which generally implies a tendency to knavery. At a fair or market, you could not for a moment have doubted that he was a horse-jockey, intimate with all the tricks of his trade ; yet had you met him on a moor, you would not have apprehended any violence from him. His dress was also that of a horse-dealer—a close-buttoned jockey-coat, or wrap-rascal, as it was then termed, with huge metal buttons, coarse blue upper stockings, called boot-hose, because supplying the place of boots, and a slouched hat. He only wanted a loaded whip under his arm and a spur upon one heel to complete the dress of the character he seemed to represent.

“Your name is James Ratcliffe ?” said the magistrate.

“Ay, always wi' your honor's leave.”

“That is to say, you could find me another name if I did not like that one ?”

“Twenty to pick and choose upon, always with your honor's leave,” resumed the respondent.

“But James Ratcliffe is your present name ? What is your trade ?”

“I canna just say, distinctly, that I have what ye wad ca' preceesely a trade.”

“But,” repeated the magistrate, “what are your means of living—your occupation?”

“Hout tout, your honor, wi’ your leave, kens that as weel as I do,” replied the examined.

“No matter, I want to hear you describe it,” said the examinant.

“Me describe? and to your honor? Far be it from Jemie Ratcliffe,” responded the prisoner.

“Come, sir, no trifling; I insist on an answer.”

“Weel, sir,” replied the declarant, “I maun make a clean breast, for ye see, wi’ your leave, I am looking for favor. Describe my occupation, quo’ ye? Troth it will be ill to do that, in a feasible way, in a place like this; but what is’t again that the aught command says?”

“Thou shalt not steal,” answered the magistrate.

“Are you sure o’ that?” replied the accused. “Troth, then, my occupation and that command are sair at odds, for I read it, thou *shalt* steal; and that makes an unco difference, though there’s but a wee bit word left out.”

“To cut the matter short, Ratcliffe, you have been a most notorious thief,” said the examinant.

“I believe Highlands and Lowlands ken that, sir, forbye England and Holland,” replied Ratcliffe, with the greatest composure and effrontery.

“And what d’ye think the end of your calling will be?” said the magistrate.

“I could have gien a braw guess yesterday; but I dinna ken sae weel the day,” answered the prisoner.

“And what would you have said would have been your end had you been asked the question yesterday?”

“Just the gallows,” replied Ratcliffe, with the same composure.

“You are a daring rascal, sir,” said the magistrate; “and how dare you hope times are mended with you to-day?”

“Dear, your honor,” answered Ratcliffe, “there’s muckle difference between lying in prison under sentence of death and staying there of ane’s ain proper accord, when it would have cost a man naething to get up and rin awa’. What was to hinder me from stepping out quietly, when the rabble walked awa’ wi’ Jock Porteous yestreen? And does your honor really think I stayed on purpose to be hanged?”

“I do not know what you may have proposed to yourself; but I know,” said the magistrate, “what the law proposes for you, and that is to hang you next Wednesday eight days.”

“Na, na, your honor,” said Ratcliffe, firmly; “craving

your honor's pardon, I'll ne'er believe that till I see it. I have kenn'd the law this mony a year, and mony a thrawart job I hae had wi' her first and last; but the auld jaud is no sae ill as that comes to; I aye fand her bark waur than her bite."

"And if you do not expect the gallows, to which you are condemned—for the fourth time to my knowledge—may I beg the favor to know," said the magistrate, "what it is that you *do* expect, in consideration of your not having taken your flight with the rest of the jail-birds, which I will admit was a line of conduct little to have been expected?"

"I would never have thought for a moment of staying in that auld gousty toom house," answered Ratcliffe, "but that use and wont had just gien me a fancy to the place, and I'm just expecting a bit post in't."

"A post!" exclaimed the magistrate; "a whipping-post, I suppose, you mean?"

"Na, na, sir, I had nae thoughts o'a whuppin-post. After having been four times doomed to hang by the neck till I was dead, I think I am far beyond being whuppit."

"Then, in Heaven's name, what *did* you expect?"

"Just the post of under-turnkey, for I understand there's a vacancy," said the prisoner. "I wadna think of asking the lockman's* place ower his head; it wadna suit me sae weel asither folk, for I never could put a beast out o' the way, much less deal wi' a man."

"That's something in your favor," said the magistrate, making exactly the inference to which Ratcliffe was desirous to lead him, though he mantled his art with an affectation of oddity. "But," continued the magistrate, "how do you think you can be trusted with a charge in the prison, when you have broken at your own hand half the jails in Scotland?"

"Wi' your honor's leave," said Ratcliffe, "if I kenn'd sae weel how to wun out mysell, it's like I wad be a' the better a hand to keep other folk in. I think they wad ken their business weel that held me in when I wanted to be out, or wan out when I wanted to haud them in."

The remark seemed to strike the magistrate, but he made no further immediate observation, only desired Ratcliffe to be removed.

When this daring and yet sly freebooter was out of hearing, the magistrate asked the city clerk, "what he thought of the fellow's assurance?"

"It's no for me to say, sir," replied the clerk; "but if James Ratcliffe be inclined to turn to good, there is not a man

* See Note 18.

e'er came within the ports of the burgh could be of sae muckle use to the Good Town in the thief and lock-up line of business. I'll speak to Mr. Sharpitlaw about him."

Upon Ratcliffe's retreat, Butler was placed at the table for examination. The magistrate conducted his inquiry civilly, but yet in a manner which gave him to understand that he labored under strong suspicion. With a frankness which at once became his calling and character, Butler avowed his involuntary presence at the murder of Porteous, and, at the request of the magistrate, entered into a minute detail of the circumstances which attended that unhappy affair. All the particulars, such as we have narrated, were taken minutely down by the clerk from Butler's dictation.

When the narrative was concluded, the cross-examination commenced, which it is a painful task even for the most candid witness to undergo, since a story, especially if connected with agitating and alarming incidents, can scarce be so clearly and distinctly told but that some ambiguity and doubt may be thrown upon it by a string of successive and minute interrogatories.

The magistrate commenced by observing that Butler had said his object was to return to the village of Liberton, but that he was interrupted by the mob at the West Port. "Is the West Port your usual way of leaving town when you go to Liberton?" said the magistrate, with a sneer.

"No, certainly," answered Butler, with the haste of a man anxious to vindicate the accuracy of his evidence; "but I chanced to be nearer that port than any other, and the hour of shutting the gates was on the point of striking."

"That was unlucky," said the magistrate, dryly. "Pray, being, as you say, under coercion and fear of the lawless multitude, and compelled to accompany them through scenes disagreeable to all men of humanity, and more especially irreconcilable to the profession of a minister, did you not attempt to struggle, resist, or escape from their violence?"

Butler replied, "that their numbers prevented him from attempting resistance, and their vigilance from effecting his escape."

"That was unlucky," again repeated the magistrate, in the same dry inacquiescent tone of voice and manner. He proceeded with decency and politeness, but with a stiffness which argued his continued suspicion, to ask many questions concerning the behavior of the mob, the manners and dress of the ringleaders; and when he conceived that the caution of Butler, if he was deceiving him, must be lulled asleep, the

magistrate suddenly and artfully returned to former parts of his declaration, and required a new recapitulation of the circumstances, to the minutest and most trivial point, which attended each part of the melancholy scene. No confusion or contradiction, however, occurred, that could countenance the suspicion which he seemed to have adopted against Butler. At length the train of his interrogatories reached Madge Wildfire, at whose name the magistrate and town clerk exchanged significant glances. If the fate of the Good Town had depended on her careful magistrate's knowing the features and dress of this personage, his inquiries could not have been more particular. But Butler could say almost nothing of this person's features, which were disguised apparently with red paint and soot, like an Indian going to battle, besides the projecting shade of a curch or coif, which muffled the hair of the supposed female. He declared that he thought he could not know this Madge Wildfire, if placed before him in a different dress, but that he believed he might recognize her voice.

The magistrate requested him again to state by what gate he left the city.

"By the Cowgate Port," replied Butler.

"Was that the nearest road to Liberton?"

"No," answered Butler, with embarrassment; "but it was the nearest way to extricate myself from the mob."

The clerk and magistrate again exchanged glances.

"Is the Cowgate Port a nearer way to Liberton from the Grassmarket than Bristo Port?"

"No," replied Butler; "but I had to visit a friend."

"Indeed?" said the interrogator. "You were in a hurry to tell the sight you had witnessed, I suppose?"

"Indeed I was not," replied Butler; "nor did I speak on the subject the whole time I was at St. Leonard's Craggs."

"Which road did you take to St. Leonard's Craggs?"

"By the foot of Salisbury Craggs," was the reply.

"Indeed? you seem partial to circuitous routes," again said the magistrate. "Whom did you see after you left the city?"

One by one he obtained a description of every one of the groups who had passed Butler, as already noticed, their number, demeanor, and appearance, and at length came to the circumstance of the mysterious stranger in the King's Park. On this subject Butler would fain have remained silent. But the magistrate had no sooner got a slight hint concerning the

incident than he seemed bent to possess himself of the most minute particulars.

"Look ye, Mr. Butler," said he, "you are a young man, and bear an excellent character ; so much I will myself testify in your favor. But we are aware there has been, at times, a sort of bastard and fiery zeal in some of your order, and those men irreproachable in other points, which has led them into doing and countenancing great irregularities, by which the peace of the country is liable to be shaken. I will deal plainly with you. I am not at all satisfied with this story of your setting out again and again to seek your dwelling by two several roads, which were both circuitous. And, to be frank, no one whom we have examined on this unhappy affair could trace in your appearance anything like your acting under compulsion. Moreover, the waiters at the Cowgate Port observed something like the trepidation of guilt in your conduct, and declare that you were the first to command them to open the gate, in a tone of authority, as if still presiding over the guards and outposts of the rabble who had besieged them the whole night."

"God forgive them !" said Butler. "I only asked free passage for myself ; they must have much misunderstood, if they did not wilfully misrepresent, me."

"Well, Mr. Butler," resumed the magistrate, "I am inclined to judge the best and hope the best, as I am sure I wish the best ; but you must be frank with me, if you wish to secure my good opinion, and lessen the risk of inconvenience to yourself. You have allowed you saw another individual in your passage through the King's Park to St. Leonard's Crag ; I must know every word which passed betwixt you."

Thus closely pressed, Butler, who had no reason for concealing what passed at that meeting, unless because Jeanie Deans was concerned in it, thought it best to tell the whole truth from beginning to end.

"Do you suppose," said the magistrate, pausing, "that the young woman will accept an invitation so mysterious ?"

"I fear she will," replied Butler.

"Why do you use the word 'fear' it ?" said the magistrate.

"Because I am apprehensive for her safety in meeting, at such a time and place, one who had something of the manner of a desperado, and whose message was of a character so inexplicable."

"Her safety shall be cared for," said the magistrate.

“Mr. Butler, I am concerned I cannot immediately discharge you from confinement, but I hope you will not be long detained. Remove Mr. Butler, and let him be provided with decent accommodation in all respects.”

He was conducted back to the prison accordingly ; but, in the food offered to him, as well as in the apartment in which he was lodged, the recommendation of the magistrate was strictly attended to.

CHAPTER XIV

Dark and eerie was the night,
And lonely was the way,
As Janet, wi' her green mantell,
To Miles' Cross she did gae.
Old Ballad.

LEAVING Butler to all the uncomfortable thoughts attached to his new situation, among which the most predominant was his feeling that he was, by his confinement, deprived of all possibility of assisting the family at St. Leonard's in their greatest need, we return to Jeanie Deans, who had seen him depart, without an opportunity of further explanation, in all that agony of mind with which the female heart bids adieu to the complicated sensations so well described by Coleridge—

Hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng ;
And gentle wishes long subdued—
Subdued and cherish'd long.

It is not the firmest heart (and Jeanie, under her russet rokelay, had one that would not have disgraced Cato's daughter) that can most easily bid adieu to these soft and mingled emotions. She wept for a few minutes bitterly, and without attempting to refrain from this indulgence of passion. But a moment's recollection induced her to check herself for a grief selfish and proper to her own affections, while her father and sister were plunged into such deep and irretrievable affliction. She drew from her pocket the letter which had been that morning flung into her apartment through an open window, and the contents of which were as singular as the expression was violent and energetic. "If she would save a human being from the most damning guilt, and all its desperate consequences ; if she desired the life and honor of her sister to be saved from the bloody fangs of an unjust law ; if she desired not to forfeit peace of mind here, and happiness hereafter," such was the frantic style of the conjuration, "she was entreated to give a sure, secret, and solitary meeting to the writer. She alone could rescue him," so ran the

letter, "and he only could rescue her." He was in such circumstances, the billet further informed her, that an attempt to bring any witness of their conference, or even to mention to her father, or any other person whatsoever, the letter which requested it, would inevitably prevent its taking place, and insure the destruction of her sister. The letter concluded with incoherent but violent protestations that in obeying this summons she had nothing to fear personally.

The message delivered to her by Butler from the stranger in the Park tallied exactly with the contents of the letter, but assigned a later hour and a different place of meeting. Apparently the writer of the letter had been compelled to let Butler so far into his confidence, for the sake of announcing this change to Jeanie. She was more than once on the point of producing the billet, in vindication of herself from her lover's half-hinted suspicions. But there is something in stooping to justification which the pride of innocence does not at all times willingly submit to; besides that the threats contained in the letter, in case of her betraying the secret, hung heavy on her heart. It is probable, however, that, had they remained longer together, she might have taken the resolution to submit the whole matter to Butler, and be guided by him as to the line of conduct which she should adopt. And when, by the sudden interruption of their conference, she lost the opportunity of doing so, she felt as if she had been unjust to a friend whose advice might have been highly useful, and whose attachment deserved her full and unreserved confidence.

To have recourse to her father upon this occasion, she considered as highly imprudent. There was no possibility of conjecturing in what light the matter might strike old David, whose manner of acting and thinking in extraordinary circumstances depended upon feelings and principles peculiar to himself, the operation of which could not be calculated upon even by those best acquainted with him. To have requested some female friend to have accompanied her to the place of rendezvous would perhaps have been the most eligible expedient; but the threats of the writer, that betraying his secret would prevent their meeting, on which her sister's safety was said to depend, from taking place at all, would have deterred her from making such a confidence, even had she known a person in whom she thought it could with safety have been reposed. But she knew none such. Their acquaintance with the cottagers in the vicinity had been very slight, and limited to trifling acts of good neighborhood. Jeanie knew little of

them, and what she knew did not greatly incline her to trust any of them. They were of the order of loquacious good-humored gossips usually found in their situation of life ; and their conversation had at all times few charms for a young woman to whom nature and the circumstances of a solitary life had given a depth of thought and force of character superior to the frivolous part of her sex whether in high or low degree.

Left alone and separated from all earthly counsel, she had recourse to a Friend and Adviser whose ear is open to the cry of the poorest and most afflicted of His people. She knelt and prayed with fervent sincerity that God would please to direct her what course to follow in her arduous and distressing situation. It was the belief of the time and sect to which she belonged that special answers to prayer, differing little in their character from divine inspiration, were, as they expressed it, "borne in upon their minds" in answer to their earnest petitions in a crisis of difficulty. Without entering into an abstruse point of divinity, one thing is plain ; namely, that the person who lays open his doubts and distresses in prayer, with feeling and sincerity, must necessarily, in the act of doing so, purify his mind from the dross of worldly passions and interests, and bring it into that state when the resolutions adopted are likely to be selected rather from a sense of duty than from any inferior motive. Jeanie arose from her devotions with her heart fortified to endure affliction and encouraged to face difficulties.

"I will meet this unhappy man," she said to herself—"unhappy he must be, since I doubt he has been the cause of poor Effie's misfortune ; but I will meet him, be it for good or ill. My mind shall never cast up to me that, for fear of what might be said or done to myself, I left that undone that might even yet be the rescue of her."

With a mind greatly composed since the adoption of this resolution, she went to attend her father. The old man, firm in the principles of his youth, did not, in outward appearance at least, permit a thought of his family distress to interfere with the stoical reserve of his countenance and manners. He even chid his daughter for having neglected, in the distress of the morning, some trifling domestic duties which fell under her department.

"Why, what meaneth this, Jeanie ?" said the old man. "The brown four-year-auld's milk is not seiled yet, nor the bowies put up on the bink. If ye neglect your warldly duties in the day of affliction, what confidence have I that ye mind

the greater matters that concern salvation? God knows, our bowies, and our pipkins, and our draps o' milk, and our bits o' bread are nearer and dearer to us than the bread of life."

Jeanie, not displeased to hear her father's thoughts thus expand themselves beyond the sphere of his immediate distress, obeyed him, and proceeded to put her household matters in order; while old David moved from place to place about his ordinary employments, scarce showing, unless by a nervous impatience at remaining long stationary, an occasional convulsive sigh, or twinkle of the eyelid, that he was laboring under the yoke of such bitter affliction.

The hour of noon came on, and the father and child sat down to their homely repast. In his petition for a blessing on the meal, the poor old man added to his supplication a prayer that the bread eaten in sadness of heart, and the bitter waters of Merah, might be made as nourishing as those which had been poured forth from a full cup and a plentiful basket and store; and having concluded his benediction, and resumed the bonnet which he had laid "reverently aside," he proceeded to exhort his daughter to eat, not by example, indeed, but at least by precept.

"The man after God's own heart," he said, "washed and anointed himself, and did eat bread, in order to express his submission under a dispensation of suffering, and it did not become a Christian man or woman so to cling to creature-comforts of wife or bairns [here the words became too great, as it were, for his utterance] as to forget the first duty—submission to the Divine will."

To add force to his precept, he took a morsel on his plate, but nature proved too strong even for the powerful feelings with which he endeavored to bridle it. Ashamed of his weakness, he started up and ran out of the house, with haste very unlike the deliberation of his usual movements. In less than five minutes he returned, having successfully struggled to recover his ordinary composure of mind and countenance, and affected to color over his late retreat by muttering that he thought he heard the "young staig loose in the byre."

He did not again trust himself with the subject of his former conversation, and his daughter was glad to see that he seemed to avoid further discourse on that agitating topic. The hours glided on, as on they must and do pass, whether winged with joy or laden with affliction. The sun set beyond the dusky eminence of the Castle and the screen of western hills, and the close of evening summoned David Deans and his daughter to the family duty of the evening. It came bit-

terly upon Jeanie's recollection how often, when the hour of worship approached, she used to watch the lengthening shadows, and look out from the door of the house, to see if she could spy her sister's return homeward. Alas! this idle and thoughtless waste of time, to what evils had it not finally led? And was she altogether guiltless, who, noticing Effie's turn to idle and light society, had not called in her father's authority to restrain her? "But I acted for the best," she again reflected, "and who could have expected such a growth of evil from one grain of human leaven in a disposition so kind, and candid, and generous?"

As they sat down to the "exercise," as it is called, a chair happened accidentally to stand in the place which Effie usually occupied. David Deans saw his daughter's eyes swim in tears as they were directed towards this object, and pushed it aside with a gesture of some impatience, as if desirous to destroy every memorial of earthly interest when about to address the Deity. The portion of Scripture was read, the psalm was sung, the prayer was made; and it was remarkable that, in discharging these duties, the old man avoided all passages and expressions, of which Scripture affords so many, that might be considered as applicable to his own domestic misfortune. In doing so it was perhaps his intention to spare the feelings of his daughter, as well as to maintain, in outward show at least, that stoical appearance of patient endurance of all the evil which earth could bring, which was, in his opinion, essential to the character of one who rated all earthly things at their own just estimate of nothingness. When he had finished the duty of the evening, he came up to his daughter, wished her good-night, and, having done so, continued to hold her by the hands for half a minute; then drawing her towards him, kissed her forehead, and ejaculated, "The God of Israel bless you, even with the blessings of the promise, my dear bairn!"

It was not either in the nature or habits of David Deans to seem a fond father; nor was he often observed to experience, or at least to evince, that fulness of the heart which seeks to expand itself in tender expressions or caresses even to those who were dearest to him. On the contrary, he used to censure this as a degree of weakness in several of his neighbors, and particularly in poor widow Butler. It followed, however, from the rarity of such emotions in this self-denied and reserved man, that his children attached to occasional marks of his affection and approbation a degree of high interest and solemnity, well considering them as evidences of

feelings which were only expressed when they became too intense for suppression or concealment.

With deep emotion, therefore, did he bestow, and his daughter receive, this benediction and paternal caress. "And you, my dear father," exclaimed Jeanie, when the door had closed upon the venerable old man, "may you have purchased and promised blessings multiplied upon you—upon *you*, who walk in this world as though ye were not of the world, and hold all that it can give or take away but as the *midges* that the sun-blink brings out and the evening wind sweeps away!"

She now made preparation for her night-walk. Her father slept in another part of the dwelling, and, regular in all his habits, seldom or never left his apartment when he had betaken himself to it for the evening. It was therefore easy for her to leave the house unobserved, so soon as the time approached at which she was to keep her appointment. But the step she was about to take had difficulties and terrors in her own eyes, though she had no reason to apprehend her father's interference. Her life had been spent in the quiet, uniform, and regular seclusion of their peaceful and monotonous household. The very hour which some damsels of the present day, as well of her own as of higher degree, would consider as the natural period of commencing an evening of pleasure, brought, in her opinion, awe and solemnity in it; and the resolution she had taken had a strange, daring and adventurous character, to which she could hardly reconcile herself when the moment approached for putting it into execution. Her hands trembled as she snooded her fair hair beneath the ribbon, then the only ornament or cover which young unmarried women wore on their head, and as she adjusted the scarlet tartan screen or muffler made of plaid, which the Scottish women wore, much in the fashion of the black silk veils still a part of female dress in the Netherlands. A sense of impropriety as well as of danger pressed upon her, as she lifted the latch of her paternal mansion to leave it on so wild an expedition, and at so late an hour, unprotected, and without the knowledge of her natural guardian.

When she found herself abroad and in the open fields, additional subjects of apprehension crowded upon her. The dim cliffs and scattered rocks, interspersed with greensward, through which she had to pass to the place of appointment, as they glimmered before her in a clear autumn night, recalled to her memory many a deed of violence, which, according to tradition, had been done and suffered among them. In earlier days they had been the haunt of robbers and assassins, the

memory of whose crimes is preserved in the various edicts which the council of the city, and even the parliament of Scotland, had passed for dispersing their bands, and insuring safety to the lieges, so near the precincts of the city. The names of these criminals, and of their atrocities, were still remembered in traditions of the scattered cottages and the neighboring suburb. In latter times, as we have already noticed, the sequestered and broken character of the ground rendered it a fit theatre for duels and *rencontres* among the fiery youth of the period. Two or three of these incidents, all sanguinary, and one of them fatal in its termination, had happened since Deans came to live at St. Leonard's. His daughter's recollections, therefore, were of blood and horror as she pursued the small scarce-tracked solitary path, every step of which conveyed her to a greater distance from help, and deeper into the ominous seclusion of these unhallowed precincts.

As the moon began to peer forth on the scene with a doubtful, flitting, and solemn light, Jeanie's apprehensions took another turn, too peculiar to her rank and country to remain unnoticed. But to trace its origin will require another chapter.

CHAPTER XV

The spirit I have seen
May be the devil. And the devil has power
To assume a pleasing shape.

Hamlet.

WITCHCRAFT and demonology, as we have had already occasion to remark, were at this period believed in by almost all ranks, but more especially among the stricter classes of Presbyterians, whose government, when their party were at the head of the state, had been much sullied by their eagerness to inquire into and persecute these imaginary crimes. Now, in this point of view, also, St. Leonard's Crags and the adjacent chase were a dreaded and ill-reputed district. Not only had witches held their meetings there, but even of very late years the enthusiast, or impostor, mentioned in the *Pandæmonium* of Richard Bovet, Gentleman,* had, among the recesses of these romantic cliffs, found his way into the hidden retreats where the fairies revel in the bowels of the earth.

With all these legends Jeanie Deans was too well acquainted to escape that strong impression which they usually make on the imagination. Indeed, relations of this ghostly kind had been familiar to her from her infancy, for they were the only relief which her father's conversation afforded from controversial argument, or the gloomy history of the strivings and testimonies, escapes, captures, tortures, and executions of those martyrs of the Covenant with whom it was his chiefest boast to say he had been acquainted. In the recesses of mountains, in caverns, and in morasses, to which these persecuted enthusiasts were so ruthlessly pursued, they conceived they had often to contend with the visible assaults of the Enemy of mankind, as in the cities and in the cultivated fields they were exposed to those of the tyrannical government and their soldiery. Such were the terrors which made one of their gifted seers exclaim, when his companion returned to him, after having left him alone in a haunted cavern in Sorn in Galloway, "It is hard living in this world—incarnate devils above the earth, and devils under the earth! Satan has been

* See The Fairy Boy of Leith. Note 19.

here since ye went away, but I have dismissed him by resistance ; we will be no more troubled with him this night." David Deans believed this, and many other such ghostly encounters and victories, on the faith of the ansars, or auxiliaries of the banished prophets. This event was beyond David's remembrance. But he used to tell with great awe, yet not without a feeling of proud superiority to his auditors, how he himself had been present at a field-meeting at Crochmade, when the duty of the day was interrupted by the apparition of a tall black man, who, in the act of crossing a ford to join the congregation, lost ground, and was carried down apparently by the force of the stream. All were instantly at work to assist him, but with so little success that ten or twelve stout men, who had hold of the rope which they had cast in to his aid, were rather in danger to be dragged into the stream, and lose their own lives, than likely to save that of the supposed perishing man. "But famous John Semple of Carspharn," David Deans used to say with exultation, "saw the whaup in the rape. 'Quit the rope,' he cried to us—for I that was but a callant had a haud o' the rape mysell—'it is the Great Enemy ! he will burn, but not drown ; his design is to disturb the good wark, by raising wonder and confusion in your minds, to put off from your spirits all that ye hae heard and felt.' Sae we let go the rape," said David, "and he went adown the water screeching and bullering like a Bull of Bashan, as he's ca'd in Scripture."*

Trained in these and similar legends, it was no wonder that Jeanie began to feel an ill-defined apprehension, not merely of the phantoms which might beset her way, but of the quality, nature, and purpose of the being who had thus appointed her a meeting at a place and hour of horror, and at a time when her mind must be necessarily full of those tempting and ensnaring thoughts of grief and despair which were supposed to lay sufferers particularly open to the temptations of the Evil One. If such an idea had crossed even Butler's well-informed mind, it was calculated to make a much stronger impression upon hers. Yet firmly believing the possibility of an encounter so terrible to flesh and blood, Jeanie, with a degree of resolution of which we cannot sufficiently estimate the merit, because the incredulity of the age has rendered us strangers to the nature and extent of her feelings, persevered in her determination not to omit an opportunity of doing something towards saving her sister, although, in the attempt to avail herself of it, she might be

* See Intercourse of the Covenanters with the Invisible World. Note 33.

exposed to dangers so dreadful to her imagination. So, like Christiana in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, when traversing with a timid yet resolved step the terrors of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, she glided on by rock and stone, "now in glimmer and now in gloom," as her path lay through moonlight or shadow, and endeavored to overpower the suggestions of fear, sometimes by fixing her mind upon the distressed condition of her sister, and the duty she lay under to afford her aid, should that be in her power, and more frequently by recurring in mental prayer to the protection of that Being to whom night is as noonday.

Thus drowning at one time her fears by fixing her mind on a subject of overpowering interest, and arguing them down at others by referring herself to the protection of the Deity, she at length approached the place assigned for this mysterious conference.

It was situated in the depth of the valley behind Salisbury Crags, which has for a background the north-western shoulder of the mountain called Arthur's Seat, on whose descent still remain the ruins of what was once a chapel, or hermitage, dedicated to St. Anthony the Eremite. A better site for such a building could hardly have been selected; for the chapel, situated among the rude and pathless cliffs, lies in a desert, even in the immediate vicinity of a rich, populous, and tumultuous capital; and the hum of the city might mingle with the orisons of the recluses, conveying as little of worldly interest as if it had been the roar of the distant ocean. Beneath the steep ascent on which these ruins are still visible, was, and perhaps is still, pointed out the place where the wretch Nicol Muschat, who has been already mentioned in these pages, had closed a long scene of cruelty towards his unfortunate wife by murdering her, with circumstances of uncommon barbarity. The execration in which the man's crime was held extended itself to the place where it was perpetrated, which was marked by a small cairn, or heap of stones, composed of those which each chance passenger had thrown there in testimony of abhorrence, and on the principle, it would seem, of the ancient British malediction, "May you have a cairn for your burial-place!"

As our heroine approached this ominous and unhallowed spot, she paused and looked to the moon, now rising broad on the north-west, and shedding a more distinct light than it had afforded during her walk thither. Eying the planet for a moment, she then slowly and fearfully turned her head towards the cairn, from which it was at first averted. She was at first

disappointed. Nothing was visible beside the little pile of stones, which shone gray in the moonlight. A multitude of confused suggestions rushed on her mind. Had her correspondent deceived her, and broken his appointment? was he too tardy at the appointment he had made? or had some strange turn of fate prevented him from appearing as he proposed? or, if he were an unearthly being, as her secret apprehensions suggested, was it his object merely to delude her with false hopes, and put her to unnecessary toil and terror, according to the nature, as she had heard, of those wandering demons? or did he purpose to blast her with the sudden horrors of his presence when she had come close to the place of rendezvous? These anxious reflections did not prevent her approaching to the cairn with a pace that, though slow, was determined.

When she was within two yards of the heap of stones, a figure rose suddenly up from behind it, and Jeanie scarce forbore to scream aloud at what seemed the realization of the most frightful of her anticipations. She constrained herself to silence, however, and, making a dead pause, suffered the figure to open the conversation, which he did by asking, in a voice which agitation rendered tremulous and hollow, "Are you the sister of that ill-fated young woman?"

"I am; I am the sister of Effie Deans!" exclaimed Jeanie. "And as ever you hope God will hear you at your need, tell me, if you can tell, what can be done to save her!"

"I do *not* hope God will hear me at my need," was the singular answer. "I do not deserve—I do not expect He will." This desperate language he uttered in a tone calmer than that with which he had at first spoken, probably because the shock of first addressing her was what he felt most difficult to overcome.

Jeanie remained mute with horror to hear language expressed so utterly foreign to all which she had ever been acquainted with, that it sounded in her ears rather like that of a fiend than of a human being.

The stranger pursued his address to her without seeming to notice her surprise. "You see before you a wretch predestined to evil here and hereafter."

"For the sake of Heaven, that hears and sees us," said Jeanie, "dinna speak in this desperate fashion. The Gospel is sent to the chief of sinners—to the most miserable among the miserable."

"Then should I have my own share therein," said the stranger, "if you call it sinful to have been the destruction of the mother that bore me, of the friend that loved me, of the woman that trusted me, of the innocent child that was born

to me. If to have done all this is to be a sinner, and to survive it is to be miserable, then am I most guilty and most miserable indeed."

"Then you are the wicked cause of my sister's ruin?" said Jeanie, with a natural touch of indignation expressed in her tone of voice.

"Curse me for it if you will," said the stranger; "I have well deserved it at your hand."

"It is fitter for me," said Jeanie, "to pray to God to forgive you."

"Do as you will, how you will, or what you will," he replied, with vehemence; "only promise to obey my directions, and save your sister's life."

"I must first know," said Jeanie, "the means you would have me use in her behalf."

"No! you must first swear—solemnly swear—that you will employ them, when I make them known to you."

"Surely it is needless to swear that I will do all that is lawful to a Christian to save the life of my sister?"

"I will have no reservation!" thundered the stranger. "Lawful or unlawful, Christian or heathen, you shall swear to do my hest and act by my counsel, or—you little know whose wrath you provoke!"

"I will think on what you have said," said Jeanie, who began to get much alarmed at the frantic vehemence of his manner, and disputed in her own mind whether she spoke to a maniac or an apostate spirit incarnate—"I will think on what you say, and let you ken to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed the man, with a laugh of scorn. "And where will I be to-morrow? or where will you be to-night, unless you swear to walk by my counsel? There was one accursed deed done at this spot before now; and there shall be another to match it unless you yield up to my guidance body and soul."

As he spoke, he offered a pistol at the unfortunate young woman. She neither fled nor fainted, but sunk on her knees and asked him to spare her life.

"Is that all you have to say?" said the unmoved ruffian.

"Do not dip your hands in the blood of a defenceless creature that has trusted to you," said Jeanie, still on her knees.

"Is that all you can say for your life? Have you no promise to give? Will you destroy your sister, and compel me to shed more blood?"

"I can promise nothing," said Jeanie, "which is unlawful for a Christian."

He cocked the weapon and held it towards her.

"May God forgive you!" she said, pressing her hands forcibly against her eyes.

"D——n!" muttered the man; and, turning aside from her, he uncocked the pistol and replaced it in his pocket. "I am a villain," he said, "steeped in guilt and wretchedness, but not wicked enough to do you any harm! I only wished to terrify you into my measures. She hears me not—she is gone! Great God! what a wretch am I become!"

As he spoke, she recovered herself from an agony which partook of the bitterness of death; and in a minute or two, through the strong exertion of her natural sense and courage, collected herself sufficiently to understand he intended her no personal injury.

"No!" he repeated; "I would not add to the murder of your sister, and of her child, that of any one belonging to her! Mad, frantic, as I am, and unrestrained by either fear or mercy, given up to the possession of an evil being, and forsaken by all that is good, I would not hurt you, were the world offered me for a bribe! But, for the sake of all that is dear to you, swear you will follow my counsel. Take this weapon, shoot me through the head, and with your own hand revenge your sister's wrong, only follow the course—the only course, by which her life can be saved."

"Alas! is she innocent or guilty?"

"She is guiltless—guiltless of everything but of having trusted a villain! Yet, had it not been for those that were worse than I am—yes, worse than I am, though I am bad indeed—this misery had not befallen."

"And my sister's child—does it live?" said Jeanie.

"No; it was murdered—the new-born infant was barbarously murdered," he uttered in a low yet stern and sustained voice; "but," he added, hastily, "not by her knowledge or consent."

"Then why cannot the guilty be brought to justice, and the innocent freed?"

"Torment me not with questions which can serve no purpose," he sternly replied. "The deed was done by those who are far enough from pursuit, and safe enough from discovery! No one can save Effie but yourself."

"Woe's me! how is it in my power?" asked Jeanie, in despondency.

"Hearken to me! You have sense—you can apprehend my meaning—I will trust you. Your sister is innocent of the crime charged against her——"

“Thank God for that!” said Jeanie.

“Be still and hearken! The person who assisted her in her illness murdered the child; but it was without the mother’s knowledge or consent. She is therefore guiltless—as guiltless as the unhappy innocent that but gasped a few minutes in this unhappy world; the better was its hap to be so soon at rest. She is innocent as that infant, and yet she must die; it is impossible to clear her of the law!”

“Cannot the wretches be discovered and given up to punishment?” said Jeanie.

“Do you think you will persuade those who are hardened in guilt to die to save another? Is that the reed you would lean to?”

“But you said there was a remedy,” again gasped out the terrified young woman.

“There is,” answered the stranger, “and it is in your own hands. The blow which the law aims cannot be broken by directly encountering it, but it may be turned aside. You saw your sister during the period preceding the birth of her child; what is so natural as that she should have mentioned her condition to you? The doing so would, as their cant goes, take the case from under the statute, for it removes the quality of concealment. I know their jargon, and have had sad cause to know it; and the quality of concealment is essential to this statutory offence. Nothing is so natural as that Effie should have mentioned her condition to you; think—reflect—I am positive that she did.”

“Woe’s me!” said Jeanie, “she never spoke to me on the subject, but grieved sorely when I spoke to her about her altered looks and the change on her spirits.”

“You asked her questions on the subject?” he said, eagerly. “You *must* remember her answer was a confession that she had been ruined by a villain—yes, lay a strong emphasis on that—a cruel false villain call it—any other name is unnecessary; and that she bore under her bosom the consequences of his guilt and her folly; and that he had assured her he would provide safely for her approaching illness. Well he kept his word!” These last words he spoke as it were to himself, and with a violent gesture of self-accusation, and then calmly proceeded, “You will remember all this? That is all that is necessary to be said.”

“But I cannot remember,” answered Jeanie, with simplicity, “that which Effie never told me.”

“Are you so dull—so very dull of apprehension?” he exclaimed, suddenly grasping her arm, and holding it firm in

his hand. "I tell you [speaking between his teeth, and under his breath, but with great energy], you *must* remember that she told you all this, whether she ever said a syllable of it or no. You must repeat this tale, in which there is no falsehood, except in so far as it was not told to you, before these Justices—Justiciary—whatever they call their bloodthirsty court, and save your sister from being murdered, and them from becoming murderers. Do not hesitate; I pledge life and salvation, that in saying what I have said, you will only speak the simple truth."

"But," replied Jeanie, whose judgment was too accurate not to see the sophistry of this argument, "I shall be man-sworn in the very thing in which my testimony is wanted, for it is the concealment for which poor Effie is blamed, and you would make me tell a falsehood anent it."

"I see," he said, "my first suspicions of you were right, and that you will let your sister, innocent, fair, and guiltless, except in trusting a villain, die the death of a murderess, rather than bestow the breath of your mouth and the sound of your voice to save her."

"I wad ware the best blood in my body to keep her skaithless," said Jeanie, weeping in bitter agony; "but I canna change right into wrang, or make that true which is false."

"Foolish, hard-hearted girl," said the stranger, "are you afraid of what they may do to you? I tell you, even the retainers of the law, who course life as greyhounds do hares, will rejoice at the escape of a creature so young—so beautiful; that they will not suspect your tale; that, if they did suspect it, they would consider you as deserving, not only of forgiveness, but of praise for your natural affection."

"It is not man I fear," said Jeanie, looking upward; "the God, whose name I must call on to witness the truth of what I say, He will know the falsehood."

"And He will know the motive," said the stranger, eagerly; "He will know that you are doing this, not for lucre of gain, but to save the life of the innocent and prevent the commission of a worse crime than that which the law seeks to avenge."

"He has given us a law," said Jeanie, "for the lamp of our path; if we stray from it we err against knowledge. I may not do evil, even that good may come out of it. But you—you that ken all this to be true, which I must take on your word—you that, if I understood what you said e'en now, promised her shelter and protection in her travail, why do not *you* step forward and bear leal and soothfast evidence in her behalf, as ye may with a clear conscience?"

“To whom do you talk of a clear conscience, woman?” said he, with a sudden fierceness which renewed her terrors—“to *me*? I have not known one for many a year. Bear witness in her behalf?—a proper witness, that even to speak these few words to a woman of so little consequence as yourself, must choose such an hour and such a place as this. When you see owls and bats fly abroad, like larks, in the sunshine, you may expect to see such as I am in the assemblies of men. Hush! listen to that.”

A voice was heard to sing one of those wild and monotonous strains so common in Scotland, and to which the natives of that country chant their old ballads. The sound ceased, then came nearer and was renewed; the stranger listened attentively, still holding Jeanie by the arm (as she stood by him in motionless terror), as if to prevent her interrupting the strain by speaking or stirring. When the sounds were renewed, the words were distinctly audible:

“When the glede’s in the blue cloud,
The lavrock lies still;
When the hound’s in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill.”

The person who sung kept a strained and powerful voice at its highest pitch, so that it could be heard at a very considerable distance. As the song ceased, they might hear a stifled sound, as of steps and whispers of persons approaching them. The song was again raised, but the tune was changed:

“O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride?
There’s twenty men, wi’ bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.”

“I dare stay no longer,” said the stranger. “Return home, or remain till they come up, you have nothing to fear; but do not tell you saw me: your sister’s fate is in your hands.” So saying, he turned from her, and with a swift yet cautiously noiseless step plunged into the darkness on the side most remote from the sounds which they heard approaching, and was soon lost to her sight. Jeanie remained by the cairn terrified beyond expression, and uncertain whether she ought to fly homeward with all the speed she could exert, or wait the approach of those who were advancing towards her. This uncertainty detained her so long that she now distinctly saw two or three figures already so near to her that a precipitate flight would have been equally fruitless and impolitic.

CHAPTER XVI

She speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,
And botch the words up to fit their own thoughts.

Hamlet.

LIKE the digressive poet Ariosto, I find myself under the necessity of connecting the branches of my story, by taking up the adventures of another of the characters, and bringing them down to the point at which we have left those of Jeanie Deans. It is not, perhaps, the most artificial way of telling a story, but it has the advantage of sparing the necessity of resuming what a knitter (if stocking-looms have left such a person in the land) might call our "dropped stitches ;" a labor in which the author generally toils much, without getting credit for his pains.

"I could risk a sma' wad," said the clerk to the magistrate, "that this rascal Ratcliffe, if he were insured of his neck's safety, could do more than ony ten of our police-people and constables to help us to get out of this scrape of Porteous's. He is weel acquent wi' a' the smugglers, thieves, and banditti about Edinburgh ; and, indeed, he may be called the father of a' the misdoers in Scotland, for he has passed amang them for these twenty years by the name of Daddie Rat."

"A bonny sort of a scoundrel," replied the magistrate, "to expect a place under the city !"

"Begging your honor's pardon," said the city's procurator-fiscal, upon whom the duties of superintendent of police devolved, "Mr. Fairscrieve is perfectly in the right. It is just sic as Ratcliffe that the town needs in my department ; an' if sae be that he's disposed to turn his knowledge to the city service, ye'll no find a better man. Ye'll get nae saints to be searchers for uncustomed goods, or for thieves and sic-like ; and your decent sort of men, religious professors and broken tradesmen, that are put into the like o' sic trust, can do nae gude ava. They are feared for this, and they are scrupulous about that, and they arena free to tell a lie, though it may be

for the benefit of the city ; and they dinna like to be out at irregular hours, and in a dark cauld night, and they like a clout ower the croun far waur ; and sae between the fear o' God, and the fear o' man, and the fear o' getting a sair throat, or sair banes, there's a dozen o' our city-folk, baith waiters, and officers, and constables, that can find out naething but a wee bit sculdaddery for the benefit of the kirk-treasurer. Jock Porteous, that's stiff and stark, puir fallow, was worth a dozen o' them ; for he never had ony fears, or scruples, or doubts, or conscience, about onything your honors bade him."

"He was a gude servant o' the town," said the bailie, "though he was an ower free-living man. But if you really think tnis rascal Ratcliffe could do us ony service in discovering these malefactors, I would insure him life, reward, and promotion. It's an awsome thing this mischance for the city, Mr. Fairscrieve. It will be very ill taen wi' abunestairs. Queen Caroline, God bless her ! is a woman—at least I judge sae, and it's nae treason to speak my mind sae far—and ye maybe ken as weel as I do, for ye hae a housekeeper, though ye arena a married man, that women are wilfu', and downa bide a slight. And it will sound ill in her ears that sic a confused mistake suld come to pass, and naebody sae muckle as to be put into the tolbooth about it."

"If ye thought that, sir," said the procurator-fiscal, "we could easily clap into the prison a few blackguards upon suspicion. It will have a gude active look, and I hae aye plenty on my list, that wadna be a hair the waur of a week or twa's imprisonment ; and if ye thought it no strictly just, ye could be just the easier wi' them the neist time they did onything to deserve it ; they arena the sort to be lang o' gieing ye an opportunity to clear scores wi' them on that account."

"I doubt that will hardly do in this case, Mr. Sharpitlaw," returned the town clerk ; "they'll run their letters,* and be adrift again, before ye ken where ye are."

"I will speak to the Lord Provost," said the magistrate, "about Ratcliffe's business. Mr. Sharpitlaw, you will go with me and receive instructions. Something may be made too out of this story of Butler's and his unknown gentleman. I know no business any man has to swagger about in the King's Park, and call himself the devil, to the terror of honest folks, who dinna care to hear mair about the devil than is said from the pulpit on the Sabbath. I cannot think the preacher himsell wad be heading the mob, though the time

* A Scottish form of procedure, answering, in some respects, to the English Habeas Corpus.

has been they hae been as forward in a bruilzie as their neighbors."

"But these times are lang bye," said Mr. Sharpitlaw. "In my father's time there was mair search for silenced ministers about the Bow-head and the Covenant Close, and all the tents of Kedar, as they ca'd the dwellings o' the godly in those days, than there's now for thieves and vagabonds in the Laigh Calton and the back o' the Canongate. But that time's weel bye, an it bide. And if the bailie will get me directions and authority from the provost, I'll speak wi' Daddie Rat mysell; for I'm thinking I'll make mair out o' him than ye'll do."

Mr. Sharpitlaw, being necessarily a man of high trust, was accordingly empowered, in the course of the day, to make such arrangements as might seem in the emergency most advantageous for the Good Town. He went to the jail accordingly, and saw Ratcliffe in private.

The relative positions of a police-officer and a professed thief bear a different complexion according to circumstances. The most obvious simile of a hawk pouncing upon his prey is often least applicable. Sometimes the guardian of justice has the air of a cat watching a mouse, and, while he suspends his purpose of springing upon the pilferer, takes care so to calculate his motions that he shall not get beyond his power. Sometimes, more passive still, he uses the art of fascination ascribed to the rattlesnake, and contents himself with glaring on the victim through all his devious flutterings; certain that his terror, confusion, and disorder of ideas will bring him into his jaws at last. The interview between Ratcliffe and Sharpitlaw had an aspect different from all these. They sat for five minutes silent, on opposite sides of a small table, and looked fixedly at each other, with a sharp, knowing, and alert cast of countenance, not unmingled with an inclination to laugh, and resembled more than anything else two dogs who, preparing for a game at romps, are seen to couch down and remain in that posture for a little time, watching each other's movements, and waiting which shall begin the game.

"So, Mr. Ratcliffe," said the officer, conceiving it suited his dignity to speak first, "you give up business, I find?"

"Yes, sir," replied Ratcliffe; "I shall be on that lay nae mair; and I think that will save your folk some trouble, Mr. Sharpitlaw?"

"Which Jock Dalglish * [then finisher of the law in the Scottish metropolis] wad save them as easily," returned the procurator-fiscal.

* See Note 21.

“Ay; if I waited in the tolbooth here to have him fit my cravat; but that’s an idle way o’ speaking, Mr. Sharpitlaw.”

“Why, I suppose you know you are under sentence of death, Mr. Ratcliffe?” replied Mr. Sharpitlaw.

“Ay, so are a’, as that worthy minister said in the Tolbooth Kirk the day Robertson wan off; but naebody kens when it will be executed. Gude faith, he had better reason to say sae than he dreamed of, before the play was played out that morning!”

“This Robertson,” said Sharpitlaw, in a lower and something like a confidential tone, “d’ye ken, Rat—that is, can ye gie us ony inkling where he is to be heard tell o’?”

“Troth, Mr. Sharpitlaw, I’ll be frank wi’ ye: Robertson is rather a cut abune me. A wild deevil he was, and mony a daft prank he played; but, except the collector’s job that Wilson led him into, and some tuilzies about run goods wi’ the gaugers and the waiters, he never did onything that came near our line o’ business.”

“Umph! that’s singular, considering the company he kept.”

“Fact, upon my honor and credit,” said Ratcliffe, gravely. “He keepit out o’ our little bits of affairs, and that’s mair than Wilson did; I hae dune business wi’ Wilson afore now. But the lad will come on in time, there’s nae fear o’ him; naebody will live the life he has led but what he’ll come to sooner or later.”

“Who or what is he, Ratcliffe? you know, I suppose?” said Sharpitlaw.

“He’s better born, I judge, than he cares to let on; he’s been a soldier, and he has been a play-actor, and I watna what he has been or hasna been, for as young as he is, sae that it had daffing and nonsense about it.”

“Pretty pranks he has played in his time, I suppose?”

“Ye may say that,” said Ratcliffe, with a sardonic smile; “and [touching his nose] a deevil amang the lasses.”

“Like enough,” said Sharpitlaw. “Weel, Ratcliffe, I’ll no stand nifferring wi’ ye: ye ken the way that favor’s gotten in my office; ye maun be usefu’.”

“Certainly, sir, to the best of my power: naething for naething—I ken the rule of the office,” said the ex-depredator.

“Now the principal thing in hand e’en now,” said the official person, “is this job of Porteous’s. An ye can gie us a lift—why, the inner turnkey’s office to begin wi’, and the captainship in time; ye understand my meaning?”

“Ay, troth do I, sir; a wink’s as gude as a nod to a blind

horse. But Jock Porteous's job—Lord help ye!—I was under sentence the haill time. God! but I couldna help laughing when I heard Jock skirling for mercy in the lads' hands! 'Mony a het skin ye hae gien me, neighbor,' thought I, 'tak ye what's gaun: time about's fair play; ye'll ken now what hanging's gude for.' "

"Come, come, this is all nonsense, Rat," said the procurator. "Ye canna creep out at that hole, lad; you must speak to the point, you understand me, if you want favor; gif-gaf makes gude friends, ye ken."

"But how can I speak to the point, as your honor ca's it," said Ratcliffe, demurely, and with an air of great simplicity, "when ye ken I was under sentence, and in the strong-room a' the while the job was going on?"

"And how can we turn ye loose on the public again, Daddie Rat, unless ye do or say something to deserve it?"

"Well, then, d—n it!" answered the criminal, "since it maun be sae, I saw Geordie Robertson among the boys that brake the jail; I suppose that will do me some gude?"

"That's speaking to the purpose, indeed," said the office-bearer; "and now, Rat, where think ye we'll find him?"

"Deil haet o' me kens," said Ratcliffe; "he'll no likely gang back to ony o' his auld howffs; he'll be off the country by this time. He has gude friends some gate or other, for a' the life he's led; he's been weel educate."

"He'll grace the gallows the better," said Mr. Sharpitlaw; "a desperate dog, to murder an officer of the city for doing his duty! wha kens wha's turn it might be next? But you saw him plainly?"

"As plainly as I see you."

"How was he dressed?" said Sharpitlaw.

"I couldna weel see; something of a woman's bit mutch on his head; but ye never saw sic a ca'-throw. Ane couldna hae een to a' thing."

"But did he speak to no one?" said Sharpitlaw.

"They were a' speaking and gabbling through other," said Ratcliffe, who was obviously unwilling to carry his evidence further than he could possibly help.

"This will not do, Ratcliffe," said the procurator; "you must speak *out—out—out*," tapping the table emphatically, as he repeated that impressive monosyllable.

"It's very hard, sir," said the prisoner; "and but for the under turnkey's place——"

"And the reversion of the captaincy—the captaincy of the tolbooth, man—that is, in case of gude behavior."

"Ay, ay," said Ratcliffe, "gude behavior! there's the deevil. And then it's waiting for dead folks' shoon into the bargain."

"But Robertson's head will weigh something," said Sharpitlaw—"something gay and heavy, Rat; the town maun show cause—that's right and reason—and then ye'll hae freedom to enjoy your gear honestly."

"I dinna ken," said Ratcliffe; "it's a queer way of beginning the trade of honesty—but deil ma care. Weel, then, I heard and saw him speak to the wench Effie Deans, that's up there for child-murder."

"The deil ye did? Rat, this is finding a mare's nest wi' a witness. And the man that spoke to Butler in the Park, and that was to meet wi' Jeanie Deans at Muschat's Cairn—whew! lay that and that thegither! As sure as I live he's been the father of the lassie's wean."

"There hae been waur guesses than that, I'm thinking," observed Ratcliffe, turning his quid of tobacco in his cheek and squirting out the juice. "I heard something a while syne about his drawing up wi' a bonny quean about the Pleas-aunts, and that it was a' Wilson could do to keep him frae marrying her."

Here a city officer entered, and told Sharpitlaw that they had the woman in custody whom he had directed them to bring before him.

"It's little matter now," said he, "the thing is taking another turn; however, George, ye may bring her in."

The officer retired, and introduced, upon his return, a tall, strapping wench of eighteen or twenty, dressed fantastically, in a sort of blue riding-jacket, with tarnished lace, her hair clubbed like that of a man, a Highland bonnet, and a bunch of broken feathers, a riding-skirt (or petticoat) of scarlet camlet, embroidered with tarnished flowers. Her features were coarse and masculine, yet at a little distance, by dint of very bright wild-looking black eyes, an aquiline nose, and a commanding profile, appeared rather handsome. She flourished the switch she held in her hand, dropped a courtesy as low as a lady at a birthnight introduction, recovered herself seemingly according to Touchstone's directions to Audrey, and opened the conversation without waiting till any questions were asked.

"God gie your honor gude e'en, and mony o' them, bonny Mr. Sharpitlaw! Gude e'en to ye, Daddie Ratton; they tauld me ye were hanged, man; or did ye get out o' John Dagleish's hands like half-hangit Maggie Dickson?"

“Whisht, ye daft jaud,” said Ratcliffe, “and hear what’s said to ye.”

“Wi’ a’ my heart, Ratton. Great preferment for poor Madge to be brought up the street wi’ a grand man, wi’ a coat a’ passemented wi’ worset-lace, to speak wi’ provosts, and bailies, and town clerks, and prokitors, at this time o’ day; and the haill town looking at me too. This is honor on earth for anes!”

“Ay, Madge,” said Mr. Sharpitlaw, in a coaxing tone; “and ye’re dressed out in your braws, I see; these are not your every-day’s claiths ye have on?”

“Deil be in my fingers, then!” said Madge. “Eh, sirs! [observing Butler come into the apartment], there’s a minister in the tolbooth; wha will ca’ it a graceless place now? I’s warrant he’s in for the gude auld cause; but it’s be nae cause o’ mine,” and off she went into a song:

“Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,
Dub a dub, dub a dub;
Have at old Beelzebub,—
Oliver’s squeaking for fear.”

“Did you ever see that madwoman before?” said Sharpitlaw to Butler.

“Not to my knowledge, sir,” replied Butler.

“I thought as much,” said the procurator-fiscal, looking towards Ratcliffe, who answered his glance with a nod of acquiescence and intelligence.

“But that is Madge Wildfire, as she calls herself,” said the man of law to Butler.

“Ay, that I am,” said Madge, “and that I have been ever since I was something better—heigh ho! [and something like melancholy dwelt on her features for a minute]. But I canna mind when that was; it was lang syne, at ony rate, and I’ll ne’er fash my thumb about it:

“I glance like the wildfire through country and town;
I’m seen on the causeway—I’m seen on the down;
The lightning that flashes so bright and so free,
Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me.”

“Haud your tongue, ye skirling limmer!” said the officer who had acted as master of the ceremonies to this extraordinary performer, and who was rather scandalized at the freedom of her demeanor before a person of Mr. Sharpitlaw’s importance—“haud your tongue, or I’s gie ye something to skirl for!”

“Let her alone, George,” said Sharpitlaw, “dinna put

her out o' tune ; I hae some questions to ask her. But first, Mr. Butler, take another look of her."

"Do sae, minister—do sae," cried Madge ; "I am as weel worth looking at as ony book in your aught. And I can say the Single Carritch, and the Double Carritch, and justification, and effectual calling, and the Assembly of Divines at Westminster—that is," she added in a low tone, "I could say them anes ; but it's lang syne, and aneforgets, yeken." And poor Madge heaved another deep sigh.

"Weel, sir," said Mr. Sharpitlaw to Butler, "what think ye now ?"

"As I did before," said Butler ; "that I never saw the poor demented creature in my life before."

"Then she is not the person whom you said the rioters last night described as Madge Wildfire ?"

"Certainly not," said Butler. "They may be near the same height, for they are both tall ; but I see little other resemblance."

"Their dress, then, is not alike ?" said Sharpitlaw.

"Not in the least," said Butler.

"Madge, my bonny woman," said Sharpitlaw, in the same coaxing manner, "what did ye do wi' your ilka-day's claise yesterday ?"

"I dinna mind," said Madge.

"Where was ye yesterday at e'en, Madge ?"

"I dinna mind onything about yesterday," answered Madge ; "ae day is eneugh for onybody to wun ower 'wi' at a time, and ower muckle sometimes."

"But maybe, Madge, ye wad mind something about it if I was to gie ye this half-crown ?" said Sharpitlaw, taking out the piece of money.

"That might gar me laugh, but it couldna gar me mind."

"But, Madge," continued Sharpitlaw, "were I to send you to the warkhouse in Leith Wynd, and gar Jock Dalgleish lay the tawse on your back——"

"That wad gar me greet," said Madge, sobbing, "but it couldna gar me mind, ye ken."

"She is ower far past reasonable folks' motives, sir," said Ratcliffe, "to mind siller, or John Dalgleish, or the cat and nine tails either ; but I think I could gar her tell us something."

"Try her, then, Ratcliffe," said Sharpitlaw, "for I am tired of her crazy prate, and be d—d to her."

"Madge," said Ratcliffe, "hae ye ony joes now ?"

"An onybody ask ye, say ye dinna ken. Set him to be speaking of my joes, auld Daddie Ratton!"

"I dare say ye hae deil ane?"

"See if I haena, then," said Madge, with the toss of the head of affronted beauty; "there's Rob the Ranter, and Will Fleming, and then there's Geordie Robertson, lad—that's Gentleman Geordie; what think ye o' that?"

Ratcliffe laughed, and, winking to the procurator-fiscal, pursued the inquiry in his own way. "But, Madge, the lads only like ye when ye hae on your brows; they wadna touch you wi' a pair o' tangs when you are in your auld ilka-day rags."

"Ye're a leeing auld sorrow, then," replied the fair one; "for Gentle Geordie Robertson put my ilka-day's claise on his ain bonny sell yestreen, and gaed a' through the town wi' them; and gawsie and grand he lookit, like ony queen in the land."

"I dinna believe a word o't," said Ratcliffe, with another wink to the procurator. "Thae duds were a' o' the color o' moonshine in the water, I'm thinking, Madge. The gown wad be a sky-blue scarlet, I'se warrant ye?"

"It was nae sic thing," said Madge, whose unretentive memory let out, in the eagerness of contradiction, all that she would have most wished to keep concealed, had her judgment been equal to her inclination. "It was neither scarlet nor sky-blue, but my ain auld brown threshie-coat of a short-gown, and my mother's auld mutch, and my red rokelay; and he gaed me a croun and a kiss for the use o' them, blessing on his bonny face—though it's been a dear ane to me."

"And where did he change his clothes again, hinny?" said Sharpitlaw, in his most conciliatory manner.

"The procurator's spoiled a'," observed Ratcliffe, dryly.

And it was even so; for the question, put in so direct a shape, immediately awakened Madge to the propriety of being reserved upon those very topics on which Ratcliffe had indirectly seduced her to become communicative.

"What was't ye were speering at us, sir?" she resumed, with an appearance of stolidity, so speedily assumed as showed there was a good deal of knavery mixed with her folly.

"I asked you," said the procurator, "at what hour, and to what place, Robertson brought back your clothes."

"Robertson! Lord haud a care o' us! what Robertson?"

"Why, the fellow we were speaking of, Gentle Geordie, as you call him."

"Geordie Gentle!" answered Madge, with well-feigned

amazement. "I dinna ken naebody they ca' Geordie Gentle."

"Come, my jo," said Sharpitlaw, "this will not do ; you must tell us what you did with these clothes of yours."

Madge Wildfire made no answer, unless the question may seem connected with the snatch of a song with which she indulged the embarrassed investigator :

"What did ye wi' the bridal ring—bridal ring—bridal ring?
What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little cutty quean, O?
I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,
I gied it till a sodger, an auld true love o' mine, O."

Of all the madwomen who have sung and said, since the days of Hamlet the Dane, if Ophelia be the most affecting, Madge Wildfire was the most provoking.

The procurator-fiscal was in despair. "I'll take some measures with this d—d Bess of Bedlam," said he, "that shall make her find her tongue."

"Wi' your favor, sir," said Ratcliffe, "better let her mind settle a little. Ye have aye made out something."

"True," said the official person ; "a brown short-gown, mutch, red rokelay—that agrees with your Madge Wildfire, Mr. Butler?" Butler agreed that it did so. "Yes, there was a sufficient motive for taking this crazy creature's dress and name, while he was about such a job."

"And I am free to say *now*——" said Ratcliffe.

"When you see it has come out without you," interrupted Sharpitlaw.

"Just sae, sir," reiterated Ratcliffe. "I am free to say now, since it's come out otherwise, that these were the clothes I saw Robertson wearing last night in the jail, when he was at the head of the rioters."

"That's direct evidence," said Sharpitlaw ; "stick to that, Rat. I will report favorably of you to the provost, for I have business for you to-night. It wears late ; I must home and get a snack, and I'll be back in the evening. Keep Madge with you, Ratcliffe, and try to get her into a good tune again." So saying, he left the prison.

CHAPTER XVII

And some they whistled, and some they sang,
And some did loudly say,
Whenever Lord Barnard's horn it blew,
"Away, Musgrave, away!"

Ballad of Little Musgrave.

WHEN the man of office returned to the Heart of Midlothian, he resumed his conference with Ratcliffe, of whose experience and assistance he now held himself secure. "You must speak with this wench, Rat—this Effie Deans—you must sift her a wee bit; for as sure as a tether she will ken Robertson's haunts; till her, Rat—till her, without delay."

"Craving your pardon, Mr. Sharpitlaw," said the turnkey-elect, "that's what I am not free to do."

"Free to do, man! what the deil ails ye now? I thought we had settled a' that."

"I dinna ken, sir," said Ratcliffe; "I hae spoken to this Effie. She's strange to this place and to its ways, and to a' our ways, Mr. Sharpitlaw; and she greets, the silly tawpie, and she's breaking her heart already about this wild chield; and were she the means o' taking him, she wad break it outright."

"She wunna hae time, lad," said Sharpitlaw: "the woodie will hae its ain o' her before that; a woman's heart takes a lang time o' breaking."

"That's according to the stuff they are made o', sir," replied Ratcliffe. "But to make a lang tale short, I canna undertake the job. It gangs against my conscience."

"Your conscience, Rat!" said Sharpitlaw, with a sneer, which the reader will probably think very natural upon the occasion.

"Ou ay, sir," answered Ratcliffe, calmly, "just my conscience; a'body has a conscience, though it may be ill wunnin at it. I think mine's as weel out o' the gate as maist folks' are; and yet it's just like the noop of my elbow: it whiles gets a bit dirl on a corner."

“Weel, Rat,” replied Sharpitlaw, “since ye are nice, I’ll speak to the hussy mysell.”

Sharpitlaw accordingly caused himself to be introduced into the little dark apartment tenanted by the unfortunate Effie Deans. The poor girl was seated on her little flock-bed, plunged in a deep reverie. Some food stood on the table, of a quality better than is usually supplied to prisoners, but it was untouched. The person under whose care she was more particularly placed said, “that sometimes she tasted naething from the tae end of the four-and-twenty hours to the t’other, except a drink of water.”

Sharpitlaw took a chair, and, commanding the turnkey to retire, he opened the conversation, endeavoring to throw into his tone and countenance as much commiseration as they were capable of expressing, for the one was sharp and harsh, the other sly, acute, and selfish.

“How’s a’ wi’ ye, Effie? How d’ye find yoursell, hinny?”

A deep sigh was the only answer.

“Are the folk civil to ye, Effie? it’s my duty to inquire.”

“Very civil, sir,” said Effie, compelling herself to answer, yet hardly knowing what she said.

“And your victuals,” continued Sharpitlaw, in the same condoling tone—“do you get what you like? or is there onything you would particularly fancy, as your health seems but silly?”

“It’s a’ very weel, sir, I thank ye,” said the poor prisoner, in a tone how different from the sportive vivacity of those of the Lily of St. Leonard’s!—“it’s a’ very gude, ower gude for me.”

“He must have been a great villain, Effie, who brought you to this pass,” said Sharpitlaw.

The remark was dictated partly by a natural feeling, of which even he could not divest himself, though accustomed to practise on the passions of others, and keep a most heedful guard over his own, and partly by his wish to introduce the sort of conversation which might best serve his immediate purpose. Indeed, upon the present occasion these mixed motives of feeling and cunning harmonized together wonderfully; “for,” said Sharpitlaw to himself, “the greater rogue Robertson is, the more will be the merit of bringing him to justice.” “He must have been a great villain, indeed,” he again reiterated; “and I wish I had the skelping o’ him.”

“I may blame mysell mair than him,” said Effie. “I

was bred up to ken better ; but he, poor fellow——” She stopped.

“ Was a thorough blackguard a’ his life, I dare say,” said Sharpitlaw. “ A stranger he was in this country, and a companion of that lawless vagabond, Wilson, I think, Effie ? ”

“ It wad hae been dearly telling him that he had ne’er seen Wilson’s face.”

“ That’s very true that you are saying, Effie,” said Sharpitlaw. “ Where was’t that Robertson and you used to howff thegither ? Somegate about the Laigh Calton, I am thinking.”

The simple and dispirited girl had thus far followed Mr. Sharpitlaw’s lead because he had artfully adjusted his observations to the thoughts he was pretty certain must be passing through her own mind, so that her answers became a kind of thinking aloud, a mood into which those who are either constitutionally absent in mind, or are rendered so by the temporary pressure of misfortune, may be easily led by a skilful train of suggestions. But the last observation of the procurator-fiscal was too much of the nature of a direct interrogatory, and it broke the charm accordingly.

“ What was it that I was saying ? ” said Effie, starting up from her reclining posture, seating herself upright, and hastily shading her dishevelled hair back from her wasted, but still beautiful, countenance. She fixed her eyes boldly and keenly upon Sharpitlaw—“ You are too much of a gentleman, sir—too much of an honest man, to take any notice of what a poor creature like me says, that can hardly ca’ my senses my ain—God help me ! ”

“ Advantage ! I would be of some advantage to you if I could,” said Sharpitlaw, in a soothing tone ; “ and I ken naething sae likely to serve ye, Effie, as gripping this rascal, Robertson.”

“ O dinna misca’ him, sir, that never misca’d you ! Robertson ! I am sure I had naething to say against ony man o’ the name, and naething will I say.”

“ But if you do not heed your own misfortune, Effie, you should mind what distress he has brought on your family,” said the man of law.

“ O, Heaven help me ! ” exclaimed poor Effie. “ My poor father—my dear Jeanie ! O, that’s sairest to bide of a’ ! O, sir, if you hae ony kindness—if ye hae ony touch of compassion—for a’ the folk I see here are as hard as the wa’-stones—if ye wad but bid them let my sister Jeanie in the next time she ca’s ! for when I hear them put her awa’ frae

the door, and canna climb up to that high window to see sae muckle as her gown-tail, it's like to pit me out o' my judgment." And she looked on him with a face of entreaty so earnest, yet so humble, that she fairly shook the steadfast purpose of his mind.

"You shall see your sister," he began, "if you'll tell me"—then interrupting himself, he added, in a more hurried tone—"no, d—n it, you shall see your sister whether you tell me anything or no." So saying, he rose up and left the apartment.

When he had rejoined Ratcliffe, he observed, "You are right, Ratton; there's no making much of that lassie. But ae thing I have cleared—that is, that Robertson has been the father of the bairn, and so I will wager a boddle it will be he that's to meet wi' Jeanie Deans this night at Muschat's Cairn, and there we'll nail him, Rat, or my name is not Gideon Sharpitlaw."

"But," said Ratcliffe, perhaps because he was in no hurry to see anything which was like to be connected with the discovery and apprehension of Robertson, "an that were the case, Mr. Butler wad hae kenn'd the man in the King's Park to be the same person wi' him in Madge Wildfire's claise that headed the mob."

"That makes nae difference, man," replied Sharpitlaw. "The dress, the light, the confusion, and maybe a touch o' a blackit cork, or a slake o' paint—hout, Ratton, I have seen ye dress your ainsell that the deevil ye belang to durstna hae made oath t'ye."

"And that's true, too," said Ratcliffe.

"And besides, ye donnard carle," continued Sharpitlaw, triumphantly, "the minister *did* say, that he thought he knew something of the features of the birkie that spoke to him in the Park, though he could not charge his memory where or when he had seen them."

"It's evident, then, your honor will be right," said Ratcliffe.

"Then, Rat, you and I will go with the party oursells this night, and see him in grips, or we are done wi' him."

"I seena muckle use I can be o' to your honor," said Ratcliffe, reluctantly.

"Use!" answered Sharpitlaw. "You can guide the party; you ken the ground. Besides, I do not intend to quit sight o' you, my good friend, till I have him in hand."

"Weel, sir," said Ratcliffe, but in no joyful tone of acqui-

escence, "ye maun hae it your ain way ; but mind he's a desperate man."

"We shall have that with us," answered Sharpitlaw, "that will settle him, if it is necessary."

"But, sir," answered Ratcliffe, "I am sure I couldna undertake to guide you to Muschat's Cairn in the night-time ; I ken the place, as mony does, in fair daylight, but how to find it by moonshine, amang sae mony crags and stanes, as like to each other as the collier to the deil, is mair than I can tell. I might as soon seek moonshine in water."

"What's the meaning o' this, Ratcliffe ?" said Sharpitlaw, while he fixed his eye on the recusant, with a fatal and ominous expression. "Have you forgotten that you are still under sentence of death ?"

"No, sir," said Ratcliffe, "that's a thing no easily put out o' memory ; and if my presence be judged necessary, nae doubt I maun gang wi' your honor. But I was gaun to tell your honor of ane that has mair skeel o' the gate than me, and that's e'en Madge Wildfire."

"The devil she has ! Do you think me as mad as she is, to trust to her guidance on such an occasion ?"

"Your honor is the best judge," answered Ratcliffe ; "but I ken I can keep her in tune, and gar her haud the straight path ; she aften sleeps out, or rambles about amang thae hills the haill simmer night, the daft limmer."

"Well, Ratcliffe," replied the procurator-fiscal, "if you think she can guide us the right way, but take heed to what you are about, your life depends on your behavior."

"It's a sair judgment on a man," said Ratcliffe, "when he has ance gane sae far wrang as I hae done that deil a bit he can be honest, try't whilk way he will."

Such was the reflection of Ratcliffe, when he was left for a few minutes to himself, while the retainer of justice went to procure a proper warrant, and give the necessary directions.

The rising moon saw the whole party free from the walls of the city, and entering upon the open ground. Arthur's Seat, like a couchant lion of immense size, Salisbury Crags, like a huge belt or girdle of granite, were dimly visible. Holding their path along the southern side of the Canongate, they gained the Abbey of Holyrood House, and from thence found their way by step and stile into the King's Park. They were at first four in number—an officer of justice and Sharpitlaw, who were well armed with pistols and cutlasses ; Ratcliffe, who was not trusted with weapons, lest he might, per-

adventure, have used them on the wrong side; and the female. But at the last stile, when they entered the chase, they were joined by other two officers, whom Sharpitlaw, desirous to secure sufficient force for his purpose, and at the same time to avoid observation, had directed to wait for him at this place. Ratcliffe saw this accession of strength with some disquietude, for he had hitherto thought it likely that Robertson, who was a bold, stout, and active young fellow, might have made his escape from Sharpitlaw and the single officer, by force or agility, without his being implicated in the matter. But the present strength of the followers of justice was overpowering, and the only mode of saving Robertson, which the old sinner was well disposed to do, providing always he could accomplish his purpose without compromising his own safety, must be by contriving that he should have some signal of their approach. It was probably with this view that Ratcliffe had requested the addition of Madge to the party, having considerable confidence in her propensity to exert her lungs. Indeed, she had already given them so many specimens of her clamorous loquacity, that Sharpitlaw half determined to send her back with one of the officers, rather than carry forward in his company a person so extremely ill qualified to be a guide in a secret expedition. It seemed, too, as if the open air, the approach to the hills, and the ascent of the moon, supposed to be so portentous over those whose brain is infirm, made her spirits rise in a degree tenfold more loquacious than she had hitherto exhibited. To silence her by fair means seemed impossible; authoritative commands and coaxing entreaties she set alike at defiance; and threats only made her sulky, and altogether intractable.

“Is there no one of you,” said Sharpitlaw, impatiently, “that knows the way to this accursed place—this Nicol Muschat’s Cairn—excepting this mad clavering idiot?”

“Deil ane o’ them kens it, except mysell,” exclaimed Madge; “how suld they, the poor fule cowards? But I hae sat on the grave frae bat-fleeing time till cock-crow, and had mony a fine crack wi’ Nicol Muschat, and Ailie Muschat, that are lying sleeping below.”

“The devil take your crazy brain,” said Sharpitlaw; “will you not allow the men to answer a question?”

The officers, obtaining a moment’s audience while Ratcliffe diverted Madge’s attention, declared, that though they had a general knowledge of the spot, they could not undertake to guide the party to it by the uncertain light of the

moon, with such accuracy as to insure success to their expedition.

“What shall we do, Ratcliffe?” said Sharpitlaw. “If he sees us before we see him—and that’s what he is certain to do, if we go strolling about, without keeping the straight road—we may bid gude day to the job; and I wad rather lose one hundred pounds, baith for the credit of the police, and because the Provost says somebody maun be hanged for this job o’ Porteous, come o’t what likes.”

“I think,” said Ratcliffe, “we maun just try Madge; and I’ll see if I can get her keepit in ony better order. And at ony rate, if he suld hear her skirling her auld ends o’ sangs, he’s no to ken for that that there’s onybody wi’ her.”

“That’s true,” said Sharpitlaw; “and if he thinks her alone he’s as like to come towards her as to rin frae her. So set forward, we hae lost ower muckle time already; see to get her to keep the right road.”

“And what sort o’ house does Nicol Muschat and his wife keep now?” said Ratcliffe to the mad woman, by way of humoring her vein of folly; “they were but thrawn folk lang syne, an a’ tales be true.”

“Ou, ay, ay, ay; but a’s forgotten now,” replied Madge, in the confidential tone of a gossip giving the history of her next-door neighbor. “Ye see, I spoke to them mysell, and tauld them byganes suld be byganes. Her throat’s sair misguggled and mashackered, though; she wears her corpse-sheet drawn weel up to hide it, but that canna hinder the bluid seiping through, ye ken. I wussed her to wash it in St. Anthony’s Well, and that will cleanse if onything can. But they say bluid never bleaches out o’ linen claith. Deacon Sanders’s new cleansing draps winna do’t; I tried them mysell on a bit rag we hae at hame, that was mailed wi’ the bluid of a bit skirling wean that was hurt some gate, but out it winna come. Weel, ye’ll say that’s queer; but I will bring it out to St. Anthony’s blessed Well some braw night just like this, and I’ll cry up Ailie Muschat, and she and I will hae a grand bouking-washing, and bleach our claith in the beams of the bonny Lady Moon, that’s far pleasanter to me than the sun; the sun’s ower het, and ken ye, cummers, my brains are het enough already. But the moon, and the dew, and the night-wind, they are just like a caller kail-blade laid on my brow; and whiles I think the moon just shines on purpose to pleasure me, when naebody sees her but mysell.”

This raving discourse she continued with prodigious volubility, walking on at a great pace, and dragging Ratcliffe

along with her while he endeavored, in appearance at least, if not in reality, to induce her to moderate her voice.

All at once she stopped short upon the top of a little hillock, gazed upward fixedly, and said not one word for the space of five minutes. "What the devil is the matter with her now?" said Sharpitlaw to Ratcliffe. "Can you not get her forward?"

"Ye maun just take a grain o' patience wi' her, sir," said Ratcliffe. "She'll no gae a foot faster than she likes herself."

"D—n her," said Sharpitlaw, "I'll take care she has her time in Bedlam or Bridewell, or both, for she's both mad and mischievous."

In the meanwhile, Madge, who had looked very pensive when she first stopped, suddenly burst into a vehement fit of laughter, then paused and sighed bitterly, then was seized with a second fit of laughter, then, fixing her eyes on the moon, lifted up her voice and sung—

"Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee;
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

But I need not ask that of the bonny Lady Moon; I ken that weel enough mysell—*true-love* though he wasna. But naebody shall say that I ever tauld a word about the matter. But whiles I wish the bairn had lived. Weel, God guide us, there's a heaven aboon us a' [here she sighed bitterly], and a bonny moon, and sterns in it forbye," and here she laughed once more.

"Are we to stand here all night?" said Sharpitlaw, very impatiently. "Drag her forward."

"Ay, sir," said Ratcliffe, "if we kenn'd whilk way to drag her that would settle it at ance. Come, Madge, hinny," addressing her, "we'll no be in time to see Nicol and his wife unless ye show us the road."

"In troth and that I will, Ratton," said she, seizing him by the arm, and resuming her route with huge strides, considering it was a female who took them. "And I'll tell ye, Ratton, blithe will Nicol Muschat be to see ye, for he says he kens weel there isna sic a villain out o' hell as ye are, and he wad be ravished to hae a crack wi' you—like to like, ye ken—it's a proverb never fails; and ye are baith a pair o' the deevil's peats, I trow—hard to ken whilk deserves the hettest corner o' his ingle-side."

Ratcliffe was conscience-struck, and could not forbear

making an involuntary protest against this classification. "I never shed blood," he replied.

"But ye hae sauld it, Ratton—ye hae sauld blood mony a time. Folk kill wi' the tongue as weel as wi' the hand—wi' the word as weel as wi' the gulley!—

"It is the bonny butcher lad,
That wears the sleeves of blue,
He sells the flesh on Saturday,
On Friday that he slew."

"And what is that I am doing now?" thought Ratcliffe. "But I'll hae nae wyte of Robertson's young bluid, if I can help it." Then speaking apart to Madge, he asked her, "Whether she did not remember any o' her auld sangs?"

"Mony a dainty ane," said Madge; "and blithely can I sing them, for lightsome sangs make merry gate." And she sung—

"When the glede's in the blue cloud,
The lavrock lies still;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill."

"Silence her cursed noise, if you should throttle her," said Sharpitlaw; "I see somebody yonder. Keep close, my boys, and creep round the shoulder of the height. George Pinder, stay you with Ratcliffe and that mad yelling bitch; and you other two, come with me round under the shadow of the brae."

And he crept forward with the stealthy pace of an Indian savage, who leads his band to surprise an unsuspecting party of some hostile tribe. Ratcliffe saw them glide off, avoiding the moonlight, and keeping as much in the shade as possible. "Robertson's done up," said he to himself; "thae young lads are aye sae thoughtless. What deevil could he hae to say to Jeanie Deans, or to ony woman on earth, that he suld gang awa' and get his neck raxed for her? And this mad quean, after cracking like a pen-gun and skirling like a pea-hen for the haill night, behoves just to hae hadden her tongue when her clavers might have done some gude! But it's aye the way wi' women; if they ever haud their tongues aye, ye may swear it's for mischief. I wish I could set her on again without this blood-sucker kenning what I am doing. But he's as gleg as MacKeachan's elshin, that ran through sax plies of bend-leather and half an inch into the king's heel."

He then began to hum, but in a very low and suppressed tone, the first stanza of a favorite ballad of Wildfire's, the

words of which bore some distant analogy with the situation of Robertson, trusting that the power of association would not fail to bring the rest to her mind :

“ There’s a bloodhound ranging Tinwald wood,
There’s harness glancing sheen ;
There’s a maiden sits on Tinwald brae,
And she sings loud between.”

Madge had no sooner received the catchword than she vindicated Ratcliffe’s sagacity by setting off at score with the song :

“ O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride ?
There’s twenty men, wi’ bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.”

Though Ratcliffe was at a considerable distance from the spot called Muschat’s Cairn, yet his eyes, practised like those of a cat to penetrate darkness, could mark that Robertson had caught the alarm. George Poinder, less keen of sight or less attentive, was not aware of his flight any more than Sharpitlaw and his assistants, whose view, though they were considerably nearer to the cairn, was intercepted by the broken nature of the ground under which they were screening themselves. At length, however, after the interval of five or six minutes, they also perceived that Robertson had fled, and rushed hastily towards the place, while Sharpitlaw called out aloud, in the harshest tones of a voice which resembled a saw-mill at work, “ Chase, lads—chase—haud the brae ; I see him on the edge of the hill !” Then hallooing back to the rear-guard of his detachment, he issued his further orders : “ Ratcliffe, come here and detain the woman ; George, run and keep the stile at the Duke’s Walk ; Ratcliffe, come here directly, but first knock out that mad bitch’s brains !”

“ Ye had better rin for it, Madge,” said Ratcliffe, “ for it’s ill dealing wi’ an angry man.”

Madge Wildfire was not so absolutely void of common sense as not to understand this innuendo ; and while Ratcliffe, in seemingly anxious haste of obedience, hastened to the spot where Sharpitlaw waited to deliver up Jeanie Deans to his custody, she fled with all the despatch she could exert in an opposite direction. Thus the whole party were separated, and in rapid motion of flight or pursuit, excepting Ratcliffe and Jeanie, whom, although making no attempt to escape, he held fast by the cloak, and who remained standing by Muschat’s Cairn.

CHAPTER XVIII

You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling.

Measure for Measure.

JEANIE DEANS—for here our story unites itself with that part of the narrative which broke off at the end of the fifteenth chapter—while she waited, in terror and amazement, the hasty advance of three or four men towards her, was yet more startled at their suddenly breaking asunder, and giving chase in different directions to the late object of her terror, who became at that moment, though she could not well assign a reasonable cause, rather the cause of her interest. One of the party—it was Sharpitlaw—came straight up to her, and saying, “Your name is Jeanie Deans, and you are my prisoner,” immediately added, “but if you will tell me which way he ran I will let you go.”

“I dinna ken, sir,” was all the poor girl could utter ; and, indeed, it is the phrase which rises most readily to the lips of any person in her rank, as the readiest reply to any embarrassing question.

“But,” said Sharpitlaw, “ye *ken* wha it was ye were speaking wi’, my leddy, on the hillside, and midnight sae near ; ye surely ken *that*, my bonny woman ?”

“I dinna ken, sir,” again iterated Jeanie, who really did not comprehend in her terror the nature of the questions which were so hastily put to her in this moment of surprise.

“We will try to mend your memory by and by, hinny,” said Sharpitlaw, and shouted, as we have already told the reader, to Ratcliffe to come up and take charge of her, while he himself directed the chase after Robertson, which he still hoped might be successful. As Ratcliffe approached, Sharpitlaw pushed the young woman towards him with some rudeness, and betaking himself to the more important object of his quest, began to scale crags and scramble up steep banks, with an agility of which his profession and his general gravity of demeanor would previously have argued him incapable. In a few minutes there was no one within sight, and only a distant halloo from one of the pursuers to the other, faintly heard on the side of the hill, argued that there was any one within

hearing. Jeanie Deans was left in the clear moonlight, standing under the guard of a person of whom she knew nothing, and, what was worse, concerning whom, as the reader is well aware, she could have learned nothing that would not have increased her terror.

When all in the distance was silent, Ratcliffe for the first time addressed her, and it was in that cold sarcastic indifferent tone familiar to habitual depravity, whose crimes are instigated by custom rather than by passion. "This is a braw night for ye, dearie," he said, attempting to pass his arm across her shoulder, "to be on the green hill wi' your jo." Jeanie extricated herself from his grasp, but did not make any reply. "I think lads and lasses," continued the ruffian, "dinna meet at Muschat's Cairn at midnight to crack nuts," and he again attempted to take hold of her.

"If ye are an officer of justice, sir," said Jeanie, again eluding his attempt to seize her, "ye deserve to have your coat stripped from your back."

"Very true, hinny," said he, succeeding forcibly in his attempt to get hold of her, "but suppose I should strip your cloak off first?"

"Ye are more a man, I am sure, than to hurt me, sir," said Jeanie; "for God's sake have pity on a half-distracted creature!"

"Come, come," said Ratcliffe, "you're a good-looking wench, and should not be cross-grained. I was going to be an honest man, but the devil has this very day flung first a lawyer and then a woman in my gate. I'll tell you what, Jeanie, they are out on the hillside; if you'll be guided by me, I'll carry you to a wee bit corner in the Pleasaunts that I ken o' in an auld wife's, that a' the prokitors o' Scotland wot naething o', and we'll send Robertson word to meet us in Yorkshire, for there is a set o' braw lads about the midland counties, that I hae dune business wi' before now, and sae we'll leave Mr. Sharpitlaw to whistle on his thumb."

It was fortunate for Jeanie, in an emergency like the present, that she possessed presence of mind and courage, so soon as the first hurry of surprise had enabled her to rally her recollection. She saw the risk she was in from a ruffian, who not only was such by profession, but had that evening been stupefying, by means of strong liquors, the internal aversion which he felt at the business on which Sharpitlaw had resolved to employ him.

"Dinna speak sae loud," said she, in a low voice, "he's up yonder."

“Who? Robertson?” said Ratcliffe, eagerly.

“Ay,” replied Jeanie—“up yonder;” and she pointed to the ruins of the hermitage and chapel.

“By G—d, then,” said Ratcliffe, “I’ll make my ain of him, either one way or other; wait for me here.”

But no sooner had he set off, as fast as he could run, towards the chapel, than Jeanie started in an opposite direction, over high and low, on the nearest path homeward. Her juvenile exercise as a herdswoman had put “life and mettle” in her heels, and never had she followed Dustiefoot, when the cows were in the corn, with half so much speed as she now cleared the distance betwixt Muschat’s Cairn and her father’s cottage at St. Leonard’s. To lift the latch, to enter, to shut, bolt, and double bolt the door, to draw against it a heavy article of furniture, which she could not have moved in a moment of less energy, so as to make yet further provision against violence, was almost the work of a moment, yet done with such silence as equalled the celerity.

Her next anxiety was upon her father’s account, and she drew silently to the door of his apartment, in order to satisfy herself whether he had been disturbed by her return. He was awake—probably had slept but little; but the constant presence of his own sorrows, the distance of his apartment from the outer door of the house, and the precautions which Jeanie had taken to conceal her departure and return, had prevented him from being sensible of either. He was engaged in his devotions, and Jeanie could distinctly hear him use these words: “And for the other child Thou hast given me to be a comfort and stay to my old age, may her days belong in the land, according to the promise Thou hast given to those who shall honor father and mother; may all her purchased and promised blessings be multiplied upon her; keep her in the watches of the night, and in the uprising of the morning, that all in this land may know that Thou hast not utterly hid Thy face from those that seek Thee in truth and in sincerity.” He was silent, but probably continued his petition in the strong fervency of mental devotion.

His daughter retired to her apartment, comforted, that while she was exposed to danger, her head had been covered by the prayers of the just as by a helmet, and under the strong confidence that, while she walked worthy of the protection of Heaven, she would experience its countenance. It was in that moment that a vague idea first darted across her mind, that something might yet be achieved for her sister’s safety, conscious as she now was of her innocence of the un-

natural murder with which she stood charged. It came, as she described it, on her mind like a sun-blink on a stormy sea ; and although it instantly vanished, yet she felt a degree of composure which she had not experienced for many days, and could not help being strongly persuaded that, by some means or other, she would be called upon and directed to work out her sister's deliverance. She went to bed, not forgetting her usual devotions, the more fervently made on account of her late deliverance, and she slept soundly in spite of her agitation.

We must return to Ratcliffe, who had started, like a greyhound from the slips when the sportsman cries halloo, so soon as Jeanie had pointed to the ruins. Whether he meant to aid Robertson's escape or to assist his pursuers may be very doubtful ; perhaps he did not himself know, but had resolved to be guided by circumstances. He had no opportunity, however, of doing either ; for he had no sooner surmounted the steep ascent, and entered under the broken arches of the ruins, than a pistol was presented at his head, and a harsh voice commanded him, in the king's name, to surrender himself prisoner.

"Mr. Sharpitlaw !" said Ratcliffe, surprised, "is this your honor ?"

"Is it only you, and be d—d to you ?" answered the fiscal, still more disappointed ; "what made you leave the woman ?"

"She told me she saw Robertson go into the ruins, so I made what haste I could to cleek the callant."

"It's all over now," said Sharpitlaw, "we shall see no more of him to-night ; but he shall hide himself in a bean-hool, if he remains on Scottish ground without my finding him. Call back the people, Ratcliffe."

Ratcliffe hallooed to the dispersed officers, who willingly obeyed the signal ; for probably there was no individual among them who would have been much desirous of a *rencontre* hand to hand, and at a distance from his comrades, with such an active and desperate fellow as Robertson.

"And where are the two women ?" said Sharpitlaw.

"Both made their heels serve them, I suspect," replied Ratcliffe, and he hummed the end of the old song—

"Then hey play up the rin-awa' bride,
For she has taen the gee."

"One woman," said Sharpitlaw, for, like all rogues, he was a great calumniator of the fair sex *—"one woman is enough

* See Note 22.

to dark the fairest ploy that ever was planned ; and how could I be such an ass as to expect to carry through a job that had two in it ? But we know how to come by them both, if they are wanted, that's one good thing."

Accordingly, like a defeated general, sad and sulky, he led back his discomfited forces to the metropolis, and dismissed them for the night.

The next morning early, he was under the necessity of making his report to the sitting magistrate of the day. The gentleman who occupied the chair of office on this occasion, for the bailies (*Anglicé*, aldermen) take it by rotation, chanced to be the same by whom Butler was committed, a person very generally respected among his fellow-citizens. Something he was of a humorist, and rather deficient in general education ; but acute, patient, and upright, possessed of a fortune acquired by honest industry, which made him perfectly independent ; and, in short, very happily qualified to support the respectability of the office which he held.

Mr. Middleburgh had just taken his seat, and was debating in an animated manner, with one of his colleagues, the doubtful chances of a game at golf which they had played the day before, when a letter was delivered to him, addressed "For Bailie Middleburgh—These : to be forwarded with speed." It contained these words :

"SIR,

"I know you to be a sensible and a considerate magistrate, and one who, as such, will be content to worship God though the devil bid you. I therefore expect that, notwithstanding the signature of this letter acknowledges my share in an action which, in a proper time and place, I would not fear either to avow or to justify, you will not on that account reject what evidence I place before you. The clergyman, Butler, is innocent of all but involuntary presence at an action which he wanted spirit to approve of, and from which he endeavored, with his best set phrases, to dissuade us. But it was not for him that it is my hint to speak. There is a woman in your jail, fallen under the edge of a law so cruel that it has hung by the wall, like unscoured armor, for twenty years, and is now brought down and whetted to spill the blood of the most beautiful and most innocent creature whom the walls of a prison ever girdled in. Her sister knows of her innocence, as she communicated to her that she was betrayed by a villain. God bless her heart—

"Would put me every hour to a cruel trial."

To scourge me such a villain through the world !

"I write distractedly. But this girl—this Jeanie Deans, is a peevish Puritan, superstitious and scrupulous after the manner of her sect ; and I pray your honor, for so my phrase must go, to press upon her that her sister's life depends upon her testimony. But though she should remain silent, do not dare to think that the young woman is guilty, far less to permit her execution. Remember, the death of Wilson was fearfully avenged ; and those yet live who can compel you to drink the dregs of your poisoned chalice. I say, remember Porteous—and say that you had good counsel from

"ONE OF HIS SLAYERS."

The magistrate read over this extraordinary letter twice or thrice. At first he was tempted to throw it aside as the production of a madman, so little did "the scraps from playbooks," as he termed the poetical quotation, resemble the correspondence of a rational being. On a re-perusal, however, he thought that, amid its incoherence, he could discover something like a tone of awakened passion, though expressed in a manner quaint and unusual.

"It is a cruelly severe statute," said the magistrate to his assistant, "and I wish the girl could be taken from under the letter of it. A child may have been born, and it may have been conveyed away while the mother was insensible, or it may have perished for want of that relief which the poor creature herself—helpless, terrified, distracted, despairing, and exhausted—may have been unable to afford to it. And yet it is certain, if the woman is found guilty under the statute, execution will follow. The crime has been too common, and examples are necessary."

"But if this other wench," said the city clerk, "can speak to her sister communicating her situation, it will take the case from under the statute."

"Very true," replied the bailie ; "and I will walk out one of these days to St. Leonard's and examine the girl myself. I know something of their father Deans—an old true-blue Cameronian, who would see house and family go to wreck ere he would disgrace his testimony by a sinful complying with the defections of the times ; and such he will probably uphold the taking an oath before a civil magistrate. If they are to go on and flourish with their bull-headed obstinacy, the legislature must pass an act to take their affirmations, as in the case of Quakers. But surely neither a father nor a sister will scruple in a case of this kind. As I said before, I will go speak with them myself, when the hurry of this Porteous investigation is somewhat over ;

their pride and spirit of contradiction will be far less alarmed than if they were called into a court of justice at once."

"And I suppose Butler is to remain incarcerated?" said the city clerk.

"For the present, certainly," said the magistrate. "But I hope soon to set him at liberty upon bail."

"Do you rest upon the testimony of that light-headed letter?" asked the clerk.

"Not very much," answered the bailie; "and yet there is something striking about it too; it seems the letter of a man beside himself, either from great agitation or some great sense of guilt."

"Yes," said the town clerk, "it is very like the letter of a mad strolling play-actor, who deserves to be hanged with all the rest of his gang, as your honor justly observes."

"I was not quite so bloodthirsty," continued the magistrate. "But to the point. Butler's private character is excellent; and I am given to understand, by some inquiries I have been making this morning, that he did actually arrive in town only the day before yesterday, so that it was impossible he could have been concerned in any previous machinations of these unhappy rioters, and it is not likely that he should have joined them on a suddeny."

"There's no saying anent that; zeal catches fire at a slight spark as fast as a brunstane match," observed the secretary. "I hae kenn'd a minister wad be fair gude-day and fair gude-e'en wi' ilka man in the parochine, and hing just as quiet as a rocket on a stick, till ye mentioned the word abjuration oath, or patronage, or sic-like, and then, whiz, he was off, and up in the air an hundred miles beyond common manners, common sense, and common comprehension."

"I do not understand," answered the burgher magistrate, "that the young man Butler's zeal is of so inflammable a character. But I will make further investigation. What other business is there before us?"

And they proceeded to minute investigations concerning the affair of Porteous's death, and other affairs through which this history has no occasion to trace them.

In the course of their business they were interrupted by an old woman of the lower rank, extremely haggard in look and wretched in her apparel, who thrust herself into the council room.

"What do you want, gudewife? Who are you?" said Bailie Middleburgh.

"What do I want!" replied she, in a sulky tone "I

want my bairn, or I want naething frae nane o' ye, for as grand's ye are." And she went on muttering to herself, with the wayward spitefulness of age—"They maun hae lordships and honors nae doubt; set them up, the gutter-bloods! and deil a gentleman amang them." Then again addressing the sitting magistrate—"Will *your honor* gie me back my puir crazy bairn? *His honor*! I hae kenn'd the day when less wad ser'd him, the oe of a Campvere skipper."

"Good woman," said the magistrate to this shrewish suppliant, "tell us what it is you want, and do not interrupt the court."

"That's as muckle as till say, 'Bark, Bawtie, and be dune wi't!' I tell ye," raising her termagant voice, "I want my bairn! is na that braid Scots?"

"Who *are* you? who is your bairn?" demanded the magistrate.

"Wha am I? Wha suld I be, but Meg Murdockson, and wha suld my bairn be but Magdalen Murdockson? Your guard soldiers, and your constables, and your officers ken us weel enough when they rive the bits o' duds aff our backs, and take what penny o' siller we hae, and harle us to the correction-house in Leith Wynd, and pettle us up wi' bread and water, and sic-like sunkets."

"Who is she?" said the magistrate, looking round to some of his people.

"Other than a gude ane, sir," said one of the city officers, shrugging his shoulders and smiling.

"Will ye say sae?" said the termagant, her eye gleaming with impotent fury; "an I had ye amang the Frigate Whins, wadna I set my ten talents in your wuzzent face for that very word?" and she suited the word to the action, by spreading out a set of claws resembling those of St. George's dragon on a country sign-post.

"What does she want here?" said the impatient magistrate. "Can she not tell her business, or go away?"

"It's my bairn—it's Magdalen Murdockson I'm wantin'," answered the beldam, screaming at the highest pitch of her cracked and mistuned voice; "harena I been tellin' ye sae this half-hour? And if ye are deaf, what needs ye sit cockit up there, and keep folk scraughin' t'ye this gate?"

"She wants her daughter, sir," said the same officer whose interference had given the hag such offence before—"her daughter, who was taken up last night—Madge Wildfire, as they ca' her."

"Madge HELLFIRE, as they ca' her!" echoed the beldam;

“and what business has a blackguard like you to ca’ an honest woman’s bairn out o’ her ain name?”

“An *honest* woman’s bairn, Maggie?” answered the peace-officer, smiling and shaking his head with an ironical emphasis on the adjective, and a calmness calculated to provoke to madness the furious old shrew.

“If I am no honest now, I was honest ance,” she replied; “and that’s mair than ye can say, ye born and bred thief, that never kenn’d ither folks’ gear frae your ain since the day ye was cleckit. Honest, say ye? Ye pykit your mother’s pouch o’ twal pennies Scotch when ye were five years auld, just as she was taking leave o’ your father at the fit o’ the gallows.”

“She has you there, George,” said the assistants, and there was a general laugh; for the wit was fitted for the meridian of the place where it was uttered. This general applause somewhat gratified the passions of the old hag; the “grim feature” smiled, and even laughed, but it was a laugh of bitter scorn. She condescended, however, as if appeased by the success of her sally, to explain her business more distinctly, when the magistrate, commanding silence, again desired her either to speak out her errand or to leave the place.

“Her bairn,” she said, “*was* her bairn, and she came to fetch her out of ill haft and waur guiding. If she wasna sae wise as ither folk, few ither folk had suffered as muckle as she had done; forbye that she could fend the waur for hersell within the four wa’s of a jail. She could prove by fifty witnesses, and fifty to that, that her daughter had never seen Jock Porteous, alive or dead, since he had gien her a lounding wi’ his cane, the neger that he was! for driving a dead cat at the provost’s wig on the Elector of Hanover’s birthday.”

Notwithstanding the wretched appearance and violent demeanor of this woman, the magistrate felt the justice of her argument, that her child might be as dear to her as to a more fortunate and more amiable mother. He proceeded to investigate the circumstances which had led to Madge Murdockson’s (or Wildfire’s) arrest, and as it was clearly shown that she had not been engaged in the riot, he contented himself with directing that an eye should be kept upon her by the police, but that for the present she should be allowed to return home with her mother. During the interval of fetching Madge from the jail, the magistrate endeavored to discover whether her mother had been privy to the change of dress betwixt that young woman and Robertson. But on this point he could obtain no light. She persisted in declar-

ing that she had never seen Robertson since his remarkable escape during service-time; and that, if her daughter had changed clothes with him, it must have been during her absence at a hamlet about two miles out of town, called Duddingstone, where she could prove that she passed that eventful night. And, in fact, one of the town officers, who had been searching for stolen linen at the cottage of a washerwoman in that village, gave his evidence, that he had seen Maggie Murdockson there, whose presence had considerably increased his suspicion of the house in which she was a visitor, in respect that he considered her as a person of no good reputation.

"I tauld ye sae," said the hag; "see now what it is to hae a character, gude or bad! Now, maybe after a', I could tell ye something about Porteous that you council-chamber bodies never could find out, for as muckle stir as ye mak."

All eyes were turned towards her, all ears were alert. "Speak out!" said the magistrate.

"It will be for your ain gude," insinuated the town clerk.

"Dinna keep the bailie waiting," urged the assistants.

She remained doggedly silent for two or three minutes, casting around a malignant and sulky glance, that seemed to enjoy the anxious suspense with which they waited her answer. And then she broke forth at once—"A' that I ken about him is, that he was neither soldier nor gentleman, but just a thief and a blackguard, like maist o' yoursells, dears. What will ye gie me for that news, now? He wad hae served the Gude Town lang or provost or bailie wad hae fund that out, my jo!"

While these matters were in discussion, Madge Wildfire entered, and her first exclamation was, "Eh! see if there isna our auld ne'er-do-weel deevil's buckie o' a mither. Hegh, sirs! but we are a hopefu' family, to be twa o' us in the guard at ance. But there were better days wi' us ance; were there na, mither?"

Old Maggie's eyes had glistened with something like an expression of pleasure when she saw her daughter set at liberty. But either her natural affection, like that of the tigress, could not be displayed without a strain of ferocity, or there was something in the ideas which Madge's speech awakened that again stirred her cross and savage temper. "What signifies what we were, ye street-raking limmer!" she exclaimed, pushing her daughter before her to the door, with no gentle degree of violence. "I'se tell thee what thou is now: thou's a crazed hellicat Bess o' Bedlam, that sall taste naething but bread and

water for a fortnight, to serve ye for the plague ye hae gien me ; and ower gude for ye, ye idle tawpie ! ”

Madge, however, escaped from her mother at the door, ran back to the foot of the table, dropped a very low and fantastic courtesy to the judge, and said, with a giggling laugh—“ Our minnie’s sair mis-set, after her ordinar, sir. She’ll hae had some quarrel wi’ her auld gudeman—that’s Satan, ye ken, sirs.” This explanatory note she gave in a low confidential tone, and the spectators of that credulous generation did not hear it without an involuntary shudder. “ The gudeman and her disna ave gree weel, and then I maun pay the piper ; but my back’s broad enough to bear’t a’, an if she hae nae havings, that’s nae reason why wiser folk shouldna hae some.” Here another deep courtesy, when the ungracious voice of her mother was heard.

“ Madge, ye limmer ! If I come to fetch ye ! ”

“ Hear till her,” said Madge. “ But I’ll wun out a gliff the night for a’ that, to dance in the moonlight, when her and the gudeman will be whirrying through the blue lift on a broomshank, to see Jean Jap, that they hae putten intill the Kirkcaldy tolbooth ; ay, they will hae a merry sail ower Inchkeith, and ower a’ the bits o’ bonny waves that are poppling and plashing against the rocks in the gowden glimmer o’ the moon, ye ken. I’m coming, mither—I’m coming,” she concluded, on hearing a scuffle at the door betwixt the beldam and the officers, who were endeavoring to prevent her re-entrance. Madge then waved her hand wildly towards the ceiling, and sung, at the topmost pitch of her voice—

Up in the air,
On my bonny gray mare,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet ; ”

and with a hop, skip, and jump, sprung out of the room, as the witches of *Macbeth* used, in less refined days, to seem to fly upwards from the stage.

Some weeks intervened before Mr. Middleburgh, agreeably to his benevolent resolution, found an opportunity of taking a walk towards St. Leonard’s, in order to discover whether it might be possible to obtain the evidence hinted at in the anonymous letter respecting Effie Deans.

In fact, the anxious perquisitions made to discover the murderers of Porteous occupied the attention of all concerned with the administration of justice.

In the course of these inquiries, two circumstances hap-

pened material to our story. Butler, after a close investigation of his conduct, was declared innocent of accession to the death of Porteous ; but, as having been present during the whole transaction, was obliged to find bail not to quit his usual residence at Liberton, that he might appear as a witness when called upon. The other incident regarded the disappearance of Madge Wildfire and her mother from Edinburgh. When they were sought, with the purpose of subjecting them to some further interrogatories, it was discovered by Mr. Sharpitlaw that they had eluded the observation of the police, and left the city so soon as dismissed from the council-chamber. No efforts could trace the place of their retreat.

In the meanwhile, the excessive indignation of the council of regency, at the slight put upon their authority by the murder of Porteous, had dictated measures, in which their own extreme desire of detecting the actors in that conspiracy were consulted, in preference to the temper of the people and the character of their churchmen. An act of parliament was hastily passed, offering two hundred pounds reward to those who should inform against any person concerned in the deed, and the penalty of death, by a very unusual and severe enactment, was denounced against those who should harbor the guilty. But what was chiefly accounted exceptionable, was a clause, appointing the act to be read in churches by the officiating clergyman, on the first Sunday of every month, for a certain period, immediately before the sermon. The ministers who should refuse to comply with this injunction were declared, for the first offense, incapable of sitting or voting in any church judicature, and for the second, incapable of holding any ecclesiastical preferment in Scotland.

This last order united in a common cause those who might privately rejoice in Porteous's death, though they dared not vindicate the manner of it, with the more scrupulous Presbyterians, who held that even the pronouncing the name of the "Lords Spiritual" in a Scottish pulpit was *quodammodo*, an acknowledgment of Prelacy, and that the injunction of the legislature was an interference of the civil government with the *jus divinum* of Presbytery, since to the General Assembly alone, as representing the invisible head of the kirk, belonged to the sole and exclusive right of regulating whatever pertained to public worship. Very many also, of different political or religious sentiments, and therefore not much moved by these considerations, thought they saw, in so violent an act of parliament, a more vindictive spirit than became the legislature of a great country, and something like an attempt to trample

upon the rights and independence of Scotland. The various steps adopted for punishing the city of Edinburgh, by taking away her charter and liberties, for what a violent and overmastering mob had done within her walls, were resented by many, who thought a pretext was too hastily taken for degrading the ancient metropolis of Scotland. In short, there was much heart-burning, discontent, and disaffection occasioned by these ill-considered measures.*

Amidst these heats and dissensions, the trial of Effie Deans, after she had been many weeks imprisoned, was at length about to be brought forward, and Mr. Middleburgh found leisure to inquire into the evidence concerning her. For this purpose, he chose a fine day for his walk towards her father's house.

The excursion into the country was somewhat distant, in the opinion of a burgess of those days, although many of the present inhabit suburban villas considerably beyond the spot to which we allude. Three-quarters of an hour's walk, however, even at a pace of magisterial gravity, conducted our benevolent office-bearer to the Crag of St. Leonard's, and the humble mansion of David Deans.

The old man was seated on the deas, or turf-seat, at the end of his cottage, busied in mending his cart-harness with his own hands; for in those days any sort of labor which required a little more skill than usual fell to the share of the goodman himself, and that even when he was well-to-pass in the world. With stern and austere gravity he persevered in his task, after having just raised his head to notice the advance of the stranger. It would have been impossible to have discovered, from his countenance and manner, the internal feelings of agony with which he contended. Mr. Middleburgh waited an instant, expecting Deans would in some measure acknowledge his presence, and lead into conversation; but, as he seemed determined to remain silent, he was himself obliged to speak first.

"My name is Middleburgh—Mr. James Middleburgh, one of the present magistrates of the city of Edinburgh."

"It may be sae," answered Deans, laconically, and without interrupting his labor.

"You must understand," he continued, "that the duty of a magistrate is sometimes an unpleasant one."

"It may be sae," replied David; "I hae naething to say in the contrair;" and he was again doggedly silent.

"You must be aware," pursued the magistrate, "that

* See The Magistrates and the Porteous Mob. Note 23.

persons in my situation are often obliged to make painful and disagreeable inquiries of individuals, merely because it is their bounden duty."

"It may be sae," again replied Deans; "I hae naething to say anent it, either the tae way or the t'other. But I do ken there was ance in a day a just and God-fearing magistracy in yon town o' Edinburgh, that did not bear the sword in vain, but were a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to such as kept the path. In the glorious days of auld worthy faithfu' Provost Dick,* when there was a true and faithfu' General Assembly of the Kirk, walking hand in hand with the real noble Scottish-hearted barons, and with the magistrates of this and other towns, gentles, burgesses, and commons of all ranks, seeing with one eye, hearing with one ear, and upholding the ark with their united strength. And then folk might see men deliver up their silver to the state's use, as if it had been as muckle sclate stanes. My father saw them toom the sacks of dollars out o' Provost Dick's window intill the carts that carried them to the army at Dunse Law; and if ye winna believe his testimony, there is the window itsell still standing in the Luckenbooths—I think it's a claith-merchant's booth the day†—at the airn stanchells, five doors abune Gossford's Close. But now we haena sic spirit amang us; we think mair about the warst wally-draigle in our ain byre than about the blessing which the angel of the covenant gave to the Patriarch, even at Peniel and Mahanaim, or the binding obligation of our national vows; and we wad rather gie a pund Scots to buy an unguent to clear our auld rannel-trees and our beds o' the English bugs, as they ca' them, than we wad gie a plack to rid the land of the swarm of Arminian caterpillars, Socinian pismires, and deistical Miss Katies, that have ascended out of the bottomless pit to plague this perverse, insidious, and lukewarm generation."

It happened to Davie Deans on this occasion, as it has done to many other habitual orators, when once he became embarked on his favorite subject, the stream of his own enthusiasm carried him forward in spite of his mental distress, while his well-exercised memory supplied him amply with all the types and tropes of rhetoric peculiar to his sect and cause.

Mr. Middleburgh contented himself with answering—"All this may be very true, my friend; but, as you said just now,

* See Sir William Dick of Braid. Note 24.

† I think so too; but if the reader be curious, he may consult Mr. Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*.

I have nothing to say to it at present, either one way or other. You have two daughters, I think, Mr. Deans ?”

The old man winced, as one whose smarting sore is suddenly galled ; but instantly composed himself, resumed the work which, in the heat of his declamation, he had laid down, and answered with sullen resolution, “ Ae daughter, sir—only *ane*.”

“ I understand you,” said Mr. Middleburgh ; “ you have only one daughter here at home with you ; but this unfortunate girl who is a prisoner—she is, I think, your youngest daughter ? ”

The Presbyterian sternly raised his eyes. “ After the world, and according to the flesh, she *is* my daughter ; but when she became a child of Belial, and a company-keeper, and a trader in guilt and iniquity, she ceased to be a bairn of mine.”

“ Alas, Mr. Deans,” said Middleburgh, sitting down by him and endeavoring to take his hand, which the old man proudly withdrew, “ we are ourselves all sinners ; and the errors of our offspring, as they ought not to surprise us, being the portion which they derive of a common portion of corruption inherited through us, so they do not entitle us to cast them off because they have lost themselves.”

“ Sir,” said Deans, impatiently, “ I ken a’ that as weel as—I mean to say,” he resumed, checking the irritation he felt at being schooled—a discipline of the mind which those most ready to bestow it on others do themselves most reluctantly submit to receive—“ I mean to say, that what ye observe may be just and reasonable ; but I hae nae freedom to enter into my ain private affairs wi’ strangers. And now, in this great national emergency, when there’s the Porteous Act has come down frae London, that is a deeper blow to this poor sinfu’ kingdom and suffering kirk than ony that has been heard of since the foul and fatal Test—at a time like this——”

“ But, goodman,” interrupted Mr. Middleburgh, “ you must think of your own household first, or else you are worse even than the infidels.”

“ I tell ye, Bailie Middleburgh,” retorted David Deans, “ if ye be a bailie, as there is little honor in being *ane* in these evil days—I tell ye, I heard the gracious Saunders Peden—I wotna whan it was ; but it was in killing time, when the plowers were drawing along their furrows on the back of the Kirk of Scotland—I heard him tell his hearers, gude and waled Christians they were too, that some o’ them wad greet mair for a bit drowned calf or stirk than for a’ the defections and oppressions of the day ; and that they were some o’ them thinking o’ ae thing, some o’ anither, and

there was Lady Hundleslope thinking o' greeting Jock at the fireside! And the lady confessed in my hearing that a drow of anxiety had come ower her for her son that she had left at hame of a decay.* And what wad he hae said of me, if I had ceased to think of the gude cause for a castaway—a— It kills me to think of what she is !”

“ But the life of your child, goodman—think of that ; if her life could be saved,” said Middleburgh.

“ Her life !” exclaimed David. “ I wadna gie ane o' my gray hairs for her life, if her gude name be gane. And yet,” said he, relenting and retracting as he spoke, “ I wad make the niffer, Mr. Middleburgh—I wad gie a' these gray hairs that she has brought to shame and sorrow—I wad gie the auld head they grow on, for her life, and that she might hae time to amend and return, for what hae the wicked beyond the breath of their nostrils ? But I'll never see her mair. No ! that—that I am determined in—I'll never see her mair !” His lips continued to move for a minute after his voice ceased to be heard, as if he were repeating the same vow internally.

“ Well, sir,” said Mr. Middleburgh, “ I speak to you as a man of sense ; if you would save your daughter's life you must use human means.”

“ I understand what you mean ; but Mr. Novit, who is the procurator and doer of an honorable person, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, is to do what carnal wisdom can do for her in the circumstances. Mysell am not clear to trinquet and traffic wi' courts o' justice, as they are now constituted ; I have a tenderness and scruple in my mind anent them.”

“ That is to say,” said Middleburgh, “ that you are a Cameronian, and do not acknowledge the authority of our courts of judicature, or present government ?”

“ Sir, under your favor,” replied David, who was too proud of his own polemical knowledge to call himself the follower of any one, “ ye take me up before I fall down. I canna see why I suld be termed a Cameronian, especially now that ye hae given the name of that famous and savory sufferer, not only until a regimental band of soldiers, whereof I am told many can now curse, swear, and use profane language as fast as ever Richard Cameron could preach or pray, but also because ye have, in as far as it is in your power, rendered that martyr's name vain and contemptible, by pipes, drums, and fifes, playing the vain carnal spring, called the Cameronian Rant, which too many professors of religion dance to—a practice maist unbecoming a professor to dance to any tune

* See *Life of Peden*, v. 111.

whatsoever, more especially promiscuously, that is, with the female sex.* A brutish fashion it is, whilk is the beginning of defection with many, as I may hae as muckle cause as maist folk to testify."

"Well, but, Mr. Deans," replied Mr. Middleburgh, "I only meant to say that you were a Cameronian, or Mac-Millanite, one of the society people, in short, who think it inconsistent to take oaths under a government where the Covenant is not ratified."

"Sir," replied the controversialist, who forgot even his present distress in such discussions as these, "you cannot fickle me sae easily as you do opine. I am *not* a MacMillanite, or a Russelite, or a Hamiltonian, or a Harleyite, or a Howdenite; † I will be led by the nose by none; I take my name as a Christian from no vessel of clay. I have my own principles and practice to answer for, and am an humble pleader for the gude auld cause in a legal way."

"That is to say, Mr. Deans," said Middleburgh, "that you are *Deanite*, and have opinions peculiar to yourself."

"It may please you to say sae," replied David Deans; but I have maintained my testimony before as great folk, and in sharper times; and though I will neither exalt myself nor pull down others, I wish every man and woman in this land had kept the true testimony, and the middle and straight path, as it were, on the ridge of a hill, where wind and water shears, avoiding right-hand snares and extremes and left-hand way-slidings, as weel as Johnny Dodds of Farthing's Acre and ae man mair that shall be nameless."

"I suppose," replied the magistrate, "that is as much as to say, that Johnny Dodds of Farthing's Acre and David Deans of St. Leonards constitute the only members of the true, real, unsophisticated Kirk of Scotland?"

"God forbid that I suld make sic a vainglorious speech, when there are sae mony professing Christians!" answered David; "but this I maun say, that all men act according to their gifts and their grace, sae that it is nae marvel that——"

"This is all very fine," interrupted Mr. Middleburgh; "but I have no time to spend in hearing it. The matter in hand is this—I have directed a citation to be lodged in your daughter's hands. If she appears on the day of trial and gives evidence, there is reason to hope that she may save her sister's life; if, from any constrained scruples about the legality of her performing the office of an affectionate sister and a good subject, by appearing in a court held under the

* See note to Patrick Walker.

† All various species of the great genus Cameronian.

authority of the law and government, you become the means of deterring her from the discharge of this duty, I must say, though the truth may sound harsh in your ears, that you, who gave life to this unhappy girl, will become the means of her losing it by a premature and violent death."

So saying Mr. Middleburgh turned to leave him.

"Bide a wee—bide a wee, Mr. Middleburgh," said Deans in great perplexity and distress of mind ; but the bailie, who was probably sensible that protracted discussion might diminish the effect of his best and most forcible argument, took a hasty leave, and declined entering farther into the controversy.

Deans sunk down upon his seat, stunned with a variety of conflicting emotions. It had been a great source of controversy among those holding his opinions in religious matters, how far the government which succeeded the Revolution could be, without sin, acknowledged by true Presbyterians, seeing that it did not recognize the great national testimony of the Solemn League and Covenant. And latterly, those agreeing in this general doctrine, and assuming the sounding title of the anti-Popish, anti-Prelatic, anti-Erastian, anti-Sectarian, true Presbyterian remnant, were divided into many petty sects among themselves, even as to the extent of submission to the existing laws and rulers which constituted such an acknowledgment as amounted to sin.

At a very stormy and tumultuous meeting, held in 1682, to discuss these important and delicate points, the testimonies of the faithful few were found utterly inconsistent with each other.* The place where this conference took place was remarkably well adapted for such an assembly. It was a wild and very sequestered dell in Tweeddale, surrounded by high hills, and far removed from human habitation. A small river, or rather a mountain torrent, called the Talla, breaks down the glen with great fury, dashing successively over a number of small cascades, which has procured the spot the name of Talla Linns. Here the leaders among the scattered adherents to the Covenant, men who, in their banishment from human society, and in the recollection of the severities to which they had been exposed, had become at once sullen in their tempers and fantastic in their religious opinions, met with arms in their hands and by the side of the torrent discussed, with a turbulence which the noise of the stream could not drown, points of controversy as empty and unsubstantial as its foam.

It was the fixed judgment of most of the meeting, that all payment of cess or tribute to the existing government was

*See Meeting at Talla Linns. Note 25.

utterly unlawful, and a sacrificing to idols. About other impositions and degrees of submission there were various opinions; and perhaps it is the best illustration of the spirit of those military fathers of the church to say, that while all allowed it was impious to pay the cess employed for maintaining the standing army and militia, there was a fierce controversy on the lawfulness of paying the duties levied at ports and bridges, for maintaining roads and other necessary purposes that there were some who, repugnant to these imposts for turnpikes and pontages, were nevertheless free in conscience to make payment of the usual freight at public ferries, and that a person of exceeding and punctilious zeal, James Russel, one of the slayers of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, had given his testimony with great warmth even against this last faint shade of subjection to constituted authority. This ardent and enlightened person and his followers had also great scruples about the lawfulness of bestowing the ordinary names upon the days of the week and the months of the year, which savored in their nostrils so strongly of paganism, that at length they arrived at the conclusion that they who owned such names as Monday, Tuesday, January, February, and so forth, "served themselves heirs to the same, if not greater, punishment than had been denounced against the idolators of old."

David Deans had been present on this memorable occasion, although too young to be a speaker among the polemical combatants. His, brain, however, had been thoroughly heated by the noise, clamor, and metaphysical ingenuity of the discussion, and it was a controversy to which his mind had often returned; and though he carefully disguised his vacillation from others, and perhaps from himself, he had never been able to come to any precise line of decision on the subject. In fact, his natural sense had acted as a counterpoise to his controversial zeal. He was by no means pleased with the quiet and indifferent manner in which King William's government slurred over the errors of the times, when, far from restoring the Presbyterian Kirk to its former supremacy, they passed an act of oblivion even to those who had been its persecutors, and bestowed on many of them titles, favors, and employments. When, in the first General Assembly which succeeded the Revolution, an overture was made for the revival of the League and Covenant, it was with horror that Douce David heard the proposal eluded by the men of carnal wit and policy, as he called them, as being inapplicable to the present times, and not falling under the modern model of the church. The reign of Queen Anne

had increased his conviction that the Revolution government was not one of the true Presbyterian complexion. But then, more sensible than the bigots of his sect, he did not confound the moderation and tolerance of these two reigns with the active tyranny and oppression exercised in those of Charles II. and James II. The Presbyterian form of religion, though deprived of the weight formerly attached to its sentences and excommunications, and compelled to tolerate the co-existence of the Episcopacy, and of sects of various descriptions, was still the National Church ; and though the glory of the second temple was far inferior to that which had flourished from 1639 till the battle of Dunbar, still it was a structure that, wanting the strength and the terrors, retained at least the form and symmetry, of the original model. Then came the insurrection of 1715, and David Deans's horror for the revival of the popish and prelatical faction reconciled him greatly to the government of King George, although he grieved that that monarch might be suspected of a leaning unto Erastianism. In short, moved by so many different considerations, he had shifted his ground at different times concerning the degree of freedom which he felt in adopting any act of immediate acknowledgment or submission to the present government, which, however mild and paternal, was still uncovenanted ; and now he felt himself called upon by the most powerful motive conceivable to authorize his daughter's giving testimony in a court of justice, which all who have since been called Cameronians accounted a step of lamentable and direct defection. The voice of nature, however, exclaimed loud in his bosom against the dictates of fanaticism ; and his imagination, fertile in the solution of polemical difficulties, devised an expedient for extricating himself from the fearful dilemma, in which he saw, on the one side, a falling off from principle, and on the other, a scene from which a father's thoughts could not but turn in shuddering horror.

“I have been constant and unchanged in my testimony,” said David Deans ; “but then who has said it of me, that I have judged my neighbor over closely, because he hath had more freedom in his walk than I have found in mine ? I never was a separatist, nor for quarreling with tender souls about mint, cummin, or other the lesser tithes. My daughter Jean may have a light in this subject that is hid frae my auld een ; it is laid on her conscience, and not on mine. If she hath freedom to gang before the judiciary, and hold up her hand for this poor castaway, surely I will not say she steppeth over her bounds ; and if not——” He paused in his mental

argument, while a pang of unutterable anguish convulsed his features, yet, shaking it off, he firmly resumed the strain of his reasoning—"And IF NOT, God forbid that she should go into defection at bidding of mine ! I wunna fret the tender conscience of one bairn—no, not to save the life of the other."

A Roman would have devoted his daughter to death from different feelings and motives, but not upon a more heroic principle of duty.

CHAPTER XIX

To man, in this his trial state,
The privilege is given,
When tost by tides of human fate,
To anchor fast on heaven.

WATTS'S *Hym ns.*

It was with a firm step that Deans sought his daughter's apartment, determined to leave her to the light of her own conscience in the dubious point of casuistry in which he supposed her to be placed.

The little room had been the sleeping-apartment of both sisters, and there still stood there a small occasional bed which had been made for Effie's accommodation, when, complaining of illness, she had declined to share, as in happier times, her sister's pillow. The eyes of Deans rested involuntarily, on entering the room, upon this little couch, with its dark green coarse curtains, and the ideas connected with it rose so thick upon his soul as almost to incapacitate him from opening his errand to his daughter. Her occupation broke the ice. He found her gazing on a slip of paper, which contained a citation to her to appear as a witness upon her sister's trial in behalf of the accused. For the worthy magistrate, determined to omit no chance of doing Effie justice, and to leave her sister no apology for not giving the evidence which she was supposed to possess, had caused the ordinary citation, or *subpœna*, of the Scottish criminal court, to be served upon her by an officer during his conference with David.

This precaution was so far favorable to Deans, that it saved him the pain of entering upon a formal explanation with his daughter; he only said, with a hollow and tremulous voice, "I perceive ye are aware of the matter."

"O father, we are cruelly sted between God's laws and man's laws. What shall we do? What can we do?"

Jeanie, it must be observed, had no hesitation whatever about the mere act of appearing in a court of justice. She might have heard the point discussed by her father more than once; but we have already noticed, that she was accustomed to listen with reverence to much which she was inca-

pable of understanding, and that subtle arguments of casuistry found her a patient but unedified hearer. Upon receiving the citation, therefore, her thoughts did not turn upon the chimerical scruples which alarmed her father's mind, but to the language which had been held to her by the stranger at Muschat's Cairn. In a word, she never doubted but she was to be dragged forward into the court of justice, in order to place her in the cruel position of either sacrificing her sister by telling the truth, or committing perjury in order to save her life. And so strongly did her thoughts run in this channel that she applied her father's words, "Ye are aware of the matter," to his acquaintance with the advice that had been so fearfully enforced upon her. She looked up with anxious surprise, not unmingled with a cast of horror, which his next words, as she interpreted and applied them, were not qualified to remove.

"Daughter," said David, "it has ever been my mind, that in things of an doubtful and controversial nature ilk Christian's conscience sould be his ain guide. Wherefore descend into yourself, try your ain mind with sufficiency of soul exercise, and as you sail finally find yourself clear to do in this matter, even so be it."

"But, father," said Jeanie, whose mind revolted at the construction which she naturally put upon his language, "can this—THIS be a doubtful or controversial matter? Mind, father, the ninth command—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

David Deans paused; for, still applying her speech to his preconceived difficulties, it seemed to him as if *she*, a woman and a sister, was scarce entitled to be scrupulous upon this occasion, where *he*, a man, exercised in the testimonies of that testifying period, had given indirect countenance to her following what must have been the natural dictates of her own feelings. But he kept firm his purpose, until his eyes involuntarily rested upon the little settle-bed, and recalled the form of the child of his old age, as she sat upon it, pale, emaciated, and broken-hearted. His mind, as the picture arose before him, involuntarily conceived, and his tongue involuntarily uttered—but in a tone how different from his usual dogmatical precision!—arguments for the course of conduct likely to insure his child's safety.

"Daughter," he said, "I did not say that your path was free from stumbling; and, questionless, this act may be in the opinion of some a transgression, since he who beareth witness unlawfully, and against his conscience, doth in some

sort bear false witness against his neighbor. Yet in matters of compliance, the guilt lieth not in the compliance sae muckle as in the mind and conscience of him that doth comply; and, therefore, although my testimony hath not been spared upon public defections, I haena felt freedom to separate mysell from the communion of many who have been clear to hear those ministers who have taken the fatal indulgence, because they might get good of them, though I could not."

When David had proceeded thus far, his conscience reproved him, that he might be indirectly undermining the purity of his daughter's faith, and smoothing the way for her falling off from strictness of principle. He, therefore, suddenly stopped, and changed his tone: "Jeanie, I perceive that our vile affections—so I call them in respect of doing the will of our Father—cling too heavily to me in this hour of trying sorrow, to permit me to keep sight of my ain duty, or to airt you to yours. I will speak nae mair anent this over-trying matter. Jeanie, if ye can, wi' God and gude conscience, speak in favor of this puir unhappy— [Here his voice faltered.] She is your sister in the flesh: worthless and castaway as she is, she is the daughter of a saint in heaven, that was a mother to you, Jeanie, in place of your ain; but if ye arena free in conscience to speak for her in the court of judicature, follow your conscience, Jeanie, and let God's will be done." After this adjuration he left the apartment, and his daughter remained in a state of great distress and perplexity.

It would have been no small addition to the sorrows of David Deans, even in this extremity of suffering, had he known that his daughter was applying the casuistical arguments which he had been using, not in the sense of a permission to follow her own opinion on a dubious and disputed point of controversy, but rather as an encouragement to transgress one of those divine commandments which Christians of all sects and denominations unite in holding most sacred.

"Can this be?" said Jeanie, as the door closed on her father—"can these be his words that I have heard, or has the Enemy taken his voice and features to give weight unto the counsel which causeth to perish? A sister's life, and a father pointing out how to save it! O God deliver me! this is a fearfu' temptation."

Roaming from thought to thought, she at one time imagined her father understood the ninth commandment literally, as prohibiting false witness *against* our neighbor, without

extending the denunciation against falsehood uttered *in favor* of the criminal. But her clear and unsophisticated power of discriminating between good and evil instantly rejected an interpretation so limited and so unworthy of the Author of the law. She remained in a state of the most agitating terror and uncertainty—afraid to communicate her thoughts freely to her father, lest she should draw forth an opinion with which she could not comply; wrung with distress on her sister's account, rendered the more acute by reflecting that the means of saving her were in her power, but were such as her conscience prohibited her from using; tossed, in short, like a vessel in an open roadstead during a storm, and, like that vessel, resting on one only sure cable and anchor—faith in Providence, and a resolution to discharge her duty.

Butler's affection and strong sense of religion would have been her principal support in these distressing circumstances, but he was still under restraint, which did not permit him to come to St. Leonard's Crag; and her distresses were of a nature which, with her indifferent habits of scholarship, she found it impossible to express in writing. She was therefore compelled to trust for guidance to her own unassisted sense of what was right or wrong.

It was not the least of Jeanie's distresses that, although she hoped and believed her sister to be innocent, she had not the means of receiving that assurance from her own mouth.

The double-dealing of Ratcliffe in the matter of Robertson had not prevented his being rewarded, as double-dealers frequently have been, with favor and preferment. Sharpitlaw, who found in him something of a kindred genius, had been intercessor in his behalf with the magistrates, and the circumstance of his having voluntarily remained in the prison, when the doors were forced by the mob, would have made it a hard measure to take the life which he had such easy means of saving. He received a full pardon; and soon afterwards, James Ratcliffe, the greatest thief and housebreaker in Scotland, was, upon the faith, perhaps, of an ancient proverb, selected as a person to be intrusted with the custody of other delinquents.

When Ratcliffe was thus placed in a confidential situation, he was repeatedly applied to by the sapient Saddletree and others who took some interest in the Deans family, to procure an interview between the sisters; but the magistrates, who were extremely anxious for the apprehension of Robertson, had given strict orders to the contrary, hoping that, by keeping them separate, they might, from the one or the other, ex-

tract some information respecting that fugitive. On this subject Jeanie had nothing to tell them. She informed Mr. Middleburgh that she knew nothing of Robertson, except having met him that night by appointment to give her some advice respecting her sister's concern, the purport of which, she said, was betwixt God and her conscience. Of his motions, purposes, or plans, past, present, or future, she knew nothing, and so had nothing to communicate.

Effie was equally silent, though from a different cause. It was in vain that they offered a commutation and alleviation of her punishment, and even a free pardon, if she would confess what she knew of her lover. She answered only with tears; unless, when at times driven into pettish sulkiness by the persecution of the interrogators, she made them abrupt and disrespectful answers.

At length, after her trial had been delayed for many weeks, in hopes she might be induced to speak out on a subject infinitely more interesting to the magistracy than her own guilt or innocence, their patience was worn out, and even Mr. Middleburgh finding no ear lent to further intercession in her behalf, the day was fixed for the trial to proceed.

It was now, and not sooner, that Sharpitlaw, recollecting his promise to Effie Deans, or rather being dinned into compliance by the unceasing remonstrances of Mrs. Saddle-tree, who was his next-door neighbor, and who declared "it was heathen cruelty to keep the twa broken-hearted creatures separate," issued the important mandate permitting them to see each other.

On the evening which preceded the eventful day of trial, Jeanie was permitted to see her sister—an awful interview, and occurring at a most distressing crisis. This, however, formed a part of the bitter cup which she was doomed to drink, to atone for crimes and follies to which she had no accession; and at twelve o'clock noon, being the time appointed for admission to the jail, she went to meet, for the first time for several months, her guilty, erring, and most miserable sister, in that abode of guilt, error, and utter misery.

CHAPTER XX

Sweet sister, let me live !
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Measure for Measure.

JEANIE DEANS was admitted into the jail by Ratcliffe. This fellow, as void of shame as of honesty, as he opened the now trebly secured door, asked her, with a leer which made her shudder, "whether she remembered him?"

A half-pronounced and timid "No" was her answer.

"What! not remember moonlight, and Muschat's Cairn, and Rob and Rat?" said he, with the same sneer. "Your memory needs redding up, my jo."

If Jeanie's distresses had admitted of aggravation, it must have been to find her sister under the charge of such a profligate as this man. He was not, indeed, without something of good to balance so much that was evil in his character and habits. In his misdemeanors he had never been bloodthirsty or cruel; and in his present occupation he had shown himself, in a certain degree, accessible to touches of humanity. But these good qualities were unknown to Jeanie, who, remembering the scene at Muschat's Cairn, could scarce find voice to acquaint him that she had an order from Bailie Middleburgh, permitting her to see her sister.

"I ken that fu' weel, my bonny doo; mair by token I have a special charge to stay in the ward with you a' the time ye are thegither."

"Must that be sae?" asked Jeanie, with an imploring voice.

"Hout, ay, hinny," replied the turnkey; "and what the waur will you and your tittie be of Jim Ratcliffe hearing what ye hae to say to ilk other? Deil a word ye'll say that will gar him ken your kittle sex better than he kens them already; and another thing is, that, if ye dinna speak o' breaking the tolbooth, deil a word will I tell ower, either to do ye good or ill."

Thus saying, Ratcliffe marshalled her the way to the apartment where Effie was confined.

Shame, fear, and grief had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy in it, as, throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, "My dear Jeanie! my dear Jeanie! it's lang since I hae seen ye." Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture, but it was only a flitting emotion like a sunbeam unexpectedly penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible. The sisters walked together to the side of the pallet bed, and sat down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony, till, throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

Even the hard-hearted turnkey, who had spent his life in scenes calculated to stifle both conscience and feeling, could not witness this scene without a touch of human sympathy. It was shown in a trifling action, but which had more delicacy in it than seemed to belong to Ratcliffe's character and station. The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams of a bright sun fell right upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so sorrowful.

"Ye are ill, Effie," were the first words Jeanie could utter—"ye are very ill."

"O, what wad I gie to be ten times waur, Jeanie!" was the reply—"what wad I gie to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father—but I am his bairn nae langer now! O, I hae nae friend left in the world! O that I were lying dead at my mother's side in Newbattle kirk-yard!"

"Hout, lassie," said Ratcliffe, willing to show the interest which he absolutely felt, "dinna be sae dooms down-hearted as a' that; there's mony a tod hunted that's no killed. Advocate Langtale has brought folk through waur snappers than a' this, and there's no a cleverer agent than Nichil Novit e'er drew a bill of suspension. Hanged or unhanged, they are

weel aff has sic an agent and counsel ; ane's sure o' fair play. Ye are a bonny lass, too, an ye wad busk up your cocker-
 nonie a bit ; and a bonny lass will find favor wi' judge and
 jury, when they would strap up a grewsome carle like me for
 the fifteenth part of a flea's hide and tallow, d—n them."

To this homely strain of consolation the mourners returned
 no answer ; indeed, they were so much lost in their own sor-
 rows as to have become insensible of Ratcliffe's presence.
 "O, Effie," said her elder sister, "how could you conceal
 your situation from me ? O, woman, had I deserved this at
 your hand ? Had ye spoke but ae word—sorry we might
 hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dis-
 pensation had never come ower us."

"And what gude wad that hae dune ?" answered the
 prisoner. "Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot
 what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible.
 See," she said, producing the sacred volume, "the book opens
 aye at the place o' itsell. O see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' script-
 ure !"

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal
 mark was made at this impressive text in the Book of Job :
 "He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from
 my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am
 gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree."

"Isna that ower true a doctrine ?" said the prisoner : "isna
 my crown, my honor removed ? And what am I but a poer
 wasted, wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots and flung out
 to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it un-
 der foot ? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father
 rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o'
 blossoms on it ; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had
 trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I
 was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was
 to gang the same gate mysell."

"O, if ye had spoken a word," again sobbed Jeanie—"if
 I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how
 it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this
 day."

"Could they na ?" said Effie, with something like awakened
 interest, for life is dear even to those who feel it as a burden.
 "Wha tauld ye that, Jeanie ?"

"It was ane that kenn'd what he was saying weel enough,"
 replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning
 even the name of her sister's seducer.

"Wha was it ? I conjure ye to tell me," said Effie, seat-

ing herself upright. "Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-bye as I am now? Was it—was it *him*?"

"Hout," said Ratcliffe, "what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither? I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn."

"Was it him?" said Effie, catching eagerly at his words—"was it him, Jeanie, indeed? O, I see it was him, poor lad; and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether mill-stane; and him in sic danger on his ain part—poor George!"

Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling towards the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming—"O, Effie, how can ye speak that gate of sic a man as that?"

"We maun forgie our enemies, ye ken," said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice; for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she still regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

"And ye hae suffered a' this for him, and ye can think of loving him still?" said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

"Love him!" answered Effie. "If I hadna loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trow ye that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten? Na, na, ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend. And O, Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no!"

"What needs I tell ye anything about it," said Jeanie. "Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himsell, to speak lang or muckle about onybody beside."

"That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it," replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. "But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine." And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

"I fancy," said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, "the lassie thinks that naebody has een but hersell. Didna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the tolbooth forbye Jock Porteous? But ye are of my mind, hinny: better sit and rue than flit and rue. Ye needna look in my face sae amazed. I ken mair things than that, maybe."

"O my God! my God!" said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him. "D've ken where they hae putten my bairn? O my bairn! my bairn! the poor sackless innocent new-born wee ane—bone of my

bone, and flesh of my flesh ! O man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in heaven, or a broken-hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me where they hae put my bairn—the sign of my shame, and the partner of my suffering ! tell me wha has taen't away, or what they hae dune wi't !”

“Hout tout,” said the turnkey, endeavoring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she held him, “that's taking me at my word wi' a witness. Bairn, quo' she ? How the deil suld I ken onything of your bairn, huzzy ? Ye maun ask that of auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yoursell.”

As his answer destroyed the wild and vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit.

Jeanie Deans possessed, with her excellently clear understanding, the concomitant advantage of promptitude of spirit, even in the extremity of distress.

She did not suffer herself to be overcome by her own feelings of exquisite sorrow, but instantly applied herself to her sister's relief, with the readiest remedies which circumstances afforded ; and which, to do Ratcliffe justice, he showed himself anxious to suggest, and alert in procuring. He had even the delicacy to withdraw to the furthest corner of the room, so as to render his official attendance upon them as little intrusive as possible, when Effie was composed enough again to resume her conference with her sister.

The prisoner once more, in the most earnest and broken tones, conjured Jeanie to tell her the particulars of the conference with Robertson, and Jeanie felt it was impossible to refuse her this gratification.

“Do ye mind,” she said, “Effie, when ye were in the fever before we left Woodend, and how angry your mother, that's now in a better place, was wi' me for gieing ye milk and water to drink, because ye grat for it ? Ye were a bairn then, and ye are a woman now, and should ken better than ask what canna but hurt you. But come weal or woe, I canna refuse ye onything that ye ask me wi' the tear in your ee.”

Again Effie threw herself into her arms, and kissed her cheek and forehead, murmuring, “O if ye kenn'd how lang it is since I heard his name mentioned ! if ye but kenn'd how muckle good it does me but to ken onything o' him that's like goodness or kindness, ye wadna wonder that I wish to hear o' him !”

Jeanie sighed, and commenced her narrative of all that had passed betwixt Robertson and her, making it as brief as possible. Effie listened in breathless anxiety, holding her sister's hand in hers, and keeping her eye fixed upon her face, as if devouring every word she uttered. The interjections of "Poor fellow!"—"Poor George!" which escaped in whispers, and betwixt sighs, were the only sounds with which she interrupted the story. When it was finished she made a long pause.

"And this was his advice?" were the first words she uttered.

"Just sic as I hae tell'd ye," replied her sister.

"And he wanted you to say something to yon folks that wad save my young life?"

"He wanted," answered Jeanie, "that I suld be man-sworn."

"And you tauld him," said Effie, "that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and the death that I am to die, and me no aughteen year auld yet?"

"I told him," replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister's reflections seemed about to take, "that I daured na swear to an untruth."

"And what d'ye ca' an untruth?" said Effie, again showing a touch of her former spirit. "Ye are muckle to blame, lass, if ye think a mother would, or could, murder her ain bairn. Murder! I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its ee!"

"I do believe," said Jeanie, "that ye are as innocent of sic a purpose as the new-born babe itsell."

"I am glad ye do me that justice," said Effie, haughtily; "it's whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the world are as bad as the warst temptations can make them."

"I dinna deserve this frae ye, Effie," said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

"Maybe no, sister," said Effie. "But ye are angry because I love Robertson. How can I help loving him, that loves me better that body and soul baith? Here he put his life in a niffer, to break the prison to let me out; and sure am I, had it stood wi' him as it stands wi' you——" Here she paused and was silent.

"O, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!" said Jeanie.

"Ay, lass," said her sister, "that's lightly said, but no sae

lightly credited, frae ane that winna ware a word for me ; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time enough to repent o't."

"But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offence when it's a sin wilfully and presumptuously committed."

"Weel, weel, Jeanie," said Effie, "I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions ; we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch ; and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on onybody."

"I must needs say," interposed Ratcliffe, "that it's d—d hard, when three words of your mouth would give the girl the chance to nick Moll Blood, that you make such scrupling about rapping to them. D—n me, if they would take me, if I would not rap to all Whatd'yecallum's—Hyssop's Fables—for her life ; I am us'd to't, b—t me, for less matters. Why, I have smacked calfskin fifty times in England for a keg of brandy."

"Never speak mair o't," said the prisoner. "It's just as weel as it is ; and gude day, sister, ye keep Mr. Ratcliffe waiting on. Ye'll come back and see me, I reckon, before——" Here she stopped, and became deadly pale.

"And are we to part in this way," said Jeanie, "and you in sic deadly peril ? O, Effie, look but up and say what ye wad hae me do, and I could find in my heart amaist to say that I wad do't."

"No, Jeanie," replied her sister, after an effort, "I am better minded now. At my best, I was never half sae gude as ye were, and what for suld you begin to mak yoursell waur to save me, now that I am no worth saving ? God knows, that in my sober mind I wadna wuss ony living creature to do a wrang thing to save my life. I might have fled frae this tolbooth on that awfu' night wi' ane wad hae carried me through the world, and friended me, and fended for me. But I said to them, let life gang when gude fame is gane before it. But this lang imprisonment has broken my spirit, and I am whiles sair left to mysell, and then I wad gie the Indian mines of gold and diamonds just for life and breath ; for I think, Jeanie, I have such roving fits as I used to hae in the fever ; but instead of the fiery een, and wolves, and Widow Butler's bullsegg, that I used to see speiling up on my bed, I am thinking now about a high black gibbet, and me standing up, and such seas of faces all looking up at poor Effie Deans, and asking if it be her that George Robertson used to call the Lily of St. Leonard's. And then they stretch out their faces, and make mouths, and girn at me, and which-

ever way I look, I see a face laughing like Meg Murdockson, when she tauld me I had seen the last of my wean. God preserve us, Jeanie, that carline has a fearsome face!" She clapped her hands before her eyes as she uttered this exclamation, as if to secure herself against seeing the fearful object she had alluded to.

Jeanie Deans remained with her sister for two hours, during which she endeavored, if possible, to extract something from her that might be serviceable in her exculpation. But she had nothing to say beyond what she had declared on her first examination, with the purport of which the reader will be made acquainted in proper time and place. "They wadna believe her," she said, "and she had naething mair to tell them."

At length Ratcliffe, though reluctantly, informed the sisters that there was a necessity that they should part. "Mr. Novit," he said, "was to see the prisoner, and maybe Mr. Langtale too. Langtale likes to look at a bonny lass, whether in prison or out o' prison."

Reluctantly, therefore, and slowly, after many a tear and many an embrace, Jeanie retired from the apartment, and heard its jarring bolts turned upon the dear being from whom she was separated. Somewhat familiarized now even with her rude conductor, she offered him a small present in money, with a request he would do what he could for her sister's accommodation. To her surprise, Ratcliffe declined the fee. "I wasna bloody when I was on the pad," he said, "and I winna be greedy—that is, beyond what's right and reasonable—now that I am in the lock. Keep the siller; and for civility, your sister sall hae sic as I can bestow. But I hope you'll think better on it, and rap an oath for her; deil a hair ill there is in it, if ye are rapping again the crown. I kenn'd a worthy minister, as gude a man, bating the deed they deposed him for, as ever ye heard claver in a pu'pit, that rapped to a hogshead of pigtail tobacco, just for as muckle as filled his spleuchan. But maybe ye are keeping your ain counsel; weel, weel, there's nae harm in that. As for your sister, I've see that she gets her meat clean and warm, and I'll try to gar her lie down and take a sleep after dinner, for deil a ee she'll close the night. I hae gude experience of these matters. The first night is aye the warst o't. I hae never heard o'ane that sleepit the night afore trial, but of mony a ane that sleepit as sound as a tap the night before their necks were straughted. And it's nae wonder: the warst may be tholed when it's kenn'd. Better a finger aff as aye wagging."

CHAPTER XXI

Yet though thou mayst be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want one faithful friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.

Jemmy Dawson.

AFTER spending the greater part of the morning in his devotions, for his benevolent neighbors had kindly insisted upon discharging his task of ordinary labor, David Deans entered the apartment when the breakfast meal was prepared. His eyes were involuntarily cast down, for he was afraid to look at Jeanie, uncertain as he was whether she might feel herself at liberty, with a good conscience, to attend the Court of Justiciary that day, to give the evidence which he understood that she possessed in order to her sister's exculpation. At length, after a minute of apprehensive hesitation, he looked at her dress to discover whether it seemed to be in her contemplation to go abroad that morning. Her apparel was neat and plain, but such as conveyed no exact intimation of her intentions to go abroad. She had exchanged her usual garb for morning labor for one something inferior to that with which, as her best, she was wont to dress herself for church, or any more rare occasion of going into society. Her sense taught her, that it was respectful to be decent in her apparel on such an occasion, while her feelings induced her to lay aside the use of the very few and simple personal ornaments which, on other occasions, she permitted herself to wear. So that there occurred nothing in her external appearance which could mark out to her father, with anything like certainty, her intentions on this occasion.

The preparations for their humble meal were that morning made in vain. The father and daughter sat, each assuming the appearance of eating when the other's eyes were turned to them, and desisting from the effort with disgust when the affectionate imposture seemed no longer necessary.

At length these moments of constraint were removed. The sound of St. Giles's heavy toll announced the hour previous to the commencement of the trial; Jeanie arose, and, with a degree of composure for which she herself could not account,

assumed her plaid, and made her other preparations for a distant walking. It was a strange contrast between the firmness of her demeanor and the vacillation and cruel uncertainty of purpose indicated in all her father's motions ; and one unacquainted with both could scarcely have supposed that the former was, in her ordinary habits of life, a docile, quiet, gentle, and even timid country maiden, while her father, with a mind naturally proud and strong, and supported by religious opinions of a stern, stoical, and unyielding character, had in his time undergone and withstood the most severe hardships and the most imminent peril, without depression of spirit or subjugation of his constancy. The secret of this difference was, that Jeanie's mind had already anticipated the line of conduct which she must adopt, with all its natural and necessary consequences ; while her father, ignorant of every other circumstance, tormented himself with imagining what the one sister might say or swear, or what effect her testimony might have upon the awful event of the trial.

He watched his daughter with a faltering and indecisive look, until she looked back upon him with a look of unutterable anguish, as she was about to leave the apartment.

"My dear lassie," said he, "I will——" His action, hastily and confusedly searching for his worsted mittens and staff, showed his purpose of accompanying her, though his tongue failed distinctly to announce it.

"Father," said Jeanie, replying rather to his action than his words, "ye had better not."

"In the strength of my God," answered Deans, assuming firmness, "I will go forth."

And, taking his daughter's arm under his, he began to walk from the door with a step so hasty that she was almost unable to keep up with him. A trifling circumstance, but which marked the perturbed state of his mind, checked his course. "Your bonnet, father?" said Jeanie, who observed he had come out with his gray hairs uncovered. He turned back with a slight blush on his cheek, being ashamed to have been detected in an omission which indicated so much mental confusion, assumed his large blue Scottish bonnet, and with a step slower, but more composed, as if the circumstance had obliged him to summon up his resolution and collect his scattered ideas, again placed his daughter's arm under his, and resumed the way to Edinburgh.

The courts of justice were then, and are still, held in what is called the Parliament Close, or, according to modern phrase, the Parliament Square, and occupied the buildings

intended for the accommodation of the Scottish Estates. This edifice, though in an imperfect and corrupted style of architecture, had then a grave, decent, and, as it were, a judicial aspect, which was at least entitled to respect from its antiquity; for which venerable front, I observed, on my last occasional visit to the metropolis, that modern taste had substituted, at great apparent expense, a pile so utterly inconsistent with every monument of antiquity around, and in itself so clumsy at the same time and fantastic, that it may be likened to the decorations of Tom Errand, the porter, in the *Trip to the Jubilee*, when he appears bedizened with the tawdry finery of Beau Clincher. *Sed transeat cum cæteris erroribus.*

The small quadrangle, or close, if we may presume still to give it that appropriate though antiquated title, which at Litchfield, Salisbury, and elsewhere is properly applied to designate the enclosure adjacent to a cathedral, already evinced tokens of the fatal scene which was that day to be acted. The soldiers of the City Guard were on their posts, now enduring, and now rudely repelling with the butts of their muskets, the motley crew who thrust each other forward, to catch a glance at the unfortunate object of trial, as she should pass from the adjacent prison to the court in which her fate was to be determined. All must have occasionally observed, with disgust, the apathy with which the vulgar gaze on scenes of this nature, and how seldom, unless when their sympathies are called forth by some striking and extraordinary circumstance, the crowd evince any interest deeper than that of callous, unthinking bustle and brutal curiosity. They laugh, jest, quarrel, and push each other to and fro, with the same unfeeling indifference as if they were assembled for some holiday sport, or to see an idle procession. Occasionally, however, this demeanor, so natural to the degraded populace of a large town, is exchanged for a temporary touch of human affections; and so it chanced on the present occasion.

When Deans and his daughter presented themselves in the close, and endeavored to make their way forward to the door of the court-house, they became involved in the mob, and subject, of course, to their insolence. As Deans repelled with some force the rude pushes which he received on all sides, his figure and antiquated dress caught the attention of the rabble, who often show an intuitive sharpness in ascribing the proper character from external appearance.

“Ye’re welcome, Whigs,
Frae Bothwell Briggs.”

sung one fellow, for the mob of Edinburgh were at that time Jacobitically disposed, probably because that was the line of sentiment most diametrically opposite to existing authority.

“Mess David Williamson,
Chosen of twenty,
Ran up the pu’pit stair,
And sang Killiecrankie,”

chanted a siren, whose profession might be guessed by her appearance. A tattered cadie or errand porter, whom David Deans had jostled in his attempt to extricate himself from the vicinity of these scorners, exclaimed in a strong north-country tone, “Ta deil ding out her Cameronian een! What gies her titles to dunch gentlemans about?”

“Make room for the ruling elder,” said yet another; “he comes to see a precious sister glorify God in the Grassmarket!”

“Whisht! shame’s in ye, sirs,” said the voice of a man very loudly, which, as quickly sinking, said in a low, but distinct tone, “It’s her father and sister.”

All fell back to make way for the sufferers; and all, even the very rudest and most profligate, were struck with shame and silence. In the space thus abandoned to them by the mob, Deans stood, holding his daughter by the hand, and said to her, with a countenance strongly and sternly expressive of his internal emotion, “Ye hear with your ears, and ye see with your eyes, where and to whom the backslidings and defections of professors are ascribed by the scoffers. Not to the nselves alone, but to the kirk of which they are members, and to its blessed and invisible Head. Then, weel may we take wi’ patience our share and portion of this outspreading reproch.”

The man who had spoken, no other than our old friend Dumbielikes, whose mouth, like that of the prophet’s ass, had been opened by the emergency of the case, now joined the n, and, with his usual taciturnity, escorted them into the court-house. No opposition was offered to their entrance, either by the guards or doorkeepers; and it is even said that one of the latter refused a shilling of civility-money, tendered him by the Laird of Dumbiedikes, who was of opinion that “siller wad mak a’ easy.” But this last incident wants confirmation.

Admitted within the precincts of the court-house, they found the usual number of busy office-bearers and idle loiterers, who attend on these scenes by choice or from duty. Burghers gaped and stared; young lawyers sauntered, sneered, and

laughed, as in the pit of the theatre; while others apart sat on a bench retired and reasoned highly, *inter apices juris*, on the doctrines of constructive crime and the true import of the statute. The bench was prepared for the arrival of the judges. The jurors were in attendance. The crown counsel, employed in looking over their briefs and notes of evidence, looked grave and whispered with each other. They occupied one side of a large table placed beneath the bench; on the other sat the advocates, whom the humanity of the Scottish law, in this particular more liberal than that of the sister country, not only permits, but enjoins, to appear and assist with their advice and skill all persons under trial. Mr. Nichil Novit was seen actively instructing the counsel for the panel—so the prisoner is called in Scottish law-phraseology—busy, bustling, and important. When they entered the courtroom, Deans asked the Laird, in a tremulous whisper, “Where will *she* sit?”

Dumbiedikes whispered Novit, who pointed to a vacant space at the bar, fronting the judges, and was about to conduct Deans towards it.

“No!” he said; “I cannot sit by her; I cannot own her—not as yet, at least. I will keep out of her sight, and turn mine own eyes elsewhere; better for us baith.”

Saddletree, whose repeated interference with the counsel had procured him one or two rebuffs, and a special request that he would concern himself with his own matters, now saw with pleasure an opportunity of playing the person of importance. He hustled up to the poor old man, and proceeded to exhibit his consequence, by securing, through his interest with the barkeepers and macers, a seat for Deans in a situation where he was hidden from the general eye by the projecting corner of the bench.

“It’s gude to have a friend at court,” he said, continuing his heartless harangues to the passive auditor, who neither heard nor replied to them; “few folk but mysell could hae sorted ye out a seat like this. The Lords will be here incontinent, and proceed *instantly* to trial. They wunna fence the court as they do at the circuit. The High Court of Justiciary is aye fenced. But, Lord’s sake, what’s this o’t? Jeanie, ye are a cited witness. Macer, this lass is a witness; she maun be enclosed; she maun on nae account be at large. Mr. Novit, suldna Jeanie Deans be enclosed?”

Novit answered in the affirmative, and offered to conduct Jeanie to the apartment where, according to the scrupulous practice of the Scottish court, the witnesses remain in readi-

ness to be called into court to give evidence ; and separated, at the same time, from all who might influence their testimony, or give them information concerning that which was passing upon the trial.

"Is this necessary?" said Jeanie, still reluctant to quit her father's hand.

"A matter of absolute needcessity," said Saddletree; "wha ever heard of witnesses no being inclosed?"

"It is really a matter of necessity," said the younger counsellor retained for her sister ; and Jeanie reluctantly followed the macer of the court to the place appointed.

"This, Mr. Deans," said Saddletree, "is ca'd sequestering a witness ; but it's clean different, whilk maybe ye wadna fund out o' yoursell, frae sequestering ane's estate or effects, as in cases of bankruptcy. I hae often been sequestered as a witness, for the sheriff is in the use whiles to cry me in to witness the declarations at precognitions, and so is Mr. Sharpitlaw ; but I was ne'er like to be sequestered o' land and gudes but ance, and that was lang syne, afore I was married. But whisht, whisht ! here's the Court coming."

As he spoke, the five Lords of Justiciary, in their long robes of scarlet, faced with white, and preceded by their mace-bearer, entered with the usual formalities, and took their places upon the bench of judgment.

The audience rose to receive them ; and the bustle occasioned by their entrance was hardly composed, when a great noise and confusion of persons struggling, and forcibly endeavoring to enter at the doors of the court-room and of the galleries, announced that the prisoner was about to be placed at the bar. This tumult takes place when the doors, at first only opened to those either having right to be present or to the better and more qualified ranks, are at length laid open to all whose curiosity induces them to be present on the occasion. With inflamed countenances and dishevelled dresses, struggling with and sometimes tumbling over each other, in rushed the rude multitude, while a few soldiers, forming, as it were, the centre of the tide, could scarce, with all their efforts, clear a passage for the prisoner to the place which she was to occupy. By the authority of the Court and the exertions of its officers, the tumult among the spectators was at length appeased, and the unhappy girl brought forward, and placed betwixt two sentinels with drawn bayonets, as a prisoner at the bar, where she was to abide her deliverance for good or evil, according to the issue of her trial.

CHAPTER XXII

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws—
The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds—
Which, for these fourteen years, we have let sleep,
Like to an o'ergrown lion in a cave
That goes not out to prey.

Measure for Measure.

“EUPHEMIA DEANS,” said the presiding Judge, in an accent in which pity was blended with dignity, “stand up and listen to the criminal indictment now to be preferred against you.”

The unhappy girl, who had been stupefied by the confusion through which the guards had forced a passage, cast a bewildered look on the multitude of faces around her which seemed to tapestry, as it were, the walls, in one broad slope from the ceiling to the floor, with human countenances, and instinctively obeyed a command which rung in her ears like the trumpet of the judgment-day.

“Put back your hair, Effie,” said one of the macers. For her beautiful and abundant tresses of long fair hair, which, according to the costume of the country, unmarried women were not allowed to cover with any sort of cap, and which, alas! Effie dared no longer confine with the snood or ribbon which implied purity of maiden-fame, now hung unbound and dishevelled over her face, and almost concealed her features. On receiving this hint from the attendant, the unfortunate young woman, with a hasty, trembling, and apparently mechanical compliance, shaded back from her face her luxuriant locks, and showed to the whole court, excepting one individual, a countenance which, though pale and emaciated, was so lovely amid its agony that it called forth a universal murmur of compassion and sympathy. Apparently the expressive sound of human feeling recalled the poor girl from the stupor of fear which predominated at first over every other sensation, and awakened her to the no less painful sense of shame and exposure attached to her present situation. Her eye, which had at first glanced wildly around,

was turned on the ground ; her cheek, at first so deadly pale, began gradually to be overspread with a faint blush, which increased so fast that, when in agony of shame she strove to conceal her face, her temples, her brow, her neck, and all that her slender fingers and small palms could not cover, became of the deepest crimson.

All marked and were moved by these changes, excepting one. It was old Deans, who, motionless in his seat, and concealed, as we have said, by the corner of the bench, from seeing or being seen, did nevertheless keep his eyes firmly fixed on the ground, as if determined that, by no possibility whatever, would he be an ocular witness of the shame of his house.

“Ichabod !” he said to himself—“Ichabod ! my glory is departed !”

While these reflections were passing through his mind, the indictment, which set forth in technical form the crime of which the panel stood accused, was read as usual, and the prisoner was asked if she was Guilty or Not Guilty.

“Not guilty of my poor bairn’s death,” said Effie Deans, in an accent corresponding in plaintive softness of tone to the beauty of her features, and which was not heard by the audience without emotion.

The presiding Judge next directed the counsel to plead to the relevancy ; that is, to state on either part the arguments in point of law, and evidence in point of fact, against and in favor of the criminal, after which it is the form of the Court to pronounce a preliminary judgment, sending the cause to the cognizance of the jury or assize.

The counsel for the crown briefly stated the frequency of the crime of infanticide, which had given rise to the special statute under which the panel stood indicted. He mentioned the various instances, many of them marked with circumstances of atrocity, which had at length induced the King’s Advocate, though with great reluctance, to make the experiment, whether, by strictly enforcing the Act of Parliament which had been made to prevent such enormities, their occurrence might be prevented. “He expected,” he said, “to be able to establish by witnesses, as well as by the declaration of the panel herself, that she was in the state described by the statute. According to his information, the panel had communicated her pregnancy to no one, nor did she allege in her own declaration that she had done so. This secrecy was the first requisite in support of the indictment. The same declaration admitted that she had borne a male child, in cir-

circumstances which gave but too much reason to believe it had died by the hands, or at least with the knowledge or consent, of the unhappy mother. It was not, however, necessary for him to bring positive proof that the panel was accessory to the murder, nay, nor even to prove that the child was murdered at all. It was sufficient to support the indictment, that it could not be found. According to the stern but necessary severity of this statute, she who should conceal her pregnancy, who should omit to call that assistance which is most necessary on such occasions, was held already to have meditated the death of her offspring, as an event most likely to be the consequence of her culpable and cruel concealment. And if, under such circumstances, she could not alternatively show by proof that the infant had died a natural death, or produce it still in life, she must, under the construction of the law, be held to have murdered it, and suffer death accordingly."

The counsel for the prisoner, Mr. Fairbrother, a man of considerable fame in his profession, did not pretend directly to combat the arguments of the King's Advocate. He began by lamenting that his senior at the bar, Mr. Langdale, had been suddenly called to the county of which he was sheriff, and that he had been applied to, on short warning, to give the panel his assistance in this interesting case. He had had little time, he said, to make up for his inferiority to his learned brother by long and minute research; and he was afraid he might give a specimen of his incapacity by being compelled to admit the accuracy of the indictment under the statute. "It was enough for their Lordships," he observed, "to know, that such was the law, and he admitted the Advocate had a right to call for the usual interlocutor of relevancy." But he stated, "that when he came to establish his case by proof, he trusted to make out circumstances which would satisfactorily elide the charge in the libel. His client's story was a short but most melancholy one. She was bred up in the strictest tenets of religion and virtue, the daughter of a worthy and conscientious person, who, in evil times, had established a character for courage and religion, by becoming a sufferer for conscience' sake."

David Deans gave a convulsive start at hearing himself thus mentioned, and then resumed the situation in which, with his face stooped against his hands, and both resting against the corner of the elevated bench on which the Judges sat, he had hitherto listened to the procedure in the trial. The Whig lawyers seemed to be interested; the Tories put up their lip.

“Whatever may be our difference of opinion,” resumed the lawyer, whose business it was to carry his whole audience with him if possible, “concerning the peculiar tenets of these people [here Deans groaned deeply], it is impossible to deny them the praise of sound, and even rigid, morals, or the merit of training up their children in the fear of God; and yet it was the daughter of such a person whom a jury would shortly be called upon, in the absence of evidence, and upon mere presumptions, to convict of a crime more properly belonging to a heathen or a savage than to a Christian and civilized country. It was true,” he admitted, “that the excellent nurture and early instruction which the poor girl had received had not been sufficient to preserve her from guilt and error. She had fallen a sacrifice to an inconsiderate affection for a young man of prepossessing manners, as he had been informed, but of a very dangerous and desperate character. She was seduced under promise of marriage—a promise which the fellow might have, perhaps, done her justice by keeping, had he not at that time been called upon by the law to atone for a crime, violent and desperate in itself, but which became the preface to another eventful history, every step of which was marked by blood and guilt, and the final termination of which had not even yet arrived. He believed that no one would hear him without surprise, when he stated that the father of this infant now amissing, and said by the learned Advocate to have been murdered, was no other than the notorious George Robertson, the accomplice of Wilson, the hero of the memorable escape from the Tolbooth Church, and, as no one knew better than his learned friend the Advocate, the principal actor in the Porteous conspiracy.”

“I am sorry to interrupt a counsel in such a case as the present,” said the presiding Judge; “but I must remind the learned gentleman that he is travelling out of the case before us.”

The counsel bowed, and resumed. “He only judged it necessary,” he said, “to mention the name and situation of Robertson, because the circumstance in which that character was placed went a great way in accounting for the silence on which his Majesty’s counsel had laid so much weight, as affording proof that his client proposed to allow no fair play for its life to the helpless being whom she was about to bring into the world. She had not announced to her friends that she had been seduced from the path of honor, and why had she not done so? Because she expected daily to be restored to character, by her seducer doing her that justice which she knew to

be in his power, and believed to be in his inclination. Was it natural, was it reasonable, was it fair, to expect that she should, in the interim, become *felo de se* of her own character, and proclaim her frailty to the world, when she had every reason to expect that, by concealing it for a season, it might be veiled forever? Was it not, on the contrary, pardonable that, in such an emergency, a young woman, in such a situation, should be found far from disposed to make a confidante of every prying gossip who, with sharp eyes and eager ears, pressed upon her for an explanation of suspicious circumstances, which females in the lower—he might say which females of all ranks are so alert in noticing, that they sometimes discover them where they do not exist? Was it strange, or was it criminal, that she should have repelled their inquisitive impertinence with petulant denials? The sense and feeling of all who heard him would answer directly in the negative. But although his client had thus remained silent towards those to whom she was not called upon to communicate her situation—to whom,” said the learned gentleman, “I will add, it would have been unadvised and improper in her to have done so; yet I trust I shall remove this case most triumphantly from under the statute, and obtain the unfortunate young woman an honorable dismissal from your Lordships’ bar, by showing that she did, in due time and place, and to a person most fit for such confidence, mention the calamitous circumstances in which she found herself. This occurred after Robertson’s conviction, and when he was lying in prison in expectation of the fate which his comrade Wilson afterwards suffered, and from which he himself so strangely escaped. It was then, when all hopes of having her honor repaired by wedlock vanished from her eyes—when a union with one in Robertson’s situation, if still practicable, might perhaps have been regarded rather as an addition to her disgrace—it was *then*, that I trust to be able to prove that the prisoner communicated and consulted with her sister, a young woman several years older than herself, the daughter of her father, if I mistake not, by a former marriage, upon the perils and distress of her unhappy situation.”

“If, indeed, you are able to instruct *that* point, Mr. Fairbrother——” said the presiding Judge.

“If I am indeed able to instruct that point, my lord,” resumed Mr. Fairbrother, “I trust not only to serve my client, but to relieve your Lordships from that which I know you feel the most painful duty of your high office; and to give all who now hear me the exquisite pleasure of beholding

a creature so young, so ingenuous, and so beautiful as she that is now at the bar of your Lordships' Court, dismissed from thence in safety and in honor."

This address seemed to affect many of the audience, and was followed by a slight murmur of applause. Deans, as he heard his daughter's beauty and innocent appearance appealed to, was involuntarily about to turn his eyes towards her; but, recollecting himself, he bent them again on the ground with stubborn resolution.

"Will not my learned brother on the other side of the bar," continued the advocate, after a short pause, "share in this general joy, since I know, while he discharges his duty in bringing an accused person here, no one rejoices more in their being freely and honorably sent hence? My learned brother shakes his head doubtfully, and lays his hand on the panel's declaration. I understand him perfectly: he would insinuate that the facts now stated to your Lordships are inconsistent with the confession of Euphemia Deans herself. I need not remind your Lordships, that her present defence is no wait to be narrowed within the bounds of her former confession; and that it is not by any account which she may formerly have given of herself, but by what is now to be proved for or against her, that she must ultimately stand or fall. I am not under the necessity of accounting for her choosing to drop out of her declaration the circumstances of her confession to her sister. She might not be aware of its importance; she might be afraid of implicating her sister; she might even have forgotten the circumstance entirely, in the terror and distress of mind incidental to the arrest of so young a creature on a charge so heinous. Any of these reasons are sufficient to account for her having suppressed the truth in this instance, at whatever risk to herself; and I incline most to her erroneous fear of criminating her sister, because I observe she has had a similar tenderness towards her lover, however undeserved on his part, and has never once mentioned Robertson's name from beginning to end of her declaration.

"But, my lords," continued Fairbrother, "I am aware the King's Advocate will expect me to show that the proof I offer is consistent with other circumstances of the case which I do not and cannot deny. He will demand of me how Effie Deans's confession to her sister, previous to her delivery, is reconcilable with the mystery of the birth—with the disappearance, perhaps the murder—for I will not deny a possibility which I cannot disprove—of the infant. My lords, the explanation of

this is to be found in the placability, perchance I may say in the facility and pliability, of the female sex. The *dulcis Amaryllidis iræ*, as your Lordships well know, are easily appeased ; nor is it possible to conceive a woman so atrociously offended by the man whom she has loved, but what she will retain a fund of forgiveness upon which his penitence, whether real or affected, may draw largely, with a certainty that his bills will be answered. We can prove, by a letter produced in evidence, that this villain Robertson, from the bottom of the dungeon whence he already probably meditated the escape which he afterwards accomplished by the assistance of his comrade, contrived to exercise authority over the mind, and to direct the motions, of this unhappy girl. It was in compliance with his injunctions, expressed in that letter, that the panel was prevailed upon to alter the line of conduct which her own better thoughts had suggested ; and, instead of resorting, when her time of travail approached, to the protection of her own family, was induced to confide herself to the charge of some vile agent of this nefarious seducer, and by her conducted to one of those solitary and secret purlieus of villany, which, to the shame of our police, still are suffered to exist in the suburbs of this city, where, with the assistance, and under the charge, of a person of her own sex, she bore a male child, under circumstances which added treble bitterness to the woe denounced against our original mother. What purpose Robertson had in all this, it is hard to tell or even to guess. He may have meant to marry the girl, for her father is a man of substance. But for the termination of the story, and the conduct of the woman whom he had placed about the person of Euphemia Deans, it is still more difficult to account. The unfortunate young woman was visited by the fever incidental to her situation. In this fever she appears to have been deceived by the person that waited on her, and, on recovering her senses, she found that she was childless in that abode of misery. Her infant had been carried off, perhaps for the worst purposes, by the wretch that waited on her. It may have been murdered for what I can tell."

He was here interrupted by a piercing shriek, uttered by the unfortunate prisoner. She was with difficulty brought to compose herself. Her counsel availed himself of the tragical interruption to close his pleading with effect.

"My lords," said he, "in that piteous cry you heard the eloquence of maternal affection, far surpassing the force of my poor words : Rachel weeping for her children ! Nature herself bears testimony in favor of the tenderness and acuteness

of the prisoner's parental feelings. I will not dishonor her plea by adding a word more."

"Heard ye ever the like o' that, Laird?" said Saddletree to Dumbiedikes, when the counsel had ended his speech. "There's a chield can spin a muckle pirn out of a wee tait of tow! Deil haet he kens mair about it than what's in the declaration, and a surmise that Jeanie Deans suld hae been able to say something about her sister's situation, whilk surmise, Mr. Crossmyloof says, rests on sma' authority. And he's cleckit this great muckle bird out o' this wee egg! He could wile the very flounders out o' the Firth. What garr'd my father no send me to Utrecht? But whisht! the Court is gaun to pronounce the interlocutor of relevancy."

And accordingly the Judges, after a few words, recorded their judgment, which bore, that the indictment, if proved, was relevant to infer the pains of law; and that the defence, that the panel had communicated her situation to her sister, was a relevant defence; and, finally, appointed the said indictment and defence to be submitted to the judgment of an assize.

CHAPTER XXIII

Most righteous judge ! a sentence. Come, prepare.
Merchant of Venice.

It is by no means my intention to describe minutely the forms of a Scottish criminal trial, nor am I sure that I could draw up an account so intelligible and accurate as to abide the criticism of the gentlemen of the long robe. It is enough to say that the jury was impanelled, and the case proceeded. The prisoner was again required to plead to the charge, and she again replied, "Not Guilty," in the same heart-thrilling tone as before.

The crown counsel then called two or three female witnesses, by whose testimony it was established that Effie's situation had been remarked by them, that they had taxed her with the fact, and that her answers had amounted to an angry and petulant denial of what they charged her with. But, as very frequently happens, the declaration of the panel or accused party herself was the evidence which bore hardest upon her case.

In the event of these Tales ever finding their way across the Border, it may be proper to apprise the southern reader that it is the practice in Scotland, on apprehending a suspected person, to subject him to a judicial examination before a magistrate. He is not compelled to answer any of the questions asked of him, but may remain silent if he sees it his interest to do so. But whatever answers he chooses to give are formally written down, and being subscribed by himself and the magistrate, are produced against the accused in case of his being brought to trial. It is true, that these declarations are not produced as being in themselves evidence properly so called, but only as *adminicles* of testimony, tending to corroborate what is considered as legal and proper evidence. Notwithstanding this nice distinction, however, introduced by lawyers to reconcile this procedure to their own general rule, that a man cannot be required to bear witness against himself, it nevertheless usually happens that these declarations become the means of condemning the accused, as it

were, out of their own mouths. The prisoner, upon these previous examinations, has indeed the privilege of remaining silent if he pleases ; but every man necessarily feels that a refusal to answer natural and pertinent interrogatories, put by judicial authority, is in itself a strong proof of guilt, and will certainly lead to his being committed to prison ; and few can renounce the hope of obtaining liberty by giving some specious account of themselves, and showing apparent frankness in explaining their motives and accounting for their conduct. It therefore seldom happens that the prisoner refuses to give a judicial declaration, in which, nevertheless, either by letting out too much of the truth, or by endeavoring to substitute a fictitious story, he almost always exposes himself to suspicion and to contradictions, which weigh heavily in the minds of the jury.

The declaration of Effie Deans was uttered on other principles, and the following is a sketch of its contents, given in the judicial form in which they may still be found in the *Books of Adjournal*.

The declarant admitted a criminal intrigue with an individual whose name she desired to conceal. “ Being interrogated, what her reason was for secrecy on this point ? She declared, that she had no right to blame that person’s conduct more than she did her own, and that she was willing to confess her own faults, but not to say anything which might criminate the absent. Interrogated, if she confessed her situation to any one, or made any preparation for her confinement ? Declares, she did not. And being interrogated, why she forbore to take steps which her situation so peremptorily required ? Declares, she was ashamed to tell her friends, and she trusted the person she has mentioned would provide for her and the infant. Interrogated, if he did so ? Declares, that he did not do so personally ; but that it was not his fault, for that the declarant is convinced he would have laid down his life sooner than the bairn or she had come to harm. Interrogated, what prevented him from keeping his promise ? Declares, that it was impossible for him to do so, he being under trouble at the time, and declines further answer to this question. Interrogated, where she was from the period she left her master, Mr. Saddle-tree’s family, until her appearance at her father’s, at St. Leonard’s, the day before she was apprehended ? Declares, she does not remember. And, on the interrogatory being repeated, declares, she does not mind muckle about it, for she was very ill. On the question being again repeated, she declares, she will tell the truth, if it

should be the undoing of her, so long as she is not asked to tell on other folk ; and admits, that she passed that interval of time in the lodging of a woman, an acquaintance of that person who had wished her to that place to be delivered, and that she was there delivered accordingly of a male child. Interrogated, what was the name of that person ? Declares and refuses to answer this question. Interrogated, where she lives ? Declares, she has no certainty, for that she was taken to the lodging aforesaid under cloud of night. Interrogated, if the lodging was in the city or suburbs ? Declares and refuses to answer that question. Interrogated, whether, when she left the house of Mr. Saddletree, she went up or down the street ? Declares and refuses to answer the question. Interrogated, whether she had ever seen the woman before she was wished to her, as she termed it, by the person whose name she refuses to answer ? Declares and replies, not to her knowledge. Interrogated, whether this woman was introduced to her by the said person verbally, or by word of mouth ? Declares, she has no freedom to answer this question. Interrogated, if the child was alive when it was born ? Declares, that—God help her and it !—it certainly was alive. Interrogated, if it died a natural death after birth ? Declares, not to her knowledge. Interrogated, where it now is ? Declares, she would give her right hand to ken, but that she never hopes to see mair than the banes of it. And being interrogated, why she supposes it is now dead ? the declarant wept bitterly, and made no answer. Interrogated, if the woman in whose lodging she was seemed to be a fit person to be with her in that situation ? Declares, she might be fit enough for skill, but that she was a hard-hearted bad woman. Interrogated, if there was any other person in the lodging excepting themselves two ? Declares, that she thinks there was another woman ; but her head was so carried with pain of body and trouble of mind that she minded her very little. Interrogated, when the child was taken away from her ? Declared, that she fell in a fever, and was light-headed, and when she came to her own mind the woman told her the bairn was dead ; and that the declarant answered, if it was dead it had had foul play. That, thereupon, the woman was very sair on her, and gave her much ill language ; and that the deponent was frightened, and crawled out of the house when her back was turned, and went home to St. Leonard's Crag, as well as a woman in her condition dought. Interrogated, why she did not tell her story to her sister and father, and get force to search the house for her child, dead or alive ? Declares, it

was her purpose to do so, but she had not time. Interrogated, why she now conceals the name of the woman, and the place of her abode? The declarant remained silent for a time, and then said, that to do so could not repair the skaith that was done, but might be the occasion of more. Interrogated, whether she had herself, at any time, had any purpose of putting away the child by violence? Declares, never; so might God be merciful to her; and then again declares, never, when she was in her perfect senses; but what bad thoughts the Enemy might put into her brain when she was out of herself, she cannot answer. And again solemnly interrogated, declares, that she would have been drawn with wild horses rather than have touched the bairn with an unmotherly hand. Interrogated, declares, that among the ill language the woman gave her, she did say sure enough that the declarant had hurt the bairn when she was in the brain fever; but that the declarant does not believe that she said this from any other cause than to frighten her, and make her be silent. Interrogated, what else the woman said to her? Declares, that when the declarant cried loud for her bairn, and was like to raise the neighbors, the woman threatened her, that they that could stop the wean's skirling would stop hers, if she did not keep a' the lounder. And that this threat, with the manner of the woman, made the declarant conclude that the bairn's life was gone, and her own in danger, for that the woman was a desperate bad woman, as the declarant judged, from the language she used. Interrogated, declares, that the fever and delirium were brought on her by hearing bad news, suddenly told to her, but refuses to say what the said news related to. Interrogated, why she does not now communicate these particulars, which might, perhaps, enable the magistrate to ascertain whether the child is living or dead, and requested to observe, that her refusing to do so exposes her own life, and leaves the child in bad hands, as also, that her present refusal to answer on such points is inconsistent with her alleged intention to make a clean breast to her sister? Declares, that she kens the bairn is now dead, or, if living, there is one that will look after it; that for her own living or dying, she is in God's hands, who knows her innocence of harming her bairn with her will or knowledge; and that she has altered her resolution of speaking out, which she entertained when she left the woman's lodging, on account of a matter which she has since learned. And declares, in general, that she is wearied, and will answer no more questions at this time."

Upon a subsequent examination, Euphemia Deans adhered

to the declaration she had formerly made, with this addition, that a paper found in her trunk being shown to her, she admitted that it contained the credentials in consequence of which she resigned herself to the conduct of the woman at whose lodgings she was delivered of the child. Its tenor ran thus :

“DEAREST EFFIE,

“I have gotten the means to send to you by a woman who is well qualified to assist you in your approaching streight ; she is not what I could wish her, but I cannot do better for you in my present condition. I am obliged to trust to her in this present calamity, for myself and you too. I hope for the best, though I am now in a sore pinch ; yet thought is free. I think Handie Dandie and I may queer the stifler for all that is come and gone. You will be angry for me writing this to my little Cameronian Lily ; but if I can but live to be a comfort to you, and a father to your baby, you will have plenty of time to scold. Once more, let none know your counsel. My life depends on this hag, d—n her ; she is both deep and dangerous, but she has more wiles and wit than ever were in a beldam’s head, and has cause to be true to me. Farewell, my Lily. Do not droop on my account ; in a week I will be yours, or no more my own.”

Then followed a postscript. “If they must truss me, I will repent of nothing so much, even at the last hard pinch, as of the injury I have done my Lily.”

Effie refused to say from whom she had received this letter, but enough of the story was now known to ascertain that it came from Robertson ; and from the date it appeared to have been written about the time when Andrew Wilson, called for a nickname Handie Dandie, and he were meditating their first abortive attempt to escape, which miscarried in the manner mentioned in the beginning of this history.

The evidence of the crown being concluded, the counsel for the prisoner began to lead a proof in her defence. The first witnesses were examined upon the girl’s character. All gave her an excellent one, but none with more feeling than worthy Mrs. Saddle-tree, who, with the tears on her cheeks, declared, that she could not have had a higher opinion of Effie Deans, nor a more sincere regard for her, if she had been her own daughter. All present gave the honest woman credit for her goodness of heart, excepting her husband, who whispered to Dumbiedikes, “That Nichil Novit of yours is

but a raw hand at leading evidence, I'm thinking. What signified his bringing a woman here to snorter and snivel, and bather their Lordships? He should hae ceeted me, sir, and I should hae gien them sic a screed o' testimony, they shouldna hae touched a hair o' her head."

"Hadna ye better get up and try't yet?" said the Laird. "I'll mak a sign to Novit."

"Na, na," said Saddletree, "thank ye for naething, neighbor: that would be ultroneous evidence, and I ken what belongs to that; but Nichil Novit suld hae had me ceeted *debito tempore*." And wiping his mouth with his silk handkerchief with great importance, he resumed the port and manner of an edified and intelligent auditor.

Mr. Fairbrother now premised, in a few words, "that he meant to bring forward his most important witness, upon whose evidence the cause must in a great measure depend. What his client was, they had learned from the preceding witnesses; and so far as general character, given in the most forcible terms, and even with tears, could interest every one in her fate, she had already gained that advantage. It was necessary, he admitted, that he should produce more positive testimony of her innocence than what arose out of general character, and this he undertook to do by the mouth of the person to whom she had communicated her situation—by the mouth of her natural counsellor and guardian—her sister. Macer, call into court Jean or Jeanie Deans, daughter of David Deans, cow-feeder, at St. Leonard's Crags."

When he uttered these words, the poor prisoner instantly started up and stretched herself half-way over the bar, towards the side at which her sister was to enter. And when, slowly following the officer, the witness advanced to the foot of the table, Effie, with the whole expression of her countenance altered from that of confused shame and dismay to an eager, imploring, and almost ecstatic earnestness of entreaty, with outstretched hands, hair streaming back, eyes raised eagerly to her sister's face, and glistening through tears, exclaimed, in a tone which went through the heart of all who heard her—"O Jeanie—Jeanie, save me—save me!"

With a different feeling, yet equally appropriated to his proud and self-dependent character, old Deans drew himself back still further under the cover of the bench; so that when Jeanie, as she entered the court, cast a timid glance towards the place at which she had left him seated, his venerable figure was no longer visible. He sat down on the other side of Dumbiedikes, wrung his hand hard, and whispered, "Ah,

Laird, this is warst of a'—if I can but win ower this part ! I feel my head unco dizzy ; but my Master is strong in His servant's weakness." After a moment's mental prayer, he again started up, as if impatient of continuing in any one posture, and gradually edged himself forward towards the place he had just quitted.

Jeanie in the meantime had advanced to the bottom of the table, when, unable to resist the impulse of affection, she suddenly extended her hand to her sister. Effie was just within the distance that she could seize it with both hers, press it to her mouth, cover it with kisses, and bathe it in tears, with the fond devotion that a Catholic would pay to a guardian saint descended for his safety ; while Jeanie, hiding her own face with her other hand, wept bitterly. The sight would have moved a heart of stone, much more of flesh and blood. Many of the spectators shed tears, and it was some time before the presiding Judge himself could so far subdue his emotion as to request the witness to compose herself, and the prisoner to forbear those marks of eager affection, which, however natural, could not be permitted at that time and in that presence.

The solemn oath—"the truth to tell, and no truth to conceal, as far as she knew or should be asked," was then administered by the Judge "in the name of God, and as the witness should answer to God at the great day of judgment ;" an awful adjuration, which seldom fails to make impression even on the most hardened characters, and to strike with fear even the most upright. Jeanie, educated in deep and devout reverence for the name and attributes of the Deity, was, by the solemnity of a direct appeal to His person and justice, awed, but at the same time elevated above all considerations save those which she could, with a clear conscience, call HIM to witness. She repeated the form in a low and reverent, but distinct, tone of voice after the Judge, to whom, and not to any inferior officer of the court, the task is assigned in Scotland of directing the witness in that solemn appeal which is the sanction of his testimony.

When the Judge had finished the established form, he added, in a feeling, but yet a monitory, tone, an advice which the circumstances appeared to him to call for.

"Young woman," these were his words, "you come before this Court in circumstances which it would be worse than cruel not to pity and to sympathize with. Yet it is my duty to tell you, that the truth, whatever its consequences may be—the truth is what you owe to your country, and to that God

whose word is truth, and whose name you have now invoked. Use your own time in answering the questions that gentleman [pointing to the counsel] shall put to you. But remember, that for what you may be tempted to say beyond what is the actual truth, you must answer both here and hereafter."

The usual questions were then put to her: Whether any one had instructed her what evidence she had to deliver? Whether any one had given or promised her any good deed, hire, or reward for her testimony? Whether she had any malice or ill-will at his Majesty's Advocate, being the party against whom she was cited as a witness? To which questions she successively answered by a quiet negative. But their tenor gave great scandal and offence to her father, who was not aware that they are put to every witness as a matter of form.

"Na, na," he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard, "my bairn is no like the widow of Tekoah: nae man has putten words into her mouth."

"One of the Judges, better acquainted, perhaps, with the *Books of Adjournal* than with the Book of Samuel, was disposed to make some instant inquiry after this widow of Tekoah, who, as he construed the matter, had been tampering with the evidence. But the presiding Judge, better versed in Scripture history, whispered to his learned brother the necessary explanation; and the pause occasioned by this mistake had the good effect of giving Jeanie Deans time to collect her spirits for the painful task she had to perform.

Fairbrother, whose practice and intelligence were considerable, saw the necessity of letting the witness compose herself. In his heart he suspected that she came to bear false witness in her sister's cause.

"But that is her own affair," thought Fairbrother; "and it is my business to see that she has plenty of time to regain composure, and to deliver her evidence, be it true or be it false, *valeat quantum*."

Accordingly, he commenced his interrogatories with uninteresting questions, which admitted of instant reply.

"You are, I think, the sister of the prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not the full sister, however?"

"No, sir; we are by different mothers."

"True; and you are, I think, several years older than your sister?"

"Yes, sir," etc.

After the advocate had conceived that, by these prelimi-

nary and unimportant questions, he had familiarized the witness with the situation in which she stood, he asked, "whether she had not remarked her sister's state of health to be altered, during the latter part of the term when she had lived with Mrs. Saddletree?"

Jeanie answered in the affirmative.

"And she told you the cause of it, my dear, I suppose?" said Fairbrother, in an easy, and, as one may say, an inductive sort of tone.

"I am sorry to interrupt my brother," said the Crown Counsel, rising, "but I am in your Lordships' judgment, whether this be not a leading question?"

"If this point is to be debated," said the presiding Judge, "the witness must be removed."

For the Scottish lawyers regard with a sacred and scrupulous horror every question so shaped by the counsel examining as to convey to a witness the least intimation of the nature of the answer which is desired from him. These scruples, though founded on an excellent principle, are sometimes carried to an absurd pitch of nicety, especially as it is generally easy for a lawyer who has his wits about him to elude the objection. Fairbrother did so in the present case.

"It is not necessary to waste the time of the Court, my lord; since the King's Counsel thinks it worth while to object to the form of my question, I will shape it otherwise. Pray, young woman, did you ask your sister any question when you observed her looking unwell? Take courage—speak out."

"I asked her," replied Jeanie, "what ailed her."

"Very well—take your own time—and what was the answer she made?" continued Mr. Fairbrother.

Jeanie was silent, and looked deadly pale. It was not that she at any one instant entertained an idea of the possibility of prevarication: it was the natural hesitation to extinguish the last spark of hope that remained for her sister.

"Take courage, young woman," said Fairbrother. "I asked what your sister said ailed her when you inquired?"

"Nothing," answered Jeanie, with a faint voice, which was yet heard distinctly in the most distant corner of the courtroom—such an awful and profound silence had been preserved during the anxious interval which had interposed betwixt the lawyer's question and the answer of the witness.

Fairbrother's countenance fell; but with that ready presence of mind which is as useful in civil as in military emergencies, he immediately rallied. "Nothing? True; you mean

nothing at *first*; but when you asked her again, did she not tell you what ailed her?"

The question was put in a tone meant to make her comprehend the importance of her answer, had she not been already aware of it. The ice was broken, however, and with less pause than at first, she now replied—"Alack! alack! she never breathed word to me about it."

A deep groan passed through the Court. It was echoed by one deeper and more agonized from the unfortunate father. The hope, to which unconsciously, and in spite of himself, he had still secretly clung, had now dissolved, and the venerable old man fell forward senseless on the floor of the court-house, with his head at the foot of his terrified daughter. The unfortunate prisoner, with impotent passion, strove with the guards betwixt whom she was placed. "Let me gang to my father! I *will* gang to him—I *will* gang to him; he is dead—he is killed; I hae killed him!" she repeated, in frenzied tones of grief, which those who heard them did not speedily forget.

Even in this moment of agony and general confusion, Jeanie did not lose that superiority which a deep and firm mind assures to its possessor under the most trying circumstances.

"He is my father—he is our father," she mildly repeated to those who endeavored to separate them, as she stooped, shaded aside his gray hairs, and began assiduously to chafe his temples.

The Judge, after repeatedly wiping his eyes, gave directions that they should be conducted into a neighboring apartment, and carefully attended. The prisoner, as her father was borne from the court, and her sister slowly followed, pursued them with her eyes so earnestly fixed, as if they would have started from their sockets. But when they were no longer visible, she seemed to find, in her despairing and deserted state, a courage which she had not yet exhibited.

"The bitterness of it is now past," she said, and then boldly addressed the Court. "My lords, if it is your pleasure to gang on wi' this matter, the weariest day will hae its end at last."

The Judge, who, much to his honor, had shared deeply in the general sympathy, was surprised at being recalled to his duty by the prisoner. He collected himself, and requested to know if the panel's counsel had more evidence to produce. Fairbrother replied, with an air of dejection, that his proof was concluded.

The King's Counsel addressed the jury for the crown. He said in few words, that no one could be more concerned than he was for the distressing scene which they had just witnessed.

But it was the necessary consequence of great crimes to bring distress and ruin upon all connected with the perpetrators. He briefly reviewed the proof, in which he showed that all the circumstances of the case concurred with those required by the act under which the unfortunate prisoner was tried : that the counsel for the panel had totally failed in proving that Euphemia Deans had communicated her situation to her sister ; that, respecting her previous good character, he was sorry to observe, that it was females who possessed the world's good report, and to whom it was justly valuable, who were most strongly tempted, by shame and fear of the world's censure, to the crime of infanticide ; that the child was murdered, he professed to entertain no doubt. The vacillating and inconsistent declaration of the prisoner herself, marked as it was by numerous refusals to speak the truth on subjects when, according to her own story, it would have been natural, as well as advantageous, to have been candid—even this imperfect declaration left no doubt in his mind as to the fate of the unhappy infant. Neither could he doubt that the panel was a partner in this guilt. Who else had an interest in a deed so inhuman ? Surely neither Robertson, nor Robertson's agent, in whose house she was delivered, had the least temptation to commit such a crime, unless upon her account, with her connivance, and for the sake of saving her reputation. But it was not required of him by the law that he should bring precise proof of the murder, or of the prisoner's accession to it. It was the very purpose of the statute to substitute a certain chain of presumptive evidence in place of a probation, which, in such cases, it was peculiarly difficult to obtain. The jury might peruse the statute itself, and they had also the libel and interlocutor of relevancy to direct them in point of law. He put it to the conscience of the jury, that under both he was entitled to a verdict of Guilty.

The charge of Fairbrother was much cramped by his having failed in the proof which he expected to lead. But he fought his losing cause with courage and constancy. He ventured to arraign the severity of the statute under which the young woman was tried. “ In all other cases,” he said, “ the first thing required of the criminal prosecutor was, to prove unequivocally that the crime libelled had actually been committed, which lawyers called proving the *corpus delicti*. But this statute, made doubtless with the best intentions, and under the impulse of a just horror for the unnatural crime of infanticide, run the risk of itself occasioning the worst of murders, the death of an innocent person, to atone for a sup-

posed crime which may never have been committed by any one. He was so far from acknowledging the alleged probability of the child's violent death, that he could not even allow that there was evidence of its having ever lived."

The King's Counsel pointed to the woman's declaration ; to which the counsel replied—"A production concocted in a moment of terror and agony, and which approached to insanity," he said, "his learned brother well knew was no sound evidence against the party who emitted it. It was true, that a judicial confession, in presence of the justices themselves, was the strongest of all proof, in so much that it is said in law, that '*in confitentem nullæ sunt partes judicis.*' But this was true of judicial confession only, by which law meant that which is made in presence of the justices and the sworn inquest. Of extrajudicial confession, all authorities held with the illustrious Farinaceus and Matheus, '*confessio extrajudicialis in se nulla est; et quod nullum est, non potest adminiculari.*' It was totally inept, and void of all strength and effect from the beginning ; incapable, therefore, of being bolstered up or supported, or, according to the lawphrase, adminiculated, by other presumptive circumstances. In the present case, therefore, letting the extrajudicial confession go, as it ought to go, for nothing," he contended, "the prosecutor had not made out the second quality of the statute, that a live child had been born ; and *that*, at least, ought to be established before presumptions were received that it had been murdered. If any of the assize," he said, "should be of opinion that this was dealing rather narrowly with the statute, they ought to consider that it was in its nature highly penal, and therefore entitled to no favorable construction."

He concluded a learned speech with an eloquent peroration on the scene they had just witnessed, during which Saddle-tree fell fast asleep.

It was now the presiding Judge's turn to address the jury. He did so briefly and distinctly.

"It was for the jury," he said, "to consider whether the prosecutor had made out his plea. For himself, he sincerely grieved to say that a shadow of doubt remained not upon his mind concerning the verdict which the inquest had to bring in. He would not follow the prisoner's counsel through the impeachment which he had brought against the statute of King William and Queen Mary. He and the jury were sworn to judge according to the laws as they stood, not to criticise, or to evade, or even to justify them. In no civil case would a counsel have been permitted to plead his client's case in the

teeth of the law ; but in the hard situation in which counsel were often placed in the Criminal Court, as well as out of favor to all presumptions of innocence, he had not inclined to interrupt the learned gentleman, or narrow his plea. The present law, as it now stood, had been instituted by the wisdom of their fathers, to check the alarming progress of a dreadful crime ; when it was found too severe for its purpose, it would doubtless be altered by the wisdom of the legislature ; at present it was the law of the land, the rule of the court, and, according to the oath which they had taken, it must be that of the jury. This unhappy girl's situation could not be doubted : that she had borne a child, and that the child had disappeared, were certain facts. The learned counsel had failed to show that she had communicated her situation. All the requisites of the case required by the statute were therefore before the jury. The learned gentleman had, indeed, desired them to throw out of consideration the panel's own confession, which was the plea usually urged, in penury of all others, by counsel in his situation, who usually felt that the declarations of their clients bore hard on them. But that the Scottish law designed that a certain weight should be laid on these declarations, which, he admitted, were *quodammodo* extrajudicial, was evident from the universal practice by which they were always produced and read, as part of the prosecutor's probation. In the present case, no person who had heard the witnesses describe the appearance of the young woman before she left Saddletree's house, and contrasted it with that of her state and condition at her return to her father's, could have any doubt that the fact of delivery had taken place, as set forth in her own declaration, which was, therefore, not a solitary piece of testimony, but adminiculated and supported by the strongest circumstantial proof.

"He did not," he said, "state the impression upon his own mind with the purpose of biassing theirs. He had felt no less than they had done from the scene of domestic misery which had been exhibited before them ; and if they, having God and a good conscience, the sanctity of their oath, and the regard due to the law of the country, before their eyes, could come to a conclusion favorable to this unhappy prisoner, he should rejoice as much as any one in Court ; for never had he found his duty more distressing than in discharging it that day, and glad he would be to be relieved from the still more painful task which would otherwise remain for him."

The jury, having heard the Judge's address, bowed and retired, preceded by a macer of Court, to the apartment destined for their deliberation.

CHAPTER XXIV

**Law, take thy victim. May she find the mercy
In yon mild heaven, which this hard world denies her !**

It was an hour ere the jurors returned, and as they traversed the crowd with slow steps, as men about to discharge themselves of a heavy and painful responsibility, the audience was hushed into profound, earnest, and awful silence.

“Have you agreed on your chancellor, gentlemen ?” was the first question of the Judge.

The foreman, called in Scotland the chancellor of the jury, usually the man of best rank and estimation among the assizers, stepped forward, and, with a low reverence, delivered to the Court a sealed paper, containing the verdict, which, until of late years that verbal returns are in some instances permitted, was always couched in writing. The jury remained standing while the Judge broke the seals, and, having perused the paper, handed it, with an air of mournful gravity, down to the Clerk of Court, who proceeded to engross in the record the yet unknown verdict, of which, however, all omened the tragical contents. A form still remained, trifling and unimportant in itself, but to which imagination adds a sort of solemnity, from the awful occasion upon which it is used. A lighted candle was placed on the table, the original paper containing the verdict was enclosed in a sheet of paper, and, sealed with the Judge’s own signet, was transmitted to the Crown Office, to be preserved among other records of the same kind. As all this is transacted in profound silence, the producing and extinguishing the candle seems a type of the human spark which is shortly afterwards doomed to be quenched, and excites in the spectators something of the same effect which in England is obtained by the Judge assuming the fatal cap of judgment. When these preliminary forms had been gone through, the Judge required Euphemia Deans to attend to the verdict to be read.

After the usual words of style, the verdict set forth, that the jury, having made choice of John Kirk, Esq., to be their chancellor, and Thomas Moore, merchant, to be their

clerk, did, by a plurality of voices, find the said Euphemia Deans GUILTY of the crime libelled; but, in consideration of her extreme youth, and the cruel circumstances of her case, did earnestly entreat that the Judge would recommend her to the mercy of the Crown.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "you have done your duty, and a painful one it must have been to men of humanity like you. I will, undoubtedly, transmit your recommendation to the throne. But it is my duty to tell all who now hear me, but especially to inform that unhappy young woman, in order that her mind may be settled accordingly, that I have not the least hope of a pardon being granted in the present case. You know the crime has been increasing in this land, and I know further, that this has been ascribed to the lenity in which the laws have been exercised, and that there is therefore no hope whatever of obtaining a remission for this offence." The jury bowed again, and, released from their painful office, dispersed themselves among the mass of bystanders.

The Court then asked Mr. Fairbrother whether he had anything to say, why judgment should not follow on the verdict? The counsel had spent some time in perusing and re-perusing the verdict, counting the letters in each juror's name, and weighing every phrase, nay, every syllable, in the nicest scales of legal criticism. But the clerk of the jury had understood his business too well. No flaw was to be found, and Fairbrother mournfully intimated that he had nothing to say in arrest of judgment.

The presiding Judge then addressed the unhappy prisoner: "Euphemia Deans, attend to the sentence of the Court now to be pronounced against you."

She rose from her seat, and, with a composure far greater than could have been augured from her demeanor during some parts of the trial, abode the conclusion of the awful scene. So nearly does the mental portion of our feelings resemble those which are corporal, that the first severe blows which we receive bring with them a stunning apathy, which renders us indifferent to those that follow them. Thus said Mandrin,* when he was undergoing the punishment of the wheel; and so have all felt upon whom successive inflictions have descended with continuous and reiterated violence.

"Young woman," said the Judge, "it is my painful duty to tell you, that your life is forfeited under a law which, if it may seem in some degree severe, is yet wisely so, to render those of

* He was known as captain-general of French smugglers. See a Tract on his exploits, printed 1753 (*Laing*).

your unhappy situation aware what risk they run, by concealing, out of pride or false shame, their lapse from virtue, and making no preparation to save the lives of the unfortunate infants whom they are to bring into the world. When you concealed your situation from your mistress, your sister, and other worthy and compassionate persons of your own sex, in whose favor your former conduct had given you a fair place, you seem to me to have had in your contemplation, at least, the death of the helpless creature for whose life you neglected to provide. How the child was disposed of—whether it was dealt upon by another, or by yourself; whether the extraordinary story you have told is partly false, or altogether so, is between God and your own conscience. I will not aggravate your distress by pressing on that topic, but I do most solemnly adjure you to employ the remaining space of your time in making your peace with God, for which purpose such reverend clergyman as you yourself may name shall have access to you. Notwithstanding the humane recommendation of the jury, I cannot afford to you, in the present circumstances of the country, the slightest hope that your life will be prolonged beyond the period assigned for the execution of your sentence. Forsaking, therefore, the thoughts of this world, let your mind be prepared by repentance for those of more awful moments—for death, judgment, and eternity. Doomster,* read the sentence."

When the doomster showed himself, a tall haggard figure, arrayed in a fantastic garment of black and gray, passementé with silver lace, all fell back with a sort of instinctive horror, and made wide way for him to approach the foot of the table. As this office was held by the common executioner, men shouldered each other backward to avoid even the touch of his garment, and some were seen to brush their own clothes, which had accidentally become subject to such contamination. A sound went through the court, produced by each person drawing in their breath hard, as men do when they expect or witness what is frightful, and at the same time affecting. The caitiff villain yet seemed, amid his hardened brutality, to have some sense of his being the object of public detestation, which made him impatient of being in public, as birds of evil omen are anxious to escape from daylight and from pure air.

Repeating after the Clerk of Court, he gabbled over the words of the sentence, which condemned Euphemia Deans to be conducted back to the tolbooth of Edinburgh, and detained there until Wednesday the —— day of ——; and upon that

* See Note 26

day, betwixt the hours of two and four o'clock afternoon, to be conveyed to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck upon a gibbet. "And this," said the doomster, aggravating his harsh voice, "I pronounce for *doom*."

He vanished when he had spoken the last emphatic word, like a foul fiend after the purpose of his visitation has been accomplished; but the impression of horror excited by his presence and his errand remained upon the crowd of spectators.

The unfortunate criminal—for so she must now be termed—with more susceptibility and more irritable feelings than her father and sister, was found, in this emergence, to possess a considerable share of their courage. She had remained standing motionless at the bar while the sentence was pronounced, and was observed to shut her eyes when the doomster appeared. But she was the first to break silence when that evil form had left his place.

"God forgive ye, my lords," she said, "and dinna be angry wi' me for wishing it—we a' need forgiveness. As for myself, I canna blame ye, for ye act up to your lights; and if I havena killed my poor infant, ye may witness a' that hae seen it this day, that I hae been the means of killing my gray-headed father. I deserve the warst frae man, and frae God too. But God is mair mercifu' to us than we are to each other."

With these words the trial concluded. The crowd rushed, bearing forward and shouldering each other, out of the court in the same tumultuary mode in which they had entered; and, in the excitation of animal motion and animal spirits, soon forgot whatever they had felt as impressive in the scene which they had witnessed. The professional spectators, whom habit and theory had rendered as callous to the distress of the scene as medical men are to those of a surgical operation, walked homeward in groups, discussing the general principle of the statute under which the young woman was condemned, the nature of the evidence, and the arguments of the counsel, without considering even that of the Judge as exempt from their criticism.

The female spectators, more compassionate, were loud in exclamation against that part of the Judge's speech which seemed to cut off the hope of pardon.

"Set him up, indeed," said Mrs. Howden, "to tell us that the poor lassie behoved to die, when Mr. John Kirk, as civil a gentleman as is within the ports of the town, took the pains to prigg for her himsell."

"Ay, but, neighbor," said Miss Damahoy, drawing up her

thin maidenly form to its full height of prim dignity, "I really think this unnatural business of having bastard bairns should be putten a stop to. There isna a hussy now on this side of thirty that you can bring within your doors, but there will be chields—writer-lads, prentice-lads, and what not—coming traiking after them for their destruction, and discrediting ane's honest house into the bargain. I hae nae patience wi' them."

"Hout, neighbor," said Mrs. Howden, "we suld live and let live; we hae been young ourselfs, and we are no aye to judge the warst when lads and lasses forgather."

"Young ourselfs! and judge the warst!" said Miss Damahoy. "I am no sae auld as that comes to, Mrs. Howden; and as for what ye ca' the warst, I ken neither good nor bad about the matter, I thank my stars!"

"Ye are thankfu' for sma' mercies, then," said Mrs. Howden, with a toss of her head; "and as for *you* and *young*—I trow ye were doing for yoursell at the last riding of the Scots Parliament, and that was in the gracious year seven, sae ye can be nae sic chicken at ony rate."

Plumdamas, who acted as squire of the body to the two contending dames, instantly saw the hazard of entering into such delicate points of chronology, and being a lover of peace and good neighborhood, lost no time in bringing back the conversation to its original subject. "The Judge didna tell us a' he could hae tell'd us, if he had liked, about the application for pardon, neighbors," said he; "there is aye a wimple in a lawyer's clue; but it's a wee bit of a secret."

"And what is't?—what is't, neighbor Plumdamas?" said Mrs. Howden and Miss Damahoy at once, the acid fermentation of their dispute being at once neutralized by the powerful alkali implied in the word "secret."

"Here's Mr. Saddletree can tell ye that better than me, for it was hin that tauld me," said Plumdamas, as Saddletree came up, with his wife hanging on his arm and looking very disconsolate.

When the question was put to Saddletree, he looked very scornful. "They speak about stopping the frequency of child-murder," said he, in a contemptuous tone; "do ye think our auld enemies of England, as Glendook aye ca's them in his printed Statute-book, care a boddle whether we didna kill ane anither, skin and birn, horse and foot, man, woman, and bairns, all and sindry, *omnes et singulos*, as Mr. Crossmyloof says? Na, na, it's no *that* hinders them frae pardoning the bit lassie. But here is the pinch of the plea. The king and

queen are sae ill pleased wi' that mistak about Porteous, that deil a kindly Scot will they pardon again, either by reprieve or remission, if the haill town o' Edinburgh should be a' hanged on ae tow."

"Deil that they were back at their German kale-yard, then, as my neighbor MacCroskie ca's it," said Mrs. Howden, "an that's the way they're gaun to guide us!"

"They say for certain," said Miss Damahoy, "that King George flang his periwig in the fire when he heard o' the Porteous mob."

"He has done that, they say," replied Saddletree, "for less thing."

"Aweel," said Miss Damahoy, "he might keep mair wit in his anger; but it's a' the better for his wigmaker, I'se warrant."

"The queen tore her biggonets for perfect anger, ye'll hae heard o' that too?" said Plumdamas. "And the king, they say, kickit Sir Robert Walpole for no keeping down the mob of Edinburgh; but I dinna believe he wad behave sae ungenteel."

"It's dooms truth, though," said Saddletree; "and he was for kickin' the Duke of Argyle* too."

"Kickin' the Duke of Argyle!" exclaimed the hearers at once, in all the various combined keys of utter astonishment.

"Ay, but MacCallummore's blood wadna sit down wi' that; there was risk of Andro Ferrara coming in thirdsman."

"The Duke is a real Scotsman—a true friend to the country," answered Saddletree's hearers.

"Ay, troth is he, to king and country baith, as ye sall hear," continued the orator, "if ye will come in bye to our house, for it's safest speaking of sic things *inter parietes*."

When they entered his shop he thrust his prentice boy out of it, and, unlocking his desk, took out, with an air of grave and complacent importance, a dirty and crumpled piece of printed paper. He observed, "This is new corn; it's no everybody could show ye the like o' this. It's the Duke's speech about the Porteous mob, just promulgated by the hawkers. Ye shall hear what Ian Roy Cean† says for himsell. My correspondent bought it in the palace-yard, that's like just under the king's nose. I think he claws up their mittens! It came in a letter about a foolish bill of exchange that the man wanted me to renew for him. I wish ye wad see about it, Mrs. Saddletree."

* See John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. Note 27.

† Red John the Warrior, a name personal and proper in the Highlands to John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, as MacCummin was that of his race or dynasty.

Honest Mrs. Saddletree had hitherto been so sincerely distressed about the situation of her unfortunate *protégée*, that she had suffered her husband to proceed in his own way, without attending to what he was saying. The words "bill" and "renew" had, however, an awakening sound in them; and she snatched the letter which her husband held towards her, and wiping her eyes, and putting on her spectacles, endeavored, as fast as the dew which collected on her glasses would permit, to get at the meaning of the needful part of the epistle; while her husband, with pompous elevation, read an extract from the speech.

"I am no minister, I never was a minister, and I never will be one——"

"I didna ken his Grace was ever designed for the ministry," interrupted Mrs. Howden.

"He disna mean a minister of the Gospel, Mrs. Howden, but a minister of state," said Saddletree, with condescending goodness, and then proceeded: "The time was when I might have been a piece of a minister, but I was too sensible of my own incapacity to engage in any state affair. And I thank God that I had always too great a value for those few abilities which nature has given me, to employ them in doing any drudgery, or any job of what kind soever. I have, ever since I set out in the world—and I believe few have set out more early—served my prince with my tongue; I have served him with any little interest I had; and I have served him with my sword, and in my profession of arms. I have held employments which I have lost, and were I to be to-morrow deprived of those which still remain to me, and which I have endeavored honestly to deserve, I would still serve him to the last acre of my inheritance, and to the last drop of my blood——"

Mrs. Saddletree here broke in upon the orator. "Mr. Saddletree, what *is* the meaning of a' this? Here are ye claverin about the Duke of Argyle, and this man Martin-gale gaun to break on our hands, and lose us gude sixty pounds. I wonder what duke will pay that, quotha. I wish the Duke of Argyle would pay his ain accounts. He is in a thousand pund Scots on thae very books when he was last at Roystoun. I'm no saying but he's a just nobleman, and that it's gude siller; but it wad drive ane daft to be confused wi' deukes and drakes, and thae distressed folk upstairs, that's Jeanie Deans and her father. And then, putting the very callant that was sewing the curpel out o' the shop, to play wi' blackguards in the close. Sit still, neighbors, it's no that I

mean to disturb *you* ; but what between courts o' law and courts o' state, and upper and under parliaments, and parliament houses, here and in London, the gudeman's gane clean gyte, I think."

The gossips understood civility, and the rule of doing as they would be done by, too well to tarry upon the slight invitation implied in the conclusion of this speech, and therefore made their farewells and departure as fast as possible, Saddletree whispering to Plumdamas that he would "meet him at MacCroskie's (the low-browed shop in the Luckenbooths [Lawnmarket], already mentioned) in the hour of cause, and put MacCallummore's speech in his pocket, for a' the gudewife's din."

When Mrs. Saddletree saw the house freed of her importunate visitors, and the little boy reclaimed from the pastimes of the wynd to the exercise of the awl, she went to visit her unhappy relative, David Deans, and his elder daughter, who had found in her house the nearest place of friendly refuge.

CHAPTER XXV

Isab. Alas ! what poor ability's in me
To do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Measure for Measure.

WHEN Mrs. Saddletree entered the apartment in which her guests had shrouded their misery, she found the window darkened. The feebleness which followed his long swoon had rendered it necessary to lay the old man in bed. The curtains were drawn around him, and Jeanie sat motionless by the side of the bed. Mrs. Saddletree was a woman of kindness, nay, of feeling, but not of delicacy. She opened the half-shut window, drew aside the curtain, and taking her kinsman by the hand, exhorted him to sit up and bear his sorrow like a good man, and a Christian man, as he was. But when she quitted his hand it fell powerless by his side, nor did he attempt the least reply.

“ Is all over ? ” asked Jeanie, with lips and cheeks as pale as ashes. “ And is there nae hope for her ? ”

“ Nane, or next to nane,” said Mrs. Saddletree ; “ I heard the Judge-carle say it with my ain ears. It was a burning shame to see sae mony o’ them set up yonder in their red gowns and black gowns, and a’ to take the life o’ a bit senseless lassie. I had never muckle broo o’ my gudeman’s gossips, and now I like them waur than ever. The only wise-like thing I heard onybody say was decent Mr. John Kirk, of Kirk Knowe, and he wussed them just to get the king’s mercy, and nae mair about it. But he spake to unreasonable folk ; he might just hae keepit his breath to hae blawn on his porridge.”

“ But *can* the king gie her mercy ? ” said Jeanie, earnestly. “ Some folk tell me he canna gie mercy in cases of mur—in cases like hers.”

“ *Can* he gie mercy, hinny ? I weel I wot he *can*, when he likes. There was young Singlesword, that stickit the Laird of Ballencleuch ; and Captain Hackum, the Englishman, that killed Lady Colgrain’s gudeman ; and the Master of St. Clair, that shot the twa Shaws ;* and mony mair in

* See Murder of the Two Shaws. Note 28.

my time—to be sure they were gentle bluid, and had their kin to speak for them—and there was Jock Porteous, the other day. I'se warrant there's mercy, an folk could win at it."

"Porteous!" said Jeanie; "very true. I forget a' that I suld maist mind. Fare ye weel, Mrs. Saddletree; and may ye never want a friend in the hour o' distress!"

"Will ye no stay wi' your father, Jeanie, bairn? Ye had better," said Mrs. Saddletree.

"I will be wanted ower yonder," indicating the tolbooth with her hand, "and I maun leave him now, or I will never be able to leave him. I fearna for his life; I ken how strong-hearted he is—I ken it," she said, laying her hand on her bosom, "by my ain heart at this minute."

"Weel, hinny, if ye think it's for the best, better he stay here and rest him than gang back to St. Leonard's."

"Muckle better—muckle better; God bless you—God bless you! At no rate let him gang till ye hear frae me," said Jeanie.

"But ye'll be back belyve?" said Mrs. Saddletree, detaining her; "they wunna let ye stay yonder, hinny."

"But I maun gang to St. Leonard's; there's muckle to be dune and little time to do it in. And I have friends to speak to. God bless you! take care of my father."

She had reached the door of the apartment when, suddenly turning, she came back and knelt down by the bedside. "O father, gie me your blessing; I dare not go till ye bless me. Say but 'God bless ye and prosper ye, Jeanie;' try but to say that!"

Instinctively, rather than by an exertion of intellect, the old man murmured a prayer that "purchased and promised blessings might be multiplied upon her."

"He has blessed mine errand," said his daughter, rising from her knees, "and it is borne in upon my mind that I shall prosper."

So saying, she left the room.

Mrs. Saddletree looked after her, and shook her head. "I wish she binna roving, poor thing. There's something queer about a' thae Deanses. I dinna like folk to be sae muckle better than other folk; seldom comes gude o't. But if she's gaun to look after the kye at St. Leonard's, that's another story; to be sure they maun be sorted. Grizzie, come up here and take tent to the honest auld man, and see he wants naething. Ye silly tawpie [addressing the maid-servant as she entered], what garr'd ye busk up your cockernony that gate? I think there's been enough the day to gie an awfu' warning

about your cock-ups and your fal-lal duds ; see what they a' come to," etc., etc., etc.

Leaving the good lady to her lecture upon worldly vanities, we must transport our reader to the cell in which the unfortunate Effie Deans was now immured, being restricted of several liberties which she had enjoyed before the sentence was pronounced.

When she had remained about an hour in the state of stupefied horror so natural in her situation, she was disturbed by the opening of the jarring bolts of her place of confinement, and Ratcliffe shoved himself. "It's your sister," he said, "wants to speak t'ye, Effie."

"I canna see naeboddy," said Effie, with the hasty irritability which misery had rendered more acute—"I canna see naeboddy, an' least o' a' her. Bid her take care of the auld man : I an naething to ony o' them now, nor them to me."

"She says she maun see ye, though," said Ratcliffe ; and Jeanie, rushing into the apartment, threw her arms round her sister's neck, who writhed to extricate herself from her embrace.

"What signifies coming to greet ower me," said poor Effie, "when you have killed me ? killed me, when a word of your mouth wou'd have saved me ; killed me, when I am an innocent creature—innocent of that guilt, at least—and me that wad hae wared body and soul to save your finger from being hurt !"

"You shall not die," said Jeanie, with enthusiastic firmness ; "say what ye like o' me, think what ye like o' me, only promise—for I doubt your proud heart—that ye wunna harm yourself, an' you shall not die this shameful death."

"A *shameful* death I will not die, Jeanie, lass. I nave that in my heart, though it has been ower kind a ane, that wunna bide shame. Gae hame to our father, and think nae mair on me : I have eat my last earthly meal."

"O, this was what I feared !" said Jeanie.

"Hout, tout, hinny," said Ratcliffe ; "it's but little ye ken o' thae things. Ane aye thinks at the first dinnle o' the sentence, they hae heart enough to die rather than bide out the sax weeks ; but they aye bide the sax weeks out for a' that. I ken the gate o't weel ; I hae fronted the doomster three times, and here I stand, Jim Ratcliffe, for a' that. Had I tied my napkin strait the first time, as I had a great mind till't—and it was a' about a bit gray cowt, wasna worth ten pounds sterling—where would I have been now ?"

"And how *did* you escape ?" said Jeanie, the fates of

this man, at first so odious to her, having acquired a sudden interest in her eyes from their correspondence with those of her sister.

"How did I escape?" said Ratcliffe, with a knowing wink. "I tell ye I 'scapit in a way that naebody will escape from this tolbooth while I keep the keys."

"My sister shall come out in the face of the sun," said Jeanie; "I will go to London and beg her pardon from the king and queen. If they pardoned Porteous, they may pardon her; if a sister asks a sister's life on her bended knees, they *will* pardon her—they *shall* pardon her—and they will win a thousand hearts by it."

Effie listened in bewildered astonishment, and so earnest was her sister's enthusiastic assurance, that she almost involuntarily caught a gleam of hope; but it instantly faded away.

"Ah, Jeanie! the king and queen live in London, a thousand miles from this—far ayont the saut sea; I'll be gane before ye win there!"

"You are mistaen," said Jeanie; "it is no sae far, and they go to it by land: I learned something about thae things from Reuben Butler."

"Ah, Jeanie! ye never learned onything but what was gude frae the folk ye keepit company wi"; but I—but I——" She wrung her hands and wept bitterly.

"Dinna think on that now," said Jeanie; "there will be time for that if the present space be redeemed. Fare ye weel! Unless I die by the road, I will see the king's face that gies grace. O, sir [to Ratcliffe], be kind to her. She ne'er kenn'd what it was to need stranger's kindness till now. Fareweel—fareweel, Effie! Dinna speak to me; I mauna greet now, my head's ower dizzy already!"

She tore herself from her sister's arms, and left the cell. Ratcliffe followed her, and beckoned her into a small room. She obeyed his signal, but not without trembling.

"What's the fule thing shaking for?" said he; "I mean nothing but civility to you. D—n me, I respect you, and I can't help it. You have so much spunk, that—d—n me, but I think there's some chance of your carrying the day. But you must not go to the king till you have made some friend; try the Duke—try MacCallummure; he's Scotland's friend. I ken that the great folks dinna muckle like him; but they fear him, and that will serve your purpose as weel. D'ye ken naebody wad gie ye a letter to him?"

"Duke of Argyle!" said Jeanie, recollecting herself sud-

denly. "What was he to that Argyle that suffered in my father's time—in the persecution?"

"His son or grandson, I'm thinking," said Ratcliffe; "but what o' that?"

"Thank God!" said Jeanie, devoutly clasping her hands.

"You Whigs are aye thanking God for something," said the ruffian. "But hark ye, hinny, I'll tell ye a secret. Ye may meet wi' rough customers on the Border, or in the Midland, afore ye get to Lunnon. Now, deil ane o' them will touch an acquaintance o' Daddie Ratton's; for though I am retired frae public practice, yet they ken I can do a gude or an ill turn yet; and deil a gude fellow that has been but a twelvemonth on the lay, be he ruffler or padder, but he knows my gybe as well as the jark of e'er a queer cuffin in England—and there's rogue's Latin for you."

It was, indeed, totally unintelligible to Jeanie Deans, who was only impatient to escape from him. He hastily scrawled a line or two on a dirty piece of paper, and said to her, as she drew back when he offered it, "Hey! what the deil! it wunna bite you, my lass; if it does nae gude, it can do nae ill. But I wish you to show it if you have ony fasherie wi' ony o' St. Nicholas's clerks."

"Alas!" said she, "I do not understand what you mean?"

"I mean, if ye fall among thieves, my precious; that is a Scripture phrase, if ye will hae ane. 'The bauldest of them will ken a scart o' my guse feather. And now awa' wi' ye, and stick to Argyle; if onybody can do the job, it maun be him."

After casting an anxious look at the grated windows and blackened walls of the old tolbooth, and another scarce less anxious at the hospitable lodging of Mrs. Saddletree, Jeanie turned her back on that quarter, and soon after on the city itself. She reached St. Leonard's Crag without meeting any one whom she knew, which, in the state of her mind, she considered as a great blessing. "I must do naething," she thought, as she went along, "that can soften or weaken my heart: it's ower weak already for what I hae to do. I will think and act as firmly as I can, and speak as little."

There was an ancient servant, or rather cottar, of her father's, who had lived under him for many years, and whose fidelity was worthy of full confidence. She sent for this woman, and explaining to her that the circumstances of her family required that she should undertake a journey which would detain her for some weeks from home, she gave her full instructions concerning the management of the domestic

affairs in her absence. With a precision which, upon reflection, she herself could not help wondering at, she described and detailed the most minute steps which were to be taken, and especially such as were necessary for her father's comfort. "It was probable," she said, "that he would return to St. Leonard's to-morrow—certain that he would return very soon; all must be in order for him. He had enough to distress him, without being fashed about worldly matters."

In the meanwhile she toiled busily, along with May Hettly, to leave nothing unarranged.

It was deep in the night when all these matters were settled; and when they had partaken of some food, the first which Jeanie had tasted on that eventful day. May Hettly, whose usual residence was a cottage at a little distance from Deans's house, asked her young mistress whether she would not permit her to remain in the house all night. "Ye hae had an awfu' day," she said, "and sorrow and fear are but bad companions in the watches of the night, as I hae heard the gude-man say himsell."

"They are ill companions indeed," said Jeanie; "but I maun learn to abide their presence, and better begin in the house than in the field."

She dismissed her aged assistant accordingly—for so slight was the gradation in their rank of life that we can hardly term May a servant—and proceeded to make a few preparations for her journey.

The simplicity of her education and country made these preparations very brief and easy. Her tartan screen served all the purposes of a riding-habit and of an umbrella; a small bundle contained such changes of linen as were absolutely necessary. Barefooted, as Sancho says, she had come into the world, and barefooted she proposed to perform her pilgrimage; and her clean shoes and change of snow-white thread stockings were to be reserved for special occasions of ceremony. She was not aware that the English habits of *comfort* attach an idea of abject misery to the idea of a barefooted traveller; and if the objection of cleanliness had been made to the practice, she would have been apt to vindicate herself upon the very frequent ablutions to which, with Mahometan scrupulosity, a Scottish damsel of some condition usually subjects herself. Thus far, therefore, all was well.

From an oaken press or cabinet, in which her father kept a few old books, and two or three bundles of papers, besides his ordinary accounts and receipts, she sought out and extracted from a parcel of notes of sermons, calculations of interest, rec-

ords of dying speeches of the martyrs, and the like, one or two documents which she thought might be of some use to her upon her mission. But the most important difficulty remained behind, and it had not occurred to her until that very evening. It was the want of money, without which it was impossible she could undertake so distant a journey as she now meditated.

David Deans, as we have said, was easy, and even opulent, in his circumstances. But his wealth, like that of the patriarchs of old, consisted in his kine and herds, and in two or three sums lent out at interest to neighbors or relatives, who, far from being in circumstances to pay anything to account of the principal sums, thought they did all that was incumbent on them when, with considerable difficulty, they discharged "the annual rent." To these debtors it would be in vain, therefore, to apply, even with her father's concurrence; nor could she hope to obtain such concurrence, or assistance in any mode, without such a series of explanations and debates as she felt might deprive her totally of the power of taking the step, which, however daring and hazardous, she knew was absolutely necessary for trying the last chance in favor of her sister. Without departing from filial reverence, Jeanie had an inward conviction that the feelings of her father, however just, and upright, and honorable, were too little in unison with the spirit of the time to admit of his being a good judge of the measures to be adopted in this crisis. Herself more flexible in manner, though no less upright in principle, she felt that to ask his consent to her pilgrimage would be to encounter the risk of drawing down his positive prohibition, and under that she believed her journey could not be blessed in its progress and event. Accordingly, she had determined upon the means by which she might communicate to him her undertaking and its purpose shortly after her actual departure. But it was impossible to apply to him for money without altering this arrangement, and discussing fully the propriety of her journey; pecuniary assistance from that quarter, therefore, was laid out of the question.

It now occurred to Jeanie that she should have consulted with Mrs. Saddletree on this subject. But, besides the time that must now necessarily be lost in recurring to her assistance, Jeanie internally revolted from it. Her heart acknowledged the goodness of Mrs. Saddletree's general character, and the kind interest she took in their family misfortunes; but still she felt that Mrs. Saddletree was a woman of an ordinary and worldly way of thinking, incapable, from habit and temperament, of taking a keen or enthusiastic view of such a resolution as she had formed; and to debate the point with her, and to

rely upon her conviction of its propriety for the means of carrying it into execution, would have been gall and wormwood.

Butler, whose assistance she might have been assured of, was greatly poorer than herself. In these circumstances, she formed a singular resolution for the purpose of surmounting this difficulty, the execution of which will form the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI

"Tis the voice of the sluggard, I've heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again ;"
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his side and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

DR. WATTS.

THE mansion-house of Dumbiedikes, to which we are now to introduce our readers, lay three or four miles—no matter for the exact topography—to the southward of St. Leonard's. It had once borne the appearance of some little celebrity ; for the Auld Laird, whose humors and pranks were often mentioned in the alehouses for about a mile round it, wore a sword, kept a good horse, and a brace of greyhounds ; brawled, swore, and betted at cock-fights and horse-matches ; followed Somerville of Drum's hawks and the Lord Ross's hounds ; and called himself point devise a gentleman. But the line had been veiled of its splendor in the present proprietor, who cared for no rustic amusements, and was as saving, timid, and retired as his father had been at once grasping and selfishly extravagant, daring, wild, and intrusive.

Dumbiedikes was what is called in Scotland a "single" house ; that is, having only one room occupying its whole depth from back to front, each of which single apartments was illuminated by six or eight cross lights, whose diminutive panes and heavy frames permitted scarce so much light to enter as shines through one well-constructed modern window. This inartificial edifice, exactly such as a child would build with cards, had a steep roof flagged with coarse gray stones instead of slates ; a half-circular turret, battlemented, or, to use the appropriate phrase, bartizan'd on the top, served as a case for a narrow turnpike-stair, by which an ascent was gained from story to story ; and at the bottom of the said turret was a door studded with large-headed nails. There was no lobby at the bottom of the tower, and scarce a landing-place opposite to the doors which gave access to the apartments. One or two low and dilapidated out-houses, connected by a courtyard wall equally ruinous, surrounded the mansion. The court had been paved, but the flags being partly displaced and partly renewed, a gallant crop of

docks and thistles sprung up between them, and the small garden, which opened by a postern through the wall, seemed not to be in a much more orderly condition. Over the low-arched gateway which led into the yard, there was a carved stone, exhibiting some attempt at armorial bearings; and above the inner entrance hung, and had hung for many years, the mouldering hatchment, which announced that umquhile Laurence Dumbie of Dumbiedikes had been gathered to his fathers in Newbattle kirkyard. The approach to this palace of pleasure was by a road formed by the rude fragments of stone gathered from the fields, and it was surrounded by ploughed but unenclosed land. Upon a baulk, that is, an unploughed ridge of land interposed among the corn, the Laird's trusty palfrey was tethered by the head, and picking a meal of grass. The whole argued neglect and discomfort, the consequence, however, of idleness and indifference, not of poverty.

In this inner court, not without a sense of bashfulness and timidity, stood Jeanie Deans, at an early hour in a fine spring morning. She was no heroine of romance, and therefore looked with some curiosity and interest on the mansion-house and domains, of which, it might at that moment occur to her, a little encouragement, such as women of all ranks know by instinct how to apply, might have made her mistress. Moreover, she was no person of taste beyond her time, rank, and country, and certainly thought the house of Dumbiedikes, though inferior to Holyrood House or the palace at Dalkeith, was still a stately structure in its way, and the land a "very bonny bit, if it were better seen to and done to." But Jeanie Deans was a plain, true-hearted, honest girl, who, while she acknowledged all the splendor of her old admirer's habitation, and the value of his property, never for a moment harbored a thought of doing the Laird, Butler, or herself the injustice which many ladies of higher rank would not have hesitated to do to all three on much less temptation.

Her present errand being with the Laird, she looked round the offices to see if she could find any domestic to announce that she wished to see him. As all was silence, she ventured to open one door: it was the old Laird's dog-kennel, now deserted, unless when occupied, as one or two tubs seemed to testify, as a washing-house. She tried another: it was the roofless shed where the hawks had been once kept, as appeared from a perch or two not yet completely rotten, and a lure and jesses which were mouldering on the wall. A third door led to the coal-house, which was well stocked. To keep a very good fire was one of the few points of domestic management

in which Dumbiedikes was positively active ; in all other matters of domestic economy he was completely passive, and at the mercy of his housekeeper, the same buxom dame whom his father had long since bequeathed to his charge, and who, if fame did her no injustice, had feathered her nest pretty well at his expense.

Jeanie went on opening doors, like the second Calender wanting an eye, in the castle of the hundred obliging damsels, until, like the said prince-errant, she came to a stable. The Highland Pegasus, Rory Bean, to which belonged the single entire stall, was her old acquaintance, whom she had seen grazing on the baulk, as she failed not to recognize by the well-known ancient riding furniture and demi-pique saddle, which half hung on the walls, half trailed on the litter. Beyond the "treviss," which formed one side of the stall, stood a cow, who turned her head and lowed when Jeanie came into the stable, an appeal which her habitual occupations enabled her perfectly to understand, and with which she could not refuse complying, by shaking down some fodder to the animal, which had been neglected like most things else in this castle of the sluggard.

While she was accommodating "the milky mother" with the food which she should have received two hours sooner, a slipshod wench peeped into the stable, and perceiving that a stranger was employed in discharging the task which she, at length, and reluctantly, had quitted her slumbers to perform, ejaculated, "Eh, sirs ! the brownie ! the brownie !" and fled, yelling as if she had seen the devil.

To explain her terror, it may be necessary to notice that the old house of Dumbiedikes had, according to report, been long haunted by a brownie, one of those familiar spirits who were believed in ancient times to supply the deficiencies of the ordinary laborer—

Whirl the long mop and ply the airy flail.

Certes, the convenience of such a supernatural assistant could have been nowhere more sensibly felt than in a family where the domestics were so little disposed to personal activity ; yet this serving maiden was so far from rejoicing in seeing a supposed aerial substitute discharging a task which she should have long since performed herself, that she proceeded to raise the family by her screams of horror, uttered as thick as if the brownie had been flaying her. Jeanie, who had immediately resigned her temporary occupation and followed the yelling damsel into the courtyard, in order to undeceive

and appease her, was there met by Mrs. Janet Balchristie, the favorite sultana of the last Laird, as scandal went—the housekeeper of the present. The good-looking buxom woman, betwixt forty and fifty (for such we described her at the death of the last Laird), was now a fat, red-faced, old dame of seventy, or thereabouts, fond of her place, and jealous of her authority. Conscious that her administration did not rest on so sure a basis as in the time of the old proprietor, this considerate lady had introduced into the family the screamer aforesaid, who added good features and bright eyes to the powers of her lungs. She made no conquest of the Laird, however, who seemed to live as if there was not another woman in the world but Jeanie Deans, and to bear no very ardent or overbearing affection even to her. Mrs. Janet Balchristie, notwithstanding, had her own uneasy thoughts upon the almost daily visits to St. Leonard's Crag, and often, when the Laird looked at her wistfully and paused, according to his custom, before utterance, she expected him to say, "Jenny, I am gaun to change my condition;" but she was relieved by "Jenny, I am gaun to change my shoon."

Still, however, Mrs. Balchristie regarded Jeanie Deans with no small portion of malevolence, the customary feeling of such persons towards any one who they think has the means of doing them an injury. But she had also a general aversion to any female, tolerably young and decently well-looking, who showed a wish to approach the house of Dumbiedikes and the proprietor thereof. And as she had raised her mass of mortality out of bed two hours earlier than usual, to come to the rescue of her clamorous niece, she was in such extreme bad humor against all and sundry, that Saddletree would have pronounced that she harbored *inimicitiam contra omnes mortales*.

"Wha the deil are ye?" said the fat dame to poor Jeanie, whom she did not immediately recognize, "scouping about a decent house at sic an hour in the morning?"

"It was ane wanting to speak to the Laird," said Jeanie, who felt something of the intuitive terror which she had formerly entertained for this termagant, when she was occasionally at Dumbiedikes on business of her father's.

"Ane! And what sort of ane are ye? hae ye nae name? D'ye think his honor has naething else to do than to speak wi' ilka idle tramp that comes about the town, and him in his bed yet, honest man?"

"Dear, Mrs. Balchristie," replied Jeanie, in a submissive tone, "d'ye no mind me?—d'ye no mind Jeanie Deans?"

“Jeanie Deans!!” said the termagant, in accents affecting the utmost astonishment; then, taking two strides nearer to her, she peered into her face with a stare of curiosity, equally scornful and malignant. “I say Jeanie Deans, indeed—Jeanie Deevil, they had better hae ca’d ye! A bonny spot o’ wark your tittie and you hae made out, murdering ae puir wean, and your light limmer of a sister’s to be hanged for’t, as weel she deserves! And the like o’ you to come to ony honest man’s house, and want to be into a decent bachelor gentleman’s room at this time in the morning, and him in his bed? Gae wa’—gae wa’!”

Jeanie was struck mute with shame at the unfeeling brutality of this accusation, and could not even find words to justify herself from the vile construction put upon her visit, when Mrs. Balchristie, seeing her advantage, continued in the same tone, “Come, come, bundle up your pipes and tramp awa’ wi’ ye! ye may be seeking a father to another wean for onything I ken. If it warn a that your father, auld David Deans, had been a tenant on our land, I would cry up the men-folk and hae ye dookit in the burn for your impudence.”

Jeanie had already turned her back and was walking towards the door of the courtyard, so that Mrs. Balchristie, to make her last threat impressively audible to her, had raised her stentorian voice to its utmost pitch. But, like many a general, she lost the engagement by pressing her advantage too far.

The Laird had been disturbed in his morning slumbers by the tones of Mrs. Balchristie’s objurgation, sounds in themselves by no means uncommon, but very remarkable in respect to the early hour at which they were now heard. He turned himself on the other side, however, in hopes the squall would blow by, when, in the course of Mrs. Balchristie’s second explosion of wrath, the name of Deans distinctly struck the tympanum of his ear. As he was, in some degree, aware of the small portion of benevolence with which his housekeeper regarded the family at St. Leonard’s, he instantly conceived that some message from thence was the cause of this untimely ire, and getting out of his bed, he slipped as speedily as possible into an old brocaded nightgown and some other necessary integuments, clapped on his head his father’s gold-laced hat (for though he was seldom seen without it, yet it is proper to contradict the popular report that he slept in it, as Don Quixote did in his helmet), and opening the window of his bedroom, beheld, to his great astonishment, the well-known figure of Jeanie Deans herself retreating from his gate; while his housekeeper, with arms akimbo, fists clinched and ex-

tended, body erect, and head shaking with rage, sent after her a volley of Billingsgate oaths. His choler rose in proportion to the surprise, and, perhaps, to the disturbance of his repose. "Hark ye," he exclaimed from the window, "ye auld limb of Satan! wha the deil gies you commission to guide an honest man's daughter that gate?"

Mrs. Balchristie was completely caught in the manner. She was aware, from the unusual warmth with which the Laird expressed himself, that he was quite serious in this matter, and she knew that, with all his indolence of nature, there were points on which he might be provoked, and that, being provoked, he had in him something dangerous, which her wisdom taught her to fear accordingly. She began, therefore, to retract her false step as fast as she could. "She was but speaking for the house's credit, and she couldna think of disturbing his honor in the morning sae early, when the young woman might as weel wait or call again; and, to be sure, she might make a mistake between the twa sisters, for ane o' them wasna sae creditable an acquaintance."

"Haud your peace, ye auld jade," said Dumbiedikes; "the warst quean e'er stude in their shoon may ca' you consin, an a' be true that I have heard. Jeanie, my woman, gang into the parlor—but stay, that winna be redd up yet; wait there a minute till I come down to let ye in. Dinna mind what Jenny says to ye."

"Na, na," said Jenny, with a laugh of affected heartiness, "never mind me, lass. A' the warld kens my bark's waur than my bite; if ye had had an appointment wi' the Laird, ye might hae tauld me, I am nae uncivil person. Gang your ways in bye, hinny." And she opened the door of the house with a master-key.

"But I had no appointment wi' the Laird," said Jeanie, drawing back; "I want just to speak twa words to him, and I wad rather do it standing here, Mrs. Balchristie."

"In the open courtyard? Na, na, that wad never do, lass; we maunna guide ye that gate neither. And how's that douce honest man, your father?"

Jeanie was saved the pain of answering this hypocritical question by the appearance of the Laird himself.

"Gang in and get breakfast ready," said he to his house-keeper; "and, d'ye hear, breakfast wi' us yoursell; ye ken how to manage thae porringers of tea-water; and, hear ye, see abune a' that there's a gude fire. Weel, Jeanie, my woman, gang in bye—gang in bye, and rest ye."

"Na, Laird," Jeanie replied, endeavoring as much as she

could to express herself with composure, notwithstanding she still trembled, "I canna gang in : I have a lang day's darg afore me ; I maun be twenty mile o' gate the night yet, if feet will carry me."

"Guide and deliver us ! twenty mile—twenty mile on your feet !" ejaculated Dumbiedikes, whose walks were of a very circumscribed diameter. "Ye maun never think o' that ; come in bye."

"I canna do that, Laird," replied Jeanie. "The twa words I hae to say to ye I can say here ; forbye that Mrs. Balchristie——"

"The deil flee awa' wi' Mrs. Balchristie," said Dumbiedikes, "and he'll hae a heavy lading o' her ! I tell ye, Jeanie Deans, I am a man of few words, but I am laird at hame as weel as in the field : deil a brute or body about my house but I can manage when I like, except Rory Bean, my powny ; but I can seldom be at the plague, an it binna when my bluid's up."

"I was wanting to say to ye, Laird," said Jeanie, who felt the necessity of entering upon her business, "that I was gaun a lang journey, outbye of my father's knowledge."

"Outbye his knowledge, Jeanie ! Is that right ? Ye maun think o't again ; it's no right," said Dumbiedikes, with a countenance of great concern.

"If I were anes at Lunnon," said Jeanie, in exculpation, "I am amaisst sure I could get means to speak to the queen about my sister's life."

"Lunnon, and the queen, and her sister's life !" said Dumbiedikes, whistling for very amazement ; "the lassie's demented."

"I am no out o' my mind," said she, "and, sink or swim, I am determin'd to gang to Lunnon, if I suld beg my way frae door to door ; and so I maun, unless ye wad lend me a small sum to pay my expenses. Little thing will do it ; and ye ken my father's a man of substance, and wad see nae man, far less you, Laird, come to loss by me."

Dumbiedikes, on comprehending the nature of this application, could scarce trust his ears ; he made no answer whatever, but stood with his eyes riveted on the ground.

"I see ye are no for assisting me, Laird," said Jeanie ; "sae fare ye weel ; and gang and see my poor father as often as ye can, he will be lonely enough now."

"Where is the silly bairn gaun ?" said Dumbiedikes ; and, laying hold of her hand, he led her into the house. "It's no that I didna think o't before," he said, "but it stack in my throat."

Thus speaking to himself, he led her into an old-fashioned parlor, shut the door behind them, and fastened it with a bolt. While Jeanie, surprised at this manœuvre, remained as near the door as possible, the Laird quitted her hand, and pressed upon a spring lock fixed in an oak panel in the wainscot, which instantly slipped aside. An iron strong-box was discovered in a recess of the wall; he opened this also, and, pulling out two or three drawers, showed that they were filled with leathern bags, full of gold and silver coin.

"This is my bank, Jeanie, lass," he said, looking first at her and then at the treasure, with an air of great complacency; "nane o' your goldsmith's bills for me; they bring folk to ruin."

Then suddenly changing his tone, he resolutely said—"Jeanie, I will make ye Leddy Dumbiedikes afore the sun sets, and ye may ride to Lunnon in your ain coach, if ye like."

"Na, Laird," said Jeanie, "that can never be: my father's grief, my sister's situation, the discredit to you——"

"That's *my* business," said Dumbiedikes. "Ye wad say naething about that if ye werena a fule; and yet I like ye the better for't: ae wise body's enugh in the married state. But if your heart's ower fu', take what siller will serve ye, and let it be when ye come back again, as gude syne as sune."

"But, Laird," said Jeanie, who felt the necessity of being explicit with so extraordinary a lover, "I like another man better than you, and I canna marry ye."

"Another man better than me, Jeanie!" said Dumbiedikes; "how is that possible? It's no possible, woman; ye hae kenn'd me sae lang."

"Ay, but, Laird," said Jeanie, with persevering simplicity, "I hae kenn'd him langer."

"Langer! It's no possible!" exclaimed the poor Laird. "It canna be; ye were born on the land. O Jeanie, woman, ye haena lookit—ye haena seen the half o' the gear." He drew out another drawer. "A' gowd, Jeanie, and there's bands for siller lent. And the rental book, Jeanie—clear three hunder sterling; deil a wadset, heritable band, or burden. Ye haena lookit at them, woman. And then my mother's wardrobe, and my grandmother's forbye—silk gowns wad stand on their ends, pearlin-lace as fine as spiders' webs, and rings and earrings to the boot of a' that; they are a' in the chamber of deas. Oh, Jeanie, gang up the stair and look at them!"

But Jeanie held fast her integrity, though beset with

temptations which perhaps the Laird of Dumbiedikes did not greatly err in supposing were those most affecting to her sex.

"It canna be, Laird: I have said it, and I canna break my word till him, if ye wad gie me the hail barony of Dalkeith, and Lugton into the bargain."

"Your word to *him*," said the Laird, somewhat pettishly; "but wha is he, Jeanie?—wha is he? I haena heard his name yet. Come now, Jeanie, ye are but queering us. I am no trowing that there is sic a ane in the warld; ye are but making fashion. What is he? wha is he?"

"Just Reuben Butler, that's schulemaster at Liberton," said Jeanie.

"Reuben Butler! Reuben Butler!" echoed the Laird of Dumbiedikes, pacing the apartment in high disdain. "Reuben Butler, the dominie at Liberton, and a dominie depute too! Reuben, the son of my cottar! Very weel, Jeanie, lass, wilfu' woman will hae her way. Reuben Butler! he hasna in his pouch the value o' the auld black coat he wears—but it disna signify." And, as he spoke, he shut successively, and with vehemence, the drawers of his treasury. "A fair offer, Jeanie, is nae cause of feud. Ae man may bring a horse to the water, but twenty wunna gar him drink. And as for wasting my substance on other folks' joes——"

There was something in the last hint that nettled Jeanie's honest pride. "I was begging nane frae your honor," she said; "least of a' on sic a score as ye pit it on. Gude morning to ye, sir; ye hae been kinl to my father, and it isna in my heart to think otherwise than kindly of you."

So saying, she left the room, without listening to a faint "Bit, Jeanie—Jeanie—stay, woman!" and traversing the courtyard with a quick step, she set out on her forward journey, her bosom glowing with that natural indignation and shame which an honest mind feels at having subjected itself to ask a favor which had been unexpectedly refused. When out of the Laird's ground, and once more upon the public road, her pace slackened, her anger cooled, and anxious anticipations of the consequence of this unexpected disappointment began to influence her with other feelings. Must she then actually beg her way to London? for such seemed the alternative; or must she turn back and solicit her father for money; and by doing so lose time, which was precious, besides the risk of encountering his positive prohibition respecting her journey? Yet she saw no medium between these alternatives; and, while she walked slowly on, was still meditating whether it were not better to return.

While she was thus in an uncertainty, she heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and a well-known voice calling her name. She looked round, and saw advancing towards her on a pony, whose bare back and halter assorted ill with the night-gown, slippers, and laced cocked hat of the rider, a cavalier of no less importance than Dumbiedikes himself. In the energy of his pursuit, he had overcome even the Highland obstinacy of Rory Bean, and compelled that self-willed palfrey to canter the way his rider chose; which Rory, however, performed with all the symptoms of reluctance, turning his head, and accompanying every bound he made in advance with a sidelong motion, which indicated his extreme wish to turn round—a manœuvre which nothing but the constant exercise of the Laird's heels and cudgel could possibly have counteracted.

When the Laird came up with Jeanie, the first words he uttered were—"Jeanie, they say ane shouldna aye take a woman at her first word?"

"Aye, but ye maun take me at mine, Laird," said Jeanie, looking on the ground, and walking on without a pause. "I hae but ae word to bestow on onybody, and that's aye a true ane."

"Then," said Dumbiedikes, "at least ye suldna aye take a man at *his* first word. Ye maunna gang this wilfu' gate sillerless, come o't what like." He put a purse into her hand. "I wad gie you Rory too, but he's as wilfu' as yoursell, and he's ower weel used to a gate that may be he and I hae gaen ower aften, and he'll gang nae road else."

"But, Laird," said Jeanie, "though I ken my father will satisfy every penny of this siller, whatever there's o't, yet I wadna like to borrow it frae ane that maybe thinks of something mair than the paying o't back again."

"There's just twenty-five guineas o't," said Dumbiedikes, with a gentle sigh, "and whether your father pays or disna pay, I make ye free till't without another word. Gang where ye like, do what ye like, and marry a' the Butlers in the country gin ye like. And sae, gude morning to you, Jeanie."

"And God bless you, Laird, wi' mony a gude morning," said Jeanie, her heart more softened by the unwonted generosity of this uncouth character than perhaps Butler might have approved, had he known her feelings at that moment; "and comfort, and the Lord's peace, and the peace of the world, be with you, if we suld never meet again!"

Dumbiedikes turned and waved his hand; and his pony, much more willing to return than he had been to set out,

hurried him homewards so fast that, wanting the aid of a regular bridle, as well as of saddle and stirrups. he was too much puzzled to keep his seat to permit of his looking behind, even to give the parting glance of a forlorn swain. I am ashamed to say that the sight of a lover, run away with in nightgown and slippers and a laced hat, by a barebacked Highland pony, had something in it of a sedative, even to a grateful and deserved burst of affectionate esteem. The figure of Dumbie likes was too ludicrous not to confirm Jeanie in the original sentiments she entertained towards him.

“He’s a guile creature,” said she, “and a kind ; it’s a pity he has sae willyard a powny.” And she immediately turned her thoughts to the important journey which she had commenced, reflecting with pleasure that, according to her habits of life and of undergoing fatigue, she was now amply, or even superfluously, provided with the means of encountering the expenses of the road up and down from London, and all other expenses whatever.

CHAPTER XXVII

What strange and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a lover's head ;
" O mercy ! " to myself I cried,
" If Lucy should be dead ! "

WORDSWORTH.

IN pursuing her solitary journey, our heroine, soon after passing the house of Dumbiedikes, gained a little eminence, from which, on looking to the eastward down a prattling brook, whose meanders were shaded with straggling willows and alder-trees, she could see the cottages of Woodend and Beersheba, the haunts and habitation of her early life, and could distinguish the common on which she had so often herded sheep, and the recesses of the rivulet where she had pulled rushes with Butler, to plait crowns and sceptres for her sister Effie, then a beautiful but spoiled child of about three years old. The recollections which the scene brought with them were so bitter that, had she indulged them, she would have sat down and relieved her heart with tears.

" But I kenn'd," said Jeanie, when she gave an account of her pilgrimage, " that greeting would do but little good, and that it was mair beseeming to thank the Lord, that had showed me kindness and countenance by means of a man that mony ca'd a Nabal and churl, but wha was free of his gudes to me as ever the fountain was free of the stream. And I minded the Scripture about the sin of Israel at Meribah, when the people murmured, although Moses had brought water from the dry rock that the congregation might drink and live. Sae, I wad not trust mysell with another look at puir Woodend, for the very blue reek that came out of the lum-head pat me in mind of the change of market days with us."

In this resigned and Christian temper she pursued her journey, until she was beyond this place of melancholy recollections, and not distant from the village where Butler dwelt, which, with its old-fashioned church and steeple, rises among a tuft of trees, occupying the ridge of an eminence to the south

of Edinburgh. At a quarter of a mile's distance is a clumsy square tower, the residence of the Laird of Liberton, who, in former times, with the habits of the predatory chivalry of Germany, is said frequently to have annoyed the city of Edinburgh by intercepting the supplies and merchandise which came to the town from the southward.

This village, its tower, and its church, did not lie precisely in Jeanie's road towards England; but they were not much aside from it, and the village was the abode of Butler. She had resolved to see him in the beginning of her journey, because she conceived him the most proper person to write to her father concerning her resolution and her hopes. There was probably another reason latent in her affectionate bosom. She wished once more to see the object of so early and so sincere an attachment, before commencing a pilgrimage, the perils of which she did not disguise from herself, although she did not allow them so to press upon her mind as to diminish the strength and energy of her resolution. A visit to a lover from a young person in a higher rank of life than Jeanie's would have had something forward and improper in its character. But the simplicity of her rural habits was unacquainted with these punctilious ideas of decorum, and no notion, therefore, of impropriety crossed her imagination as, setting out upon a long journey, she went to bid adieu to an early friend.

There was still another motive that pressed upon her mind with additional force as she approached the village. She had looked anxiously for Butler in the court-house, and had expected that certainly, in some part of that eventful day, he would have appeared to bring such countenance and support as he could give to his old friend and the protector of his youth, even if her own claims were laid aside. She knew, indeed, that he was under a certain degree of restraint; but she still had hoped that he would have found means to emancipate himself from it, at least for one day. In short, the wild and wayward thoughts which Wordsworth has described as rising in an absent lover's imagination suggested, as the only explanation of his absence, that Butler must be very ill. And so much had this wrought on her imagination, that when she approached the cottage in which her lover occupied a small apartment, and which had been pointed out to her by a maiden with a milk-pail on her head, she trembled at anticipating the answer she might receive on inquiring for him.

Her fears in this case had, indeed, only hit upon the truth. Butler, whose constitution was naturally feeble, did not soon

recover the fatigue of body and distress of mind which he had suffered in consequence of the tragical events with which our narrative commenced. The painful idea that his character was breathed on by suspicion was an aggravation to his distress.

But the most cruel addition was the absolute prohibition laid by the magistrates on his holding any communication with Deans or his family. It had unfortunately appeared likely to them that some intercourse might be again attempted with that family by Robertson, through the medium of Butler, and this they were anxious to intercept, or prevent, if possible. The measure was not meant as a harsh or injurious severity on the part of the magistrates; but, in Butler's circumstances, it pressed cruelly hard. He felt he must be suffering under the bad opinion of the person who was dearest to him, from an imputation of unkind desertion, the most alien to his nature.

This painful thought, pressing on a frame already injured, brought on a succession of slow and lingering feverish attacks, which greatly impaired his health, and at length rendered him incapable even of the sedentary duties of the school, on which his bread depended. Fortunately, old Mr. Whackbairn, who was the principal teacher of the little parochial establishment, was sincerely attached to Butler. Besides that he was sensible of his merits and value as an assistant, which had greatly raised the credit of his little school, the ancient pedagogue, who had himself been tolerably educated, retained some taste for classical lore, and would gladly relax, after the drudgery of the school was past, by conning over a few pages of Horace or Juvenal with his usher. A similarity of taste begot kindness, and he accordingly saw Butler's increasing debility with great compassion, roused up his own energies to teaching the school in the morning hours, insisted upon his assistant's reposing himself at that period, and, besides, supplied him with such comforts as the patient's situation required, and his own means were inadequate to compass.

Such was Butler's situation, scarce able to drag himself to the place where his daily drudgery must gain his daily bread, and racked with a thousand fearful anticipations concerning the fate of those who were dearest to him in the world, when the trial and condemnation of Effie Deans put the copestone upon his mental misery.

He had a particular account of these events from a fellow-student who resided in the same village, and who, having been present on the melancholy occasion, was able to place it in all its agony of horrors before his excruciated imagination. That sleep should have visited his eyes, after such a curfew-note,

was impossible. A thousand dreadful visions haunted his imagination all night, and in the morning he was awaked from a feverish slumber by the only circumstance which could have added to his distress—the visit of an intrusive ass.

This unwelcome visitant was no other than Bartoline Saddletree. The worthy and sapient burgher had kept his appointment at MacCroskie's, with Plumdamas and some other neighbors, to discuss the Duke of Argyle's speech, the justice of Effie Deans's condemnation, and the improbability of her obtaining a reprieve. This sage conclave disputed high and drank deep, and on the next morning Bartoline felt, as he expressed it, as if his head was like a "confused progress of writs."

To bring his reflective powers to their usual serenity, Saddletree resolved to take a morning's ride upon a certain hackney which he, Plumdamas, and another honest shopkeeper combined to maintain by joint subscription, for occasional jaunts for the purpose of business or exercise. As Saddletree had two children boarded with Whackbairn, and was, as we have seen, rather fond of Butler's society, he turned his palfrey's head towards Liberton, and came, as we have already said, to give the unfortunate usher that additional vexation of which Imogen complains so feelingly when she says,

I'm sprighted with a fool—
Sprighted and anger'd worse.

If anything could have added gall to bitterness, it was the choice which Saddletree made of a subject for his prosing harangues, being the trial of Effie Deans, and the probability of her being executed. Every word fell on Butler's ear like the knell of a death-bell or the note of a screech-owl.

Jeanie paused at the door of her lover's humble abode upon hearing the loud and pompous tones of Saddletree sounding from the inner apartment—"Credit me, it will be sae, Mr. Butler. Brandy cannot save her. She maun gang down the Bow wi' the lad in the pioted coat* at her heels. I am sorry for the lassie, but the law, sir, maun hae its course—

Vivat rex,
Currat lex,

as the poet has it, in whilk of Horace's *Odes* I know not."

Here Butler groaned, in utter impatience of the brutality and ignorance which Bartoline had contrived to amalgamate into one sentence. But Saddletree, like other prosers, was

*The executioner, in a livery of black or dark gray and silver, likened by low wit to a magpie.

blessed with a happy obtuseness of perception concerning the unfavorable impression which he generally made on his auditors. He proceeded to deal forth his scraps of legal knowledge without mercy, and concluded by asking Butler with great self-complacency, "Was it na a pity my father didna send me to Utrecht? Havena I missed the chance to turn out as *clarissimus* an *ictus* as auld Grunwige in himsell? What for dinna ye speak, Mr. Butler? Wad I no hae been a *clarissimus ictus*? Eh, man?"

"I really do not understand you, Mr. Saddletree," said Butler, thus pushed hard for an answer. His faint and exhausted tone of voice was instantly drowned in the sonorous bray of Bartoline.

"No understand me, man? *Ictus* is Latin for a lawyer, is it not?"

"Not that ever I heard of," answered Butler, in the same dejected tone.

"The deil ye didna! See, man, I got the word but this morning out of a memorial of Mr. Crossmyloof's; see, there it is, *ictus clarissimus et perti—peritissimus*; it's a' Latin, for it's printed in the Italian types."

"O, you mean *juris-consultus*? *Ictus* is an abbreviation for *juris-consultus*."

"Dinna tell me, man," persevered Saddletree; "there's nae abbreviates except in adjudications; and this is a' about a servitude of water-drap, that is to say, *tillicidian**—maybe ye'll say that's no Latin neither—in Mary King's Close in the High Street."

"Very likely," said poor Butler, overwhelmed by the noisy perseverance of his visitor. "I am not able to dispute with you."

"Few folk are—few folk are, Mr. Butler, though I say it that shouldna say it," returned Bartoline, with great delight. "Now, it will be twa hours yet or ye're wanted in the schule, and as ye are no weel. I'll sit wi' you to divert ye, and explain t'ye the nature of a *tillicidian*. Ye maun ken, the petitioner, Mrs. Crombie, a very decent woman, is a friend of mine, and I hae stude her friend in this case, and brought her wi' credit into the court, and I doubtna that in due time she will win out o't wi' credit, win she or lose she. Ye see, being an inferior tenement or laigh house, we grant ourselves to be burdened wi' the *tillicide*, that is, that we are obligated to receive the natural water-drap of the superior tenement, sae far as the same fa's frae the heavens, or the roof of our neighbor's

* He meant, probably, *stillicidium*.

house, and from thence by the gutters or eaves upon our laigh tenement. But the other night comes a Highland quean of a lass, and she flashes, God kens what, out at the eastmost window of Mrs. MacPhail's house, that's the superior tenement. I believe the auld women wad hae greed, for Luckie MacPhail sent down the lass to tell my friend Mrs. Crombie that she had made the gardyloo out of the wrang window, from respect for twa Highlandmen that were speaking Gaelic in the close below the right ane. But luckily for Mrs. Crombie, I just chanced to come in in time to break aff the communing, for it's a pity the point sulda be tried. We had Mrs. MacPhail into the Ten-Mark Court. The Hieland limmer of a lass wanted to swear herself free; but 'Haud ye there,' says I——"

The detailed account of this important suit might have lasted until poor Butler's hour of rest was completely exhausted, had not Saddletree been interrupted by the noise of voices at the door. The woman of the house where Butler lodged, on returning with her pitcher from the well, whence she had been fetching water for the family, found our heroine Jeanie Deans standing at the door, impatient of the prolix harangue of Saddletree, yet unwilling to enter until he should have taken his leave.

The good woman abridged the period of hesitation by inquiring, "Was ye wanting the gudeman or me, lass?"

"I wanted to speak with Mr. Butler, if he's at leisure," replied Jeanie.

"Gang in bye, then, my woman," answered the goodwife; and opening the door of a room, she announced the additional visitor with—"Mr. Butler, here's a lass wants to speak t'ye."

The surprise of Butler was extreme when Jeanie, who seldom stirred half a mile from home, entered his apartment upon this annunciation.

"Good God!" he said, starting from his chair, while alarm restored to his cheek the color of which sickness had deprived it; "some new misfortune must have happened!"

"None, Mr. Reuben, but what you must hae heard of; but O, ye are looking ill yoursell!" for "the hectic of a moment" had not concealed from her affectionate eye the ravages which lingering disease and anxiety of mind had made in her lover's person.

"No; I am well—quite well," said Butler, with eagerness; "if I can do anything to assist you, Jeanie—or your father."

“Ay, to be sure,” said Saddletree; “the family may be considered as limited to them twa now, just as if Effie had never been in the tailzie, puir thing. Bu, Jeanie, lass, what brings you out to Liberton sae air in the morning, and your father lying ill in the Luckenbooths?”

“I had a message frae my father to Mr. Butler,” said Jeanie, with embarrassment; but instantly feeling ashamed of the fiction to which she had resorted, for her love of and veneration for truth was almost Quaker-like, she corrected herself—“That is to say, I wanted to speak with Mr. Butler about some business of my father’s and puir Effie’s.”

“Is it law business?” said Bartoline; “because, if it be, ye had better take my opinion on the subject than his.”

“It is not just law business,” said Jeanie, who saw considerable inconvenience might arise from letting Mr. Saddletree into the secret purpose of her journey; “but I want Mr. Butler to write a letter for me.”

“Very right,” said Mr. Saddletree; “and if ye’ll tell me what it is about, I’ll dictate to Mr. Butler as Mr. Crossmyloof does to his clerk. Get your pen and ink *in initialibus*, Mr. Butler.”

Jeanie looked at Butler, and wrung her hands with vexation and impatience.

“I believe, Mr. Saddletree,” said Butler, who saw the necessity of getting rid of him at all events, “that Mr. Whackbairn will be somewhat affronted if you do not hear your boys called up to their lessons.”

“Indeed, Mr. Butler, and that’s as true; and I promised to ask a half play-day to the schule, so that the bairns might gang and see the hanging, which canna but have a pleasing effect on their young minds, seeing there is no knowing what they may come to themselves. Odd so, I didna mind ye were here, Jeanie Deans; but ye maun use yourself to hear the matter spoken o’. Keep Jeanie here till I come back, Mr. Butler; I wanna bide ten minutes.”

And with this unwelcome assurance of an immediate return, he relieved them of the embarrassment of his presence.

“Reuben,” said Jeanie, who saw the necessity of using the interval of his absence in discussing what had brought her there, “I am bound on a lang journey. I am gaun to Lunnon to ask Effie’s life of the king and of the queen.”

“Jeanie! you are surely not yourself,” answered Butler, in the utmost surprise; “*you* go to London—*you* address the king and queen!”

“And what for no, Reuben?” said Jeanie, with all the

composed simplicity of her character ; “ it’s but speaking to a mortal man and woman when a’ is done. And their hearts maun be made o’ flesh and blood like other folks’, and Effie’s story wad melt them were they stane. Forbye, I hae heard that they are no sic bad folk as what the Jacobites ca’ them.”

“ Yes, Jeanie,” said Butler ; “ but their magnificence, their retinue, the difficulty of getting audience ? ”

“ I have thought of a’ that, Reuben, and it shall not break my spirit. Nae doubt their claihts will be very grand, wi’ their crowns on their heads, and their sceptres in their hands, like the great King Ahasuerus when he sat upon his royal throne foranent the gate of his house, as we are told in Scripture. But I have that within me that will keep my heart from failing, and I am amaist sure that I will be strengthened to speak the errand I came for.”

“ Alas ! alas ! ” said Butler, “ the kings nowadays do not sit in the gate to administer justice, as in patriarchal times. I know as little of courts as you do, Jeanie, by experience ; but by reading and report I know that the King of Britain does everything by means of his ministers.”

“ And if they be upright, God-fearing ministers,” said Jeanie, “ it’s sae muckle the better chance for Effie and me.”

“ But you do not even understand the most ordinary words relating to a court,” said Butler ; “ by the ministry is meant not clergymen, but the king’s official servants.”

“ Nædoubt,” returned Jeanie, “ he maun hae a great number mair, I daur to say, than the Duchess has at Dalkeith ; and great folks’ servants are aye mair saucy than themselves. But I’ll be decently put on, and I’ll offer them a trifle o’ sil-ler, as if I came to see the palace. Or, if they scruple that, I’ll tell them I’m come on a business of life and death, and then they will surely bring me to speech of the king and queen ? ”

Butler shook his head. “ O, Jeanie, this is entirely a wild dream. You can never see them but through some great lord’s intercession, and I think it is scarce possible even then.”

“ Weel, but maybe I can get that too,” said Jeanie, “ with a little helping from you.”

“ From me, Jeanie ! this is the wildest imagination of all.”

“ Ay, but it is not, Reuben. Havena I heard you say that your grandfather, that my father never likes to hear about, did some gude lang syne to the forbear of this MacCallummore, when he was Lord of Lorn ? ”

“ He did so,” said Butler, eagerly, “ and I can prove it. I will write to the Duke of Argyle—report speaks him a good

kindly man, as he is known for a brave soldier and true patriot—I will conjure him to stand between your sister and this cruel fate. There is but a poor chance of success, but we will try all means.”

“We *must* try all means,” replied Jeanie; “but writing winna do it: a letter canna look, and pray, and beg, and beseech, as the human voice can do to the human heart. A letter’s like the music that the ladies have for their spinets: naething but black scores, compared to the same tune played or sung. It’s word of mouth maun do it, or naething, Reuben.”

“You are right,” said Reuben, recollecting his firmness, “and I will hope that Heaven has suggested to your kind heart and firm courage the only possible means of saving the life of this unfortunate girl. But, Jeanie, you must not take this most perilous journey alone; I have an interest in you, and I will not agree that my Jeanie throws herself away. You must, even in the present circumstances, give me a husband’s right to protect you, and I will go with you myself on this journey, and assist you to do your duty by your family.”

“Alas, Reuben!” said Jeanie, in her turn, “this must not be; a pardon will not gie my sister her fair fame again, or mak me a bride fitting for an honest man and an usefu’ minister. Wha wad mind what he said in the pu’pit, that had to wife the sister of a woman that was condemned for sic wickedness?”

“But, Jeanie,” pleaded her lover, “I do not believe, and I cannot believe, that Effie has done this deed.”

“Heaven bless you for saying sae, Reuben!” answered Jeanie; “but she maun bear the blame o’t, after all.”

“But that blame, were it even justly laid on her, does not fall on you.”

“Ah, Reuben, Reuben,” replied the young woman, “ye ken it is a blot that spreads to kith and kin. Ichabod, as my poor father says, the glory is departed from our house; for the poorest man’s house has a glory, where there are true hands, a divine heart, and an honest fame. And the last has gane frae us a’.”

“But, Jeanie, consider your word and plighted faith to me; and would ye undertake such a journey without a man to protect you? and who should that protector be but your husband?”

“You are kind and good, Reuben, and wad tak me wi’ a’ my shame, I doubtna. But ye canna but own that this is no time to marry or be given in marriage. Na, if that suld ever

be, it maun be in another and a better season. And, dear Reuben, ye speak of protecting me on my journey. Alas ! who will protect and take care of you ? Your very limbs tremble with standing for ten minutes on the floor ; how could you undertake a journey as far as Lunnon ? ”

“ But I am strong—I am well,” continued Butler, sinking in his seat totally exhausted ; “ at least I shall be quite well to-morrow.”

“ Ye see, and ye ken, ye maun just let me depart,” said Jeanie, after a pause ; and then taking his extended hand, and gazing kindly in his face, she added, “ It’s e’en a grief the mair to me to see you in this way. But ye maun keep up your heart for Jeanie’s sake, for if she isna your wife, she will never be the wife of living man. And now gie me the paper for MacCallummure and bid God speed me on my way.”

There was something of romance in Jeanie’s venturous resolution ; yet, on consideration, as it seemed impossible to alter it by persuasion, or to give her assistance but by advice, Butler, after some further debate, put into her hands the paper she desired, which, with the muster-roll in which it was folded up, were the sole memorials of the stout and enthusiastic Bible Butler, his grandfather. While Butler sought this document, Jeanie had time to take up his pocket Bible. “ I have marked a scripture,” she said, as she again laid it down, “ with your keelyvine pen, that will be useful to us baith. And ye maun tak the trouble, Reuben, to write a’ this to my father, for, God help me, I have neither head nor hand for lang letters at ony time, forbye now ; and I trust him entirely to you, and I trust you will soon be permitted to see him. And, Reuben, when ye do win to the speech o’ him, mind a’ the auld man’s bits o’ ways, for Jeanie’s sake ; and dinna speak o’ Latin or English terms to him, for he’s o’ the auld world, and downa bide to be fashed wi’ them, though I dare say he may be wrang. And dinna ye say muckle to him, but set him on speaking himsell, for he’ll bring himsell mair comfort that way. And O, Reuben, the poor lassie in yon dungeon !—but I needna bid your kind heart—gie her what comfort ye can as soon as they will let ye see her ; tell her—— But I maunna speak mair about her, for I maunna take leave o’ ye wi’ the tear in my ee, for that wadna be canny. God bless ye, Reuben ! ”

To avoid so ill an omen she left the room hastily, while her features yet retained the mournful and affectionate smile which she had compelled them to wear in order to support Butler’s spirits.

It seemed as if the power of sight, of speech, and of reflec-

tion had left him as she disappeared from the room, which she had entered and retired from so like an apparition. Saddletree, who entered immediately afterwards, overwhelmed him with questions, which he answered without understanding them, and with legal disquisitions, which conveyed to him no iota of meaning. At length the learned burgess recollected that there was a baron court to be held at Loanhead that day, and though it was hardly worth while, "he might as weel go to see if there was onything doing, as he was acquainted with the baron-bailie, who was a decent man, and would be glad of a word of legal advice."

So soon as he departed, Butler flew to the Bible, the last book which Jeanie had touched. To his extreme surprise, a paper, containing two or three pieces of gold, dropped from the book. With a black-lead pencil she had marked the sixteenth and twenty-fifth verses of the thirty-seventh Psalm—"A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of the wicked." "I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."

Deeply impressed with the affectionate delicacy which shrouded its own generosity under the cover of a providential supply to his wants, he pressed the gold to his lips with more ardor than ever the metal was greeted with by a miser. To emulate her devout firmness and confidence seemed now the pitch of his ambition, and his first task was to write an account to David Deans of his daughter's resolution and journey southward. He studied every sentiment, and even every phrase, which he thought could reconcile the old man to her extraordinary resolution. The effect which this epistle produced will be hereafter adverted to. Butler committed it to the charge of an honest clown, who had frequent dealings with Deans in the sale of his dairy produce, and who readily undertook a journey to Edinburgh to put the letter into his own hands.*

* By dint of assiduous research, I am enabled to certiorate the reader that the name of this person was Saunders Broadfoot, and that he dealt in the wholesome commodity called kirn-milk (*Anglicé*, buttermilk).—J. C.

CHAPTER XXVIII

My native land, good night!

LORD BYRON.

IN the present day, a journey from Edinburgh to London is a matter at once safe, brief, and simple, however inexperienced or unprotected the traveller. Numerous coaches of different rates of charge, and as many packets, are perpetually passing and repassing betwixt the capital of Britain and her northern sister, so that the most timid or indolent may execute such a journey upon a few hours' notice. But it was different in 1737. So slight and infrequent was then the intercourse betwixt London and Edinburgh that men still alive remember, that upon one occasion the mail from the former city arrived at the General Post-Office in Scotland with only one letter in it.* The usual mode of travelling was by means of post-horses, the traveller occupying one and his guide another, in which manner, by relays of horses from stage to stage, the journey might be accomplished in a wonderfully short time by those who could endure fatigue. To have the bones shaken to pieces by a constant change of those hacks was a luxury for the rich; the poor were under the necessity of using the mode of conveyance with which nature had provided them.

With a strong heart, and a frame patient of fatigue, Jeanie Deans, travelling at the rate of twenty miles a day, and sometimes further, traversed the southern part of Scotland and advanced as far as Durham.

Hitherto she had been either among her own country-folk, or those to whom her bare feet and tartan screen were objects too familiar to attract much attention. But as she advanced, she perceived that both circumstances exposed her to sarcasm and taunts which she might otherwise have escaped; and although in her heart she thought it unkind and inhospitable to sneer at a passing stranger on account of the fashion of her attire, yet she had the good sense to alter those parts of her dress which attracted ill-natured observation. Her checked

* The fact is certain. The single epistle was addressed to the principal director of the British Linen Company.

screen was deposited carefully in her bundle, and she conformed to the national extravagance of wearing shoes and stockings for the whole day. She confessed afterwards that, "besides the wastrife, it was lang or she could walk sae comfortably with the shoes as without them; but there was often a bit saft heather by the roadside, and that helped her weel on." The want of the screen, which was drawn over the head like a veil, she supplied by a *bon-grace*, as she called it—a large straw bonnet, like those worn by the English maidens when laboring in the fields. "But I thought unco shame o' mysell," she said, "the first time I put on a married woman's *bon-grace*, and me a single maiden."

With these changes she had little, as she said, to make "her kenspeckle when she didna speak," but her accent and language drew down on her so many jests and gibes, couched in a worse *patois* by far than her own, that she soon found it was her interest to talk as little and as seldom as possible. She answered, therefore, civil salutations of chance passengers with a civil courtesy, and chose, with anxious circumspection, such places of repose as looked at once most decent and sequestered. She found the common people of England, although inferior in courtesy to strangers, such as was then practised in her own more unfrequented country, yet, upon the whole, by no means deficient in the real duties of hospitality. She readily obtained food, and shelter, and protection at a very moderate rate, which sometimes the generosity of mine host altogether declined, with a blunt apology—"Thae hast a lang way afore thee, lass; and I'se ne'er take penny out o' a single woman's purse; it's the best friend thou can have on the road."

It often happened, too, that mine hostess was struck with "the tidy, nice Scotch body," and procured her an escort, or a cast in a wagon, for some part of the way, or gave her useful advice and recommendation respecting her resting-places.

At York our pilgrim stopped for the best part of a day—partly to recruit her strength, partly because she had the good luck to obtain a lodging in an inn kept by a country-woman, partly to indite two letters to her father and Reuben Butler, an operation of some little difficulty, her habits being by no means those of literary composition. That to her father was in the following words:

"DEAREST FATHER,

"I make my present pilgrimage more heavy and burdensome through the sad occasion to reflect that it is without

your knowledge, which, God knows, was far contrary to my heart ; for Scripture says that ‘ the vow of the daughter should not be binding without the consent of the father,’ wherein it may be I have been guilty to tak this wearie journey without your consent. Nevertheless, it was borne in upon my mind that I should be an instrument to help my poor sister in this extremity of needcessity, otherwise I wad not, for wealth or for world’s gear, or for the haill lands of Da’keith and Lugton, have done the like o’ this, without your free will and knowledge. O, dear father, as ye wad desire a blessing on my journey, and upon your household, speak a word or write a line of comfort to yon poor prisoner. If she has sinned, she has sorrowed and suffered, and ye ken better than me that we maun forgie others, as we pray to be forgien. Dear father, forgive my saying this muckle, for it doth not become a young head to instruct gray hairs ; but I am sae far frae ye, that my heart yearns to ye a’, and fain wad I hear that ye had forgien her trespass, and sae I nae doubt say mair than may become me. The folk here are civil, and, like the barbarians unto the holy apostle, hae shown me much kindness ; and there are a sort of chosen people in the land, for they hae some kirks without organs that are like ours, and are called meeting-houses, where the minister preaches without a gown. But most of the country are prelatists, whilk is awfu’ to think ; and I saw twa men that were ministers following hunds, as bauld as Roslin or Driden, the young Laird of Loup-the-Dike, or ony wild gallant in Lothian. A sorrowfu’ sight to behold ! O, dear father, may a blessing be with your down-lying and up-rising, and remember in your prayers your affectionate daughter to command,

“ JEAN DEANS.”

A postscript bore—“ I learned from a decent woman, a grazier’s widow, that they hae a cure for the muir-ill in Cumberland, whilk is ane pint, as they ca’t, of yill—whilk is a dribble in comparison of our gawsie Scots pint, and hardly a mutchkin—boild wi’ sope and hartshorn draps, and toomed doun the creature’s throat wi’ ane whorn. Ye might try it on the bauson-faced year-auld quey ; an it does nae gude, it can do nae ill. She was a kind woman, and seemed skeely about horned beasts. When I reach Lunnon, I intend to gang to our cousin Mistress Glass, the tobacconist, at the sign o’ the Thistle, wha is so ceevil as to send you down your spleuchan-fu’ anes a year ; and as she must be weel kenn’d in Lunnon, I doubt not easily to find out where she lives.”

Being seduced into betraying our heroine's confidence thus far, we will stretch our communication a step beyond, and impart to the reader her letter to her lover.

“MR. REUBEN BUTLER,

“Hoping this will find you better, this comes to say, that I have reached this great town safe, and am not wearied with walking, but the better for it. And I have seen many things which I trust to tell you one day, also the muckle kirk of this place; and all around the city are mills, whilk havena muckle wheels nor mill-dams, but gang by the wind—strange to behold. Ane miller asked me to gang in and see it work, but I wad not, for I am not come to the south to make acquaintance with strangers. I keep the straight road, and just beck if onybody speaks to me ceevilly, and answers naebody with the tong but women of mine ain sect. I wish, Mr. Butler, I kenn'd onything that wad mak ye weel, for they hae mair medicines in this town of York than wad cure a' Scotland, and surely some of them wad be gude for your complaints. If ye had a kindly motherly body to nurse ye, and no to let ye waste yoursell wi' reading—whilk ye read mair than enugh with the bairns in the schule—and to gie ye warm milk in the morning, I wad be mair easy for ye. Dear Mr. Butler, keep a good heart, for we are in the hands of Ane that kens better what is gude for us than we ken what is for oursells. I hae nae doubt to do that for which I am come: I canna doubt it—I winna think to doubt it; because, if I haena full assurance, how shall I bear myself with earnest entreaties in the great folks' presence? But to ken that ane's purpose is right, and to make their heart strong, is the way to get through the warst day's darg. The lairns' rime says, the warst blast of the borrowing days* couldna kill the three siliy poor hog-lambs. And if it be God's pleasure, we that are sindered in sorrow may meet again in joy, even on this hither side of Jordan. I dinna bid ye mind what I said at our partin' anent my poor father and that misfortunate lassie, for I ken you will do sae for the sake of Christian charity, whilk is mair than the entreaties of her that is your servant to command,

“JEANIE DEANS.”

This letter also had a postscript. “Dear Reuben, If ye think that it wad hae been right for me to have said mair and kinder things to ye, just think that I hae written sae, since I

* See Note 29.

am sure that I wish a' that is kind and right to ye and by ye. Ye will think I am turned waster, for I wear clean hose and shoon every day; but it's the fashion here for decent bodies, and ilka land has its ain lauch. Ower and aboon a', if laughing days were e'er to come back again till us, ye wad laugh weel to see my round face at the far end of a strae *bon-grace*, that looks as muckle and round as the middell aisle in Liberton kirk. But it sheds the sun weel aff, and keeps unceevil folk fraestaring as if ane were a worriecow. I sall tell ye by writ how I come on wi' the Duke of Argyle, when I won up to Lunnon. Direct a line, to say how ye are, to me, to the charge of Mrs. Margaret Glass, tobacconist, at the sign of the Thistle, Lunnon, whilk, if it assures me of your health, will make my mind sae muckle easier. Excuse bad spelling and writing, as I have ane ill pen."

The orthography of these epistles may seem to the southron to require a better apology than the letter expresses, though a bad pen was the excuse of a certain Galwegian laird for bad spelling; but, on behalf of the heroine, I would have them to know that, thanks to the care of Butler, Jeanie Deans wrote and spelled fifty times better than half the women of rank in Scotland at that period, whose strange orthography and singular diction form the strongest contrast to the good sense which their correspondence usually intimates.

For the rest, in the tenor of these epistles. Jeanie expressed, perhaps, more hopes, a firmer courage, and better spirits than she actually felt. But this was with the amiable idea of relieving her father and lover from apprehensions on her account, which she was sensible must greatly add to their other troubles. "If they think me weel, and like to do weel," said the poor pilgrim to herself, "my father will be kinder to Effie, and Butler will be kinder to himself. For I ken weel that they will think mair o' me than I do o' mysell."

Accordingly, she sealed her letters carefully, and put them into the post-office with her own hand, after many inquiries concerning the time in which they were likely to reach Edinburgh. When this duty was performed, she readily accepted her landlady's pressing invitation to dine with her, and remain till the next morning. The hostess, as we have said, was her countrywoman, and the eagerness with which Scottish people meet, communicate, and, to the extent of their power, assist each other, although it is often objected to us as a prejudice and narrowness of sentiment, seems, on the contrary, to arise from a most justifiable and honorable feeling of patriotism, combined

with a conviction, which, if undeserved, would long since have been confuted by experience, that the habits and principles of the nation are a sort of guarantee for the character of the individual. At any rate, if the extensive influence of this national partiality be considered as an additional tie, binding man to man, and calling forth the good offices of such as can render them to the countryman who happens to need them, we think it must be found to exceed, as an active and efficient motive to generosity, that more impartial and wider principle of general benevolence, which we have sometimes seen pleaded as an excuse for assisting no individual whatever.

Mrs. Bickerton, lady of the ascendant of the Seven Stars, in the Castle Gate, York, was deeply infected with the unfortunate prejudices of her country. Indeed, she displayed so much kindness to Jeanie Deans (because she herself, being a Merse woman, "marched" with Midlothian, in which Jeanie was born), showed such motherly regard to her, and such anxiety for her further progress, that Jeanie thought herself safe, though by temper sufficiently cautious, in communicating her whole story to her.

Mrs. Bickerton raised her hands and eyes at the recital, and exhibited much wonder and pity. But she also gave some effectual good advice.

She required to know the strength of Jeanie's purse, reduced by her deposit at Liberton and the necessary expense of her journey to about fifteen pounds. "This," she said, "would do very well, providing she could carry it a' safe to London."

"Safe!" answered Jeanie. "I'se warrant my carrying it safe, bating the needful expenses."

"Ay, but highwaymen, lassie," said Mrs. Bickerton; "for ye are come into a more civilized, that is to say, a more roguish, country than the north, and how ye are to get forward I do not profess to know. If ye could wait here eight days, our wagons would go up, and I would recommend you to Joe Broadwheel, who would see you safe to the Swan and Two Necks. And dinna sneeze at Joe, if he should be for drawing up wi' you," continued Mrs. Bickerton, her acquired English mingling with her national or original dialect; "he's a handy boy, and a wanter, and no lad better thought o' on the road; and the English make good husbands enough, witness my poor man, Moses Bickerton, as is i' the kirkyard."

Jeanie hastened to say that she could not possibly wait for the setting forth of Joe Broadwheel; being internally by no means gratified with the idea of becoming the object of his attention during the journey.

"Aweel, lass," answered the good landlady, "then thou must pickle in thine ain poke-nook, and buckle thy girdle thine ain gate. But take my advice, and hide thy gold in thy stays, and keep a piece or two and some silver, in case thou be'st spoke withal; for there's as wud lads haunt within a day's walk from hence as on the Braes of Doune in Perthshire. And, lass, thou maunna gang staring through Lunnon, asking wha kens Mrs. Glass at the sign o' the Thistle; marry, they would laugh thee to scorn. But gang thou to this honest man," and she put a direction into Jeanie's hand, "he kens maist part of the 'sponsible Scottish folk in the city, and he will find out your friend for thee."

Jeanie took the little introductory letter with sincere thanks; but, something alarmed on the subject of the highway robbers, her mind recurred to what Ratcliffe had mentioned to her, and briefly relating the circumstances which placed a document so extraordinary in her hands, she put the paper he had given her into the hand of Mrs. Bickerton.

The Lady of the Seven Stars did not, indeed, ring a bell, because such was not the fashion of the time, but she whistled on a silver-call, which was hung by her side, and a tight serving-maiden entered the room.

"Tell Dick Ostler to come here," said Mrs. Bickerton.

Dick Ostler accordingly made his appearance—a queer, knowing, shambling animal, with a hatchet-face, a squint, a game arm, and a limp.

"Dick Ostler," said Mrs. Bickerton, in a tone of authority that showed she was, at least by adoption, Yorkshire too, "thou knowest most people and most things o' the road."

"Eye, eye, God help me, mistress," said Dick, shrugging his shoulders betwixt a repentant and a knowing expression—"eye! I ha' know'd a thing or twa i' ma day, mistress." He looked sharp and laughed, looked grave and sighed, as one who was prepared to take the matter either way.

"Kenst thou this wee bit paper amang the rest, man?" said Mrs. Bickerton, handing him the protection which Ratcliffe had given Jeanie Deans.

When Dick had looked at the paper, he winked with one eye, extended his grotesque mouth from ear to ear, like a navigable canal, scratched his head powerfully, and then said, "Ken! Ay, maybe we ken summat, an it werena for harm to him, mistress."

"None in the world," said Mrs. Bickerton; "only a dram of Hollands to thyself, man, an thou will't speak."

"Why, then," said Dick, giving the head-band of his

breeches a knowing hoist with one hand, and kicking out one foot behind him to accommodate the adjustment of that important habiliment, "I dares to say the pass will be kenn'd weel enough on the road, an that be all."

"But what sort of a lad was he?" said Mrs. Bickerton, winking to Jeanie, as proud of her knowing hostler.

"Why, what ken I? Jim the Rat! why he was cock o' the North within this twelmonth, he and Scotch Wilson—Handie Dandie, as they called him. But he's been out o' this country a while, as I rackon; but ony gentleman as keeps the road o' this side Stamford will respect Jim's pass."

Without asking further questions, the landlady filled Dick Ostler a bumper of Hollands. He ducked with his head and shoulders, scraped with his more advanced hoof, bolted the alcohol, to use the learned phrase, and withdrew to his own domains.

"I would advise thee, Jeanie," said Mrs. Bickerton, "an thou meetest with ugly customers o' the road, to show them this bit paper, for it will serve thee, assure thyself."

A neat little supper concluded the evening. The exported Scotswoman, Mrs. Bickerton by name, eat heartily of one or two seasoned dishes, drank some sound old ale, and a glass of stiff negus, while she gave Jeanie a history of her gouv, admiring how it was possible that she, whose fathers and mothers for many generations had been farmers in Lammermuir, could have come by a disorder so totally unknown to them. Jeanie did not choose to offend her friendly landlady by speaking her mind on the probable origin of this complaint; but she thought on the flesh-pots of Egypt, and, in spite of all entreaties to better fare, made her evening meal upon vegetables, with a glass of fair water.

Mrs. Bickerton assured her that the acceptance of any reckoning was entirely out of the question, furnished her with credentials to her correspondent in London, and to several inns upon the road where she had some influence or interest, reminded her of the precautions she should adopt for concealing her money, and, as she was to depart early in the morning, took leave of her very affectionately, taking her word that she would visit her on her return to Scotland, and tell her how she had managed, and that *summum bonum* for a gossip, "all how and about it." This Jeanie faithfully promised.

CHAPTER XXIX

And Need and Misery, Vice and Danger, bind,
In sad alliance, each degraded mind.

As our traveller set out early on the ensuing morning to prosecute her journey, and was in the act of leaving the inn-yard, Dick Ostler, who either had risen early or neglected to go to bed, either circumstance being equally incident to his calling, hallooed out after her—"The top of the morning to you, Moggie! Have a care o' Gunnerby Hill, young one. Robin Hood's dead and gwone, but there be takers yet in the vale of Beever." Jeanie looked at him as if to request a further explanation, but, with a leer, a shuffle, and a shrug, inimitable (unless by Emery), Dick turned again to the raw-boned steed which he was currying, and sung as he employed the comb and brush—

"Robin Hood was a yeoman good,
And his bow was of trusty yew;
And if Robin said stand on the king's lea-land,
Pray, why should not we say so too?"

Jeanie pursued her journey without further inquiry, for there was nothing in Dick's manner that inclined her to prolong their conference. A painful day's journey brought her to Ferrybridge, the best inn, then and since, upon the great northern road; and an introduction from Mrs. Bickerton, added to her own simple and quiet manners, so propitiated the landlady of the Swan in her favor that the good dame procured her the convenient accommodation of a pillion and post-horse then returning to Tuxford; so that she accomplished, upon the second day after leaving York, the longest journey she had yet made. She was a good deal fatigued by a mode of travelling to which she was less accustomed than to walking, and it was considerably later than usual on the ensuing morning that she felt herself able to resume her pilgrimage. At noon the hundred armed Trent, and the blackened ruins of Newark Castle, demolished in the great Civil War, lay before her. It may easily be supposed that Jeanie had no curiosity to make antiquarian researches, but, entering the town, went

straight to the inn to which she had been directed at Ferry-bridge. While she procured some refreshment, she observed the girl who brought it to her looked at her several times with fixed and peculiar interest, and at last, to her infinite surprise, inquired if her name was not Deans, and if she was not a Scotchwoman, going to London upon justice business. Jeanie, with all her simplicity of character, had some of the caution of her country, and, according to Scottish universal custom, she answered the question by another, requesting the girl would tell her why she asked these questions.

The Maritornes of the Saracen's Head, Newark, replied, "Two women had passed that morning, who had made inquiries after one Jeanie Deans, travelling to London on such an errand, and could scarce be persuaded that she had not passed on."

Much surprised, and somewhat alarmed, for what is inexplicable is usually alarming, Jeanie questioned the wench about the particular appearance of these two women, but could only learn that the one was aged and the other young; that the latter was the taller, and that the former spoke most and seemed to maintain an authority over her companion, and that both spoke with the Scottish accent.

This conveyed no information whatever, and with an indescribable presentiment of evil designed towards her, Jeanie adopted the resolution of taking post-horses for the next stage. In this, however, she could not be gratified; some accidental circumstances had occasioned what is called a run upon the road, and the landlord could not accommodate her with a guide and horses. After waiting some time in hopes that a pair of horses that had gone southward would return in time for her use, she at length, feeling ashamed of her own pusillanimity, resolved to prosecute her journey in her usual manner.

"It was all plain road," she was assured, "except a high mountain, called Gunnerby Hill, about three miles from Grantham, which was her stage for the night."

"I'm glad to hear there's a hill," said Jeanie, "for baith my sight and my very feet are weary o' sic tracts o' level ground; it looks a' the way between this and York as if a' the land had been trenched and levelled, whilk is very wearisome to my Scotch een. When I lost sight of a muckle blue hill they ca' Ingleboro', I thought I hadna a friend left in this strange land."

"As for the matter of that, young woman," said mine host, "and you be so fond o' hill, I carena an thou couldst

carry Gunnerby away with thee in thy lap, for it's a murder to post-horses. But here's to thy journey, and mayst thou win well through it, for thou is a bold and a canny lass."

So saying, he took a powerful pull at a solemn tankard of home-brewed ale.

"I hope there is nae bad company on the road, sir?" said Jeanie.

"Why, when it's clean without them I'll thatch Groby pool wi' pancakes. But there are nae sae mony now; and since they hae lost Jim the Rat, they hold together no better than the men of Marsham when they lost their common. Take a drop ere thou goest," he concluded, offering her the tankard; "thou wilt get naething at night save Grantham gruel, nine grots and a gallon of water."

Jeanie courteously declined the tankard, and inquired what was her "lawing."

"Thy lawing! Heaven help thee, wench! what ca'st thou that?"

"It is—I was wanting to ken what was to pay," replied Jeanie.

"Pay! Lord help thee! why, nought, woman; we hae drawn no liquor but a gill o' beer, and the Saracen's Head can spare a mouthful o' meat to a stranger like o' thee, that cannot speak Christian language. So here's to thee once more. 'The same again, quoth Mark of Bellgrave,'" and he took another profound pull at the tankard.

The travellers who have visited Newark more lately will not fail to remember the remarkably civil and gentlemanly manners of the person who now keeps the principal inn there, and may find some amusement in contrasting them with those of his more rough predecessor. But we believe it will be found that the polish has worn off none of the real worth of the metal.

Taking leave of her Lincolnshire Gaius, Jeanie resumed her solitary walk, and was somewhat alarmed when evening and twilight overtook her in the open ground which extends to the foot of Gunnerby Hill, and is intersected with patches of copse and with swampy spots. The extensive commons on the north road, most of which are now enclosed, and in general a relaxed state of police, exposed the traveller to a highway robbery in a degree which is now unknown, excepting in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. Aware of this circumstance, Jeanie mended her pace when she heard the trampling of a horse behind, and instinctively drew to one side of the road, as if to allow as much room for the rider to

pass as might be possible. When the animal came up, she found that it was bearing two women, the one placed on a side-saddle, the other on a pillion behind her, as may still occasionally be seen in England.

"A braw gude night to ye, Jeanie Deans," said the foremost female, as the horse passed our heroine. "What think ye o' yon bonny hill yonder, lifting its brow to the moon? Trow ye yon's the gate to Heaven; that ye are sae fain of? Maybe we may win there the night yet, God sains us, though our minnie here's rather dreich in the upgang."

The speaker kept changing her seat in the saddle, and half stopping the horse, as she brought her body round, while the woman that sat behind her on the pillion seemed to urge her on, in words which Jeanie heard but imperfectly.

"Haud your tongue, ye moon-raised b——! what is your business with——, or with Heaven or Hell either?"

"Troth, mither, no muckle wi' Heaven, I doubt, considering wha I carry ahint me; and as for Hell, it will fight its ain battle at its ain time, I'se be bound. Come, naggie, trot awa', man, an as thou wert a broomstick, for a witch rides thee—

With my curch on my foot, and my shoe on my hand,
I glance like the wildfire through brugh and through land."

The tramp of the horse, and the increasing distance, drowned the rest of her song, but Jeanie heard for some time the inarticulate sounds ring along the waste.

Our pilgrim remained stupefied with undefined apprehensions. The being named by her name in so wild a manner, and in a strange country, without further explanation or communing, by a person who thus strangely flitted forward and disappeared before her, came near to the supernatural sounds in *Comus*:

The airy tongues, which syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

And although widely different in features, deportment, and rank from the Lady of that enchanting masque, the continuation of the passage may be happily applied to Jeanie Deans upon this singular alarm:

These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion—Conscience.

In fact, it was, with the recollection of the affectionate

and dutiful errand on which she was engaged, her right, if such a word could be applicable, to expect protection in a task so meritorious. She had not advanced much further, with a mind calmed by these reflections, when she was disturbed by a new and more instant subject of terror. Two men who had been lurking among some copse started up as she advanced, and met her on the road in a menacing manner. "Stand and deliver," said one of them, a short stout fellow, in a smock-frock, such as are worn by wagoners.

"The woman," said the other, a tall thin figure, "does not understand the words of action. Your money, my precious, or your life!"

"I have but very little money, gentlemen," said poor Jeanie, tendering that portion which she had separated from her principal stock, and kept apart for such an emergency; "but if you are resolved to have it, to be sure you must have it."

"This won't do, my girl. D—n me if it shall pass!" said the shorter ruffian; "do ye think gentlemen are to hazard their lives on the road to be cheated in this way? We'll have every farthing you have got, or we will strip you to the skin, curse me."

His companion, who seemed to have something like compassion for the horror which Jeanie's countenance now expressed, said, "No, no, Tom, this is one of the precious sisters, and we'll take her word, for once, without putting her to the stripping proof. Hark ye, my lass, if you'll look up to heaven and say this is the last penny you have about ye, why, hang it, we'll let you pass."

"I am not free," answered Jeanie, "to say what I have about me, gentlemen, for there's life and death depends on my journey; but if you leave me as much as finds me in bread and water, I'll be satisfied, and thank you, and pray for you."

"D—n your prayers!" said the shorter fellow; "that's a coin that won't pass with us;" and at the same time made a motion to seize her.

"Stay, gentlemen," Ratcliffe's pass suddenly occurring to her; "perhaps you know this paper."

"What the devil is she after now, Frank?" said the more savage ruffian. "Do you look at it, for d—n me if I could read it, if it were for the benefit of my clergy."

"This is a jark from Jim Ratcliffe," said the taller, having looked at the bit of paper. "The wench must pass by our cutter's law."

"I say no," answered his companion. "Rat has left the lay, and turned bloodhound, they say."

"We may need a good turn from him all the same," said the taller ruffian again.

"But what are we to do then?" said the shorter man. "We promised, you know, to strip the wench and send her begging back to her own beggarly country, and now you are for letting her go on."

"I did not say that," said the other fellow, and whispered to his companion, who replied, "Be alive about it, then, and don't keep chattering till some travellers come up to nab us."

"You must follow us off the road, young woman," said the taller.

"For the love of God!" exclaimed Jeanie, "as you were born of woman, dinna ask me to leave the road! rather take all I have in the world."

"What the devil is the wench afraid of?" said the other fellow. "I tell you you shall come to no harm; but if you will not leave the road and come with us, d—n me, but I'll beat your brains out where you stand."

"Thou art a rough bear, Tom," said his companion. "An ye touch her, I'll give ye a shake by the collar shall make the Leicester beans rattle in thy guts. Never mind him, girl; I will not allow him to lay a finger on you, if you walk quietly on with us; but if you keep jabbering there, d—n me, but I'll leave him to settle it with you."

This threat conveyed all that is terrible to the imagination of poor Jeanie, who saw in him that "was of milder mood" her only protection from the most brutal treatment. She, therefore, not only followed him, but even held him by the sleeve, lest he should escape from her; and the fellow, hardened as he was, seemed something touched by these marks of confidence, and repeatedly assured her that he would suffer her to receive no harm.

They conducted their prisoner in a direction leading more and more from the public road, but she observed that they kept a sort of track or by-path, which relieved her from part of her apprehensions, which would have been greatly increased had they not seemed to follow a determined and ascertained route. After about half an hour's walking, all three in profound silence, they approached an old barn, which stood on the edge of some cultivated ground, but remote from everything like an habitation. It was itself, however, tenanted, for there was light in the windows.

One of the footpads scratched at the door, which was

opened by a female, and they entered with their unhappy prisoner. An old woman, who was preparing food by the assistance of a stifling fire of lighted charcoal, asked them, in the name of the devil, what they brought the wench there for, and why they did not strip her and turn her abroad on the common.

"Come, come, Mother Blood," said the tall man, "we'll do what's right to oblige you, and we'll do no more; we are bad enough, but not such as you would make us—devils incarnate."

"She has got a jark from Jim Ratcliffe," said the short fellow, "and Frank here won't hear of our putting her through the mill."

"No, that will I not, by G—d!" answered Frank; "but if old Mother Blood could keep her here for a little while, or send her back to Scotland, without hurting her, why, I see no harm in that, not I."

"I'll tell you what, Frank Levitt," said the old woman, "if you call me Mother Blood again, I'll paint this gulley [and she held a knife up as if about to make good her threat] in the best blood in your body, my bonny boy."

"The price of ointment must be up in the north," said Frank, "that puts Mother Blood so much out of humor."

Without a moment's hesitation the fury darted her knife at him with the vengeful dexterity of a wild Indian. As he was on his guard, he avoided the missile by a sudden motion of his head, but it whistled past his ear and stuck deep in the clay wall of a partition behind.

"Come, come, mother," said the robber, seizing her by both wrists, "I shall teach you who's master;" and so saying, he forced the hag backwards by main force, who strove vehemently until she sunk on a bunch of straw, and then letting go her hands, he held up his finger towards her in the menacing posture by which a maniac is intimidated by his keeper. It appeared to produce the desired effect; for she did not attempt to rise from the seat on which he had placed her, or to resume any measures of actual violence, but wrung her withered hands with impotent rage, and brayed and howled like a demoniac.

"I will keep my promise with you, you old devil," said Frank; "the wench shall not go forward on the London road, but I will not have you touch a hair of her head, if it were but for your insolence."

This intimation seemed to compose in some degree the vehement passion of the old hag; and while her exclamations

and howls sunk into a low, maundering, growling tone of voice, another personage was added to this singular party.

"Eh, Frank Levitt," said this new-comer, who entered with a hop, step, and jump, which at once conveyed her from the door into the centre of the party, "were ye killing our mother? or were ye cutting the grunter's weasand that Tam brought in this morning? or have ye been reading your prayers backward, to bring up my auld acquaintance the deil amang ye?"

The tone of the speaker was so particular that Jeanie immediately recognized the woman who had rode foremost of the pair which passed her just before she met the robbers; a circumstance which greatly increased her terror, as it served to show that the mischief designed against her was premeditated, though by whom, or for what cause, she was totally at a loss to conjecture. From the style of her conversation, the reader also may probably acknowledge in this female an old acquaintance in the earlier part of our narrative.

"Out, ye mad devil!" said Tom, whom she had disturbed in the middle of a draught of some liquor with which he had found means of accommodating himself; "betwixt your Bess of Bedlam pranks and your dam's frenzies a man might live quieter in the devil's den than here." And he again resumed the broken jug out of which he had been drinking.

"And what's this o't?" said the madwoman, dancing up to Jeanie Deans, who, although in great terror, yet watched the scene with a resolution to let nothing pass unnoticed which might be serviceable in assisting her to escape, or informing her as to the true nature of her situation, and the danger attending it. "What's this o't?" again exclaimed Madge Wildfire. "Douce Davie Deans, the auld doited Whig body's daughter in a gypsy's barn, and the night setting in; this is a sight for sair een! Eh, sirs, the falling off o' the godly! And the t'other sister's in the tolbooth at Edinburgh! I am very sorry for her, for my share; it's my mother wusses ill to her, and no me, though maybe I hae as muckle cause."

"Hark ye, Madge," said the taller ruffian, "you have not such a touch of the devil's blood as the hag your mother, who may be his dam for what I know; take this young woman to your kennel, and do not let the devil enter, though he should ask in God's name."

"Ou ay, that I will, Frank," said Madge, taking hold of Jeanie by the arm, and pulling her along; "for it's no for decent Christian young leddies, like her and me, to be keeping the like o' you and Tyburn Tam company at this time o'

night. Sae gude e'en t'ye, sirs, and mony o' them ; and may ye a' sleep till the hangman wauken ye, and then it will be weel for the country."

She then, as her wild fancy seemed suddenly to prompt her, walked demurely towards her mother, who, seated by the charcoal fire, with the reflection of the red light on her withered and distorted features, marked by every evil passion, seemed the very picture of Hecate at her infernal rites ; and suddenly dropping on her knees, said, with the manner of a six-years-old child, " Mammie, hear me say my prayers before I go to bed, and say God bless my bonny face, as ye used to do lang syne."

" The deil flay the hide o' it to sole his brogues wi' ! " said the old lady, aiming a buffet at the supplicant in answer to her duteous request.

The blow missed Madge, who, being probably acquainted by experience with the mode in which her mother was wont to confer her maternal benedictions, slipped out of arm's-length with great dexterity and quickness. The hag then started up, and, seizing a pair of old fire-tongs, would have amended her motion by beating out the brains either of her daughter or Jeanie, she did not seem greatly to care which, when her hand was once more arrested by the man whom they called Frank Levitt, who, seizing her by the shoulder, flung her from him with great violence, exclaiming, " What, Mother Damnable, again, and in my sovereign presence ? Hark ye, Madge of Bedlam, get to your hole with your playfellow, or we shall have the devil to pay here, and nothing to pay him with."

Madge took Levitt's advice, retreating as fast as she could, and dragging Jeanie along with her, into a sort of recess, partitioned off from the rest of the barn, and filled with straw, from which it appeared that it was intended for the purpose of slumber. The moonlight shone through an open hole upon a pillion, a pack-saddle, and one or two wallets, the travelling furniture of Madge and her amiable mother. " Now, saw ye e'er in your life," said Madge, " sae dainty a chamber of deas ? See as the moon shines down sae caller on the fresh trae ! There's no a pleasanter cell in Bedlam, for as braw a place as it is on the outside. Were ye ever in Bedlam ? "

" No," answered Jeanie, faintly, appalled by the question and the way in which it was put, yet willing to soothe her insane companion ; being in circumstances so unhappily precarious that even the society of this gibbering madwoman seemed a species of protection.

"Never in Bedlam!" said Madge, as if with some surprise. "But ye'll hae been in the cells at Edinburgh?"

"Never," repeated Jeanie.

"Weel, I think thae daft carles the magistrates send nae-body to Bedlam but me; they maun hae an unco respect for me, for whenever I am brought to them they aye hae me back to Bedlam. But troth, Jeanie [she said this in a very confidential tone], to tell ye my private mind about it, I think ye are at nae great loss; for the keeper's a cross patch, and he maun hae it a' his ain gate, to be sure, or he makes the place waur than hell. I often tell him he's the daftest in a' the house. But what are they making sic a skirling for? Deil ane o' them's get in here; it wadna be mensefu'! I will sit wi' my back again the door; it winna be that easy stirring me."

"Madge!"—"Madge!"—"Madge Wildfire!"—"Madge devil! what have ye done with the horse?" was repeatedly asked by the men without.

"He's e'en at his supper, puir thing," answered Madge; "deil an ye were at yours too, an it were scauding brimstane, and then we wad hae less o' your din."

"His supper!" answered the more sulky ruffian. "What d'ye mean by that? Tell me where he is, or I will knock your Bedlam brains out!"

"He's in Gaffer Gabblewood's wheat-close, an ye maun ken."

"His wheat-close, you crazed jilt!" answered the other, with an accent of great indignation.

"O, dear Tyburn Tam, man, what ill will the blades of the young wheat do to the puir naig?"

"That is not the question," said the other robber; "but what the country will say to us to-morrow when they see him in such quarters. Go, Tom, and bring him in; and avoid the soft ground, my lad; leave no hoof-track behind you."

"I think you give me always the fag of it, whatever is to be done," grumbled his companion.

"Leap, Laurence, you're long enough," said the other; and the fellow left the barn accordingly, without further remonstrance.

In the meanwhile, Madge had arranged herself for repose on the straw; but still in a half-sitting posture, with her back resting against the door of the hovel, which, as it opened inwards, was in this manner kept shut by the weight of her person.

"There's mair shifts bye stealing, Jeanie," said Madge Wildfire; "though whiles I can hardly get our mother to

think sae. Wha wad hae thought but mysell of making a bolt of my ain backbane? But it's no sae strong as thae that I hae seen in the tolbooth at Edinburgh. The hammermen of Edinburgh are to my mind afore the world for making stane lions, ring-bolts, fetter-bolts, bars, and locks. And they arena that bad at girdles for carcasses neither, though the Cu'ross hammermen hae the gree for that. My mother had ance a bonny Cu'ross girdle, and I thought to have baked car-bakes on it for my pair wean that's dead and gane nae fair way; but we maun a'dee, ye ken, Jeanie. You Cameronian bodies ken that brawly; and ye're for making a hell upon earth that ye may be less unwillin' to part wi' it. But as touching Bellum, that ye were speaking about, I'se ne'er recommend it muckle the tae gate or the tother, be it right, be it wrang. But ye ken what the sang says?" And, pursuing the unconnected and floating wanderings of her mind, she sung aloud—

“In the bonny cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was ane-and-twenty,
I had hempen bracelets strong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayer and fasting plenty.

Weel, Jeanie, I am something herse the night, and I canna sing muckle mair; and troth, I think I am gaun to sleep.”

She drooped her head on her breast, a posture from which Jeanie, who would have given the world for an opportunity of quiet to consider the means and the probability of her escape, was very careful not to disturb her. After nodding, however, for a minute or two, with her eyes half closed, the unquiet and restless spirit of her malady again assailed Madge. She raised her head and spoke, but with a lowered tone, which was again gradually overcome by drowsiness, to which the fatigue of a day's journey on horseback had probably given unwonted occasion—“I dinna ken what makes me sae sleepy; I amnaist never sleep till my bonny Lady Moon gangs till her bed, mair by token when she's at the full, ye ken, rowing aboon us yonder in her grand silver coach. I have danced to her my lane sometimes for very joy, and whiles dead folk came and danced wi' me, the like o' Jock Porteous, or onybody I had kenn'd when I was living; for ye maun ken I was ance dead mysell.” Here the poor maniac sung in a low and wild tone—

“My banes are buried in yon kirkyard
Sae far ayont the sea,
And it is but my blithesome ghaist
That's speaking now to thee.

But, after a', Jeanie, my woman, naebody kens weel wha's living and wha's dead—or wha's gane to Fairyland, there's another question. Whiles I think my puir bairn's dead ; ye ken very weel it's buried, but that signifies naething. I have had it on my knee a hundred times, and a hundred till that, since it was buried ; and how could that be were it dead, ye ken ? It's merely impossible." And here, some conviction half overcoming the reveries of her imagination, she burst into a fit of crying and ejaculation, "Wae's me ! wae's me ! wae's me !" till at length she moaned and sobbed herself into a deep sleep, which was soon intimated by her breathing hard, leaving Jeanie to her own melancholy reflections and observations.

CHAPTER XXX

Bind her quickly ; or, by this steel,
I'll tell, although I truss for company.

FLETCHER.

THE imperfect light which shone into the window enabled Jeanie to see that there was scarcely any chance of making her escape in that direction ; for the aperture was high in the wall, and so narrow that, could she have climbed up to it, she might well doubt whether it would have permitted her to pass her body through it. An unsuccessful attempt to escape would be sure to draw down worse treatment than she now received, and she therefore resolved to watch her opportunity carefully ere making such a perilous effort. For this purpose she applied herself to the ruinous clay partition which divided the hovel in which she now was from the rest of the waste barn. It was decayed, and full of cracks and chinks, one of which she enlarged with her fingers, cautiously and without noise, until she could obtain a plain view of the old hag and the taller ruffian, whom they called Levitt, seated together beside the decayed fire of charcoal, and apparently engaged in close conference. She was at first terrified by the sight, for the features of the old woman had a hideous cast of hardened and inveterate malice and ill-humor, and those of the man, though naturally less unfavorable, were such as corresponded well with licentious habits and a lawless profession.

“ But I remembered,” said Jeanie, “ my worthy father’s tales of a winter evening, how he was confined with the blessed martyr, Mr. James Renwick, who lifted up the fallen standard of the true reformed Kirk of Scotland, after the worthy and renowned Daniel [Richard] Cameron, our last blessed bannerman, had fallen among the swords of the wicked at Aird’s Moss, and how the very hearts of the wicked malefactors and murderers whom they were confined withal were melted like wax at the sound of their doctrine, and I bethought mysell, that the same help that was wi’ them in their strait, wad be wi’ me in mine, an I could but watch the

Lord's time and opportunity for delivering my feet from their snare ; and I minded the Scripture of the blessed Psalmist, whilk he insisteth on, as weel in the forty-second as in the forty-third psalm, ' Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me ? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.' "

Strengthened in a mind naturally calm, sedate, and firm, by the influence of religious confidence, this poor captive was enabled to attend to, and comprehend, a great part of an interesting conversation which passed betwixt those into whose hands she had fallen, notwithstanding that their meaning was partly disguised by the occasional use of cant terms, of which Jeanie knew not the import, by the low tone in which they spoke, and by their mode of supplying their broken phrases by shrugs and signs, as is usual among those of their disorderly profession.

The man opened the conversation by saying, " Now, dame, you see I am true to my friend. I have not forgot that you planked a chury which helped me through the bars of the Castle of York, and I came to do your work without asking questions, for one good turn deserves another. But now that Madge, who is as loud as Tom of Lincoln, is somewhat still, and this same Tyburn Neddie is shaking his heels after the old nag, why, you must tell me what all this is about, and what's to be done ; for d—n me if I touch the girl, or let her be touched, and she with Jim Rat's pass too."

" Thou art an honest lad, Frank," answered the old woman, " but e'en too kind for thy trade ; thy tender heart will get thee into trouble. I will see ye gang up Holborn Hill backward, and a' on the word of some silly loon that could never hae rapped to ye had ye drawn your knife across his weasand."

" You may be balked there, old one," answered the robber ; " I have known many a pretty lad cut short in his first summer upon the road, because he was something hasty with his flats and sharps. Besides, a man would fain live out his two years with a good conscience. So, tell me what all this is about, and what's to be done for you that one can do decently ?"

" Why, you must know, Frank—but first taste a snap of right Hollands." She drew a flask from her pocket, and filled the fellow a large bumper, which he pronounced to be the right thing. " You must know, then, Frank—wunna ye mend your hand ?" again offering the flask.

"No, no; when a woman wants mischief from you, she always begins by filling you drunk. D—n all Dutch courage. What I do I will do soberly. I'll last the longer for that too."

"Well, then, you must know," resumed the old woman, without any further attempts at propitiation, "that this girl is going to London."

Here Jeanie could only distinguish the word "sister."

The robber answered in a louder tone, "Fair enough that; and what the devil is your business with it?"

"Business enough, I think. If the b—— queers the noose, that silly cull will marry her."

"And who cares if he does?" said the man.

"Who cares, ye donnard Neddie? *I* care; and I will strangle her with my own hands rather than she should come to Madge's preferment."

"Madge's preferment! Does your old blind eyes see no further than that? If he is as you say, d'ye think he'll ever marry a moon-calf like Madge? Ecod, that's a good one. Marry Madge Wildfire! ha! ha! ha!"

"Hark ye, ye crack-rope padder, born beggar, and bred thief!" replied the hag; "suppose he never marries the wench, is that a reason he should marry another, and that other to hold my daughter's place, and she crazed, and I a beggar, and all along of him? But I know that of him will hang him—I know that of him will hang him, if he had a thousand lives—I know that of him will hang—hang—hang him!"

She grinned as she repeated and dwelt upon the fatal monosyllable with the emphasis of a vindictive fiend.

"Then why don't you hang—hang—hang him?" said Frank, repeating her words contemptuously. "There would be more sense in that, than in wreaking yourself here upon two wenches that have done you and your daughter no ill."

"No ill!" answered the old woman; "and he to marry this jail-bird, if ever she gets her foot loose!"

"But as there is no chance of his marrying a bird of your brood, I cannot, for my soul, see what you have to do with all this," again replied the robber, shrugging his shoulders. "Where there is aught to be got, I'll go as far as my neighbors, but I hate mischief for mischief's sake."

"And would you go nae length for revenge?" said the hag—"for revenge, the sweetest morsel to the mouth that ever was cooked in hell!"

"The devil may keep it for his own eating, then," said

the robber ; “for hang me if I like the sauce he dresses it with.”

“Revenge !” continued the old woman ; “why, it is the best reward the devil gives us for our time here and hereafter. I have wrought hard for it, I have suffered for it, and I have sinned for it, and I will have it—or there is neither justice in Heaven nor in Hell !”

Levitt had by this time lighted a pipe, and was listening with great composure to the frantic and vindictive ravings of the old hag. He was too much hardened by his course of life to be shocked with them ; too indifferent, and probably too stupid, to catch any part of their animation or energy. “But, mother,” he said, after a pause, “still I say, that if revenge is your wish, you should take it on the young fellow himself.”

“I wish I could,” she said, drawing in her breath, with the eagerness of a thirsty person while mimicking the action of drinking—“I wish I could ! but no, I cannot—I cannot.”

“And why not ? You would think little of peaching and hanging him for this Scotch affair. Rat me, one might have milled the Bank of England, and less noise about it.”

“I have nursed him at this withered breast,” answered the old woman, folding her hands on her bosom, as if pressing an infant to it, “and though he has proved an adder to me, though he has been the destruction of me and mine, though he has made me company for the devil, if there be a devil, and food for hell, if there be such a place, yet I cannot take his life. No, I cannot,” she continued, with an appearance of rage against herself ; “I have thought of it, I have tried it, but, Francis Levitt, I canna gang through wi’t ! Na, na, he was the first bairn I ever nurst ; ill I had been—but man can never ken what woman feels for the bairn she has held first to her bosom !”

“To be sure,” said Levitt, “we have no experience. But, mother, they say you ha’n’t been so kind to other *bairns*, as you call them, that have come in your way. Nay, d—n me, never lay your hand on the whittle, for I am captain and leader here, and I will have no rebellion.”

The hag, whose first motion had been, upon hearing the question, to grasp the haft of a large knife, now unclosed her hand, stole it away from the weapon, and suffered it to fall by her side, while she proceeded with a sort of smile—“Bairns ! ye are joking, lad, wha wad touch bairns ? Madge, puir thing, had a misfortune wi’ ane ; and the tother——” Here her voice sunk so much that Jeanie, though anxiously upon the watch, could not catch a word she said, until she raised her tone at

the conclusion of the sentence—"So Madge, in her daffin', threw it into the Nor' Loch, I trow."

Madge, whose slumbers, like those of most who labor under mental malady, had been short, and were easily broken, now made herself heard from her place of repose.

"Indeed, mother, that's a great lee, for I did nae sic thing."

"Hush, thou hellicat devil," said her mother. "By Heaven! the other wench will be waking too!"

"That may be dangerous," said Frank; and he rose and followed Meg Murdockson across the floor.

"Rise," said the hag to her daughter, "or I sall drive the knife between the planks into the Bedlam back of thee!"

Apparently she at the same time seconded her threat, by pricking her with the point of a knife, for Madge, with a faint scream, changed her place, and the door opened.

The old woman held a candle in one hand and a knife in the other. Levitt appeared behind her; whether with a view of preventing or assisting her in any violence she might meditate could not be well guessed. Jeanie's presence of mind stood her friend in this dreadful crisis. She had resolution enough to maintain the attitude and manner of one who sleeps profoundly, and to regulate even her breathing, notwithstanding the agitation of instant terror, so as to correspond with her attitude.

The old woman passed the light across her eyes; and, although Jeanie's fears were so powerfully awakened by this movement, that she often declared afterwards that she thought she saw the figures of her destined murderers through her closed eyelids, she had still the resolution to maintain the feint on which her safety perhaps depended.

Levitt looked at her with fixed attention; he then turned the old woman out of the place, and followed her himself. Having regained the outer apartment, and seated themselves, Jeanie heard the highwayman say, to her no small relief, "She's as fast as if she were in Bedfordshire. Now, old Meg, d—n me if I can understand a glim of this story of yours, or what good it will do you to hang the one wench and torment the other; but, rat me, I will be true to my friend, and serve ye the way ye like it. I see it will be a bad job; but I do think I could get her down to Surfleet on the Wash, and so on board Tom Moonshine's neat lugger, and keep her out of the way three or four weeks, if that will please ye. But d—n me if any one shall harin her, unless they have a mind to choke on a brace of blue plums. It's a cruel bad job, and I wish you and it, Meg, were both at the devil."

"Never mind, hinny Levitt," said the old woman; "you are a ruffler, and will have a' your ain gate. She shanna gang to Heaven an hour sooner for me; I carena whether she live or die: it's her sister—ay, her sister!"

"Well, we'll say no more about it, I hear Tom coming in. We'll couch a hogshhead, and so better had you."

They retired to repose, accordingly, and all was silent in this asylum of iniquity.

Jeanie lay for a long time awake. At break of day she heard the two ruffians leave the barn, after whispering with the old woman for some time. The sense that she was now guarded only by persons of her own sex gave her some confidence, and irresistible lassitude at length threw her into slumber.

When the captive awakened, the sun was high in heaven, and the morning considerably advanced. Madge Wildfire was still in the hovel which had served them for the night, and immediately bid her good morning, with her usual air of insane glee. "And d'ye ken, lass," said Madge, "there's queer things chanced since ye hae been in the land of Nod. The constables hae been here, woman, and they net wi' my minnie at the door, and they whirl'd her awa' to the Justice's about the man's wheat. Dear! thae English churls think as muckle about a blade of wheat or grass as a Scots laird does about his maukins and his muir-poots. Now, lass, if ye like, we'll play them a fine jink: we will awa' out and take a walk; they will make unco wark when they miss us, but we can easily be back by dinner time, or before dark night at any rate, and it will be some frolic and fresh air. But maybe ye wad like to take some breakfast, and then lie down again? I ken by mysell there's whiles I can sit wi' my head on my hand the haill day, and havena a word to cast at a dog, and other whiles that I canna sit still a moment. That's when the folk think me warst; but I am aye canny enough—ye needna be feared to walk wi' me."

Had Madge Wildfire been the most raging lunatic, instead of possessing a doubtful, uncertain, and twilight sort of rationality, varying, probably, from the influence of the most trivial causes, Jeanie would hardly have objected to leave a place of captivity where she had so much to apprehend. She eagerly assured Madge that she had no occasion for further sleep, no desire whatever for eating; and hoping internally that she was not guilty of sin in doing so, she flattered her keeper's crazy humor for walking in the woods.

"It's no a'thegither for that neither," said poor Madge; "but I am judging ye will wun the better out o' thae folks'

hands ; no that they are a'thegither bad folk neither, but they have queer ways wi' them, and I whiles dinna think it has been ever very weel wi' my mother and me since we kept sic-like company."

With the haste, the joy, the fear, and the hope of a liberated captive, Jeanie snatched up her little bundle, followed Madge into the free air, and eagerly looked round her for a human habitation ; but none was to be seen. The ground was partly cultivated, and partly left in its natural state, according as the fancy of the slovenly agriculturists had decided. In its natural state it was waste, in some places covered with dwarf trees and bushes, in others swamp, and elsewhere firm and dry downs or pasture-grounds.

Jeanie's active mind next led her to conjecture which way the high-road lay, whence she had been forced. If she regained that public road, she imagined she must soon meet some person, or arrive at some house, where she might tell her story, and request protection. But after a glance around her, she saw with regret that she had no means whatever of directing her course with any degree of certainty, and that she was still in dependence upon her crazy companion. "Shall we not walk upon the high-road?" said she to Madge, in such a tone as a nurse uses to coax a child. "It's brawer walking on the road than amang thae wild bushes and whins."

Madge, who was walking very fast, stopped at this question, and looked at Jeanie with a sudden and scrutinizing glance, that seemed to indicate complete acquaintance with her purpose. "Aha, lass!" she exclaimed, "are ye gaun to guide us that gate? Ye'll be for making your heels save your head, I am judging."

Jeanie hesitated for a moment, on hearing her companion thus express herself, whether she had not better take the hint, and try to outstrip and get rid of her. But she knew not in which direction to fly ; she was by no means sure that she would prove the swiftest, and perfectly conscious that, in the event of her being pursued and overtaken, she would be inferior to the madwoman in strength. She therefore gave up thoughts for the present of attempting to escape in that manner, and, saying a few words to allay Madge's suspicions, she followed in anxious apprehension the wayward path by which her guide thought proper to lead her. Madge, infirm of purpose, and easily reconciled to the present scene, whatever it was, began soon to talk with her usual diffuseness of ideas.

"It's a dainty thing to be in the woods on a fine morning

like this. I like it far better than the town, for there isna a wheen duddy bairns to be crying after ane, as if ane were a world's wonder, just because ane maybe is a thought bonnier and better put-on than their neighbors ; though. Jeanie, ye suld never be proud o' braw claithis, or beauty neither ; wae's me ! they're but a snare. I anes thought better o' them, and what came o't ?”

“Are ye sure ye ken the way ye are taking us ?” said Jeanie, who began to imagine that she was getting deeper into the woods, and more remote from the high-road.

“Do I ken the road ? Wasna I mony a day living here, and what for shouldna I ken the road ? I might hae forgotten, too, for it was afore my accident ; but there are some things ane can never forget, let them try it as muckle as they like.”

By this time they had gaed the deepest part of a patch of woodland. The trees were a little separated from each other, and at the foot of one of them, a beautiful poplar, was a variegated hillock of wild flowers and moss, such as the poet of Grasmere has described in his verses on “The Thorn.” So soon as she arrived at this spot, Madge Wildfire, joining her hands above her head, with a loud scream that resembled laughter, flung herself all at once upon the spot, and remained lying there motionless.

Jeanie's first idea was to take the opportunity of flight ; but her desire to escape yielded for a moment to apprehension for the poor insane being, who, she thought, might perish for want of relief. With an effort which, in her circumstances, might be termed heroic, she stooped down, spoke in a soothing tone, and endeavored to raise up the forlorn creature. She effected this with difficulty, and, as she placed her against the tree in a sitting posture, she observed with surprise that her complexion, usually florid, was now deadly pale, and that her face was bathed in tears. Notwithstanding her own extreme danger, Jeanie was affected by the situation of her companion ; and the rather that, through the whole train of her wavering and inconsistent state of mind and line of conduct, she discerned a general color of kindness towards herself, for which she felt grateful.

“Let me alane !—let me alane !” said the poor young woman, as her paroxysm of sorrow began to abate. “Let me alane ; it does me good to weep. I canna shed tears but maybe anes or twice a year, and I aye come to wet this turf with them, that the flowers may grow fair, and the grass may be green.”

“But what is the matter with you?” said Jeanie. “Why do you weep so bitterly?”

“There’s matter enow,” replied the lunatic; “mair than ae pur mind can bear, I trow. Stay a bit, and I’ll tell you a’ about it; for I like ye, Jeanie Deans; a’bodyspoke weel about ye when we lived in the Pleasaunts. And I mind aye the drink o’ milk ye gae me yon day, when I had been on Arthur’s Seat for four-and-twenty hours, looking for the ship that somebody was sailing in.”

These words recalled to Jeanie’s recollection that, in fact, she had been one morning much frightened by meeting a crazy young woman near her father’s house at an early hour, and that, as she appeared to be harmless, her apprehension had been changed into pity, and she had relieved the unhappy wanderer with some food, which she devoured with the haste of a famished person. The incident, trifling in itself, was at present of great importance, if it should be found to have made a favorable and permanent impression on the mind of the object of her charity.

“Yes,” said Madge, “I’ll tell ye all about it, for ye are a decent man’s daughter—Douce Davie Deans, ye ken; and maybe ye’ll can teach me to find out the narrow way and the strait path; for I have been burning bricks in Egypt, and walking through the weary wilderness of Sinai, for lang and mony a day. But whenever I think about mine errors, I am like to cover my lips for shame.” Here she looked up and smiled. “It’s a strange thing now—I hae spoke mair gude words to you in ten minutes, than I wad speak to my mother in as mony years. It’s no that I dinna think on them, and whiles they are just at my tongue’s end; but then comes the devil and brushes my lips with his black wing, and lays his broad black loof on my mouth—for a black loof it is, Jeanie—and sweeps away a’ my gude thoughts, and dits up my gude words, and pits a wheen fule sangs and idle vanities in their place.”

“Try, Madge,” said Jeanie—“try to settle your mind and make your breast clean, and you’ll find your heart easier. Just resist the devil, and he will flee from you; and mind that, as my worthy father tells me, there is nae devil sae deceitfu’ as our ain wandering thoughts.”

“And that’s true too, lass,” said Madge, starting up; “and I’ll gang a gate where the devil daurna follow me; and it’s a gate that you will like dearly to gang; but I’ll keep a fast hand o’ your arm, for fear Apollyon should stride across the path, as he did in the *Pilgrim’s Progress*.”

Accordingly, she got up, and, taking Jeanie by the arm, began to walk forward at a great pace ; and soon, to her companion's no small joy, came into a marked path, with the meanders of which she seemed perfectly acquainted. Jeanie endeavored to bring her back to the confessional, but the fancy was gone by. In fact, the mind of this deranged being resembled nothing so much as a quantity of dry leaves, which may for a few minutes remain still, but are instantly decomposed and put in motion by the first casual breath of air. She had now got John Bunyan's parable into her head, to the exclusion of everything else, and on she went with great volubility.

"Did ye never read the *Pilgrim's Progress*? And you shall be the woman Christiana, and I will be the maiden Mercy ; for ye ken Mercy was of the fairer countenance, and the more alluring than her companion ; and if I had my little messan dog here, it would be Great-Heart, their guide, ye ken, for he was e'en as bauld that he wad bark at onything twenty times his size ; and that was e'en the death of him, for he bit Corporal MacAlpine's heels ae morning when they were hauling me to the guard-house, and Corporal MacAlpine killed the bit faithfu' thing wi' his Lochaber axe—deil pike the Highland banes o' him !"

"O fie, Madge," said Jeanie, "ye should not speak such words."

"It's very true," said Madge, shaking her head ; "but then I maunna think on my puir bit doggie, Snap, when I saw it lying dying in the gutter. But it's just as weel, for it suffered baith cauld and hunger when it was living, and in the grave there is rest for a' things—rest for the doggie, and my puir bairn, and me."

"Your bairn?" said Jeanie, conceiving that by speaking on such a topic, supposing it to be a real one, she could not fail to bring her companion to a more composed temper.

She was mistaken, however, for Madge colored, and replied with some anger, "*My* bairn? ay, to be sure, *my* bairn. What for shouldna I hae a bairn, and lose a bairn too, as weel as your bonny tittie, the Lily of St. Leonard's?"

The answer struck Jeanie with some alarm, and she was anxious to soothe the irritation she had unwittingly given occasion to. "I am very sorry for your misfortune——"

"Sorry! what wad ye be sorry for?" answered Madge. "The bairn was a blessing—that is, Jeanie, it wad hae been a blessing if it hadna been for my mother ; but my mother's a queer woman. Ye see, there was an auld carle wi' a bit land,

and a gude clat o' siller besides, just the very picture of old Mr. Feeblemind or Mr. Ready-to-halt, that Great-Heart delivered from Slaygood the giant, when he was rifling him and about to pick his bones, for Slaygood was of the nature of the flesh-eaters; and Great-Heart killed Giant Despair too; but I am doubting Giant Despair's come alive again, for a' the story-book; I find him busy at my heart whiles."

"Weel, and so the auld carle——" said Jeanie, for she was painfully interested in getting to the truth of Madge's history, which she could not but suspect was in some extraordinary way linke l and entwined with the fate of her sister. She was also desirous, if possible, to engage her companion in some narrative which might be carried on in a lower tone of voice, for she was in great apprehension lest the elevated notes of Madge's conversation should direct her mother or the robbers in search of them.

"And so the auld carle," said Madge, repeating her words—"I wish you had seen him stoiting about, aff ae leg on to the other, wi' a kind o' dot-and-go-one sort o' motion, as if ilk ane o' his twa legs had belonged to sindry folk. But Gentle George could take him aff brawly. Eh, as I used to laugh to see George gang hip-hop like him! I dinna ken, I think I laughed heartier then than what I do now, though maybe no just sue muckle."

"And who was Gentle George?" said Jeanie, endeavoring to bring her back to her story.

"O, he was Geordie Robertson, ye ken, when he was in Edinburgh; but that's no his right name neither. His name is—— But what is your business wi' his name?" said she, as if upon sudden recollection. "What have ye to do asking for folks' names? Have ye a mind I should scour my knife between your ribs, as my mother says?"

As this was spoken with a menacing tone and gesture, Jeanie hustened to protest her total innocence of purpose in the accidental question which she had asked, and Madge Wild-fire went on, somewhat pacified.

"Never ask folks' names, Jeanie: it's no civil. I hae seen half a dozen o' folk in my mother's at anes, and ne'er ane o' them ca'd the ither by his name; and Daddie Ratton says it is the most uncivil thing may be, because the bailie bodies are aye asking fashious questions, when ye saw sic a man or sic a man; and if ye dinna ken their names, ye ken there can be nae mair speer'd about it."

"In what strange school," thought Jeanie to herself, "has this poor creature been bred up, where such remote precautions

are taken against the pursuits of justice? What would my father or Reuben Butler think, if I were to tell them there are sic folk in the world? And to abuse the simplicity of this demented creature! O, that I were but safe at hame amang mine ain leal and true people! and I'll bless God, while I have breath, that placed me among those who live in His fear, and under the shadow of His wing."

She was interrupted by the insane laugh of Madge Wildfire, as she saw a magpie hop across the path.

"See there! that was the gate my old jo used to cross the country, but no just sae lightly: he hadna wings to help his auld legs, I trow; but I behoved to have married him for a' that, Jeanie, or my mother wad hae been the dead o' me. But then came in the story of my poor bairn, and my mother thought he wad be deaved wi' its skirling, and she pat it away in below the bit bourock of turf yonder, just to be out o' the gate; and I think she buried my best wits with it, for I have never been just mysell since. And only think, Jeanie, after my mother had been at a' this pains, the auld doited body Johnny Drottlet turned up his nose, and wadna hae aught to say to me! But it's little I care for him, for I have led a merry life ever since, and ne'er a braw gentleman looks at me but ye wad think he was gaun to drop off his horse for mere love of me. I have kenn'd some o' them put their hand in their pocket and gie me as muckle as sixpence at a time, just for my weel-faur'd face."

This speech gave Jeanie a dark insight into Madge's history. She had been courted by a wealthy suitor, whose addresses her mother had favored, notwithstanding the objection of old age and deformity. She had been seduced by some profligate, and, to conceal her shame and promote the advantageous match she had planned, her mother had not hesitated to destroy the offspring of their intrigue. That the consequence should be the total derangement of a mind which was constitutionally unsettled by giddiness and vanity was extremely natural; and such was, in fact, the history of Madge Wildfire's insanity.

CHAPTER XXXI

So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court, right glad they were.

CHRISTABEL.

PURSUING the path which Madge had chosen, Jeanie Deans observed, to her no small delight, that marks of more cultivation appeared, and the thatched roofs of houses, with their blue smoke arising in little columns, were seen embosomed in a tuft of trees at some distance. The track led in that direction, and Jeanie therefore resolved, while Madge continued to pursue it, that she would ask her no questions; having had the penetration to observe that by doing so she ran the risk of irritating her guide, or awakening suspicions, to the impressions of which persons in Madge's unsettled state of mind are particularly liable.

Madge therefore, uninterrupted, went on with the wild disjointed chat which her rambling imagination suggested; a mood in which she was much more communicative respecting her own history and that of others than when there was any attempt made, by direct queries or cross-examinations, to extract information on these subjects.

"It's a queer thing," she said, "but whiles I can speak about the bit bairn and the rest of it, just as if it had been another boly's and no my ain; and whiles I am like to break my heart about it. Had you ever a bairn, Jeanie?"

Jeanie replied in the negative.

"Ay, but your sister had, though; and I ken what came o't too."

"In the name of Heavenly mercy," said Jeanie, forgetting the line of conduct which she had hitherto adopted, "tell me but what became of that unfortunate babe, and——"

Madge stopped, looked at her gravely and fixedly, and then broke into a great fit of laughing. "Aha, lass, catch me if you can. I think it's easy to gar you trow onything. How suld I ken onything o' your sister's wean? Lasses suld hae naething to do wi' weans till they are married; and then a' the gossips and cummers come in and feast as if it were the blithest day in the world. They say maidens' bairns are weel

guided. I wot that wasna true of your tittie's and mine ; but these are sad tales to tell, I maun just sing a bit to keep up my heart. It's a sang that Gentle George made on me lang syne, when I went with him to Lockington wake, to see him act upon a stage, in fine clothes, with the player folk. He might have dune waur than married me that night as he promised : ' Better wed over the mixen as over the moor,' as they say in Yorkshire—he may gang farther and fare waur ; but that's a' ane to the sang—

“ I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town,
And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own.
The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.

“ I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole to-day.
The wildfire that flashes so fair and so free
Was never so bright or so bonny as me.

I like that the best o' a' my sangs,” continued the maniac, “ because *he* made it. I am often singing it, and that's maybe the reason folk ca' me Madge Wildfire. I aye answer to the name, though it's no my ain, for what's the use of making a fash ? ”

“ But ye shouldna sing upon the Sabbath at least,” said Jeanie, who, amid all her distress and anxiety, could not help being scandalized at the deportment of her companion, especially as they now approached near to the little village.

“ Ay ! is this Sunday ? ” said Madge. “ My n other leads sic a life, wi' turning night into day, that ane loses a' count o' the days o' the week, and disna ken Sunday frae Saturday. Besides, it's a' your Whiggery : in England folks sing when they like. And then, ye ken, you are Christiana and I am Mercy ; and ye ken, as they went on their way, they sang.” And she immediately raised one of John Bunyan's ditties :

“ He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

“ Fulness to such a burthen is
That go on pilgrimage ;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

And do ye ken, Jeanie, I think there's much truth in that book, the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The boy that sings that song

was feeding his father's sheep in the Valley of Humiliation, and Mr. Great-Heart says that he lived a merrier life, and had more of the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than they that wear silk and velvet like me, and are as bonny as I am."

Jeanie Deans had never read the fanciful and delightful parable to which Midge alluded. Bunyan was, indeed, a rigid Calvinist, but then he was also a member of a Baptist congregation, so that his works had no place on David Deans's shelf of divinity. Midge, however, at some time of her life had been well acquainted, as it appeared, with the most popular of his performances, which, indeed, rarely fails to make a deep impression upon children and people of the lower rank.

"I an sure," she continued, "I may weel say I am come out of the City of Destruction, for my mother is Mrs. Bat's-eyes, that dwells at Deadnan's Corner; and Frank Levitt and Tyburn Fin, they may be likened to Mistrust and Guilt, that came galloping up, and struck the poor pilgrim to the ground with a great club, and stole a bag of silver, which was most of his spending money, and so have they done to many, and will do to more. But now we will gang to the Interpreter's house, for I ken a man that will play the Interpreter right weel; for he has eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth written on his lips, and he stands as if he pleided wi' men. O if I had minded what he had said to me, I had never been the castaway creature that I am! But it is all over now. But we'll knock at the gate, and then the keeper will admit Christians, but Mercy will be left out; and then I'll stand at the door trembling and crying, and then Christina—that's you, Jeanie—will intercede for me; and then Mercy—that's me, ye ken—will faint; and then the Interpreter—yes, the Interpreter, that's Mr. Staunton himself—will come out and take me—that's poor, lost, denuded me—by the hand, and give me a pomegranate, and a piece of honeycomb, and a small bottle of spirits, to stay my fainting; and then the good times will come back again, and we'll be the happiest folk you ever saw."

In the midst of the confused assemblage of ideas indicated in this speech, Jeanie thought she saw a serious purpose on the part of Midge to endeavor to obtain the pardon and countenance of some one whom she had offended; an attempt the most likely of all others to bring them once more into contact with law and legal protection. She therefore resolved to be guided by her while she was in so hopeful a disposition, and act for her own safety according to circumstances.

They were now close by the village, one of those beautiful scenes which are so often found in Merry England, where the cottages, instead of being built in two direct lines on each side of a dusty high-road, stand in detached groups, interspersed not only with large oaks and elms, but with fruit trees, so many of which were at this time in flourish that the grove seemed enamelled with their crimson and white blossoms. In the centre of the hamlet stood the parish church and its little Gothic tower, from which at present was heard the Sunday chime of bells.

“We will wait here until the folk are a’ in the church—they ca’ the kirk a church in England, Jeanie, be sure you mind that—for if I was gaun forward amang them, a’ the gaitts o’ boys and lasses wad be crying at Madge Wildfire’s tail, the little hellrakers! and the beadle would be as hard upon us as if it was our fault. I like their skirling as ill as he does, I can tell him; I’m sure I often wish there was a het peat down their throats when they set them up that gate.”

Conscious of the disorderly appearance of her own dress after the adventure of the preceding night, and of the grotesque habit and demeanor of her guide, and sensible how important it was to secure an attentive and patient audience to her strange story from some one who might have the means to protect her, Jeanie readily acquiesced in Madge’s proposal to rest under the trees, by which they were still somewhat screened, until the commencement of service should give them an opportunity of entering the hamlet without attracting a crowd around them. She made the less opposition, that Madge had intimated that this was not the village where her mother was in custody, and that the two squires of the pad were absent in a different direction.

She sat herself down, therefore, at the foot of an oak, and by the assistance of a placid fountain which had been dammed up for the use of the villagers, and which served her as a natural mirror, she began—no uncommon thing with a Scottish maiden of her rank—to arrange her toilet in the open air, and bring her dress, soiled and disordered as it was, into such order as the place and circumstances admitted.

She soon perceived reason, however, to regret that she had set about this task, however decent and necessary, in the present time and society. Madge Wildfire, who, among other indications of insanity, had a most overweening opinion of those charms to which, in fact, she had owed her misery, and whose mind, like a raft upon a lake, was agitated and driven about at random by each fresh impulse, no sooner beheld Jeanie be-

gin to arrange her hair, place her bonnet in order, rub the dust from her shoes and clothes, adjust her neck-handkerchief and mittens, and so forth, than with imitative zeal she began to belizen and trick herself out with shreds and remnants of beggarly finery, which she took out of a little bundle, and which, when disposed around her person, made her appearance ten times more fantastic and apish than it had been before.

Jeanie groaned in spirit, but dared not interfere in a matter so delicate. Across the man's cap or riding-hat which she wore, Madge placed a broken and soiled white feather, intersected with one which had been shed from the train of a peacock. To her dress, which was a kind of riding-habit, she stitched, pinned, and otherwise secured a large furbelow of artificial flowers, all crushed, wrinkled, and dirty, which had first belocked a lady of quality, then descended to her abigail, and dazzled the inmates of the servants' hall. A tawdry scarf of yellow silk, trimmed with tinsel and spangles, which had seen as hard service and boasted as honorable a transmission, was next flung over one shoulder, and fell across her person in the manner of a shoulder-belt, or baldrick. Madge then stripped off the coarse ordinary shoes which she wore, and replaced them by a pair of dirty satin ones, spangled and embroidered to match the scarf, and furnished with very high heels. She had cut a willow switch in her morning's walk, almost as long as a boy's fishing-rod. This she set herself seriously to peel, and when it was transformed into such a wand as the Treasurer or High Steward bears on public occasions, she told Jeanie that she thought they now looked decent, as young women should do upon the Sunday morning, and that, as the bells had done ringing, she was willing to conduct her to the Interpreter's house.

Jeanie sighed heavily to think it should be her lot on the Lord's day, and during kirk-time too, to parade the street of an inhabited village with so very grotesque a comrade; but necessity had no law, since, without a positive quarrel with the madwoman, which, in the circumstances, would have been very unadvisable, she could see no means of shaking herself free of her society.

As for poor Madge, she was completely elated with personal vanity, and the most perfect satisfaction concerning her own dazzling dress and superior appearance. They entered the hamlet without being observed, except by one old woman, who, being nearly "high-gravel blind," was only conscious that something very fine and glittering was passing by, and

dropped as deep a reverence to Madge as she would have done to a countess. This filled up the measure of Madge's self-approbation. She minced, she ambled, she smiled, she simpered, and waved Jeanie Deans forward with the condescension of a noble chaperon, who has undertaken the charge of a country miss on her first journey to the capital.

Jeanie followed in patience, and with her eyes fixed on the ground, that she might save herself the mortification of seeing her companion's absurdities ; but she started when, ascending two or three steps, she found herself in the churchyard, and saw that Madge was making straight for the door of the church. As Jeanie had no mind to enter the congregation in such company, she walked aside from the pathway, and said in a decided tone, " Madge, I will wait here till the church comes out ; you may go in by yourself if you have a mind."

As she spoke these words, she was about to seat herself upon one of the gravestones.

Madge was a little before Jeanie when she turned aside ; but suddenly changing her course, she followed her with long strides, and, with every feature inflamed with passion, overtook and seized her by the arm. " Do ye think, ye ungratefu' wretch, that I am gaun to let you sit down upon my father's grave ? The deil settle ye down ! if ye dinna rise and come into the Interpreter's house, that's the house of God, wi' me, but I'll rive every dud aff your back !"

She adapted the action to the phrase ; for with one clutch she stripped Jeanie of her straw bonnet and a handful of her hair to boot, and threw it up into an old yew-tree, where it stuck fast. Jeanie's first impulse was to scream, but conceiving she might receive deadly harm before she could obtain the assistance of any one, notwithstanding the vicinity of the church, she thought it wiser to follow the madwoman into the congregation, where she might find some means of escape from her, or at least be secured against her violence. But when she meekly intimated her consent to follow Madge, her guide's uncertain brain had caught another train of ideas. She held Jeanie fast with one hand, and with the other pointed to the inscription on the gravestone, and commanded her to read it. Jeanie obeyed, and read these words :

" THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF DONALD MURDOCKSON OF THE KING'S XXVI., OR CAMERONIAN REGIMENT, A SINCERE CHRISTIAN, A BRAVE SOLDIER, AND A FAITHFUL SERVANT, BY HIS GRATEFUL AND SORROWING MASTER, ROBERT STAUNTON."

"It's very weel read, Jeanie ; it's just the very words," said Madge, whose ire had now faded into deep melancholy, and with a step which, to Jeanie's great joy, was uncommonly quiet and mournful, she led her companion towards the door of the church.

It was one of those old-fashioned Gothic parish churches which are frequent in England, the most cleanly, decent, and reverential places of worship that are, perhaps, anywhere to be found in the Christian world. Yet, notwithstanding the decent solemnity of its exterior, Jeanie was too faithful to the directory of the Presbyterian Kirk to have entered a prelatie place of worship, and would, upon any other occasion, have thought that she beheld in the porch the venerable figure of her father waving her back from the entrance, and pronouncing in a solemn tone, "Cease, my child, to hear the instruction which causeth to err from the words of knowledge." But in her present agitating and alarming situation, she looked for safety to this forbidden place of assembly, as the hunted animal will sometimes seek shelter from imminent danger in the human habitation, or in other places of refuge most alien to its nature and habits. Not even the sound of the organ, and of one or two flutes which accompanied the psalmody, prevented her from following her guide into the chancel of the church.

No sooner had Madge put her foot upon the pavement, and become sensible that she was the object of attention to the spectators, than she resumed all the fantastic extravagance of deportment which some transient touch of melancholy had banished for an instant. She swam rather than walked up the centre aisle, dragging Jeanie after her, whom she held fast by the hand. She would, indeed, have fain slipped aside into the pew nearest to the door, and left Madge to ascend in her own manner and alone to the high places of the synagogue ; but this was impossible, without a degree of violent resistance which seemed to her inconsistent with the time and place, and she was accordingly led in captivity up the whole length of the church by her grotesque conductress, who, with half-shut eyes, a prim smile upon her lips, and a mincing motion with her hands, which corresponded with the delicate and affected pace at which she was pleased to move, seemed to take the general stare of the congregation which such an exhibition necessarily excited as a high compliment, and which she returned by nods and half courtesies to individuals among the audience whom she seemed to distinguish as acquaintances. Her absurdity was enhanced in the eyes of

the spectators by the strange contrast which she formed to her companion, who, with dishevelled hair, downcast eyes, and a face glowing with shame, was dragged, as it were, in triumph after her.

Madge's airs were at length fortunately cut short by her encountering in her progress the looks of the clergyman, who fixed upon her a glance at once steady, compassionate, and admonitory. She hastily opened an empty pew which happened to be near her, and entered, dragging in Jeanie after her. Kicking Jeanie on the shins by way of hint that she should follow her example, she sunk her head upon her hand for the space of a minute. Jeanie, to whom this posture of mental devotion was entirely new, did not attempt to do the like, but looked round her with a bewildered stare, which her neighbors, judging from the company in which they saw her, very naturally ascribed to insanity. Every person in their immediate vicinity drew back from this extraordinary couple as far as the limits of their pew permitted; but one old man could not get beyond Madge's reach ere she had snatched the prayer-book from his hand and ascertained the lesson of the day. She then turned up the ritual, and, with the most overstrained enthusiasm of gesture and manner, showed Jeanie the passages as they were read in the service, making, at the same time, her own responses so loud as to be heard above those of every other person.

Notwithstanding the shame and vexation which Jeanie felt in being thus exposed in a place of worship, she could not and durst not omit rallying her spirits so as to look around her and consider to whom she ought to appeal for protection so soon as the service should be concluded. Her first ideas naturally fixed upon the clergyman, and she was confirmed in the resolution by observing that he was an aged gentleman, of a dignified appearance and deportment, who read the service with an undisturbed and decent gravity, which brought back to becoming attention those younger members of the congregation who had been disturbed by the extravagant behavior of Madge Wildfire. To the clergyman, therefore, Jeanie resolved to make her appeal when the service was over.

It is true, she felt disposed to be shocked at his surplice, of which she had heard so much, but which she had never seen upon the person of a preacher of the Word. Then she was confused by the change of posture adopted in different parts of the ritual, the more so as Madge Wildfire, to whom they seemed familiar, took the opportunity to exercise authority over her, pulling her up and pushing her down with a

bustling assiduity which Jeanie felt must make them both the objects of painful attention. But, notwithstanding these prejudices, it was her prudent resolution, in this dilemma, to imitate as nearly as she could what was done around her. "The prophet," she thought, "permitted Naaman the Syrian to bow even in the house of Rimmon. Surely if I, in this streight, worship the God of my fathers in mine own language, although the manner thereof be strange to me, the Lord will pardon me in this thing."

In this resolution she became so much confirmed that, withdrawing herself from Madge as far as the pew permitted, she endeavored to evince, by serious and undeviating attention to what was passing, that her mind was composed to devotion. Her tormentor would not long have permitted her to remain quiet, but fatigue overpowered her, and she fell fast asleep in the other corner of the pew.

Jeanie, though her mind in her own despite sometimes reverted to her situation, compelled herself to give attention to a sensible, energetic, and well-composed discourse upon the practical doctrines of Christianity, which she could not help approving, although it was every word written down and read by the preacher, and although it was delivered in a tone and gesture very different from those of Boanerges Stormheaven, who was her father's favorite preacher. The serious and placid attention with which Jeanie listened did not escape the clergyman. Madge Wildfire's entrance had rendered him apprehensive of some disturbance, to provide against which, as far as possible, he often turned his eyes to the part of the church where Jeanie and she were placed, and became soon aware that, although the loss of her head-gear and the awkwardness of her situation had given an uncommon and anxious air to the features of the former, yet she was in a state of mind very different from that of her companion. When he dismissed the congregation, he observed her look around with a wild and terrified look, as if uncertain what course she ought to adopt, and noticed that she approached one or two of the most decent of the congregation, as if to address them, and then shrunk back timidly, on observing that they seemed to shun and to avoid her. The clergyman was satisfied there must be something extraordinary in all this, and as a benevolent man, as well as a good Christian pastor, he resolved to inquire into the matter more minutely.

CHAPTER XXXII

There govern'd in that year
A stern, stout churl—an angry overseer.

CRABBE.

WHILE Mr. Staunton, for such was this worthy clergyman's name, was laying aside his gown in the vestry, Jeanie was in the act of coming to an open rupture with Madge.

"We must return to Mummer's barn directly," said Madge; "we'll be ower late, and my mother will be angry."

"I am not going back with you, Madge," said Jeanie, taking out a guinea and offering it to her; "I am much obliged to you, but I maun gang my ain road."

"And me coming a' this way out o' my gate to pleasure you, ye ungratefu' cutty," answered Madge; "and me to be brained by my mother when I gang hame, and a' for your sake! But I will gar ye as good——"

"For God's sake," said Jeanie to a man who stood beside them, "keep her off; she is mad!"

"Ey, ey," answered the boor; "I hae some guess of that, and I trow thou be'st a bird of the same feather. Howsom-ever, Madge, I red thee keep hand off her, or I'se lend thee a whisterpoop."

Several of the lower class of the parishioners now gathered round the strangers, and the cry arose among the boys that "there was a-going to be a fite between mad Madge Murdockson and another Bess of Bedlam." But while the fry assembled with the humane hope of seeing as much of the fun as possible, the laced cocked hat of the beadle was discerned among the multitude, and all made way for that person of awful authority. His first address was to Madge.

"What's brought thee back again, thou silly donnot, to plague this parish? Hast thou brought ony more bastards wi' thee to lay to honest men's doors? or does thou think to burden us with this goose, that's as gare-brained as thysell, as if rates were no up enow? Away wi' thee to thy thief of a mother; she's fast in the stocks at Barkston town-end. Away wi' ye out o' the parish, or I'se be at ye with the rattan."

Madge stood sulky for a minute ; but she had been too often taught submission to the beadle's authority by ungentle means to feel courage enough to dispute it.

" And my mother—my puir auld mother, is in the stocks at Barkston ! This is a' your wyte, Miss Jeanie Deans ; but I'll be upsides wi' you, as sure as my name's Madge Wildfire—I mean Murdockson. God help me, I forget my very name in this confused waste ! "

So saying, she turned upon her heel and went off, followed by all the mischievous imps of the village, some crying, " Madge, canst thou tell thy name yet ? " some pulling the skirts of her dress, and all, to the best of their strength and ingenuity, exercising some new device or other to exasperate her into frenzy.

Jeanie saw her departure with infinite delight, though she wished that, in some way or other, she could have requited the service Madge had conferred upon her.

In the meantime, she applied to the beadle to know whether " there was any house in the village where she could be civilly entertained for her money, and whether she could be permitted to speak to the clergyman ? "

" Ay, ay, we'se ha' reverend care on thee ; and I think, " answered the man of constituted authority, " that, unless thou answer the Rector all the better, we'se spare thy money, and gie thee lodging at the parish charge, young woman. "

" Where am I to go, then ? " said Jeanie, in some alarm.

" Why, I am to take thee to his Reverence, in the first place, to gie an account o' thysell, and to see thou comena to be a burden upon the parish. "

" I do not wish to burden any one, " replied Jeanie ; " I have enough for my own wants, and only wish to get on my journey safely. "

" Why, that's another matter, " replied the beadle, " an if it be true ; and I think thou dost not look so pollrumptious as thy playfellow yonder. Thou wouldst be a mettle lass enow, an thou wert snog and snod a bit better. Come thou away, then ; the Rector is a good man. "

" Is that the minister, " said Jeanie, " who preached—— "

" The minister ! Lord help thee ! What kind o' Presbyterian art thou ? Why, 'tis the Rector—the Rector's sell, woman, and there isna the like o' him in the county, nor the four next to it. Come away—away with thee ; we munna bide here. "

" I am sure I am very willing to go to see the minister, " said Jeanie ; " for, though he read his discourse, and wore that

surplice, as they call it here, I cannot but think he must be a very worthy God-fearing man, to preach the root of the matter in the way he did."

The disappointed rabble, finding that there was like to be no further sport, had by this time dispersed, and Jeanie, with her usual patience, followed her consequential and surly, but not brutal, conductor towards the rectory.

This clerical mansion was large and commodious, for the living was an excellent one, and the advowson belonged to a very wealthy family in the neighborhood, who had usually bred up a son or nephew to the church, for the sake of inducting him, as opportunity offered, into this very comfortable provision. In this manner the rectory of Willingham had always been considered as a direct and immediate appanage of Willingham Hall; and as the rich baronets to whom the latter belonged had usually a son, or brother, or nephew, settled in the living, the utmost care had been taken to render their habitation not merely respectable and commodious, but even dignified and imposing.

It was situated about four hundred yards from the village, and on a rising ground which sloped gently upward, covered with small enclosures, or closes, laid out irregularly, so that the old oaks and elms, which were planted in hedge-rows, fell into perspective, and were blended together in beautiful irregularity. When they approached nearer to the house, a handsome gateway admitted them into a lawn, of narrow dimensions, indeed, but which was interspersed with large sweet-chestnut trees and beeches, and kept in handsome order. The front of the house was irregular. Part of it seemed very old, and had, in fact, been the resident of the incumbent in Romish times. Successive occupants had made considerable additions and improvements, each in the taste of his own age, and without much regard to symmetry. But these incongruities of architecture were so graduated and happily mingled, that the eye, far from being displeased with the combinations of various styles, saw nothing but what was interesting in the varied and intricate pile which they exhibited. Fruit trees displayed on the southern wall, outer staircases, various places of entrance, a combination of roofs and chimneys of different ages, united to render the front, not indeed beautiful or grand, but intricate, perplexed, or, to use Mr. Price's appropriate phrase, picturesque. The most considerable addition was that of the present Rector, who, "being a bookish man," as the beadle was at the pains to inform Jeanie, to augment, perhaps, her reverence for the person before whom she was

to appear, had built a handsome library and parlor, and no less than two additional bedrooms.

"Many men would hae scrupled such expense," continued the parochial officer, "seeing as the living mun go as it pleases Sir Edmund to will it; but his Reverence has a canny bit land of his own, and need not look on two sides of a penny."

Jeanie could not help comparing the irregular yet extensive and commodious pile of building before her to the "manses" in her own country, where a set of penurious heritors, professing all the while the devotion of their lives and fortunes to the Presbyterian establishment, strain their inventions to discover what may be nipped, and clipped, and pared from a building which forms but a poor accommodation even for the present incumbent, and, despite the superior advantage of stone masonry, must, in the course of forty or fifty years, again burden their descendants with an expense which, once liberally and handsomely employed, ought to have freed their estates from a recurrence of it for more than a century at least.

Behind the Rector's house the ground sloped down to a small river, which, without possessing the romantic vivacity and rapidity of a northern stream, was, nevertheless, by its occasional appearance through the ranges of willows and poplars that crowned its banks, a very pleasing accompaniment to the landscape. "It was the best trouting stream," said the beadle, whom the patience of Jeanie, and especially the assurance that she was not about to become a burden to the parish, had rendered rather communicative—"the best trouting stream in all Lincolnshire; for when you got lower there was nought to be done wi' fly-fishing."

Turning aside from the principal entrance, he conducted Jeanie towards a sort of portal connected with the older part of the building, which was chiefly occupied by servants, and knocking at the door, it was opened by a servant in grave purple livery, such as befitted a wealthy and dignified clergyman.

"How dost do, Tummas?" said the beadle; "and how's young Measter Staunton?"

"Why, but poorly—but poorly, Measter Stubbs. Are you wanting to see his Reverence?"

"Ay, ay, Tummas; please to say I ha' brought up the young woman as came to service to-day with mad Madge Murdockson; she seems to be a decentish koind o' body; but I ha' asked her never a question. Only I can tell his Reverence that she is a Scotchwoman, I judge, and as flat as the fens of Holland."

Tummas honored Jeanie Deans with such a stare as the pampered domestics of the rich, whether spiritual or temporal, usually esteem it part of their privilege to bestow upon the poor, and then desired Mr. Stubbs and his charge to step in till he informed his master of their presence.

The room into which he showed them was a sort of steward's parlor, hung with a county map or two, and three or four prints of eminent persons connected with the county, as Sir William Monson, James York the blacksmith of Lincoln,* and the famous Peregrine, Lord Willoughby, in complete armor, looking as when he said, in the words of the legend below the engraving—

“Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And face ye well about :
And shoot ye sharp, bold bowmen,
And we will keep them out.
Ye musquet and calliver-men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the foremost man in fight,
Said brave Lord Willoughbee.”

When they had entered this apartment, Tummas as a matter of course offered, and as a matter of course Mr. Stubbs accepted, a “summat” to eat and drink, being the respectable relics of a gammon of bacon, and a *whole whisken*, or black-pot, of sufficient double ale. To these eatables Mr. Beadle seriously inclined himself, and (for we must do him justice) not without an invitation to Jeanie, in which Tummas joined, that his prisoner or charge would follow his good example. But although she might have stood in need of refreshment, considering she had tasted no food that day, the anxiety of the moment, her own sparing and abstemious habits, and a bashful aversion to eat in company of the two strangers, induced her to decline their courtesy. So she sat in a chair apart, while Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Tummas, who had chosen to join his friend in consideration that dinner was to be put back till the afternoon service was over, made a hearty luncheon, which lasted for half an hour, and might not then have concluded, had not his Reverence rung his bell, so that Tummas was obliged to attend his master. Then, and no sooner, to save himself the labor of a second journey to the other end of the house, he announced to his master the arrival of Mr. Stubbs, with the other madwoman, as he chose to designate Jeanie, as an event which had just taken place. He returned with an

* Author of the *Union of Honor*, a treatise on English Heraldry, London, 1641 (*Living*).

order that Mr. Stubbs and the young woman should be instantly ushered up to the library.

The beadle bolted in haste his last mouthful of fat bacon, washed down the greasy morsel with the last rinsings of the pot of ale, and immediately marshalled Jeanie through one or two intricate passages, which led from the ancient to the more modern buildings, into a handsome little hall, or ante-room, adjoining to the library, and out of which a glass door opened to the lawn.

"Stay here," said Stubbs, "till I tell his Reverence you are come."

So saying, he opened a door and entered the library.

Without wishing to hear their conversation, Jeanie, as she was circumstanced, could not avoid it; for as Stubbs stood by the door, and his Reverence was at the upper end of a large room, their conversation was necessarily audible in the ante-room.

"So you have brought the young woman here at last, Mr. Stubbs. I expected you some time since. You know I do not wish such persons to remain in custody a moment without some inquiry into their situation."

"Very true, your Reverence," replied the beadle; "but the young woman had eat nought to-day, and soa Measter Tummis did set down a drap of drink and a morsel, to be sure."

"Thomas was very right, Mr. Stubbs; and what has become of the other most unfortunate being?"

"Why," replied Mr. Stubbs, "I did think the sight on her would but vex your Reverence, and soa I did let her go her ways back to her mother, who is in trouble in the next parish."

"In trouble! that signifies in prison, I suppose?" said Mr. Staunton.

"Ay, truly; something like it, an it like your Reverence."

"Wretched, unhappy, incorrigible woman!" said the clergyman. "And what sort of person is this companion of hers?"

"Why, decent enow, an it like your Reverence," said Stubbs; "for aught I sees of her, there's no harm of her, and she says she has cash enow to carry her out of the county."

"Cash! that is always what you think of, Stubbs. But has she sense?—has she her wits?—has she the capacity of taking care of herself?"

"Why, your Reverence," replied Stubbs, "I cannot just

say: I will be sworn she was not born at Witt-ham;* for Gaffer Gibbs looked at her all the time of service, and he says she could not turn up a single lesson like a Christian, even though she had Madge Murdockson to help her; but then, as to fending for hersell, why, she's a bit of a Scotchwoman, your Reverence, and they say the worst donnot of them can look out for their own turn; and she is decently put on enow, and not bechounched like t'other."

"Send her in here, then, and do you remain below, Mr. Stubbs."

This colloquy had engaged Jeanie's attention so deeply that it was not until it was over that she observed that the sashed door, which, we have said, led from the ante-room into the garden, was opened, and that there entered, or rather was borne in by two assistants, a young man of a very pale and sickly appearance, whom they lifted to the nearest couch, and placed there, as if to recover from the fatigue of an unusual exertion. Just as they were making this arrangement, Stubbs came out of the library and summoned Jeanie to enter it. She obeyed him, not without tremor; for, besides the novelty of the situation to a girl of her secluded habits, she felt also as if the successful prosecution of her journey was to depend upon the impression she should be able to make on Mr. Staunton.

It is true, it was difficult to suppose on what pretext a person travelling on her own business, and at her own charge, could be interrupted upon her route. But the violent detention she had already undergone was sufficient to show that there existed persons at no great distance who had the interest, the inclination, and the audacity forcibly to stop her journey, and she felt the necessity of having some countenance and protection, at least till she should get beyond their reach. While these things passed through her mind, much faster than our pen and ink can record, or even the reader's eye collect the meaning of its traces, Jeanie found herself in a handsome library, and in presence of the Rector of Willingham. The well-furnished presses and shelves which surrounded the large and handsome apartment contained more books than Jeanie imagined existed in the world, being accustomed to consider as an extensive collection two fir shelves, each about three feet long, which contained her father's treasured volumes, the whole pith and marrow, as he used sometimes to boast, of modern divinity. An orrery, globes, a telescope, and some other scientific implements conveyed to Jeanie an impression of admiration and wonder, not

* A proverbial and punning expression in that county, to intimate that a person is not very clever.

unmixed with fear ; for, in her ignorant apprehension, they seemed rather adapted for magical purposes than any other ; and a few stuffed animals (as the Rector was fond of natural history) added to the impressive character of the apartment.

Mr. Staunton spoke to her with great mildness. He observed that, although her appearance at church had been uncommon, and in strange, and, he must add, discreditable society, and calculated, upon the whole, to disturb the congregation during divine worship, he wished, nevertheless, to hear her own account of herself before taking any steps which his duty might seem to demand. He was a justice of peace, he informed her, as well as a clergyman.

"His honor [for she would not say his reverence] was very civil and kind," was all that poor Jeanie could at first bring out.

"Who are you, young woman?" said the clergyman, more peremptorily, "and what do you do in this country, and in such company? We allow no strollers or vagrants here."

"I am not a vagrant or a stroller, sir," said Jeanie, a little roused by the supposition. "I am a decent Scotch lass, travelling through the land on my own business and my own expenses ; and I was so unhappy as to fall in with bad company, and was stopped a' night on my journey. And this puir creature, who is something light-headed, let me out in the morning."

"Bad company !" said the clergyman. "I am afraid, young woman, you have not been sufficiently anxious to avoid them."

"Indeed, sir," returned Jeanie, "I have been brought up to shun evil communication. But these wicked people were thieves, and stopped me by violence and mastery."

"Thieves !" said Mr. Staunton ; "then you charge them with robbery, I suppose?"

"No, sir ; they did not take so much as a boddle from me," answered Jeanie ; "nor did they use me ill, otherwise than by confining me."

The clergyman inquired into the particulars of her adventure, which she told him from point to point.

"This is an extraordinary, and not a very probable, tale, young woman," resumed Mr. Staunton. "Here has been, according to your account, a great violence committed without any adequate motive. Are you aware of the law of this country—that if you lodge this charge you will be bound over to prosecute this gang?"

Jeanie did not understand him, and he explained that the

English law, in addition to the inconvenience sustained by persons who have been robbed or injured, has the goodness to intrust to them the care and the expense of appearing as prosecutors.

Jeanie said, "that her business at London was express ; all she wanted was, that any gentleman would, out of Christian charity, protect her to some town where she could hire horses and a guide ; and, finally," she thought, "it would be her father's mind that she was not free to give testimony in an English court of justice, as the land was not under a direct Gospel dispensation."

Mr. Staunton stared a little, and asked if her father was a Quaker.

"God forbid, sir," said Jeanie. "He is nae schismatic nor sectary, nor ever treated for sic black commodities as theirs, and that's weel kenn'd o' him."

"And what is his name, pray ?" said Mr. Staunton.

"David Deans, sir, the cow-feeder at St. Leonard's Craigs, near Edinburgh."

A deep groan from the ante-room prevented the Rector from replying, and, exclaiming, "Good God ! that unhappy boy !" he left Jeanie alone, and hastened into the outer apartment.

Some noise and bustle was heard, but no one entered the library for the best part of an hour.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Fantastic passions' maddening brawl !
And shame and terror over all !
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which, all confused, I could not know
Whether I suffer'd or I did,
For all seem'd guilt, remorse, or woe ;
My own, or others, still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

COLERIDGE.

DURING the interval while she was thus left alone, Jeanie anxiously revolved in her mind what course was best for her to pursue. She was impatient to continue her journey, yet she feared she could not safely adventure to do so while the old hag and her assistants were in the neighborhood, without risking a repetition of their violence. She thought she could collect from the conversation which she had partly overheard, and also from the wild confessions of Madge Wildfire, that her mother had a deep and revengeful motive for obstructing her journey if possible. And from whom could she hope for assistance if not from Mr. Staunton ? His whole appearance and demeanor seemed to encourage her hopes. His features were handsome, though marked with a deep cast of melancholy ; his tone and language were gentle and encouraging ; and, as he had served in the army for several years during his youth, his air retained that easy frankness which is peculiar to the profession of arms. He was, besides, a minister of the Gospel ; and although a worshipper, according to Jeanie's notions, in the court of the Gentiles, and so benighted as to wear a surplice ; although he read the Common Prayer, and wrote down every word of his sermon before delivering it ; and although he was, moreover, in strength of lungs, as well as pith and marrow of doctrine, vastly inferior to Boanerges Stormheaven, Jeanie still thought he must be a very different person from Curate Kiltstoup and other prelatical divines of her father's earlier days, who used to get drunk in their canonical dress, and hound out the dragoons against the wandering Cameronians. The house seemed to be in some disturbance, but as she could not suppose she was

altogether forgotten, she thought it better to remain quiet in the apartment where she had been left till some one should take notice of her.

The first who entered was, to her no small delight, one of her own sex, a motherly-looking aged person of a housekeeper. To her Jeanie explained her situation in a few words, and begged her assistance.

The dignity of a housekeeper did not encourage too much familiarity with a person who was at the rectory on justice business, and whose character might seem in her eyes somewhat precarious ; but she was civil, although distant.

"Her young master," she said, "had had a bad accident by a fall from his horse, which made him liable to fainting fits ; he had been taken very ill just now, and it was impossible his Reverence could see Jeanie for some time ; but that she need not fear his doing all that was just and proper in her behalf the instant he could get her business attended to." She concluded by offering to show Jeanie a room, where she might remain till his Reverence was at leisure.

Our heroine took the opportunity to request the means of adjusting and changing her dress.

The housekeeper, in whose estimation order and cleanliness ranked high among personal virtues, gladly complied with a request so reasonable ; and the change of dress which Jeanie's bundle furnished made so important an improvement in her appearance, that the old lady hardly knew the soiled and disordered traveller, whose attire showed the violence she had sustained, in the neat, clean, quiet-looking little Scotchwoman who now stood before her. Encouraged by such a favorable alteration in her appearance, Mrs. Dalton ventured to invite Jeanie to partake of her dinner, and was equally pleased with the decent propriety of her conduct during that meal.

"Thou canst read this book, canst thou, young woman ?" said the old lady, when their meal was concluded, laying her hand upon a large Bible.

"I hope sae, madam," said Jeanie, surprised at the question ; "my father wad hae wanted mony a thing ere I had wanted *that* schuling."

"The better sign of him, young woman. There are men here, well-to-pass in the world, would not want their share of a Leicester plover, and that's a bag-pudding, if fasting for three hours would make all their poor children read the Bible from end to end. Take thou the book, then, for my eyes are something dazed, and read where thou listest : it's the only book thou canst not happen wrong in."

Jeanie was at first tempted to turn up the parable of the good Samaritan, but her conscience checked her, as if it were a use of Scripture not for her own edification, but to work upon the mind of others for the relief of her worldly afflictions ; and under this scrupulous sense of duty she selected, in preference, a chapter of the prophet Isaiah, and read it, notwithstanding her northern accent and tone, with a devout propriety which greatly edified Mrs. Dalton.

“ Ah,” she said, “ an all Scotchwomen were sic as thou ! But it was our luck to get born devils of thy country, I think, every one worse than t’other. If thou knowest of any tidy lass like thysell, that wanted a place, and could bring a good character, and would not go laiking about to wakes and fairs, and wore shoes and stockings all the day round—why, I’ll not say but we might find room for her at the rectory. Hast no cousin or sister, lass, that such an offer would suit ? ”

This was touching upon a sore point, but Jeanie was spared the pain of replying by the entrance of the same man-servant she had seen before.

“ Measter wishes to see the young woman from Scotland,” was Tummas’s address.

“ Go to his Reverence, my dear, as fast as you can, and tell him all your story ; his Reverence is a kind man,” said Mrs. Dalton. “ I will fold down the leaf, and make you a cup of tea, with some nice muffin, against you come down, and that’s what you seldom see in Scotland, girl.”

“ Measter’s waiting for the young woman,” said Tummas, impatiently.

“ Well, Mr. Jack Sauce, and what is your business to put in your oar ? And how often must I tell you to call Mr. Staunton his Reverence, seeing as he is a dignified clergyman, and not be meastering, meastering him, as if he were a little petty squire ? ”

As Jeanie was now at the door, and ready to accompany Tummas, the footman said nothing till he got into the passage, when he muttered, “ There are moe masters than one in this house, and I think we shall have a mistress too, an Dame Dalton carries it thus.”

Tummas led the way through a more intricate range of passages than Jeanie had yet threaded, and ushered her into an apartment which was darkened by the closing of most of the window-shutters, and in which was a bed with the curtains partly drawn.

“ Here is the young woman, sir,” said Tummas.

“ Very well,” said a voice from the bed, but not that of

his Reverence ; “ be ready to answer the bell, and leave the room.”

“ There is some mistake,” said Jeanie, confounded at finding herself in the apartment of an invalid ; “ the servant told me that the minister——”

“ Don’t trouble yourself,” said the invalid, “ there is no mistake. I know more of your affairs than my father, and I can manage them better. Leave the room, Tom.” The servant obeyed. “ We must not,” said the invalid, “ lose time, when we have little to lose. Open the shutter of that window.”

She did so, and as he drew aside the curtain of his bed the light fell on his pale countenance, as, turbaned with bandages and dressed in a nightgown, he lay, seemingly exhausted, upon the bed.

“ Look at me,” he said, “ Jeanie Deans ; can you not recollect me ?”

“ No, sir,” said she, full of surprise. “ I was never in this country before.”

“ But I may have been in yours. Think—recollect. I should faint did I name the name you are most dearly bound to loathe and to detest. Think—remember !”

A terrible recollection flashed on Jeanie, which every tone of the speaker confirmed, and which his next words rendered certainty.

“ Be composed—remember Muschat’s Cairn and the moonlight night !”

Jeanie sunk down on a chair, with clasped hands, and gasped in agony.

“ Yes, here I lie,” he said, “ like a crushed snake, writhing with impatience at my incapacity of motion ; here I lie, when I ought to have been in Edinburgh, trying every means to save a life that is dearer to me than my own. How is your sister ? how fares it with her ?—condemned to death, I know it, by this time ! O, the horse that carried me safely on a thousand errands of folly and wickedness—that he should have broke down with me on the only good mission I have undertaken for years ! But I must rein in my passion ; my frame cannot endure it, and I have much to say. Give me some of the cordial which stands on that table. Why do you tremble ? But you have too good cause. Let it stand ; I need it not.”

Jeanie, however reluctant, approached him with the cup into which she had poured the draught, and could not forbear saying, “ There is a cordial for the mind, sir, if the wicked will turn from their transgressions and seek to the Physician of souls.”

“Silence !” he said, sternly ; “and yet I thank you. But tell me, and lose no time in doing so, what you are doing in this country ? Remember, though I have been your sister’s worst enemy, yet I will serve her with the best of my blood, and I will serve you for her sake ; and no one can serve you to such purpose, for no one can know the circumstances so well ; so speak without fear.”

“I am not afraid, sir,” said Jeanie, collecting her spirits. “I trust in God ; and if it pleases Him to redeem my sister’s captivity, it is all I seek, whosoever be the instrument. But, sir, to be plain with you, I dare not use your counsel, unless I were enabled to see that it accords with the law which I must rely upon.”

“The devil take the Puritan !” cried George Staunton, for so we must now call him. “I beg your pardon ; but I am naturally impatient, and you drive me mad ! What harm can it possibly do you to tell me in what situation your sister stands, and your own expectations of being able to assist her ? It is time enough to refuse my advice when I offer any which you may think improper. I speak calmly to you, though ’tis against my nature ; but don’t urge me to impatience : it will only render me incapable of serving Effie.”

There was in the looks and words of this unhappy young man a sort of restrained eagerness and impetuosity, which seemed to prey upon itself, as the impatience of a fiery steed fatigues itself with churning upon the bit. After a moment’s consideration, it occurred to Jeanie that she was not entitled to withhold from him, whether on her sister’s account or her own, the account of the fatal consequences of the crime which he had committed, nor to reject such advice, being in itself lawful and innocent, as he might be able to suggest in the way of remedy. Accordingly, in as few words as she could express it, she told the history of her sister’s trial and condemnation, and of her own journey as far as Newark. He appeared to listen in the utmost agony of mind, yet repressed every violent symptom of emotion, whether by gesture or sound, which might have interrupted the speaker, and, stretched on his couch like the Mexican monarch on his bed of live coals, only the contortions of his cheek, and the quivering of his limbs, gave indication of his sufferings. To much of what she said he listened with stifled groans, as if he were only hearing those miseries confirmed whose fatal reality he had known before ; but when she pursued her tale through the circumstances which had interrupted her journey, extreme surprise and earnest attention appeared to succeed

to the symptoms of remorse which he had before exhibited. He questioned Jeanie closely concerning the appearance of the two men, and the conversation which she had overheard between the taller of them and the woman.

When Jeanie mentioned the old woman having alluded to her foster-son—"It is too true," he said; "and the source from which I derived food, when an infant, must have communicated to me the wretched—the fated—propensity to vices that were strangers in my own family. But go on."

Jeanie passed slightly over her journey in company with Madge, having no inclination to repeat what might be the effect of mere raving on the part of her companion, and therefore her tale was now closed.

Young Staunton lay for a moment in profound meditation, and at length spoke with more composure than he had yet displayed during their interview. "You are a sensible, as well as a good, young woman, Jeanie Deans, and I will tell you more of my story than I have told to any one. Story did I call it? it is a tissue of folly, guilt, and misery. But take notice, I do it because I desire your confidence in return—that is, that you will act in this dismal matter by my advice and direction. Therefore do I speak."

"I will do what is fitting for a sister, and a daughter, and a Christian woman to do," said Jeanie; "but do not tell me any of your secrets. It is not good that I should come into your counsel, or listen to the doctrine which causeth to err."

"Simple fool!" said the young man. "Look at me. My head is not horned, my foot is not cloven, my hands are not garnished with talons; and, since I am not the very devil himself, what interest can any one else have in destroying the hopes with which you comfort or fool yourself? Listen to me, patiently, and you will find that, when you have heard my counsel, you may go to the seventh heaven with it in your pocket, if you have a mind, and not feel yourself an ounce heavier in the ascent."

At the risk of being somewhat heavy, as explanations usually prove, we must here endeavor to combine into a distinct narrative information which the invalid communicated in a manner at once too circumstantial, and too much broken by passion, to admit of our giving his precise words. Part of it, indeed, he read from a manuscript, which he had perhaps drawn up for the information of his relations after his decease.

"To make my tale short—this wretched hag, this Margaret Murdockson, was the wife of a favorite servant of my father;

she had been my nurse ; her husband was dead ; she resided in a cottage near this place ; she had a daughter who grew up and was then a beautiful but very giddy girl ; her mother endeavored to promote her marriage with an old and wealthy churl in the neighborhood. The girl saw me frequently ; she was familiar with me, as our connection seemed to permit, and I—in a word, I wronged her cruelly. It was not so bad as your sister's business, but it was sufficiently villanous ; her folly should have been her protection. Soon after this I was sent abroad. To do my father justice, if I have turned out a fiend, it is not his fault : he used the best means. When I returned, I found the wretched mother and daughter had fallen into disgrace, and were chased from this country. My deep share in their shame and misery was discovered ; my father used very harsh language ; we quarrelled. I left his house, and led a life of strange adventure, resolving never again to see my father or my father's home.

“And now comes the story! Jeanie, I put my life into your hands, and not only my own life, which, God knows, is not worth saving, but the happiness of a respectable old man, and the honor of a family of consideration. My love of low society, as such propensities as I was cursed with are usually termed, was, I think, of an uncommon kind, and indicated a nature which, if not depraved by early debauchery, would have been fit for better things. I did not so much delight in the wild revel, the low humor, the unconfined liberty of those with whom I associated, as in the spirit of adventure, presence of mind in peril, and sharpness of intellect which they displayed in prosecuting their maraudings upon the revenue, or similar adventures.—Have you looked round this rectory ? Is it not a sweet and pleasant retreat ?”

Jeanie, alarmed at his sudden change of subject, replied in the affirmative.

“Well ! I wish it had been ten thousand fathoms under ground, with its church lands, and tithes, and all that belongs to it ! Had it not been for this cursed rectory, I should have been permitted to follow the bent of my own inclinations and the profession of arms, and half the courage and address that I have displayed among smugglers and deer-stealers would have secured me an honorable rank among my contemporaries. Why did I not go abroad when I left this house ? Why did I leave it at all ?—why ? But it came to that point with me that it is madness to look back, and misery to look forward.”

He paused, and then proceeded with more composure.

“The chances of a wandering life brought me unhappily to Scotland, to embroil myself in worse and more criminal actions than I had yet been concerned in. It was now I became acquainted with Wilson, a remarkable man in his station of life—quiet, composed, and resolute, firm in mind, and uncommonly strong in person, gifted with a sort of rough eloquence which raised him above his companions. Hitherto I had been

As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
Were seen some sparkles of a better hope.

But it was this man's misfortune, as well as mine, that, notwithstanding the difference of our rank and education, he acquired an extraordinary and fascinating influence over me, which I can only account for by the calm determination of his character being superior to the less sustained impetuosity of mine. Where he led, I felt myself bound to follow; and strange was the courage and address which he displayed in his pursuits. While I was engaged in desperate adventures, under so strange and dangerous a preceptor, I became acquainted with your unfortunate sister at some sports of the young people in the suburbs, which she frequented by stealth; and her ruin proved an interlude to the tragic scenes in which I was now deeply engaged. Yet this let me say: the villany was not premeditated, and I was firmly resolved to do her all the justice which marriage could do, so soon as I should be able to extricate myself from my unhappy course of life, and embrace some one more suited to my birth. I had wild visions—visions of conducting her as if to some poor retreat, and introducing her at once to rank and fortune she never dreamed of. A friend, at my request, attempted a negotiation with my father, which was protracted for some time, and renewed at different intervals. At length, and just when I expected my father's pardon, he learned by some means or other my infamy, painted in even exaggerated colors, which was, God knows, unnecessary. He wrote me a letter—how it found me out I know not—enclosing me a sum of money, and disowning me forever. I became desperate—I became frantic—I readily joined Wilson in a perilous smuggling adventure in which we miscarried, and was willingly blinded by his logic to consider the robbery of the officer of the customs in Fife as a fair and honorable reprisal. Hitherto I had observed a certain line in my criminality, and stood free of assaults upon personal property, but now I felt a wild pleasure in disgracing myself as much as possible.

“The plunder was no object to me. I abandoned that to

my comrades, and only asked the post of danger. I remember well, that when I stood with my drawn sword guarding the door while they committed the felony, I had not a thought of my own safety. I was only meditating on my sense of supposed wrong from my family, my impotent thirst of vengeance, and how it would sound in the haughty ears of the family of Willingham, that one of their descendants, and the heir-apparent of their honors, should perish by the hands of the hangman for robbing a Scottish gauger of a sum not equal to one-fifth part of the money I had in my pocket-book. We were taken; I expected no less. We were condemned; that also I looked for. But death, as he approached nearer, looked grimly; and the recollection of your sister's destitute condition determined me on an effort to save my life. I forgot to tell you that in Edinburgh I again met the woman Murdockson and her daughter. She had followed the camp when young, and had now, under pretence of a trifling traffic, retained predatory habits, with which she had already been too familiar. Our first meeting was stormy; but I was liberal of what money I had, and she forgot, or seemed to forget, the injury her daughter had received. The unfortunate girl herself seemed hardly even to know her seducer, far less to retain any sense of the injury she had received. Her mind is totally alienated, which, according to her mother's account, is sometimes the consequence of an unfavorable confinement. But it was *my doing*. Here was another stone knitted round my neck to sink me into the pit of perdition. Every look, every word of this poor creature, her false spirits, her imperfect recollections, her allusions to things which she had forgotten, but which were recorded in my conscience, were stabs of a poniard. Stabs did I say? they were tearing with hot pincers, and scalding the raw wound with burning sulphur; they were to be endured, however, and they *were* endured. I return to my prison thoughts.

“It was not the least miserable of them that your sister's time approached. I knew her dread of you and of her father. She often said she would die a thousand deaths ere you should know her shame; yet her confinement must be provided for. I knew this woman Murdockson was an infernal hag, but I thought she loved me, and that money would make her true. She had procured a file for Wilson and a spring-saw for me; and she undertook readily to take charge of Effie during her illness, in which she had skill enough to give the necessary assistance. I gave her the money which my father had sent me. It was settled that she should receive Effie into her house

in the meantime, and wait for further directions from me, when I should effect my escape. I communicated this purpose, and recommended the old hag to poor Effie by a letter, in which I recollect that I endeavored to support the character of Macheath under condemnation—a fine, gay, bold-faced ruffian, who is game to the last. Such, and so wretchedly poor, was my ambition! Yet I had resolved to forsake the courses I had been engaged in, should I be so fortunate as to escape the gibbet. My design was to marry your sister and go over to the West Indies. I had still a considerable sum of money left, and I trusted to be able, in one way or other, to provide for myself and my wife.

“We made the attempt to escape, and by the obstinacy of Wilson, who insisted upon going first, it totally miscarried. The undaunted and self-denied manner in which he sacrificed himself to redeem his error, and accomplish my escape from the Tolbooth Church, you must have heard of: all Scotland rang with it. It was a gallant and extraordinary deed. All men spoke of it; all men, even those who most condemned the habits and crimes of this self-devoted man, praised the heroism of his friendship. I have many vices, but cowardice or want of gratitude are none of the number. I resolved to requite his generosity, and even your sister’s safety became a secondary consideration with me for the time. To effect Wilson’s liberation was my principal object, and I doubted not to find the means.

“Yet I did not forget Effie neither. The bloodhounds of the law were so close after me, that I dared not trust myself near any of my old haunts; but old Murdockson met me by appointment, and informed me that your sister had happily been delivered of a boy. I charged the hag to keep her patient’s mind easy, and let her want for nothing that money could purchase, and I retreated to Fife, where, among my old associates of Wilson’s gang, I hid myself in those places of concealment where the men engaged in that desperate trade are used to find security for themselves and their uncustomed goods. Men who are disobedient both to human and divine laws are not always insensible to the claims of courage and generosity. We were assured that the mob of Edinburgh, strongly moved with the hardships of Wilson’s situation and the gallantry of his conduct, would back any bold attempt that might be made to rescue him even from the foot of the gibbet. Desperate as the attempt seemed, upon my declaring myself ready to lead the onset on the guard, I found no want of followers who engaged to stand by me, and returned to

Lothian, soon joined by some steady associates, prepared to act whenever the occasion might require.

"I have no doubt I should have rescued him from the very noose that dangled over his head," he continued, with animation, which seemed a flash of the interest which he had taken in such exploits; "but among other precautions, the magistrates had taken one—suggested, as we afterwards learned, by the unhappy wretch Porteous—which effectually disconcerted my measures. They anticipated by half an hour the ordinary period for execution; and, as it had been resolved among us that, for fear of observation from the officers of justice, we should not show ourselves upon the street until the time of action approached, it followed that all was over before our attempt at a rescue commenced. It did commence, however, and I gained the scaffold and cut the rope with my own hand. It was too late! The bold, stout-hearted, generous criminal was no more, and vengeance was all that remained to us—a vengeance, as I then thought, doubly due from my hand, to whom Wilson had given life and liberty when he could as easily have secured his own."

"O, sir," said Jeanie, "did the Scripture never come into your mind, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it?'"

"Scripture! Why, I had not opened a Bible for five years," answered Staunton.

"Wae's me, sirs," said Jeanie, "and a minister's son too!"

"It is natural for you to say so; yet do not interrupt me, but let me finish my most accursed history. The beast, Porteous, who kept firing on the people long after it had ceased to be necessary, became the object of their hatred for having overdone his duty, and of mine for having done it too well. We—that is, I and the other determined friends of Wilson—resolved to be avenged; but caution was necessary. I thought I had been marked by one of the officers, and therefore continued to lurk about the vicinity of Edinburgh, but without daring to venture within the walls. At length I visited, at the hazard of my life, the place where I hoped to find my future wife and my son; they were both gone. Dame Murdockson informed me that, so soon as Effie heard of the miscarriage of the attempt to rescue Wilson, and the hot pursuit after me, she fell into a brain fever; and that, being one day obliged to go out on some necessary business and leave her alone, she had taken that opportunity to escape, and she had not seen her since. I loaded her with reproaches, to which she listened with the most provoking and callous composure; for it is one

of her attributes that, violent and fierce as she is upon most occasions, there are some in which she shows the most imperturbable calmness. I threatened her with justice; she said I had more reason to fear justice than she had. I felt she was right, and was silenced. I threatened her with vengeance; she replied in nearly the same words, that, to judge by injuries received, I had more reason to fear her vengeance than she to dread mine. She was again right, and I was left without an answer. I flung myself from her in indignation, and employed a comrade to make inquiry in the neighborhood of St. Leonard's concerning your sister; but ere I received his answer, the opening quest of a well-scented terrier of the law drove me from the vicinity of Edinburgh to a more distant and secluded place of concealment. A secret and trusty emissary at length brought me the account of Porteous's condemnation, and of your sister's imprisonment on a criminal charge; thus astounding one of mine ears, while he gratified the other.

"I again ventured to the Pleasance—again charged Murdockson with treachery to the unfortunate Effie and her child, though I could conceive no reason, save that of appropriating the whole of the money I had lodged with her. Your narrative throws light on this, and shows another motive, not less powerful because less evident—the desire of wreaking vengeance on the seducer of her daughter, the destroyer at once of her reason and reputation. Great God! how I wish that, instead of the revenge she made choice of, she had delivered me up to the cord!"

"But what account did the wretched woman give of Effie and the bairn?" said Jeanie, who, during this long and agitating narrative, had firmness and discernment enough to keep her eye on such points as might throw light on her sister's misfortunes.

"She would give none," said Staunton; "she said the mother made a moonlight flitting from her house, with the infant in her arms; that she had never seen either of them since; that the lass might have thrown the child into the North Loch or the Quarry Holes, for what she knew, and it was like enough she had done so."

"And how came you to believe that she did not speak the fatal truth?" said Jeanie, trembling.

"Because, on this second occasion, I saw her daughter, and I understood from her that, in fact, the child had been removed or destroyed during the illness of the mother. But all knowledge to be got from her is so uncertain and indirect, that I could not collect any further circumstances. Only the

diabolical character of old Murdockson makes me augur the worst."

"The last account agrees with that given by my poor sister," said Jeanie; "but gang on wi' your ain tale, sir."

"Of this I am certain," said Staunton, "that Effie, in her senses, and with her knowledge, never injured living creature. But what could I do in her exculpation? Nothing; and therefore my whole thoughts were turned towards her safety. I was under the cursed necessity of suppressing my feelings towards Murdockson: my life was in the hag's hand—that I cared not for; but on my life hung that of your sister. I spoke the wretch fair; I appeared to confide in her; and to me, so far as I was personally concerned, she gave proofs of extraordinary fidelity. I was at first uncertain what measures I ought to adopt for your sister's liberation, when the general rage excited among the citizens of Edinburgh on account of the reprieve of Porteous suggested to me the daring idea of forcing the jail, and at once carrying off your sister from the clutches of the law, and bringing to condign punishment a miscreant who had tormented the unfortunate Wilson even in the hour of death, as if he had been a wild Indian taken captive by a hostile tribe. I flung myself among the multitude in the moment of fermentation; so did others among Wilson's mates, who had, like me, been disappointed in the hope of glatting their eyes with Porteous's execution. All was organized, and I was chosen for the captain. I felt not—I do not now feel—compunction for what was to be done, and has since been executed."

"O, God forgive ye, sir, and bring ye to a better sense of your ways!" exclaimed Jeanie, in horror at the avowal of such violent sentiments.

"Amen," replied Staunton, "if my sentiments are wrong. But I repeat that, although willing to aid the deed, I could have wished them to have chosen another leader; because I foresaw that the great and general duty of the night would interfere with the assistance which I proposed to render Effie. I gave a commission, however, to a trusty friend to protect her to a place of safety, so soon as the fatal procession had left the jail. But for no persuasions which I could use in the hurry of the moment, or which my comrade employed at more length, after the mob had taken a different direction, could the unfortunate girl be prevailed upon to leave the prison. His arguments were all wasted upon the infatuated victim, and he was obliged to leave her in order to attend to his own safety. Such was his account; but perhaps he persevered

less steadily in his attempt to persuade her than I would have done."

"Effie was right to remain," said Jeanie; "and I love her the better for it."

"Why will you say so?" said Staunton.

"You cannot understand my reasons, sir, if I should render them," answered Jeanie, composedly; "they that thirst for the blood of their enemies have no taste for the well-spring of life."

"My hopes," said Staunton, "were thus a second time disappointed. My next efforts were to bring her through her trial by means of yourself. How I urged it, and where, you cannot have forgotten. I do not blame you for your refusal; it was founded, I am convinced, on principle, and not on indifference to your sister's fate. For me, judge of me as a man frantic; I knew not what hand to turn to, and all my efforts were unavailing. In this condition, and close beset on all sides, I thought of what might be done by means of my family and their influence. I fled from Scotland; I reached this place; my miserably wasted and unhappy appearance procured me from my father that pardon which a parent finds it so hard to refuse, even to the most undeserving son. And here I have awaited in anguish of mind, which the condemned criminal might envy, the event of your sister's trial."

"Without taking any steps for her relief?" said Jeanie.

"To the last I hoped her case might terminate more favorably; and it is only two days since that the fatal tidings reached me. My resolution was instantly taken. I mounted my best horse with the purpose of making the utmost haste to London, and there compounding with Sir Robert Walpole for your sister's safety, by surrendering to him, in the person of the heir of the family of Willingham, the notorious George Robertson, the accomplice of Wilson, the breaker of the Tolbooth prison, and the well-known leader of the Porteous mob."

"But would that save my sister?" said Jeanie, in astonishment.

"It would, as I should drive my bargain," said Staunton. "Queens love revenge as well as their subjects. Little as you seem to esteem it, it is a poison which pleases all palates, from the prince to the peasant. Prime ministers love no less the power of pleasing sovereigns by gratifying their passions. The life of an obscure village girl! Why, I might ask the best of the crown jewels for laying the head of such an insolent conspiracy at the foot of her Majesty, with a cer-

tainty of being gratified. All my other plans have failed, but this could not. Heaven is just, however, and would not honor me with making this voluntary atonement for the injury I have done your sister. I had not rode ten miles, when my horse, the best and most sure-footed animal in this country, fell with me on a level piece of road, as if he had been struck by a cannon-shot. I was greatly hurt, and was brought back here in the miserable condition in which you now see me."

As young Staunton had come to the conclusion, the servant opened the door, and, with a voice which seemed intended rather for a signal than merely the announcing of a visit, said, "His Reverence, sir, is coming upstairs to wait upon you."

"For God's sake, hide yourself, Jeanie," exclaimed Staunton, "in that dressing-closet!"

"No, sir," said Jeanie; "as I am here for nae ill, I canna take the shame of hiding mysell frae the master o' the house."

"But, good Heavens!" exclaimed George Staunton, "do but consider——"

Ere he could complete the sentence, his father entered the apartment.

CHAPTER XXXIV

And now, will pardon, comfort, kindness, draw
The youth from vice? will honor, duty, law?

CRABBE.

JEANIE arose from her seat and made her quiet reverence when the elder Mr. Staunton entered the apartment. His astonishment was extreme at finding his son in such company.

"I perceive, madam," he said, "I have made a mistake respecting you, and ought to have left the task of interrogating you, and of righting your wrongs, to this young man, with whom, doubtless, you have been formerly acquainted."

"It's unwitting on my part that I am here," said Jeanie; "the servant told me his master wished to speak with me."

"There goes the purple coat over my ears," murmured Tummas. "D—n her, why must she needs speak the truth, when she could have as well said anything else she had a mind?"

"George," said Mr. Staunton, "if you are still, as you have ever been, lost to all self-respect, you might at least have spared your father, and your father's house, such a disgraceful scene as this."

"Upon my life—upon my soul, sir!" said George, throwing his feet over the side of the bed, and starting from his recumbent posture.

"Your life, sir!" interrupted his father, with melancholy sternness—"what sort of life has it been? Your soul! alas! what regard have you ever paid to it? Take care to reform both ere offering either as pledges of your sincerity."

"On my honor, sir, you do me wrong," answered George Staunton; "I have been all that you can call me that's bad, but in the present instance you do me injustice. By my honor, you do!"

"Your honor!" said his father, and turned from him, with a look of the most upbraiding contempt, to Jeanie. "From you, young woman, I neither ask nor expect any explanation; but, as a father alike and as a clergyman, I request your departure from this house. If your romantic story has been other than a pretext to find admission into it—which, from the society in which you first appeared, I may be permitted to

doubt—you will find a justice of peace within two miles, with whom, more properly than with me, you may lodge your complaint.”

“This shall not be,” said George Staunton, starting up to his feet. “Sir, you are naturally kind and humane; you shall not become cruel and inhospitable on my account. Turn out that eavesdropping rascal,” pointing to Thomas, “and get what hartsorn drops, or what better receipt you have against fainting, and I will explain to you in two words the connection betwixt this young woman and me. She shall not lose her fair character through me. I have done too much mischief to her family already, and I know too well what belongs to the loss of fame.”

“Leave the room, sir,” said the Rector to the servant; and when the man had obeyed, he carefully shut the door behind him. Then addressing his son, he said, sternly, “Now, sir, what new proof of your infamy have you to impart to me?”

Young Staunton was about to speak, but it was one of those moments when persons who, like Jeanie Deans, possess the advantage of a steady courage and unruffled temper, can assume the superiority over more ardent but less determined spirits.

“Sir,” she said to the elder Staunton, “ye have an undoubted right to ask your ain son to render a reason of his conduct. But respecting me, I am but a wayfaring traveller, no ways obligit or indebted to you, unless it be for the meal of meat, which, in my ain country, is willingly gien by rich or poor, according to their ability, to those who need it; and for which, forbye that, I am willing to make payment, if I didn’t think it would be an affront to offer siller in a house like this, only I dinna ken the fashions of the country.”

“This is all very well, young woman,” said the Rector, a good deal surprised, and unable to conjecture whether to impute Jeanie’s language to simplicity or impertinence—“this may be all very well, but let me bring it to a point. Why do you stop this young man’s mouth, and prevent his communicating to his father and his best friend an explanation, since he says he has one, of circumstances which seem in themselves not a little suspicious?”

“He may tell of his ain affairs what he likes,” answered Jeanie; “but my family and friends have nae right to hae ony stories told anent them without their express desire; and, as they canna be here to speak for themselves, I entreat ye wadna ask Mr. George Rob—I mean Staunton, or whatever his name is—ony questions anent me or my folk; for I maun be

free to tell you, that he will neither have the bearing of a Christian or a gentleman if he answers you against my express desire."

"This is the most extraordinary thing I ever met with," said the Rector, as, after fixing his eyes keenly on the placid yet modest countenance of Jeanie, he turned them suddenly upon his son. "What have you to say, sir?"

"That I feel I have been too hasty in my promise, sir," answered George Staunton. "I have no title to make any communications respecting the affairs of this young person's family without her assent."

The elder Mr. Staunton turned his eyes from one to the other with marks of surprise.

"This is more and worse, I fear," he said, addressing his son, "than one of your frequent and disgraceful connections. I insist upon knowing the mystery."

"I have already said, sir," replied his son, rather sullenly, "that I have no title to mention the affairs of this young woman's family without her consent."

"And I hae nae mysteries to explain, sir," said Jeanie, "but only to pray you, as a preacher of the Gospel and a gentleman, to permit me to go safe to the next public-house on the Lunnon road."

"I shall take care of your safety," said young Staunton; "you need ask that favor from no one."

"Do you say so before my face?" said the justly incensed father. "Perhaps, sir, you intend to fill up the cup of disobedience and profligacy by forming a low and disgraceful marriage? But let me bid you beware."

"If you were feared for sic a thing happening wi' me, sir," said Jeanie, "I can only say, that not for all the land that lies between the twa ends of the rainbow wad I be the woman that should wed your son."

"There is something very singular in all this," said the elder Staunton; "follow me into the next room, young woman."

"Hear me speak first," said the young man. "I have but one word to say. I confide entirely in your prudence; tell my father as much or as little of these matters as you will, he shall know neither more nor less from me."

His father darted to him a glance of indignation, which softened into sorrow as he saw him sink down on the couch, exhausted with the scene he had undergone. He left the apartment, and Jeanie followed him, George Staunton raising himself as she passed the doorway, and pronouncing the word

"Remember!" in a tone as monitory as it was uttered by Charles I. upon the scaffold. The elder Staunton led the way into a small parlor, and shut the door.

"Young woman," said he, "there is something in your face and appearance that marks both sense and simplicity, and, if I am not deceived, innocence also. Should it be otherwise, I can only say, you are the most accomplished hypocrite I have ever seen. I ask to know no secret that you have unwillingness to divulge, least of all those which concern my son. His conduct has given me too much unhappiness to permit me to hope comfort or satisfaction from him. If you are such as I suppose you, believe me, that whatever unhappy circumstances may have connected you with George Staunton, the sooner you break them through the better."

"I think I understand your meaning, sir," replied Jeanie; "and as ye are sue frank as to speak o' the young gentleman in sic a way, I must needs say that it is but the second time of my speaking wi' him in our lives, and what I hae heard frae him on these twa occasions has been such that I never wish to hear the like again."

"Then it is your real intention to leave this part of the country, and proceed to London?" said the Rector.

"Certainly, sir; for I may say, in one sense, that the avenger of blood is behind me; and if I were but assured against mischief by the way——"

"I have made inquiry," said the clergyman, "after the suspicious characters you described. They have left their place of rendezvous; but as they may be lurking in the neighborhood, and as you say you have special reason to apprehend violence from them, I will put you under the charge of a steady person, who will protect you as far as Stamford, and see you into a light coach, which goes from thence to London."

"A coach is not for the like of me, sir," said Jeanie, to whom the idea of a stage-coach was unknown, as, indeed, they were then only used in the neighborhood of London.

Mr. Staunton briefly explained that she would find that mode of conveyance more commodious, cheaper, and more safe than travelling on horseback. She expressed her gratitude with so much singleness of heart, that he was induced to ask her whether she wanted the pecuniary means of prosecuting her journey. She thanked him, but said she had enough for her purpose; and, indeed, she had husbanded her stock with great care. This reply served also to remove some doubts which naturally enough still floated in Mr. Staunton's mind, respecting her character and real purpose, and satisfied him,

at least, that money did not enter into her scheme of deception, if an impostor she should prove. He next requested to know what part of the city she wished to go to.

"To a very decent merchant, a cousin o' my ain, a Mrs. Glass, sir, that sells snuff and tobacco, at the sign o' the Thistle, somegate in the town."

Jeanie communicated this intelligence with a feeling that a connection so respectable ought to give her consequence in the eyes of Mr. Staunton; and she was a good deal surprised when he answered—"And is this woman your only acquaintance in London, my poor girl? and have you really no better knowledge where she is to be found?"

"I was gaun to see the Duke of Argyle, forbye Mrs. Glass," said Jeanie; "and if your honor thinks it would be best to go there first, and get some of his Grace's folk to show me my cousin's shop——"

"Are you acquainted with any of the Duke of Argyle's people?" said the Rector.

"No, sir."

"Her brain must be something touched after all, or it would be impossible for her to rely on such introductions. Well," said he aloud, "I must not inquire into the cause of your journey, and so I cannot be fit to give you advice how to manage it. But the landlady of the house where the coach stops is a very decent person; and as I use her house sometimes, I will give you a recommendation to her."

Jeanie thanked him for his kindness with her best courtesy, and said, "That with his honor's line, and ane from worthy Mrs. Bickerton, that keeps the Seven Stars at York, she did not doubt to be well taken out in Lunnon."

"And now," said he, "I presume you will be desirous to set out immediately."

"If I had been in an inn, sir, or any suitable resting-place," answered Jeanie, "I wad not have presumed to use the Lord's day for travelling; but as I am on a journey of mercy, I trust my doing so will not be imputed."

"You may, if you choose, remain with Mrs. Dalton for the evening; but I desire you will have no further correspondence with my son, who is not a proper counsellor for a person of your age, whatever your difficulties may be."

"Your honor speaks ower truly in that," said Jeanie; "it was not with my will that I spoke wi' him just now, and—not to wish the gentleman onything but gude—I never wish to see him between the een again."

"If you please," added the Rector, "as you seem to be a

seriously disposed young woman, you may attend family worship in the hall this evening."

"I thank your honor," said Jeanie; "but I am doubtful if my attendance would be to edification."

"How!" said the Rector; "so young, and already unfortunate enough to have doubts upon the duties of religion!"

"God forbid, sir," replied Jeanie; "it is not for that; but I have been bred in the faith of the suffering remnant of the Presbyterian doctrine in Scotland, and I am doubtful if I can lawfully attend upon your fashion of worship, seeing it has been testified against by many precious souls of our kirk, and specially by my worthy father."

"Well, my good girl," said the Rector, with a good-humored smile, "far be it from me to put any force upon your conscience; and yet you ought to recollect that the same divine grace dispenses its streams to other kingdoms as well as to Scotland. As it is as essential to our spiritual as water to our earthly wants, its springs, various in character, yet alike efficacious in virtue, are to be found in abundance throughout the Christian world."

"Ah, but," said Jeanie, "though the waters may be alike, yet, with your worship's leave, the blessing upon them may not be equal. It would have been in vain for Naaman the Syrian leper to have bathed in Pharphar and Abana, rivers of Damascus, when it was only the waters of Jordan that were sanctified for the cure."

"Well," said the Rector, "we will not enter upon the great debate betwixt our national churches at present. We must endeavor to satisfy you that at least, among our errors, we preserve Christian charity, and a desire to assist our brethren."

He then ordered Mrs. Dalton into his presence, and consigned Jeanie to her particular charge, with directions to be kind to her, and with assurances that, early in the morning, a trusty guide and a good horse should be ready to conduct her to Stamford. He then took a serious and dignified, yet kind leave of her, wishing her full success in the objects of her journey, which he said he doubted not were laudable, from the soundness of thinking which she had displayed in conversation.

Jeanie was again conducted by the housekeeper to her own apartment. But the evening was not destined to pass over without further torment from young Staunton. A paper was slipped into her hand by the faithful Tummas, which intimated his young master's desire, or rather demand, to see her

instantly, and assured her he had provided against interruption.

"Tell your young master," said Jeanie, openly, and regardless of all the winks and signs by which Tummas strove to make her comprehend that Mrs. Dalton was not to be admitted into the secret of the correspondence, "that I promised faithfully to his worthy father that I would not see him again."

"Tummas," said Mrs. Dalton, "I think you might be much more creditably employed, considering the coat you wear and the house you live in, than to be carrying messages between your young master and girls that chance to be in this house."

"Why, Mrs. Dalton, as to that, I was hired to carry messages, and not to ask any questions about them; and it's not for the like of me to refuse the young gentleman's bidding, if he were a little wildish or so. If there was harm meant, there's no harm done, you see."

"However," said Mrs. Dalton, "I gie you fair warning, Tummas Ditton, that an I catch thee at this work again, his Reverence shall make a clear house of you."

Tummas retired, abashed and in dismay. The rest of the evening passed away without anything worthy of notice.

Jeanie enjoyed the comforts of a good bed and a sound sleep with grateful satisfaction, after the perils and hardships of the preceding day; and such was her fatigue, that she slept soundly until six o'clock, when she was awakened by Mrs. Dalton, who acquainted her that her guide and horse were ready and in attendance. She hastily rose, and, after her morning devotions, was soon ready to resume her travels. The motherly care of the housekeeper had provided an early breakfast, and, after she had partaken of this refreshment, she found herself safe seated on a pillion behind a stout Lincolnshire peasant, who was, besides, armed with pistols, to protect her against any violence which might be offered.

They trudged on in silence for a mile or two along a country road, which conducted them, by hedge and gateway, into the principal highway, a little beyond Grantham. At length her master of the horse asked her whether her name was not Jean, or Jane, Deans. She answered in the affirmative, with some surprise. "Then here's a bit of a note as concerns you," said the man, handing it over his left shoulder. "It's from young master, as I judge, and every man about Willingham is fain to pleasure him either for love or fear; for he'll come to be landlord at last, let them say what they like."

Jeanie broke the seal of the note, which was addressed to her, and read as follows :

“ You refuse to see me. I suppose you are shocked at my character ; but, in painting myself such as I am, you should give me credit for my sincerity. I am, at least, no hypocrite. You refuse, however, to see me, and your conduct may be natural ; but is it wise ? I have expressed my anxiety to repair your sister’s misfortunes at the expense of my honor—my family’s honor—my own life ; and you think me too debased to be admitted even to sacrifice what I have remaining of honor, fame, and life in her cause. Well, if the offerer be despised, the victim is still equally at hand ; and perhaps there may be justice in the decree of Heaven that I shall not have the melancholy credit of appearing to make this sacrifice out of my own free good-will. You, as you have declined my concurrence, must take the whole upon yourself. Go, then, to the Duke of Argyre, and, when other arguments fail you, tell him you have it in your power to bring to condign punishment the most active conspirator in the Porteous mob. He will hear you on this topic, should he be deaf to every other. Make your own terms, for they will be at your own making. You know where I am to be found ; and you may be assured I will not give you the dark side of the hill, as at Muschat’s Cairn : I have no thoughts of stirring from the house I was born in ; like the hare, I shall be worried in the seat I started from. I repeat it—make your own terms. I need not remind you to ask your sister’s life, for that you will do of course ; but make terms of advantage for yourself : ask wealth and reward—office and income for Butler—ask anything, you will get anything, and all for delivering to the hands of the executioner a man most deserving of his office—one who, though young in years, is old in wickedness, and whose most earnest desire is, after the storms of an unquiet life, to sleep and be at rest.”

This extraordinary letter was subscribed with the initials “ G. S.”

Jeanie read it over once or twice with great attention, which the slow pace of the horse, as he stalked through a deep lane, enabled her to do with facility.

When she had perused this billet, her first employment was to tear it into as small pieces as possible, and disperse these pieces in the air by a few at a time, so that a document containing so perilous a secret might not fall into any other person’s hand.

The question how far, in point of extremity, she was entitled to save her sister’s life by sacrificing that of a person

who, though guilty towards the state, had done her no injury, formed the next earnest and most painful subject of consideration. In one sense, indeed, it seemed as if denouncing the guilt of Staunton, the cause of her sister's errors and misfortunes, would have been an act of just, and even providential, retribution. But Jeanie, in the strict and severe tone of morality in which she was educated, had to consider not only the general aspect of a proposed action, but its justness and fitness in relation to the actor, before she could be, according to her own phrase, free to enter upon it. What right had she to make a barter between the lives of Staunton and of Effie, and to sacrifice the one for the safety of the other? His guilt—that guilt for which he was amenable to the laws—was a crime against the public indeed, but it was not against her.

Neither did it seem to her that his share in the death of Porteous, though her mind revolted at the idea of using violence to any one, was in the relation of a common murder, against the perpetrator of which every one is called to aid the public magistrate. That violent action was blended with many circumstances which, in the eyes of those of Jeanie's rank in life, if they did not altogether deprive it of the character of guilt, softened, at least, its most atrocious features. The anxiety of the government to obtain conviction of some of the offenders had but served to increase the public feeling which connected the action, though violent and irregular, with the idea of ancient national independence. The rigorous procedure adopted or proposed against the city of Edinburgh, the ancient metropolis of Scotland, the extremely unpopular and injudicious measure of compelling the Scottish clergy, contrary to their principles and sense of duty, to promulgate from the pulpit the reward offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of this slaughter, had produced on the public mind the opposite consequences from what were intended: and Jeanie felt conscious that, whoever should lodge information concerning that event, and for whatsoever purpose it might be done, it would be considered as an act of treason against the independence of Scotland. With the fanaticism of the Scotch Presbyterians there was always mingled a glow of national feeling, and Jeanie trembled at the idea of her name being handed down to posterity with that of the "fause Monteth," and one or two others, who, having deserted and betrayed the cause of their country, are damned to perpetual remembrance and execration among its peasantry. Yet, to part with Effie's life once more, when a word spoken might

save it, pressed severely on the mind of her affectionate sister.

“The Lord support and direct me !” said Jeanie, “for it seems to be His will to try me with difficulties far beyond my ain strength.”

While this thought passed through Jeanie’s mind, her guard, tired of silence, began to show some inclination to be communicative. He seemed a sensible, steady peasant, but not having more delicacy or prudence than is common to those in his situation, he, of course, chose the Willingham family as the subject of his conversation. From this man Jeanie learned some particulars of which she had hitherto been ignorant, and which we will briefly recapitulate for the information of the reader.

The father of George Staunton had been bred a soldier, and, during service in the West Indies, had married the heiress of a wealthy planter. By this lady he had an only child, George Staunton, the unhappy young man who has been so often mentioned in this narrative. He passed the first part of his early youth under the charge of a doting mother, and in the society of negro slaves, whose study it was to gratify his every caprice. His father was a man of worth and sense ; but, as he alone retained tolerable health among the officers of the regiment he belonged to, he was much engaged with his duty. Besides, Mrs. Staunton was beautiful and wilful, and enjoyed but delicate health ; so that it was difficult for a man of affection, humanity, and a quiet disposition to struggle with her on the point of her over-indulgence to an only child. Indeed, what Mr. Staunton did do towards counteracting the baneful effects of his wife’s system, only tended to render it more pernicious ; for every restraint imposed on the boy in his father’s presence was compensated by treble license during his absence. So that George Staunton acquired, even in childhood, the habit of regarding his father as a rigid censor, from whose severity he was desirous of emancipating himself as soon and absolutely as possible.

When he was about ten years old, and when his mind had received all the seeds of those evil weeds which afterwards grew apace, his mother died, and his father, half heart-broken, returned to England. To sum up her imprudence and unjustifiable indulgence, she had contrived to place a considerable part of her fortune at her son’s exclusive control or disposal ; in consequence of which management, George Staunton had not been long in England till he learned his independence, and how to abuse it. His father had endeavored to rectify the

defects of his education by placing him in a well-regulated seminary. But although he showed some capacity for learning, his riotous conduct soon became intolerable to his teachers. He found means (too easily afforded to all youths who have certain expectations) of procuring such a command of money as enabled him to anticipate in boyhood the frolics and follies of a more mature age, and, with these accomplishments, he was returned on his father's hands as a profligate boy, whose example might ruin a hundred.

The elder Mr. Staunton, whose mind, since his wife's death, had been tinged with a melancholy which certainly his son's conduct did not tend to dispel, had taken orders, and was inducted by his brother, Sir William Staunton, into the family living of Willingham. The revenue was a matter of consequence to him, for he derived little advantage from the estate of his late wife; and his own fortune was that of a younger brother.

He took his son to reside with him at the rectory; but he soon found that his disorders rendered him an intolerable inmate. And as the young men of his own rank would not endure the purse-proud insolence of the Creole, he fell into that taste for low society which is worse than "pressing to death, whipping, or hanging." His father sent him abroad, but he only returned wilder and more desperate than before. It is true, this unhappy youth was not without his good qualities. He had lively wit, good temper, reckless generosity, and manners which, while he was under restraint, might pass well in society. But all these availed him nothing. He was so well acquainted with the turf, the gaming-table, the cock-pit, and every worse rendezvous of folly and dissipation, that his mother's fortune was spent before he was twenty-one, and he was soon in debt and in distress. His early history may be concluded in the words of our British Juvenal, when describing a similar character:

Headstrong, determined in his own career,
He thought reproof unjust, and truth severe.
The soul's disease was to its crisis come,
He first abused and then abjured his home;
And when he chose a vagabond to be,
He made his shame his glory, "I'll be free!"*

"And yet 'tis pity on Measter George, too," continued the honest boor, "for he has an open hand, and winna let a poor body want an he has it."

* Crabbe's *Borough*, Letter xii. (*Laing*).

The virtue of profuse generosity, by which, indeed, they themselves are most directly advantaged, is readily admitted by the vulgar as a cloak for many sins.

At Stamford our heroine was deposited in safety by her communicative guide. She obtained a place in the coach, which, although termed a light one, and accommodated with no fewer than six horses, only reached London on the afternoon of the second day. The recommendation of the elder Mr. Staunton procured Jeanie a civil reception at the inn where the carriage stopped, and, by the aid of Mrs. Bickerton's correspondent, she found out her friend and relative Mrs. Glass, by whom she was kindly received and hospitably entertained.

CHAPTER XXXV

**My name is Argyle, you may well think it strange,
To live at the court and never to change.**

Ballad.

FEW names deserve more honorable mention in the history of Scotland, during this period, than that of John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. His talents as a statesman and a soldier were generally admitted ; he was not without ambition, but “without the illness that attends it”—without that irregularity of thought and aim which often excites great men, in his peculiar situation (for it was a very peculiar one), to grasp the means of raising themselves to power at the risk of throwing a kingdom into confusion. Pope has distinguished him as

**Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field.**

He was alike free from the ordinary vices of statesmen, falsehood, namely, and dissimulation ; and from those of warriors, inordinate and violent thirst after self-aggrandizement.

Scotland, his native country, stood at this time in a very precarious and doubtful situation. She was indeed united to England, but the cement had not had time to acquire consistence. The irritation of ancient wrongs still subsisted, and betwixt the fretful jealousy of the Scottish and the supercilious disclaim of the English, quarrels repeatedly occurred, in the course of which the national league, so important to the safety of both, was in the utmost danger of being dissolved. Scotland had, besides, the disadvantage of being divided into intestine factions, which hated each other bitterly, and waited but a signal to break forth into action.

In such circumstances, another man, with the talents and rank of Argyle, but without a mind so happily regulated, would have sought to rise from the earth in the whirlwind, and direct its fury. He chose a course more safe and more honorable.

Soaring above the petty distinctions of faction, his voice was raised, whether in office or opposition, for those measures which were at once just and lenient. His high military talents

enabled him, during the memorable year 1715, to render such services to the house of Hanover as, perhaps, were too great to be either acknowledged or repaid. He had employed, too, his utmost influence in softening the consequences of that insurrection to the unfortunate gentlemen whom a mistaken sense of loyalty had engaged in the affair, and was rewarded by the esteem and affection of his country in an uncommon degree. This popularity with a discontented and warlike people was supposed to be a subject of jealousy at court, where the power to become dangerous is sometimes of itself obnoxious, though the inclination is not united with it. Besides, the Duke of Argyle's independent and somewhat haughty mode of expressing himself in Parliament, and acting in public, were ill calculated to attract royal favor. He was, therefore, always respected, and often employed; but he was not a favorite of George the Second, his consort, or his ministers. At several different periods in his life, the Duke might be considered as in absolute disgrace at court, although he could hardly be said to be a declared member of opposition. This rendered him the dearer to Scotland, because it was usually in her cause that he incurred the displeasure of his sovereign; and upon this very occasion of the Porteous mob, the animated and eloquent opposition which he had offered to the severe measures which were about to be adopted towards the city of Edinburgh was the more gratefully received in that metropolis as it was understood that the Duke's interposition had given personal offence to Queen Caroline.

His conduct upon this occasion, as, indeed, that of all the Scottish members of the legislature, with one or two unworthy exceptions, had been in the highest degree spirited. The popular tradition concerning his reply to Queen Caroline has been given already, and some fragments of his speech against the Porteous bill are still remembered. He retorted upon the Chancellor, Lord Hardwicke, the insinuation that he had stated himself in this case rather as a party than as a judge. "I appeal," said Argyle, "to the House—to the nation, if I can be justly branded with the infamy of being a jobber or a partisan. Have I been a briber of votes—a buyer of boroughs—the agent of corruption for any purpose, or on behalf of any party? Consider my life, examine my actions in the field and in the cabinet, and see where there lies a blot that can attach to my honor. I have shown myself the friend of my country, the loyal subject of my king. I am ready to do so again, without an instant's regard to the frowns or smiles of a court. I have experienced both, and am pre-

pared with indifference for either. I have given my reasons for opposing this bill, and have made it appear that it is repugnant to the international treaty of union, to the liberty of Scotland, and, reflectively, to that of England, to common justice, to common sense, and to the public interest. Shall the metropolis of Scotland, the capital of an independent nation, the residence of a long line of monarchs, by whom that noble city was graced and dignified—shall such a city, for the fault of an obscure and unknown body of rioters, be deprived of its honors and its privileges, its gates and its guards? and shall a native Scotsman tamely behold the havoc? I glory, my lord; in opposing such unjust rigor, and reckon it my dearest pride and honor to stand up in defence of my native country, while thus laid open to undeserved shame and unjust spoliation.”

Other statesmen and orators, both Scottish and English, used the same arguments; the bill was gradually stripped of its most oppressive and obnoxious clauses, and at length ended in a fine upon the city of Edinburgh in favor of Porteous's widow; so that, as somebody observed at the time, the whole of these fierce debates ended in making the fortune of an old cook-maid, such having been the good woman's original capacity.

The court, however, did not forget the baffle they had received in this affair, and the Duke of Argyle, who had contributed so much to it, was thereafter considered as a person in disgrace. It is necessary to place these circumstances under the reader's observation, both because they are connected with the preceding and subsequent part of our narrative.

The Duke was alone in his study, when one of his gentlemen acquainted him that a country-girl from Scotland was desirous of speaking with his Grace.

“A country-girl, and from Scotland!” said the Duke; “what can have brought the silly fool to London? Some lover pressed and sent to sea, or some stock sunk in the South Sea funds, or some such hopeful concern, I suppose, and then nobody to manage the matter but MacCallummore. Well, this same popularity has its inconveniences. However, show our countrywoman up, Archibald; it is ill manners to keep her in attendance.”

A young woman of rather low stature, and whose countenance might be termed very modest and pleasing in expression, though sun-burnt, somewhat freckled, and not possessing regular features, was ushered into the splendid library.

She wore the tartan plaid of her country, adjusted so as partly to cover her head, and partly to fall back over her shoulders. A quantity of fair hair, disposed with great simplicity and neatness, appeared in front of her round and good-humored face, to which the solemnity of her errand, and her sense of the Duke's rank and importance, gave an appearance of deep awe, but not of slavish fear or fluttered bashfulness. The rest of Jeanie's dress was in the style of Scottish maidens of her own class, but arranged with that scrupulous attention to neatness and cleanliness which we often find united with that purity of mind of which it is a natural emblem.

She stopped near the entrance of the room, made her deepest reverence, and crossed her hands upon her bosom, without uttering a syllable. The Duke of Argyle advanced towards her; and if she admired his graceful deportment and rich dress, decorated with the orders which had been deservedly bestowed on him, his courteous manner, and quick and intelligent cast of countenance, he, on his part, was not less, or less deservedly, struck with the quiet simplicity and modesty expressed in the dress, manners, and countenance of his humble countrywoman.

"Did you wish to speak with me, my bonny lass?" said the Duke, using the encouraging epithet which at once acknowledged the connection betwixt them as country-folk; "or did you wish to see the Duchess?"

"My business is with your honor, my Lord—I mean your Lordship's Grace."

"And what is it, my good girl?" said the Duke, in the same mild and encouraging tone of voice. Jeanie looked at the attendant. "Leave us, Archibald," said the Duke, "and wait in the ante-room." The domestic retired. "And now sit down, my good lass," said the Duke; "take your breath—take your time, and tell me what you have got to say. I guess by your dress you are just come up from poor old Scotland. Did you come through the streets in your tartan plaid?"

"No, sir," said Jeanie; "a friend brought me in ane o' their street coaches—a very decent woman," she added, her courage increasing as she became familiar with the sound of her own voice in such a presence; "your Lordship's Grace kens her: it's Mrs. Glass, at the sign o' the Thistle."

"O, my worthy snuff merchant! I have always a chat with Mrs. Glass when I purchase my Scotch high-dried. Well, but your business, my bonny woman: time and tide, you know, wait for no one."

"Your honor—I beg your Lordship's pardon, I mean your

Grace"—for it must be noticed that this matter of addressing the Duke by his appropriate title had been anxiously inculcated upon Jeanie by her friend Mrs. Glass, in whose eyes it was a matter of such importance that her last words, as Jeanie left the coach were, "Mind to say your Grace;" and Jeanie, who had scarce ever in her life spoke to a person of higher quality than the Laird of Dumbiedikes, found great difficulty in arranging her language according to the rules of ceremony.

The Duke, who saw her embarrassment, said, with his usual affability, "Never mind my Grace, lassie; just speak out a plain tale, and show you have a Scotch tongue in your head."

"Sir, I am muckle obliged. Sir, I am the sister of that poor unfortunate criminal, Effie Deans, who is ordered for execution at Edinburgh."

"Ah!" said the Duke, "I have heard of that unhappy story, I think—a case of child-murder, under a special Act of Parliament. Duncan Forbes mentioned it at dinner the other day."

"And I was come up frae the North, sir, to see what could be done for her in the way of getting a reprieve or pardon, sir, or the like of that."

"Alas! my poor girl," said the Duke, "you have made a long and a sad journey to very little purpose. Your sister is ordered for execution."

"But I am given to understand that there is law for reprieving her, if it is in the king's pleasure," said Jeanie.

"Certainly there is," said the Duke; "but that is purely in the king's breast. The crime has been but too common; the Scotch crown lawyers think it is right there should be an example. Then the late disorders in Edinburgh have excited a prejudice in government against the nation at large, which they think can only be managed by measures of intimidation and severity. What argument have you, my poor girl, except the warmth of your sisterly affection to offer against all this? What is your interest? What friends have you at court?"

"None, excepting God and your Grace," said Jeanie, still keeping her ground resolutely, however.

"Alas!" said the Duke, "I could almost say with old Ormond, that there could not be any whose influence was smaller with kings and ministers. It is a cruel part of our situation, young woman—I mean of the situation of men in my circumstances—that the public ascribe to them influence which they do not possess; and that individuals are led to expect from them assistance which we have no means of rendering. But candor and plain dealing is in the power of every

one, and I must not let you imagine you have resources in my influence which do not exist, to make your distress the heavier. I have no means of averting your sister's fate. She must die."

"We must a' die, sir," said Jeanie; "it is our common doom for our father's transgression; but we shouldna hasten ilk other out o' the world, that's what your honor kens better than me."

"My good young woman," said the Duke, mildly, "we are all apt to blame the law under which we immediately suffer; but you seem to have been well educated in your line of life, and you must know that it is alike the law of God and man that the murderer shall surely die."

"But, sir, Effie—that is, my poor sister, sir—canna be proved to be a murderer; and if she be not, and the law take her life notwithstanding, wha is it that is the murderer then?"

"I am no lawyer," said the Duke; "and I own I think the statute a very severe one."

"You are a law-maker, sir, with your leave; and therefore ye have power over the law," answered Jeanie.

"Not in my individual capacity," said the Duke; "though, as one of a large body, I have a voice in the legislation. But that cannot serve you; nor have I at present—I care not who knows it—so much personal influence with the sovereign as would entitle me to ask from him the most insignificant favor. What could tempt you, young woman, to address yourself to me?"

"It was yoursell, sir."

"Myself?" he replied. "I am sure you have never seen me before."

"No, sir; but a' the world kens that the Duke of Argyle is his country's friend; and that ye fight for the right, and speak for the right, and that there's nane like you in our present Israel, and so they that think themselves wrangled draw to refuge under your shadow; and if ye wunna stir to save the blood of an innocent countrywoman of your ain, what should we expect frae Southrons and strangers? And maybe I had another reason for troubling your honor."

"And what is that?" asked the Duke.

"I hae understood from my father that your honor's house, and especially your gudesire and his father, laid down their lives on the scaffold in the persecuting time. And my father was honored to gie his testimony baith in the cage and in the pillory, as is specially mentioned in the books of Peter [Patrick] Walker, the packman, that your honor, I dare say, kens, for he uses maist partly the westland of Scotland.

And, sir, there's ane that takes concern in me that wished me to gang to your Grace's presence, for his gudesire had done your gracious gudesire some good turn, as ye will see frae these papers."

With these words, she delivered to the Duke the little parcel which she had received from Butler. He opened it, and in the envelope read with some surprise, "Muster-roll of the men serving in the troop of that godly gentleman, Captain Salathiel Bangtext—Obadiah Muggleton, Sin-Despise Double-knock, Stand-fast-in-faith Gipps, Turn-to-the-right Thwack-away. What the dence is this? A list of Praise-God Barebones' Parliament, I think, or of old Noll's evangelical army; that last fellow should understand his wheelings, to judge by his name. But what does all this mean, my girl?"

"It was the other paper, sir," said Jeanie, somewhat abashed at the mistake.

"O, this is my unfortunate grandfather's hand sure enough: 'To all who may have friendship for the house of Argyle, these are to certify that Benjamin [Stephen] Butler, of Monk's regiment of dragoons, having been, under God, the means of saving my life from four English troopers who were about to slay me, I, having no other present means of recompense in my power, do give him this acknowledgment, hoping that it may be useful to him or his during these troublesome times; and do conjure my friends, tenants, kinsmen, and whoever will do aught for me, either in the Highlands or Lowlands, to protect and assist the said Benjamin [Stephen] Butler, and his friends or family, on their lawful occasions, giving them such countenance, maintenance, and supply as may correspond with the benefit he hath bestowed on me. Witness my hand—

LORNE.'

"This is a strong injunction. This Benjamin [Stephen] Butler was your grandfather, I suppose? You seem too young to have been his daughter."

"He was nae akin to me, sir; he was grandfather to ane—to a neighbor's son—to a sincere weel-wisher of mine, sir," dropping her little courtesy as she spoke.

"O, I understand," said the Duke—"a true-love affair. He was the grandsire of one you are engaged to?"

"One I *was* engaged to, sir," said Jeanie, sighing; "but this unhappy business of my poor sister——"

"What!" said the Duke, hastily; "he has not deserted you on that account, has he?"

"No, sir; he wad be the last to leave a friend in difficul-

ties," said Jeanie; "but I maun think for him as weel as for mysell. He is a clergyman, sir, and it would not beseem him to marry the like of me, wi' this disgrace on my kindred."

"You are a singular young woman," said the Duke. "You seem to me to think of every one before yourself. And have you really come up from Edinburgh on foot to attempt this hopeless solicitation for your sister's life?"

"It was not a'thegither on foot, sir," answered Jeanie; "for I sometimes got a cast in a wagon, and I had a horse from Ferrybridge, and then the coach——"

"Well, never mind all that," interrupted the Duke. "What reason have you for thinking your sister innocent?"

"Because she has not been proved guilty, as will appear from looking at these papers."

She put into his hand a note of the evidence and copies of her sister's declaration. These papers Butler had procured after her departure, and Saddletree had them forwarded to London, to Mrs. Glass's care; so that Jeanie found the documents, so necessary for supporting her suit, lying in readiness at her arrival.

"Sit down in that chair, my good girl," said the Duke, "until I glance over the papers."

She obeyed, and watched with the utmost anxiety each change in his countenance as he cast his eye through the papers briefly, yet with attention, and making memoranda as he went along. After reading them hastily over, he looked up, and seemed about to speak, yet changed his purpose, as if afraid of committing himself by giving too hasty an opinion, and read over again several passages which he had marked as being most important. All this he did in shorter time than can be supposed by men of ordinary talents; for his mind was of that acute and penetrating character which discovers, with the glance of intuition, what facts bear on the particular point that chances to be subjected to consideration. At length he rose, after a few minutes' deep reflection. "Young woman," said he, "your sister's case must certainly be termed a hard one."

"God bless you, sir, for that very word!" said Jeanie.

"It seems contrary to the genius of British law," continued the Duke, "to take that for granted which is not proved, or to punish with death for a crime which, for aught the prosecutor has been able to show, may not have been committed at all."

"God bless you, sir!" again said Jeanie, who had risen from her seat, and, with clasped hands, eyes glittering through

tears, and features which trembled with anxiety, drank in every word which the Duke uttered.

"But, alas! my poor girl," he continued, "what good will my opinion do you, unless I could impress it upon those in whose hands your sister's life is placed by the law? Besides, I am no lawyer; and I must speak with some of our Scottish gentlemen of the gown about the matter."

"O, but, sir, what seems reasonable to your honor will certainly be the same to them," answered Jeanie.

"I do not know that," replied the Duke; "ilka man buckles his belt his ain gate—you know our old Scotch proverb? But you shall not have placed this reliance on me altogether in vain. Leave these papers with me, and you shall hear from me to-morrow or next day. Take care to be at home at Mrs. Glass's, and ready to come to me at a moment's warning. It will be unnecessary for you to give Mrs. Glass the trouble to attend you; and, by the by, you will please to be dressed just as you are at present."

"I wad hae putten on a cap, sir," said Jeanie, "but your honor kens it isna the fashion of my country for single women; and I judged that being sae mony hundred miles frae hame, your Grace's heart wad warm to the tartan," looking at the corner of her plaid.

"You judged quite right," said the Duke. "I know the full value of the snood; and MacCallummore's heart will be as cold as death can make it when it does *not* warm to the tartan. Now, go away, and don't be out of the way when I send."

Jeanie replied, "There is little fear of that, sir, for I have little heart to go to see sights amang this wilderness of black houses. But if I might say to your gracious honor, that if ye ever condescend to speak to ony ane that is of greater degree than yoursell, though maybe it is nae civil in me to say sae, just if you would think there can be nae sic odds between you and them as between poor Jeanie Deans from St. Leonard's and the Duke of Argyle; and so dinna be chappit back or cast down wi' the first rough answer."

"I am not apt," said the Duke, laughing, "to mind rough answers much. Do not you hope too much from what I have promised. I will do my best; but God has the hearts of kings in His own hand."

Jeanie courtesied reverently and withdrew, attended by the Duke's gentleman, to her hackney-coach, with a respect which her appearance did not demand, but which was perhaps paid to the length of the interview with which his master had honored her.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Ascend,
While radiant summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene ! Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape.

THOMSON.

FROM her kind and officious, but somewhat gossiping friend, Mrs. Glass, Jeanie underwent a very close catechism on their road to the Strand, where the Thistle of the good lady flourished in full glory, and, with its legend of *Nemo me impune*, distinguished a shop then well known to all Scottish folk of high and low degree.

“And were you sure aye to say ‘Your Grace’ to him?” said the good old lady; “for ane should make a distinction between MacCallummore and the bits o’ southern bodies that they ca’ lords here: there are as mony o’ them, Jeanie, as would gar ane think they maun cost but little fash in the making. Some of them I wadna trust wi’ six penniesworth of black rappee; some of them I wadna gie mysell the trouble to put up a hapnyworth in brown paper for. But I hope you showed your breeding to the Duke of Argyle, for what sort of folk would he think your friends in London, if you had been lording him, and him a duke?”

“He didna seem muckle to mind,” said Jeanie; “he kenn’d that I was landward bred.”

“Weel, weel,” answered the good lady. “His Grace kens me weel; so I am the less anxious about it. I never fill his snuff-box but he says, ‘How d’ye do, good Mrs. Glass? How are all our friends in the North?’ or it may be—‘Have ye heard from the North lately?’ And you may be sure I make my best courtesy, and answer, ‘My Lord Duke, I hope your Grace’s noble Duchess and your Grace’s young ladies are well; and I hope the snuff continues to give your Grace satisfaction.’ And then ye will see the people in the shop begin to look about them; and if there’s a Scotchman, as there may be three or half a dozen, aff go the hats, and mony a look after him, and ‘There goes the Prince of Scotland, God bless him!’ But ye have not told me yet the very words he said t’ye.”

Jeanie had no intention to be quite so communicative. She had, as the reader may have observed, some of the caution and shrewdness, as well as of the simplicity, of her country. She answered generally, that the Duke had received her very compassionately, and had promised to interest himself in her sister's affair, and to let her hear from him in the course of the next day, or the day after. She did not choose to make any mention of his having desired her to be in readiness to attend him, far less of his hint that she should not bring her landlady. So that honest Mrs. Glass was obliged to remain satisfied with the general intelligence above mentioned, after having done all she could to extract more.

It may easily be conceived that, on the next day, Jeanie declined all invitations and inducements, whether of exercise or curiosity, to walk abroad, and continued to inhale the close and somewhat professional atmosphere of Mrs. Glass's small parlor. The latter flavor it owed to a certain cupboard, containing, among other articles, a few canisters of real Havana, which, whether from respect to the manufacturer or out of a reverent fear of the exciseman, Mrs. Glass did not care to trust in the open shop below, and which communicated to the room a scent that, however fragrant to the nostrils of the connoisseur, was not very agreeable to those of Jeanie.

"Dear sirs," she said to herself, "I wonder how my cousin's silk manty, and her gowd watch, or onything in the world, can be worth sitting sneezing all her life in this little stifling room, and might walk on green braes if she liked."

Mrs. Glass was equally surprised at her cousin's reluctance to stir abroad and her indifference to the fine sights of London. "It would always help to pass away the time," she said, "to have something to look at, though ane *was* in distress."

But Jeanie was unpersuadable.

The day after her interview with the Duke was spent in that "hope delayed, which maketh the heart sick." Minutes glided after minutes; hours fled after hours; it became too late to have any reasonable expectation of hearing from the Duke that day; yet the hope which she disowned, she could not altogether relinquish, and her heart throbbed, and her ears tingled, with every casual sound in the shop below. It was in vain. The day wore away in the anxiety of protracted and fruitless expectation.

The next morning commenced in the same manner. But before noon a well-dressed gentleman entered Mrs. Glass's shop, and requested to see a young woman from Scotland.

"That will be my cousin, Jeanie Deans, Mr. Archibald," said Mrs. Glass, with a courtesy of recognizance. "Have you any message for her from his Grace the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Archibald? I will carry it to her in a moment."

"I believe I must give her the trouble of stepping down, Mrs. Glass."

"Jeanie—Jeanie Deans!" said Mrs. Glass, screaming at the bottom of the little staircase, which ascended from the corner of the shop to the higher regions. "Jeanie—Jeanie Deans, I say! come downstairs instantly; here is the Duke of Argyle's groom of the chambers desires to see you directly." This was announced in a voice so loud as to make all who chanced to be within hearing aware of the important communication.

It may easily be supposed that Jeanie did not tarry long in adjusting herself to attend the summons, yet her feet almost failed her as she came downstairs.

"I must ask the favor of your company a little way," said Archibald, with civility.

"I am quite ready, sir," said Jeanie.

"Is my cousin going out, Mr. Archibald? then I will hae to go wi' her, no doubt. James Rasper—look to the shop, James. Mr. Archibald," pushing a jar towards him, "you take his Grace's mixture, I think? Please to fill your box, for old acquaintance sake, while I get on my things."

Mr. Archibald transposed a modest parcel of snuff from the jar to his own mull, but said he was obliged to decline the pleasure of Mrs. Glass's company, as his message was particularly to the young person.

"Particularly to the young person!" said Mrs. Glass; "is not that uncommon, Mr. Archibald? But his Grace is the best judge; and you are a steady person, Mr. Archibald. It is not every one that comes from a great man's house I would trust my cousin with. But, Jeanie, you must not go through the streets with Mr. Archibald with your tartan what-d'ye-call-it there upon your shoulders, as if you had come up with a drove of Highland cattle. Wait till I bring down my silk cloak. Why, we'll have the mob after you!"

"I have a hackney-coach in waiting, madam," said Mr. Archibald, interrupting the officious old lady, from whom Jeanie might otherwise have found it difficult to escape, "and I believe I must not allow her time for any change of dress."

So saying, he hurried Jeanie into the coach, while she internally praised and wondered at the easy manner in which he shifted off Mrs. Glass's officious offers and inquiries, without

mentioning his master's orders, or going into any explanation whatever.

On entering the coach, Mr. Archibald seated himself in the front seat, opposite to our heroine, and they drove on in silence. After they had proceeded nearly half an hour, without a word on either side, it occurred to Jeanie that the distance and time did not correspond with that which had been occupied by her journey on the former occasion to and from the residence of the Duke of Argyle. At length she could not help asking her taciturn companion, "Whilk way they were going?"

"My Lord Duke will inform you himself, madam," answered Archibald, with the same solemn courtesy which marked his whole demeanor. Almost as he spoke the hackney-coach drew up, and the coachman dismounted and opened the door. Archibald got out and assisted Jeanie to get down. She found herself in a large turnpike road, without the bounds of London, upon the other side of which road was drawn up a plain chariot and four horses, the panels without arms, and the servants without liveries.

"You have been punctual, I see, Jeanie," said the Duke of Argyle, as Archibald opened the carriage door. "You must be my companion for the rest of the way. Archibald will remain here with the hackney-coach till your return."

Ere Jeanie could make answer, she found herself, to her no small astonishment, seated by the side of a duke, in a carriage which rolled forward at a rapid yet smooth rate, very different in both particulars from the lumbering, jolting vehicle which she had just left; and which, lumbering and jolting as it was, conveyed to one who had seldom been in a coach before a certain feeling of dignity and importance.

"Young woman," said the Duke, "after thinking as attentively on your sister's case as is in my power, I continue to be impressed with the belief that great injustice may be done by the execution of her sentence. So are one or two liberal and intelligent lawyers of both countries whom I have spoken with. Nay, pray hear me out before you thank me. I have already told you my personal conviction is of little consequence, unless I could impress the same upon others. Now I have done for you what I would certainly not have done to serve any purpose of my own: I have asked an audience of a lady whose interest with the king is deservedly very high. It has been allowed me, and I am desirous that you should see her and speak for yourself. You have no occasion to be abashed; tell your story simply as you did to me."

“I am much obliged to your Grace,” said Jeanie, remembering Mrs. Glass’s charge; “and I am sure, since I have had the courage to speak to your Grace in poor Effie’s cause, I have less reason to be shamefaced in speaking to a leddy. But, sir, I would like to ken what to ca’ her, whether ‘Your Grace,’ or ‘Your Honor,’ or ‘Your leddyship,’ as we say to lairds and leddies in Scotland, and I will take care to mind it; for I ken leddies are full mair particular than gentlemen about their titles of honor.”

“You have no occasion to call her anything but ‘Madam.’ Just say what you think is likely to make the best impression. Look at me from time to time: if I put my hand to my cravat so [showing her the motion], you will stop; but I shall only do this when you say anything that is not likely to please.”

“But, sir, your Grace,” said Jeanie, “if it wasna ower muckle trouble, wad it no be better to tell me what I should say, and I could get it by heart?”

“No, Jeanie, that would not have the same effect: that would be like reading a sermon, you know, which we good Presbyterians think has less unction than when spoken without book,” replied the Duke. “Just speak as plainly and boldly to this lady as you did to me the day before yesterday; and if you can gain her consent, I’ll wad ye a plack, as we say in the North, that you get the pardon from the king.”

As he spoke he took a pamphlet from his pocket and began to read. Jeanie had good sense and tact, which constitute betwixt them that which is called natural good-breeding. She interpreted the Duke’s manœuvre as a hint that she was to ask no more questions, and she remained silent accordingly.

The carriage rolled rapidly onward through fertile meadows ornamented with splendid old oaks, and catching occasionally a glance of the majestic mirror of a broad and placid river. After passing through a pleasant village, the equipage stopped on a commanding eminence, where the beauty of English landscape was displayed in its utmost luxuriance. Here the Duke alighted, and desired Jeanie to follow him. They paused for a moment on the brow of a hill, to gaze on the unrivalled landscape which it presented. A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom a hundred

barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gayly fluttering pennons gave life to the whole.

The Duke of Argyle was, of course, familiar with this scene ; but to a man of taste it must be always new. Yet, as he paused and looked on this inimitable landscape with the feeling of delight which it must give to the bosom of every admirer of nature, his thoughts naturally reverted to his own more grand, and scarce less beautiful, domains of Inverary. "This is a fine scene," he said to his companion, curious, perhaps, to draw out her sentiments ; "we have nothing like it in Scotland."

"It's braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o' cattle here," replied Jeanie ; "but I like just as weel to look at the craigs of Arthur's Seat, and the sea coming in ayont them, as at a' thae muckle trees."

The Duke smiled at a reply equally professional and national, and made a signal for the carriage to remain where it was. Then adopting an unfrequented footpath, he conducted Jeanie through several complicated mazes to a postern-door in a high brick wall. It was shut ; but as the Duke tapped slightly at it, a person in waiting within, after reconnoitring through a small iron grate contrived for the purpose, unlocked the door and admitted them. They entered, and it was immediately closed and fastened behind them. This was all done quickly, the door so instantly closing, and the person who opened it so suddenly disappearing, that Jeanie could not even catch a glimpse of his exterior.

They found themselves at the extremity of a deep and narrow alley, carpeted with the most verdant and close-shaven turf, which felt like velvet under their feet, and screened from the sun by the branches of the lofty elms which united over the path, and caused it to resemble, in the solemn obscurity of the light which they admitted, as well as from the range of columnar stems, and intricate union of their arched branches, one of the narrow side aisles in an ancient Gothic cathedral.

CHAPTER XXXVII

I beseech you ;
These tears beseech you, and these chaste hands woo you,
That never yet were heaved but to things holy—
Things like yourself. You are a God above us ;
Be as a God, then, full of saving mercy !

The Bloody Brother.

ENCOURAGED as she was by the courteous manners of her noble countryman, it was not without a feeling of something like terror that Jeanie felt herself in a place apparently so lonely, with a man of such high rank. That she should have been permitted to wait on the Duke in his own house, and have been there received to a private interview, was in itself an uncommon and distinguished event in the annals of a life so simple as hers ; but to find herself his travelling companion in a journey, and then suddenly to be left alone with him in so secluded a situation, had something in it of awful mystery. A romantic heroine might have suspected and dreaded the power of her own charms ; but Jeanie was too wise to let such a silly thought intrude on her mind. Still, however, she had a most eager desire to know where she now was, and to whom she was to be presented.

She remarked that the Duke's dress, though still such as indicated rank and fashion (for it was not the custom of men of quality at that time to dress themselves like their own coachmen or grooms) was nevertheless plainer than that in which she had seen him upon a former occasion, and was divested, in particular, of all those badges of external decoration which intimated superior consequence. In short, he was attired as plainly as any gentleman of fashion could appear in the streets of London in a morning ; and this circumstance helped to shake an opinion which Jeanie began to entertain, that perhaps he intended she should plead her cause in the presence of royalty itself. " But, surely," said she to herself, " he wad hae putten on his braw star and garter, an he had thought o' coming before the face of Majesty ; and after a', this is mair like a gentleman's policy than a royal palace."

There was some sense in Jeanie's reasoning ; yet she was

not sufficiently mistress either of the circumstances of etiquette, or the particular relations which existed betwixt the government and the Duke of Argyle, to form an accurate judgment. The Duke, as we have said, was at this time in open opposition to the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, and was understood to be out of favor with the royal family, to whom he had rendered such important services. But it was a maxim of Queen Caroline to bear herself towards her political friends with such caution as if there was a possibility of their one day being her enemies, and towards political opponents with the same degree of circumspection, as if they might again become friendly to her measures. Since Margaret of Anjou, no queen-consort had exercised such weight in the political affairs of England, and the personal address which she displayed on many occasions had no small share in reclaiming from their political heresy many of those determined Tories who, after the reign of the Stuarts had been extinguished in the person of Queen Anne, were disposed rather to transfer their allegiance to her brother, the Chevalier de St. George, than to acquiesce in the settlement of the crown on the Hanover family. Her husband, whose most shining quality was courage in the field of battle, and who endured the office of King of England without ever being able to acquire English habits, or any familiarity with English dispositions, found the utmost assistance from the address of his partner; and while he jealously affected to do everything according to his own will and pleasure, was in secret prudent enough to take and follow the advice of his more adroit consort. He intrusted to her the delicate office of determining the various degrees of favor necessary to attach the wavering, or to confirm such as were already friendly, or to regain those whose good will had been lost.

With all the winning address of an elegant, and, according to the times, an accomplished woman, Queen Caroline possessed the masculine soul of the other sex. She was proud by nature, and even her policy could not always temper her expressions of displeasure, although few were more ready at repairing any false step of this kind, when her prudence came up to the aid of her passions. She loved the real possession of power rather than the show of it, and whatever she did herself that was either wise or popular she always desired that the king should have the full credit as well as the advantage of the measure, conscious that, by adding to his respectability, she was most likely to maintain her own. And so desirous was she to comply with all his tastes, that, when

threatened with the gout, she had repeatedly had recourse to checking the fit by the use of the cold bath, thereby endangering her life, that she might be able to attend the king in his walks.

It was a very consistent part of Queen Caroline's character to keep up many private correspondences with those to whom in public she seemed unfavorable, or who, for various reasons, stood ill with the court. By this means she kept in her hands the thread of many a political intrigue, and, without pledging herself to anything, could often prevent discontent from becoming hatred and opposition from exaggerating itself into rebellion. If by any accident her correspondence with such persons chanced to be observed or discovered, which she took all possible pains to prevent, it was represented as a mere intercourse of society, having no reference to politics; an answer with which even the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was compelled to remain satisfied, when he discovered that the Queen had given a private audience to Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, his most formidable and most inveterate enemy.

In thus maintaining occasional intercourse with several persons who seemed most alienated from the crown, it may readily be supposed that Queen Caroline had taken care not to break entirely with the Duke of Argyle. His high birth, his great talents, the estimation in which he was held in his own country, the great services which he had rendered the house of Brunswick in 1715, placed him high in that rank of persons who were not to be rashly neglected. He had, almost by his single and unassisted talents, stopped the irruption of the banded force of all the Highland chiefs; there was little doubt that, with the slightest encouragement, he could put them all in motion and renew the civil war; and it was well known that the most flattering overtures had been transmitted to the Duke from the court of St. Germain. The character and temper of Scotland were still little known, and it was considered as a volcano which might, indeed, slumber for a series of years, but was still liable, at a moment the least expected, to break out into a wasteful eruption. It was therefore of the highest importance to retain some hold over so important a personage as the Duke of Argyle, and Caroline preserved the power of doing so by means of a lady with whom, as wife of George II., she might have been supposed to be on less intimate terms.

It was not the least instance of the Queen's address that she had contrived that one of her principal attendants, Lady

Suffolk, should unite in her own person the two apparently inconsistent characters of her husband's mistress and her own very obsequious and complaisant confidante. By this dexterous management the Queen secured her power against the danger which might most have threatened it—the thwarting influence of an ambitious rival; and if she submitted to the mortification of being obliged to connive at her husband's infidelity, she was at least guarded against what she might think its most dangerous effects, and was besides at liberty now and then to bestow a few civil insults upon “her good Howard,” whom, however, in general, she treated with great decorum.* Lady Suffolk lay under strong obligations to the Duke of Argyll, for reasons which may be collected from Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences* of that reign, and through her means the Duke had some occasional correspondence with Queen Caroline, much interrupted, however, since the part he had taken in the debate concerning the Porteous mob, an affair which the Queen, though somewhat unreasonably, was disposed to resent rather as an intended and premeditated insolence to her own person and authority than as a sudden ebullition of popular vengeance. Still, however, the communication remained open betwixt them, though it had been of late disused on both sides. These remarks will be found necessary to understand the scene which is about to be presented to the reader.

From the narrow alley which they had traversed, the Duke turned into one of the same character, but broader and still longer. Here, for the first time since they had entered these gardens, Jeanie saw persons approaching them.

They were two ladies, one of whom walked a little behind the other, yet not so much as to prevent her from hearing and replying to whatever observation was addressed to her by the lady who walked foremost, and that without her having the trouble to turn her person. As they advanced very slowly, Jeanie had time to study their features and appearance. The Duke also slackened his pace, as if to give her time to collect herself, and repeatedly desired her not to be afraid. The lady who seemed the principal person had remarkably good features, though somewhat injured by the small-pox, that venomous scourge which each village Esculapius (thanks to Jenner) can now tame as easily as their tutelary deity subdued the python. The lady's eyes were brilliant, her teeth good, and her countenance formed to express at will either majesty or courtesy. Her form, though rather *embonpoint*, was nevertheless grace-

* See Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences*.

ful; and the elasticity and firmness of her step gave no room to suspect, what was actually the case, that she suffered occasionally from a disorder the most unfavorable to pedestrian exercise. Her dress was rather rich than gay, and her manner commanding and noble.

Her companion was of lower stature, with light brown hair and expressive blue eyes. Her features, without being absolutely regular, were perhaps more pleasing than if they had been critically handsome. A melancholy, or at least a pensive, expression, for which her lot gave too much cause, predominated when she was silent, but gave way to a pleasing and good-humored smile when she spoke to any one.

When they were within twelve or fifteen yards of these ladies, the Duke made a sign that Jeanie should stand still, and stepping forward himself, with the grace which was natural to him, made a profound obeisance, which was formally, yet in a dignified manner, returned by the personage whom he approached.

"I hope," she said, with an affable and condescending smile, "that I see so great a stranger at court as the Duke of Argyle has been of late in as good health as his friends there and elsewhere could wish him to enjoy."

The Duke replied, "That he had been perfectly well;" and added, "that the necessity of attending to the public business before the House, as well as the time occupied by a late journey to Scotland, had rendered him less assiduous in paying his duty at the levee and drawing-room than he could have desired."

"When your Grace *can* find time for a duty so frivolous," replied the Queen, "you are aware of your title to be well received. I hope my readiness to comply with the wish which you expressed yesterday to Lady Suffolk is a sufficient proof that one of the royal family, at least, has not forgotten ancient and important services, in resenting something which resembles recent neglect." This was said apparently with great good-humor, and in a tone which expressed a desire of conciliation.

The Duke replied, "That he would account himself the most unfortunate of men, if he could be supposed capable of neglecting his duty, in modes and circumstances when it was expected and would have been agreeable. He was deeply gratified by the honor which her Majesty was now doing to him personally; and he trusted she would soon perceive that it was in a matter essential to his Majesty's interest that he had the boldness to give her this trouble."

"You cannot oblige me more, my Lord Duke," replied the Queen, "than by giving me the advantage of your lights and experience on any point of the King's service. Your Grace is aware that I can only be the medium through which the matter is subjected to his Majesty's superior wisdom; but if it is a suit which respects your Grace personally, it shall lose no support by being preferred through me."

"It is no suit of mine, madam," replied the Duke; "nor have I any to prefer for myself personally, although I feel in full force my obligation to your Majesty. It is a business which concerns his Majesty, as a lover of justice and of mercy, and which, I am convinced, may be highly useful in conciliating the unfortunate irritation which at present subsists among his Majesty's good subjects in Scotland."

There were two parts of this speech disagreeable to Caroline. In the first place, it removed the flattering notion she had adopted, that Argyle designed to use her personal intercession in making his peace with the administration, and recovering the employments of which he had been deprived; and next, she was displeased that he should talk of the discontents in Scotland as irritations to be conciliated, rather than suppressed.

Under the influence of these feelings, she answered hastily, "That his Majesty has good subjects in England, my Lord Duke, he is bound to thank God and the laws; that he has subjects in Scotland, I think he may thank God and his sword."

The Duke, though a courtier, colored slightly, and the Queen, instantly sensible of her error, added, without displaying the least change of countenance, and as if the words had been an original branch of the sentence—"And the swords of those real Scotchmen who are friends to the house of Brunswick, particularly that of his Grace of Argyle."

"My sword, madam," replied the Duke, "like that of my fathers, has been always at the command of my lawful king and of my native country: I trust it is impossible to separate their real rights and interests. But the present is a matter of more private concern, and respects the person of an obscure individual."

"What is the affair, my Lord?" said the Queen. "Let us find out what we are talking about, lest we should misconstrue and misunderstand each other."

"The matter, madam," answered the Duke of Argyle, "regards the fate of an unfortunate young woman in Scotland, now lying under sentence of death, for a crime of which

I think it highly probable that she is innocent. And my humble petition to your Majesty is, to obtain your powerful intercession with the King for a pardon."

It was now the Queen's turn to color, and she did so over cheek and brow, neck and bosom. She paused a moment, as if unwilling to trust her voice with the first expression of her displeasure; and on assuming an air of dignity and an austere regard of control, she at length replied, "My Lord Duke, I will not ask your motives for addressing to me a request which circumstances have rendered such an extraordinary one. Your road to the King's closet, as a peer and a privy-councillor, entitled to request an audience, was open, without giving me the pain of this discussion. I, at least, have had enough of Scotch pardons."

The Duke was prepared for this burst of indignation, and he was not shaken by it. He did not attempt a reply while the Queen was in the first heat of displeasure, but remained in the same firm yet respectful posture which he had assumed during the interview. The Queen, trained from her situation to self-command, instantly perceived the advantage she might give against herself by yielding to passion; and added, in the same condescending and affable tone in which she had opened the interview, "You must allow me some of the privileges of the sex, my Lord; and do not judge uncharitably of me, though I am a little moved at the recollection of the gross insult and outrage done in your capital city to the royal authority, at the very time when it was vested in my unworthy person. Your Grace cannot be surprised that I should both have felt it at the time and recollected it now."

"It is certainly a matter not speedily to be forgotten," answered the Duke. "My own poor thoughts of it have been long before your Majesty, and I must have expressed myself very ill if I did not convey my detestation of the murder which was committed under such extraordinary circumstances. I might, indeed, be so unfortunate as to differ with his Majesty's advisers on the degree in which it was either just or politic to punish the innocent instead of the guilty. But I trust your Majesty will permit me to be silent on a topic in which my sentiments have not the good fortune to coincide with those of more able men."

"We will not prosecute a topic on which we may probably differ," said the Queen. "One word, however, I may say in private—you know our good Lady Suffolk is a little deaf—the Duke of Argyle, when disposed to renew his acquaintance

with his master and mistress, will hardly find many topics on which we should disagree."

"Let me hope," said the Duke, bowing profoundly to so flattering an intimation, "that I shall not be so unfortunate as to have found one on the present occasion."

"I must first impose on your Grace the duty of confession," said the Queen, "before I grant you absolution. What is your particular interest in this young woman? She does not seem [and she scanned Jeanie, as she said this, with the eye of a connoisseur] much qualified to alarm my friend the Duchess's jealousy."

"I think your Majesty," replied the Duke, smiling in his turn, "will allow my taste may be a pledge for me on that score."

"Then, though she has not much the air *d'une grande dame*, I suppose she is some thirtieth cousin in the terrible chapter of Scottish genealogy?"

"No, madam," said the Duke; "but I wish some of my nearer relations had half her worth, honesty, and affection."

"Her name must be Campbell, at least?" said Queen Caroline.

"No, madam; her name is not quite so distinguished, if I may be permitted to say so," answered the Duke.

"Ah! but she comes from Inverary or Argyleshire?" said the Sovereign.

"She has never been further north in her life than Edinburgh, madam."

"Then my conjectures are all ended," said the Queen, "and your Grace must yourself take the trouble to explain the affair of your *protégée*."

With that precision and easy brevity which is only acquired by habitually conversing in the higher ranks of society, and which is the diametrical opposite of that protracted style of disquisition

Which squires call potter, and which men call prose,

the Duke explained the singular law under which Effie Deans had received sentence of death, and detailed the affectionate exertions which Jeanie had made in behalf of a sister for whose sake she was willing to sacrifice all but truth and conscience.

Queen Caroline listened with attention; she was rather fond, it must be remembered, of an argument, and soon found matter in what the Duke told her for raising difficulties to his request.

“It appears to me, my Lord,” she replied, “that this is a severe law. But still it is adopted upon good grounds, I am bound to suppose, as the law of the country, and the girl has been convicted under it. The very presumptions which the law construes into a positive proof of guilt exist in her case; and all that your Grace has said concerning the possibility of her innocence may be a very good argument for annulling the Act of Parliament, but cannot, while it stands good, be admitted in favor of any individual convicted upon the statute.”

The Duke saw and avoided the snare; for he was conscious that, by replying to the argument, he must have been inevitably led to a discussion, in the course of which the Queen was likely to be hardened in her own opinion, until she became obliged, out of mere respect to consistency, to let the criminal suffer. “If your Majesty,” he said, “would condescend to hear my poor countrywoman herself, perhaps she may find an advocate in your own heart more able than I am to combat the doubts suggested by your understanding.”

The Queen seemed to acquiesce, and the Duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained watching countenances which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and she besought “her Laddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature,” in tones so affecting that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

“Stand up, young woman,” said the Queen, but in a kind tone, “and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country-folk are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours?”

“If your Laddyship pleases,” answered Jeanie, “there are many places beside Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood.”

It must be observed, that the disputes between George the Second and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the Queen. She colored highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character first at Jeanie and then at the Duke. Both sustained it unmoved—Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the Duke from

his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, "My unlucky *protégée* has, with this luckless answer, shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success."

Lady Suffolk good-humoredly and skilfully interposed in this awkward crisis. "You should tell this lady," she said to Jeanie, "the particular causes which render this crime common in your country."

"Some thinks it's the kirk-session ; that is, it's the—it's the cutty-stool, if your Ledyship pleases," said Jeanie, looking down and courtesying.

"The what ?" said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

"That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your Ledyship," answered Jeanie, "for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command." Here she raised her eyes to the Duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

"The deuce take the lass," thought the Duke of Argyle to himself ; "there goes another shot, and she has hit with both barrels right and left !"

Indeed, the Duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance-hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first ; for her Majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a Queen but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of "her good Suffolk." She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, "The Scotch are a rigidly moral people." Then again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked how she travelled up from Scotland.

"Upon my foot mostly, madam," was the reply.

"What, all that immense way upon foot ? How far can you walk in a day ?"

"Five-and-twenty miles and a bittock."

“And a what?” said the Queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

“And about five miles more,” replied the Duke.

“I thought I was a good walker,” said the Queen, “but this shames me sadly.”

“May your Ledyship never hae sae weary a heart that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs!” said Jeanie.

“That came better off,” thought the Duke; “it’s the first thing she has said to the purpose.”

“And I didna just a’thegither walk the haill way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge, and divers other easements,” said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the Duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

“With all these accommodations,” answered the Queen, “you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.”

“She will sink herself now outright,” thought the Duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay underground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

“She was confident,” she said, “that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature.”

“His Majesty has not found it so in a late instance,” said the Queen; “but I suppose my Lord Duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves who should be hanged and who spared?”

“No, madam,” said the Duke; “but I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then, I am sure, punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance.”

“Well, my Lord,” said her Majesty, “all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favor to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognized? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depository of the secret. Hark

you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?"

"No, madam," answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

"But I suppose," continued the Queen, "if you were possessed of such a secret you would hold it matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?"

"I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam," answered Jeanie.

"Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations," replied her Majesty.

"If it like you, madam," said Jeanie, "I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister—my puir sister Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kenn'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Save an honest house from dishonor, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Laddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours—O, my Laddy, then it isna what we hae dune for ourselfs, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features

glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle. "Young woman," she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, "*I cannot grant a pardon to your sister, but you shall not want my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife case,*" she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; "*do not open it now, but at your leisure you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline.*"

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude; but the Duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

"Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my Lord Duke," said the Queen, "and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter, I hope to see your Grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St. James's. Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his Grace good morning."

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the Duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

So soon as I can win the offended King,
I will be known your advocate.

Cymbeline.

THE Duke of Argyle led the way in silence to the small postern by which they had been admitted into Richmond Park, so long the favorite residence of Queen Caroline. It was opened by the same half-seen janitor, and they found themselves beyond the precincts of the royal demesne. Still not a word was spoken on either side. The Duke probably wished to allow his rustic *protégée* time to recruit her faculties, dazzled and sunk with colloquy sublime; and betwixt what she had guessed, had heard, and had seen, Jeanie Deans's mind was too much agitated to permit her to ask any questions.

They found the carriage of the Duke in the place where they had left it; and when they resumed their places, soon began to advance rapidly on their return to town.

"I think, Jeanie," said the Duke, breaking silence, "you have every reason to congratulate yourself on the issue of your interview with her Majesty."

"And that leddy *was* the Queen hersell?" said Jeanie; "I misdoubted it when I saw that your honor didna put on your hat. And yet I can hardly believe it, even when I heard her speak it hersell."

"It was certainly Queen Caroline," replied the Duke. "Have you no curiosity to see what is in the little pocket-book?"

"Do you think the pardon will be in it, sir?" said Jeanie, with the eager animation of hope.

"Why, no," replied the Duke; "that is unlikely. They seldom carry these things about them, unless they were likely to be wanted; and, besides, her Majesty told you it was the King, not she, who was to grant it."

"That is true too," said Jeanie; "but I am so confused in my mind. But does your honor think there is a certainty of Effie's pardon, then?" continued she, still holding in her hand the unopened pocket-book.

"Why, kings are kittle cattle to shoe behind, as we say in the North," replied the Duke; "but his wife knows his trim, and I have not the least doubt that the matter is quite certain."

"O, God be praised! God be praised!" ejaculated Jeanie; "and may the gude leddy never want the heart's ease she has gien me at this moment. And God bless you too, my Lord! without your help I wad ne'er hae won near her."

The Duke let her dwell upon this subject for a considerable time, curious, perhaps, to see how long the feelings of gratitude would continue to supersede those of curiosity. But so feeble was the latter feeling in Jeanie's mind, that his Grace, with whom, perhaps, it was for the time a little stronger, was obliged once more to bring forward the subject of the Queen's present. It was opened accordingly. In the inside of the case was the usual assortment of silk and needles, with scissors, tweezers, etc.; and in the pocket was a bank-bill for fifty pounds.

The Duke had no sooner informed Jeanie of the value of this last document, for she was unaccustomed to see notes for such sums, than she expressed her regret at the mistake which had taken place. "For the hussy itsell," she said, "was a very valuable thing for a keepsake, with the Queen's name written in the inside with her ain hand, doubtless—Caroline—as plain as could be, and a crown drawn aboon it." She therefore tendered the bill to the Duke, requesting him to find some mode of returning it to the royal owner.

"No, no, Jeanie," said the Duke, "there is no mistake in the case. Her Majesty knows you have been put to great expense, and she wishes to make it up to you."

"I am sure she is even ower gude," said Jeanie, "and it glads me muckle that I can pay back Dumbiedikes his siller, without distressing my father, honest man."

"Dumbiedikes! What, a freeholder of Midlothian, is he not?" said his Grace, whose occasional residence in that country made him acquainted with most of the heritors, as landed persons are termed in Scotland. "He has a house not far from Dalkeith, wears a black wig and a laced hat?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jeanie, who had her reasons for being brief in her answers upon this topic.

"Ah! my old friend Dumbie!" said the Duke; "I have thrice seen him fou, and only once heard the sound of his voice. Is he a cousin of yours, Jeanie?"

"No, sir—my Lord."

"Then he must be a well-wisher, I suspect?"

"Ye—yes, my Lord, sir," answered Jeanie, blushing, and with hesitation.

"Aha! then, if the Laird starts, I suppose my friend Butler must be in some danger?"

"O no, sir," answered Jeanie much more readily, but at the same time blushing much more deeply.

"Well, Jeanie," said the Duke, "you are a girl may be safely trusted with your own matters, and I shall inquire no further about them. But as to this same pardon, I must see to get it passed through the proper forms; and I have a friend in office who will, for auld lang syne, do me so much favor. And then, Jeanie, as I shall have occasion to send an express down to Scotland who will travel with it safer and more swiftly than you can do, I will take care to have it put into the proper channel; meanwhile, you may write to your friends, by post, of your good success."

"And does your honor think," said Jeanie, "that will do as weel as if I were to take my tap in my lap and slip my ways hame again on my ain errand?"

"Much better, certainly," said the Duke. "You know the roads are not very safe for a single woman to travel."

Jeanie internally acquiesced in this observation.

"And I have a plan for you besides. One of the Duchess's attendants, and one of mine—your acquaintance Archibald—are going down to Inverary in a light calash, with four horses I have bought, and there is room enough in the carriage for you to go with them as far as Glasgow, where Archibald will find means of sending you safely to Edinburgh. And in the way, I beg you will teach the woman as much as you can of the mystery of cheese-making, for she is to have a charge in the dairy, and I dare swear you are as tidy about your milk-pail as about your dress."

"Does your honor like cheese?" said Jeanie, with a gleam of conscious delight as she asked the question.

"Like it!" said the Duke, whose good-nature anticipated what was to follow—"cakes and cheese are a dinner for an emperor, let alone a Highlandman."

"Because," said Jeanie, with modest confidence, and great and evident self-gratulation, "we have been thought so particular in making cheese, that some folk think it as gude as the real Dunlop; and if your Honor's Grace wad but accept a stane or twa, blithe, and fain, and proud it wad make us! But maybe ye may like the ewe-milk, that is, the Buckholmside * cheese better; or maybe the gait-milk, as ye come

* See Buckholmside Cheese. Note 30.

frae the Highlands—and I canna pretend just to the same skeel o' them ; but my cousin Jean, that lives at Lockermachus in Lammermuir, I could speak to her, and——”

“ Quite unnecessary,” said the Duke ; “ the Dunlop is the very cheese of which I am so fond, and I will take it as the greatest favor you can do me to send one to Caroline Park. But remember, be on honor with it, Jeanie, and make it all yourself, for I am a real good judge.”

“ I am not feared,” said Jeanie, confidently, “ that I may please your honor ; for I am sure you look as if you could hardly find fault wi' onybody that did their best ; and weel is it my part, I trow, to do mine.”

This discourse introduced a topic upon which the two travellers, though so different in rank and education, found each a good deal to say. The Duke, besides his other patriotic qualities, was a distinguished agriculturist, and proud of his knowledge in that department. He entertained Jeanie with his observations on the different breeds of cattle in Scotland, and their capacity for the dairy, and received so much information from her practical experience in return, that he promised her a couple of Devonshire cows in reward for the lesson. In short, his mind was so transported back to his rural employments and amusements, that he sighed when his carriage stopped opposite to the old hackney-coach, which Archibald had kept in attendance at the place where they had left it. While the coachman again bridled his lean cattle, which had been indulged with a bite of musty hay, the Duke cautioned Jeanie not to be too communicative to her landlady concerning what had passed. “ There is,” he said, “ no use of speaking of matters till they are actually settled ; and you may refer the good lady to Archibald, if she presses you hard with questions. She is his old acquaintance, and he knows how to manage with her.”

He then took a cordial farewell of Jeanie, and told her to be ready in the ensuing week to return to Scotland, saw her safely established in her hackney-coach, and rolled off in his own carriage, humming a stanza of the ballad which he is said to have composed :

“ At the sight of Dunbarton once again,
I'll cock up my bonnet and march amain,
With my claymore hanging down to my heel,
To whang at the bannocks of barley meal.”

Perhaps one ought to be actually a Scotchman to conceive how ardently, under all distinctions of rank and situation,

they feel their mutual connection with each other as natives of the same country. There are, I believe, more associations common to the inhabitants of a rude and wild than of a well-cultivated and fertile country : their ancestors have more seldom changed their place of residence ; their mutual recollection of remarkable objects is more accurate ; the high and the low are more interested in each other's welfare ; the feelings of kindred and relationship are more widely extended ; and, in a word, the bonds of patriotic affection, always honorable even when a little too exclusively strained, have more influence on men's feelings and actions.

The rumbling hackney-coach, which tumbled over the (then) execrable London pavement at a rate very different from that which had conveyed the ducal carriage to Richmond, at length deposited Jeanie Deans and her attendant at the national sign of the Thistle. Mrs. Glass, who had been in long and anxious expectation, now rushed, full of eager curiosity and open-mouthed interrogation, upon our heroine, who was positively unable to sustain the overwhelming cataclysm of her questions, which burst forth with the sublimity of a grand gurdyloo—"Had she seen the Duke, God bless him !—the Duchess—the young ladies ? Had she seen the King, God bless him !—the Queen—the Prince of Wales—the Princess—or any of the rest of the royal family ? Had she got her sister's pardon ? Was it out and out, or was it only a commutation of punishment ? How far had she gone—where had she driven to—whom had she seen—what had been said—what had kept her so long ?"

Such were the various questions huddled upon each other by a curiosity so eager that it could hardly wait for its own gratification. Jeanie would have been more than sufficiently embarrassed by this overbearing tide of interrogations, had not Archibald, who had probably received from his master a hint to that purpose, advanced to her rescue. "Mrs. Glass," said Archibald, "his Grace desired me particularly to say, that he would take it as a great favor if you would ask the young woman no questions, as he wishes to explain to you more distinctly than she can do how her affairs stand, and consult you on some matters which she cannot altogether so well explain. The Duke will call at the Thistle to-morrow or next day for that purpose."

"His Grace is very condescending," said Mrs. Glass, her zeal for inquiry slaked for the present by the dexterous administration of this sugar-plum ; "his Grace is sensible that I am in a manner accountable for the conduct of my young

kinswoman, and no doubt his Grace is the best judge how far he should intrust her or me with the management of her affairs."

"His Grace is quite sensible of that," answered Archibald, with national gravity, "and will certainly trust what he has to say to the most discreet of the two; and therefore, Mrs. Glass, his Grace relies you will speak nothing to Mrs. Jean Deans, either of her own affairs or her sister's, until he sees you himself. He desired me to assure you, in the meanwhile, that all was going on as well as your kindness could wish, Mrs. Glass."

"His Grace is very kind—very considerate; certainly, Mr. Archibald, his Grace's commands shall be obeyed, and— But you have had a far drive, Mr. Archibald, as I guess by the time of your absence, and I guess [with an engaging smile] you winna be the waur o' a glass of the right Rosa Solis."

"I thank you, Mrs. Glass," said the great man's great man, "but I am under the necessity of returning to my Lord directly." And making his adieus civilly to both cousins, he left the shop of the lady of the Thistle.

"I am glad your affairs have prospered so well, Jeanie, my love," said Mrs. Glass; "though, indeed, there was little fear of them so soon as the Duke of Argyle was so condescending as to take them into hand. I will ask you no questions about them, because his Grace, who is most considerate and prudent in such matters, intends to tell me all that you ken yourself, dear, and doubtless a great deal more; so that anything that may lie heavily on your mind may be imparted to me in the meantime, as you see it is his Grace's pleasure that I should be made acquainted with the whole matter forthwith, and whether you or he tells it will make no difference in the world, ye ken. If I ken what he is going to say beforehand, I will be much more ready to give my advice, and whether you or he tell me about it cannot much signify after all, my dear. So you may just say whatever you like, only mind I ask you no questions about it."

Jeanie was a little embarrassed. She thought that the communication she had to make was perhaps the only means she might have in her power to gratify her friendly and hospitable kinswoman. But her prudence instantly suggested that her secret interview with Queen Caroline, which seemed to pass under a certain sort of mystery, was not a proper subject for the gossip of a woman like Mrs. Glass, of whose heart she had a much better opinion than of her prudence. She there-

fore answered in general, "That the Duke had had the extraordinary kindness to make very particular inquiries into her sister's bad affair, and that he thought he had found the means of putting it a' straight again, but that he proposed to tell all that he thought about the matter to Mrs. Glass herself."

This did not quite satisfy the penetrating mistress of the Thistle. Searching as her own small rappee, she, in spite of her promise, urged Jeanie with still further questions. "Had she been a' that time at Argyle House? Was the Duke with her the whole time? and had she seen the Duchess? and had she seen the young ladies, and specially Lady Caroline Campbell?" To these questions Jeanie gave the general reply, "That she knew so little of the town that she could not tell exactly where she had been; that she had not seen the Duchess to her knowledge; that she had seen two ladies, one of whom, she understood, bore the name of Caroline; and more," she said, "she could not tell about the matter."

"It would be the Duke's eldest daughter, Lady Caroline Campbell, there is no doubt of that," said Mrs. Glass; "but, doubtless, I shall know more particularly through his Grace. And so, as the cloth is laid in the little parlor above stairs, and it is past three o'clock—for I have been waiting this hour for you, and I have had a snack myself—and, as they used to say in Scotland in my time—I do not ken if the word be used now—there is ill talking between a full body and a fasting——"

CHAPTER XXXIX

Heaven first sent letters to some wretch's aid—
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.

POPE.

By dint of unwonted labor with the pen, Jeanie Deans contrived to indite, and give to the charge of the postman on the ensuing day, no less than three letters, an exertion altogether strange to her habits; insomuch so that, if milk had been plenty, she would rather have made thrice as many Dunlop cheeses. The first of them was very brief. It was addressed to George Staunton, Esq., at the Rectory, Willingham, by Grantham; the address being part of the information which she had extracted from the communicative peasant who rode before her to Stamford. It was in these words:

“SIR,

“To prevent farder mischieves, whereof there hath been enough, comes these: Sir, I have my sister's pardon from the Queen's Majesty, whereof I do not doubt you will be glad, having had to say naut of matters whereof you know the purport. So, sir, I pray for your better welfare in bodie and soul, and that it will please the fisycian to visit you in His good time. Alwaies, sir, I pray you will never come again to see my sister, whereof there has been too much. And so, wishing you no evil, but even your best good, that you may be turned from your iniquity—for why suld ye die?—I rest your humble servant to command,

YE KEN WHA.”

The next letter was to her father. It was too long altogether for insertion, so we only give a few extracts. It commenced—

“DEAREST AND TRULY HONORED FATHER,

“This comes with my duty to inform you, that it has pleased God to redeem that captivitie of my poor sister, in respect the Queen's blessed Majesty, for whom we are ever bound to pray, hath redeemed her soul from the slayer, grant-

ing the ransom of her, whilk is ane pardon or reprieve. And I spoke with the Queen face to face, and yet live ; for she is not muckle differing from other grand leddies, saving that she has a stately presence, and een like a blue huntin'-hawk's, whilk gaed throu' and throu' me like a Hieland durk. And all this good was, alway under the Great Giver, to whom all are but instruments, wrought forth for us by the Duk of Argyle, wha is ane native true-hearted Scotsman, and not pride-fu', like other folk we ken of ; and likewise skeely enow in bestial, whereof he has promised to gie me twa Devonshire kye, of which he is enamoured, although I do still laud by the real hawkit Airshire breed ; and I have promised him a cheese ; and I wad wuss ye, if Gowans, the brockit cow, has a quey, that she suld suck her fill of milk, as I am given to understand he has none of that breed, and is not scornfu', but will take a thing frae a puir body, that it may lighten their heart of the loading of debt that they awe him. Also his Honor the Duke will accept ane of our Dunlop cheeses, and it sall be my faut if a better was ever yearned in Lowden. [Here follow some observations respecting the breed of cattle and the produce of the dairy, which it is our intention to forward to the Beard of Agriculture.] Nevertheless, these are but matters of the after-harvest, in respect of the great good which Providence hath gifted us with, and, in especial, poor Effie's life. And O, my dear father, since it hath pleased God to be merciful to her, let her not want your free pardon, whilk will nake her meet to be ane vessel of grace, and also a comfort to your ain graie hairs. Dear father, will ye let the Laird ken that we have had friends strangely raised up to us, and that the talent whilk he lent me will be thankfully repaid ? I hae some of it to the fore ; and the rest of it is not knotted up in ane purse or napkin, but in ane wee bit paper, as is the fashion heir, whilk I am assured is gude for the siller. And, dear father, through Mr. Butler's means I hae gude friendship with the Duke, for there had been kindness between their forbears in the auld*troublesome time by-past. And Mrs. Glass has been kind like my very mother. She has a braw house here, and lives bien and warm, wi' twa servant lasses, and a man and a callant in the shop. And she is to send you down a pound of her hie-dried, and some other tobaka, and we maun think of some propine for her, since her kindness hath been great. And the Duk is to send the pardun down by an express messenger, in respect that I canna travel sae fast ; and I am to come down wi' twa of his Honor's servants—that is, John Archibald, a decent elderly gentleman, that

says he has seen you lang syne, when ye were buying beasts in the west frae the Laird of Aughtermuggitie—but maybe ye winna mind him—ony way, he's a civil man—and Mrs. Dolly Dutton, that is to be dairymaid at Inverara; and they bring me on as far as Glasgo', whilk will make it nae pinch to win hame, whilk I desire of all things. May the Giver of all good things keep ye in your outgauns and incomings, whereof devoutly prayeth your loving dauter,

“JEAN DEANS.”

The third letter was to Butler, and its tenor as follows :

“MASTER BUTLER,

“SIR—It will be pleasure to you to ken that all I came for is, thanks be to God, weel dune and to the gude end, and that your forbear's letter was right welcome to the Duke of Argile, and that he wrote your name down with a keelyvine pen in a leathern book, whereby it seems like he will do for you either wi' a scule or a kirk; he has enow of baith, as I am assured. And I have seen the Queen, which gave me a hussy-case out of her own hand. She had not her crown and skeptre, but they are laid by for her, like the bairns' best claise, to be worn when she needs them. And they are keepit in a tour, whilk is not like the tour of Liberton, nor yet Craigmillar, but mair like to the castell of Edinburgh, if the buildings were taen and set down in the midst of the Nor' Loch. Also the Queen was very bounteous, giving me a paper worth fiftie pounds, as I am assured, to pay my expenses here and back agen. Sae, Master Butler, as we were aye neebours' bairns, forbye onything else that may hae been spoken between us, I trust you winna skrimp yoursell for what is needfu' for your health, since it signifies not muckle whilk o' us has the siller, if the other wants it. And mind this is no meant to hand ye to onything whilk ye wad rather forget, if ye suld get a charge of a kirk or a scule, as above said. Only I hope it will be a scule, and not a kirk, because of these difficulties anent aiths and patronages, whilk might gang ill down wi' my honest father. Only if ye could compass a harmonious call frae the parish of Skreegh-me-dead, as ye anes had hope of, I trow it wad please him weel; since I hae heard him say that the root of the matter was mair deeply hafted in that wild muirland parish than in the Canongate of Edinburgh. I wish I had whaten books ye wanted, Mr. Butler, for they hae haill houses of them here, and they are obliged to set sum out in the street, whilk are sald cheap, doubtless to get them out of the weather. It is a

muckle place, and I hae seen sae muckle of it that my poor head turns round. And ye ken lang syne I am nae great pen-woman, and it is near eleven o'clock o' the night. I am cumming down in good company, and safe ; and I had troubles in gaun up, whilk makes me blyther of travelling wi' kenn'd folk. My cousin, Mrs. Glass, has a braw house here, but a'thing is sae poisoned wi' snuff that I am like to be scomfished whiles. But what signifies these things, in comparison of the great deliverance whilk has been vouchsafed to my father's house, in whilk you, as our auld and dear well-wisher, will, I doubt not, rejoice and be exceedingly glad ? And I am, dear Mr. Butler, your sincere well-wisher in temporal and eternal things,
J. D."

After these labors of an unwonted kind, Jeanie retired to her bed, yet scarce could sleep a few minutes together, so often was she awakened by the heart-stirring consciousness of her sister's safety, and so powerfully urged to deposit her burden of joy where she had before laid her doubts and sorrows, in the warm and sincere exercises of devotion.

All the next, and all the succeeding day, Mrs. Glass fidgeted about her shop in the agony of expectation, like a pea—to use a vulgar simile which her profession renders appropriate—upon one of her own tobacco-pipes. With the third morning came the expected coach, with four servants clustered behind on the foot-board, in dark brown and yellow liveries ; the Duke in person, with laced coat, gold-headed cane, star and garter—all, as the story-book says, very grand.

He inquired for his little countrywoman of Mrs. Glass, but without requesting to see her, probably because he was unwilling to give an appearance of personal intercourse betwixt them which scandal might have misinterpreted. "The Queen," he said to Mrs. Glass, "had taken the case of her kinswoman into her gracious consideration, and being specially moved by the affectionate and resolute character of the elder sister, had condescended to use her powerful intercession with his Majesty, in consequence of which a pardon had been despatched to Scotland to Effie Deans, on condition of her banishing herself forth of Scotland for fourteen years. The King's Advocate had insisted," he said, "upon this qualification of the pardon, having pointed out to his Majesty's ministers that, within the course of only seven years, twenty-one instances of child-murder had occurred in Scotland."

"Weary on him !" said Mrs. Glass, "what for needed he to have telled that of his ain country, and to the English folk

abune a' ? I used aye to think the Advocate* a douce decent man, but it is an ill bird—begging your Grace's pardon for speaking of such a coorse by-word. And then what is the poor lassie to do in a foreign land ? Why, wae's me, it's just sending her to play the same pranks ower again, out of sight or guidance of her friends."

"Pooh ! pooh !" said the Duke, "that need not be anticipated. Why, she may come up to London, or she may go over to America, and marry well for all that is come and gone."

"In troth, and so she may, as your Grace is pleased to intimate," replied Mrs. Glass ; "and now I think upon it, there is my old correspondent in Virginia, Ephraim Buckskin, that has supplied the Thistle this forty years with tobacco, and it is not a little that serves our turn, and he has been writing to me this ten years to send him out a wife. The carle is not above sixty, and hale and hearty, and well-to-pass in the world, and a line from my hand would settle the matter, and Effie Deans's misfortune—forbye that there is no special occasion to speak about it—would be thought little of there."

"Is she a pretty girl ?" said the Duke ; "her sister does not get beyond a good comely sonsy lass."

"Oh, far prettier is Effie than Jeanie," said Mrs. Glass, "though it is long since I saw her mysell ; but I hear of the Deanses by all my Lowden friends when they come ; your Grace kens we Scots are clannish bodies."

"So much the better for us," said the Duke, "and the worse for those who meddle with us, as your good old-fashioned Scots sign says, Mrs. Glass. And now I hope you will approve of the measures I have taken for restoring your kinswoman to her friends." These he detailed at length, and Mrs. Glass gave her unqualified approbation, with a smile and a courtesy at every sentence. "And now, Mrs. Glass, you must tell Jeanie I hope she will not forget my cheese when she gets dower to Scotland. Archibald has my orders to arrange all her expenses."

"Begging your Grace's humble pardon," said Mrs. Glass, "it's a pity to trouble yourself about them ; the Deanses are wealthy people in their way, and the lass has money in her pocket."

"That's all very true," said the Duke ; "but you know, where MacCallummure travels he pays all : it is our Highland privilege to take from all what *we* want, and to give to all what *they* want."

*The celebrated Duncan Forbes, soon afterwards Lord President of the College of Justice, was at this time Lord Advocate.

“Your Grace’s better at giving than taking,” said Mrs. Glass.

“To show you the contrary,” said the Duke, “I will fill my box out of this canister without paying you a bawbee ;” and again desiring to be remembered to Jeanie, with his good wishes for her safe journey, he departed, leaving Mrs. Glass uplifted in heart and in countenance, the proudest and happiest of tobacco and snuff dealers.

Reflectively, his Grace’s good-humor and affability had a favorable effect upon Jeanie’s situation. Her kinswoman, though civil and kind to her, had acquired too much of London breeding to be perfectly satisfied with her cousin’s rustic and national dress, and was, besides, something scandalized at the cause of her journey to London. Mrs. Glass might, therefore, have been less sedulous in her attentions towards Jeanie, but for the interest which the foremost of the Scottish nobles (for such, in all men’s estimation, was the Duke of Argyle) seemed to take in her fate. Now, however, as a kinswoman whose virtues and domestic affections had attracted the notice and approbation of royalty itself, Jeanie stood to her relative in a light very different and much more favorable, and was not only treated with kindness, but with actual observance and respect.

It depended upon herself alone to have made as many visits, and seen as many sights, as lay within Mrs. Glass’s power to compass. But, excepting that she dined abroad with one or two “far-away kinsfolk,” and that she paid the same respect, on Mrs. Glass’s strong urgency, to Mrs. Deputy Dabby, wife of the Worshipful Mr. Deputy Dabby, of Farringdon Without, she did not avail herself of the opportunity. As Mrs. Dabby was the second lady of great rank whom Jeanie had seen in London, she used sometimes afterwards to draw a parallel betwixt her and the Queen, in which she observed, that “Mrs. Dabby was dressed twice as grand, and was twice as big, and spoke twice as loud, and twice as muckle, as the Queen did, but she hadna the same goss-hawk glance that makes the skin creep and the knee bend ; and though she had very kindly gifted her with a loaf of sugar and twa pundis of tea, yet she hadna a’thegither the sweet look that the Queen had when she put the needle-book into her hand.”

Jeanie might have enjoyed the sights and novelties of this great city more, had it not been for the qualification added to her sister’s pardon, which greatly grieved her affectionate disposition. On this subject, however, her mind was somewhat relieved by a letter which she received in return of post,

in answer to that which she had written to her father. With his affectionate blessing, it brought his full approbation of the step which she had taken, as one inspired by the immediate dictates of Heaven, and which she had been thrust upon in order that she might become the means of safety to a perishing household.

“If ever a deliverance was dear and precious, this,” said the letter, “is a dear and precious deliverance; and if life saved can be made more sweet and savory, it is when it cometh by the hands of those whom we hold in the ties of affection. And do not let your heart be disquieted within you, that this victim, who is rescued from the horns of the altar, whereuntil she was fast bound by the chains of human law, is now to be driven beyond the bounds of our land. Scotland is a blessed land to those who love the ordinances of Christianity, and it is a fair land to look upon, and dear to them who have dwelt in it a’ their days; and weel said that judicious Christian, worthy John Livingstone, a sailor in Borrowstounness, as the famous Patrick Walker reporteth his words, that howbeit he thought Scotland was a Gehennah of wickedness when he was at home, yet, when he was abroad, he accounted it ane paradise; for the evils of Scotland he found everywhere, and the good of Scotland he found nowhere. But we are to hold in remembrance that Scotland, though it be our native land, and the land of our fathers, is not like Goshen in Egypt, on whilk the sun of the heavens and of the Gospel shineth allenarly, and leaveth the rest of the world in utter darkness. Therefore, and also because this increase of profit at St. Leonard’s Crags may be a cauld waff of wind blawing from the frozen land of earthly self, where never plant of grace took root or grew, and because my concerns make me take something ower muckle a grip of the gear of the world in mine arms, I receive this dispensation anent Effie as a call to depart out of Haran, as righteous Abraham of old, and leave my father’s kindred and my mother’s house, and the ashes and mould of them who have gone to sleep before me, and which wait to be mingled with these auld crazed bones of mine own. And my heart is lightened to do this, when I call to mind the decay of active and earnest religion in this land, and survey the height and the depth, the length and the breadth, of national defections, and how the love of many is waxing lukewarm and cold; and I am strengthened in this resolution to change my domicile likewise, as I hear that store-farms are to be set at an easy mail in Northumberland, where there are many precious souls that are of our true though suffering persuasion. And sic part of the kye or

stock as I judge it fit to keep may be driven thither without incommodity—say about Wooler, or that gate, keeping aye a shouter to the hills—and the rest may be sauld to gude profit and advantage, if we had grace weel to use and guide these gifts of the world. The Laird has been a true friend on our unhappy occasions, and I have paid him back the siller for Effie's misfortune, whereof Mr. Nichil Novit returned him no balance, as the Laird and I did expect he wad hae done. But law licks up a', as the common folk say. I have had the siller to borrow out of sax purses. Mr. Saddletree advised to give the Laird of Lounsbeck a charge on his band for a thousand merks. But I hae nae broo' of charges, since that awfu' morning that a tout of a horn at the Cross of Edinburgh blew half the faithfu' ministers of Scotland out of their pulpits. However, I sall raise an adjudication, whilk Mr. Saddletree says comes instead of the auld apprisings, and will not lose weel-won gear with the like of him if it may be helped. As for the Queen, and the credit that she hath done to a poor man's daughter, and the mercy and the grace ye found with her, I can only pray for her weel-being here and hereafter, for the establishment of her house now and forever upon the throne of these kingdoms. I doubt not but what you told her Majesty that I was the same David Deans of whom there was a sport at the Revolution, when I noited thegither the heads of twa false prophets, these ungracious Graces the prelates, as they stood on the Hie Street, after being expelled from the Convention Parliament.* The Duke of Argyle is a noble and true-hearted nobleman, who pleads the cause of the poor, and those who have none to help them; verily his reward shall not be lacking unto him. I have been writing of many things, but not of that whilk lies nearest mine heart. I have seen the misguided thing; she will be at freedom the morn, on enacted caution that she shall leave Scotland in four weeks. Her mind is in an evil frame—casting her eye backward on Egypt, I doubt, as if the bitter waters of the wilderness were harder to endure than the brick furnaces, by the side of which there were savory flesh-pots. I need not bid you make haste down, for you are, excepting always my Great Master, my only comfort in these straits. I charge you to withdraw your feet from the delusion of that Vanity Fair in whilk ye are a sojourner, and not to go to their worship, whilk is an ill-mumbled mass, as it was weel termed by James the Sext, though he afterwards, with his unhappy son, strove to bring it ower back and belly into his native kingdom, wherethrough their race

* See Expulsion of the Bishops from the Scottish Convention. Note 31.

have been cut off as foam upon the water, and shall be as wanderers among the nations; see the prophecies of Hosea, ninth and seventeenth, and the same, tenth and seventh. But us and our house, let us say with the same prophet: 'Let us return to the Lord; for he hath torn and he will heal us, he hath smitten and he will bind us up.'"

He proceeded to say, that he approved of her proposed mode of returning by Glasgow, and entered into sundry minute particulars not necessary to be quoted. A single line in the letter, but not the least frequently read by the party to whom it was addressed, intimated that "Reuben Butler had been as a son to him in his sorrows." As David Deans scarce ever mentioned Butler before without some gibe, more or less direct, either at his carnal gifts and learning or at his grandfather's heresy, Jeanie drew a good omen from no such qualifying clause being added to this sentence respecting him.

A lover's hope resembles the bean in the nursery tale: let it once take root, and it will grow so rapidly that in the course of a few hours the giant Imagination builds a castle on the top, and by and by comes Disappointment with the "curtal axe," and hews down both the plant and the superstructure. Jeanie's fancy, though not the most powerful of her faculties, was lively enough to transport her to a wild farm in Northumberland, well stocked with milk-cows, yeald beasts, and sheep; a meeting-house hard by, frequented by serious Presbyterians, who had united in an harmonious call to Reuben Butler to be their spiritual guide; Effie restored, not to gayety, but to cheerfulness at least; their father, with his gray hairs smoothed down, and spectacles on his nose; herself, with the maiden snood exchanged for a matron's curch—all arranged in a pew in the said meeting-house, listening to words of devotion, rendered sweeter and more powerful by the affectionate ties which combined them with the preacher. She cherished such visions from day to day, until her residence in London began to become insupportable and tedious to her; and it was with no ordinary satisfaction that she received a summons from Argyle House, requiring her in two days to be prepared to join their northward party.

CHAPTER XL

One was a female, who had grievous ill
Wrought in revenge, and she enjoy'd it still ;
Sullen she was, and threatening ; in her eye
Glared the stern triumph that she dared to die.

CRABBE.

THE summons of preparation arrived after Jeanie Deans had resided in the metropolis about three weeks.

On the morning appointed she took a grateful farewell of Mrs. Glass, as that good woman's attention to her particularly required, placed herself and her movable goods, which purchases and presents had greatly increased, in a hackney-coach, and joined her travelling companions in the house-keeper's apartment at Argyle House. While the carriage was getting ready, she was informed that the Duke wished to speak with her ; and being ushered into a splendid saloon, she was surprised to find that he wished to present her to his lady and daughters.

"I bring you my little countrywoman, Duchess," these were the words of the introduction. "With an army of young fellows as gallant and steady as she is, and a good cause, I would not fear two to one."

"Ah, papa !" said a lively young lady, about twelve years old, "remember you were full one to two at Sheriffmuir, and yet [singing the well-known ballad]—

"Some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man ;
But of ae thing I'm sure, that on Sheriffmuir
A battle there was that I saw, man."

"What, little Mary turned Tory on my hands ? This will be fine news for our countrywoman to carry down to Scotland !"

"We may all turn Tories for the thanks we have got for remaining Whigs," said the second young lady.

"Well, hold your peace, you discontented monkeys, and go dress your babies ; and as for the Bob of Dumblane,

"If it wasna weel bobbet, weel bobbet, weel bobbet,
If it wasna weel bobbet, we'll bobb it again."

"Papa's wit is running low," said Lady Mary; "the poor gentleman is repeating himself; he sang that on the field of battle, when he was told the Highlanders had cut his left wing to pieces with their claymores."

A pull by the hair was the repartee to this sally.

"Ah! brave Highlanders and bright claymores," said the Duke, "well do I wish them, 'for a' the ill they've done me yet,' as the song goes. But come, madcaps, say a civil word to your countrywoman. I wish ye had half her canny hamely sense; I think you may be as leal and true-hearted."

The Duchess advanced, and, in few words, in which there was as much kindness as civility, assured Jeanie of the respect which she had for a character so affectionate, and yet so firm, and added, "When you get home, you will perhaps hear from me."

"And from me." "And from me." "And from me, Jeanie," added the young ladies one after the other, "for you are a credit to the land we love so well."

Jeanie, overpowered with these unexpected compliments, and not aware that the Duke's investigation had made him acquainted with her behavior on her sister's trial, could only answer by blushing, and courtesying round and round, and uttering at intervals, "Mony thanks! mony thanks!"

"Jeanie," said the Duke, "you must have *doch an' dor-roch*, or you will be unable to travel."

There was a salver with cake and wine on the table. He took up a glass, drank "to all true hearts that lo'ed Scotland," and offered a glass to his guest.

Jeanie, however, declined it, saying, "that she had never tasted wine in her life."

"How comes that, Jeanie?" said the Duke; "wine maketh glad the heart, you know."

"Ay, sir, but my father is like Jonadab the son of Rechab, who charged his children that they should drink no wine."

"I thought your father would have had more sense," said the Duke, "unless, indeed, he prefers brandy. But, however, Jeanie, if you will not drink, you must eat, to save the character of my house."

He thrust upon her a large piece of cake, nor would he permit her to break off a fragment and lay the rest on the salver. "Put it in your pouch, Jeanie," said he; "you will be glad of it before you see St. Giles's steeple. I wish to Heaven I were to see it as soon as you! and so my best service to all my friends at and about Auld Reekie, and a blithe journey to you."

And, mixing the frankness of a soldier with his natural affability, he shook hands with his *protégée*, and committed her to the charge of Archibald, satisfied that he had provided sufficiently for her being attended to by his domestics, from the unusual attention with which he had himself treated her.

Accordingly, in the course of her journey, she found both her companions disposed to pay her every possible civility, so that her return, in point of comfort and safety, formed a strong contrast to her journey to London.

Her heart also was disburdened of the weight of grief, shame, apprehension, and fear which had loaded her before her interview with the Queen at Richmond. But the human mind is so strangely capricious that, when freed from the pressure of real misery, it becomes open and sensitive to the apprehension of ideal calamities. She was now much disturbed in mind that she had heard nothing from Reuben Butler, to whom the operation of writing was so much more familiar than it was to herself.

“It would have cost him sae little fash,” she said to herself; “for I hae seen his pen gang as fast ower the paper as ever it did ower the water when it was in the gray goose’s wing. Wae’s me! maybe he may be badly; but then my father wad likely hae said something about it. Or maybe he may hae taen the rue, and kensna how to let me wot of his change of mind. He needna be at muckle fash about it,” she went on, drawing herself up, though the tear of honest pride and injured affection gathered in her eye, as she entertained the suspicion; “Jeanie Deans is no the lass to pu’ him by the sleeve, or put him in mind of what he wishes to forget. I sall wish him weel and happy a’ the same; and if he has the luck to get a kirk in our country, I sall gang and hear him just the very same, to show that I bear nae malice.” And as she imagined the scene, the tear stole over her eye.

In these melancholy reveries Jeanie had full time to indulge herself; for her travelling companions, servants in a distinguished and fashionable family, had, of course, many topics of conversation in which it was absolutely impossible she could have either pleasure or portion. She had, therefore, abundant leisure for reflection, and even for self-tormenting, during the several days which, indulging the young horses the Duke was sending down to the North with sufficient ease and short stages, they occupied in reaching the neighborhood of Carlisle.

In approaching the vicinity of that ancient city, they discerned a considerable crowd upon an eminence at a little

distance from the high-road, and learned from some passengers who were gathering towards that busy scene from the southward, that the cause of the concourse was the laudable public desire "to see a domned Scotch witch and thief get half of her due upo' Haribee Broo' yonder : for she was only to be hanged ; she should hae been boorned aloive, an' cheap on't."

"Dear Mr. Archibald," said the dame of the dairy elect, "I never seed a woman hanged in a' my life, and only four men, as made a goodly spectacle."

Mr. Archibald, however, was a Scotchman, and promised himself no exuberant pleasure in seeing his countrywoman undergo "the terrible behests of law." Moreover, he was a man of sense and delicacy in his way, and the late circumstances of Jeanie's family, with the cause of her expedition to London, were not unknown to him ; so that he answered dryly, it was impossible to stop, as he must be early at Carlisle on some business of the Duke's, and he accordingly bid the postilions get on.

The road at that time passed at about a quarter of a mile's distance from the eminence called Haribee or Harabee Brow, which, though it is very moderate in size and height, is nevertheless seen from a great distance around, owing to the flatness of the country through which the Eden flows. Here many an outlaw and border-rider of both kingdoms had wavered in the wind during the wars, and scarce less hostile truces, between the two countries. Upon Harabee, in latter days, other executions had taken place with as little ceremony as compassion ; for these frontier provinces remained long unsettled, and, even at the time of which we write, were ruder than those in the centre of England.

The postilions drove on, wheeling, as the Penrith road led them, round the verge of the rising ground. Yet still the eyes of Mrs. Dolly Dutton, which, with the head and substantial person to which they belonged, were all turned towards the scene of action, could discern plainly the outline of the gallows-tree, relieved against the clear sky, the dark shade formed by the persons of the executioner and the criminal upon the light rounds of the tall aerial ladder, until one of the objects, launched into the air, gave unequivocal signs of mortal agony, though appearing in the distance not larger than a spider dependent at the extremity of his invisible thread, while the remaining form descended from its elevated situation, and regained with all speed an undistinguished place among the crowd. This termination of the tragic scene drew forth, of course, a squall from Mrs. Dutton,

and Jeanie, with instinctive curiosity, turned her head in the same direction.

The sight of a female culprit in the act of undergoing the fatal punishment from which her beloved sister had been so recently rescued was too much, not perhaps for her nerves, but for her mind and feelings. She turned her head to the other side of the carriage, with a sensation of sickness, of loathing, and of fainting. Her female companion overwhelmed her with questions, with proffers of assistance, with requests that the carriage might be stopped, that a doctor might be fetched, that drops might be gotten, that burnt feathers and asafœtida, fair water, and hartshorn might be procured, all at once, and without one instant's delay. Archibald, more calm and considerate, only desired the carriage to push forward; and it was not till they had got beyond sight of the fatal spectacle that, seeing the deadly paleness of Jeanie's countenance, he stopped the carriage, and jumping out himself, went in search of the most obvious and most easily procured of Mrs. Dutton's pharmacopœia—a draught, namely, of fair water.

While Archibald was absent on this good-natured piece of service, damning the ditches which produced nothing but mud, and thinking upon the thousand bubbling springlets of his own mountains, the attendants on the execution began to pass the stationary vehicle in their way back to Carlisle.

From their half-heard and half-understood words, Jeanie, whose attention was involuntarily riveted by them, as that of children is by ghost stories, though they know the pain with which they will afterwards remember them—Jeanie, I say, could discern that the present victim of the law had died “game,” as it is termed by those unfortunates; that is, sullen, reckless, and impenitent, neither fearing God nor regarding man.

“A sture woife, and a dour,” said one Cumbrian peasant, as he clattered by in his wooden brogues, with a noise like the trampling of a dray-horse.

“She has gone to ho master, with ho’s name in her mouth,” said another. “Shame the country should be harried wi’ Scotch witches and Scotch bitches this gate; but I say hang and drown.”

“Ay, ay, Gaffer Tramp, take awa’ yealdon, take awa’ low; hang the witch, and there will be less scathe amang us; mine owsen hae been reckon this towmont.”

“And mine bairns hae been crining too, mon,” replied his neighbor.

"Silence wi' your fule tongues, ye churls," said an old woman who hobbled past them as they stood talking near the carriage; "this was nae witch, but a bluidy-fingered thief and murderess."

"Ay? was it e'en sae, Dame Hinchup?" said one in a civil tone, and stepping out of his place to let the old woman pass along the footpath. "Nay, you know best, sure; but at ony rate we hae but tint a Scot of her, and that's a thing better lost than found."

The old woman passed on without making any answer.

"Ay, ay, neighbor," said Gaffer Tramp, "seest thou how one witch will speak for t'other—Scots or English, the same to them."

His companion shook his head, and replied in the same subdued tone, "Ay, ay, when a Sark-foot wife gets on her broomstick, the dames of Allonby are ready to mount, just as sure as the by-word gangs o' the hills—

"If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Criffel wots full weel of that."

"But," continued Gaffer Tramp, "thinkest thou the daughter o' yon hangit body isna as rank a witch as ho?"

"I kenna clearly," returned the fellow, "but the folk are speaking o' swimming her i' the Eden." And they passed on their several roads, after wishing each other good morning.

Just as the clowns left the place, and as Mr. Archibald returned with some fair water, a crowd of boys and girls, and some of the lower rabble of more mature age, came up from the place of execution, grouping themselves with many a yell of delight around a tall female fantastically dressed, who was dancing, leaping, and bounding in the midst of them. A horrible recollection pressed on Jeanie as she looked on this unfortunate creature; and the reminiscence was mutual, for, by a sudden exertion of great strength and agility, Madge Wildfire broke out of the noisy circle of tormentors who surrounded her, and clinging fast to the door of the calash, uttered, in a sound betwixt laughter and screaming, "Eh, d'ye ken, Jeanie Deans, they hae hangit our mother?" Then suddenly changing her tone to that of the most piteous entreaty, she added, "O gar them let me gang to cut her down!—let me but cut her down! She is my mother, if she was waur than the deil, and she'll be nae mair kenspeckle than

half-hangit Maggie Dickson,* that cried saut mony a day after she had been hangit; her voice was roupit and hoarse, and her neck was a wee agee, or ye wad hae kenn'd nae odds on her frae ony other saut-wife."

Mr. Archibald, embarrassed by the madwoman's clinging to the carriage, and detaining around them her noisy and mischievous attendants, was all this while looking out for a constable or beadle, to whom he might commit the unfortunate creature. But seeing no such person of authority, he endeavored to loosen her hold from the carriage, that they might escape from her by driving on. This, however, could hardly be achieved without some degree of violence; Madge held fast, and renewed her frantic entreaties to be permitted to cut down her mother. "It was but a tenpenny tow lost," she said, "and what was that to a woman's life?" There came up, however, a parcel of savage-looking fellows, butchers and graziers chiefly, among whose cattle there had been of late a very general and fatal distemper, which their wisdom imputed to witchcraft. They laid violent hands on Madge, and tore her from the carriage, exclaiming, "What, doest stop folk o' king's highway? Hast no done mischief enow already, wi' thy murders and thy witcherings?"

"Oh, Jeanie Deans—Jeanie Deans!" exclaimed the poor maniac, "save my mother, and I will take ye to the Interpreter's house again; and I will teach ye a' my bonny sangs; and I will tell ye what came o' the——" The rest of her entreaties were drowned in the shouts of the rabble.

"Save her, for God's sake!—save her from those people!" exclaimed Jeanie to Archibald.

"She is mad, but quite innocent—she is mad, gentlemen," said Archibald; "do not use her ill, take her before the mayor."

"Ay, ay, we'se hae care enow on her," answered one of the fellows; "gang thou thy gate, man, and mind thine own matters."

"He's a Scot by his tongue," said another; "and an he will come out o' his whirligig there, I'se gie him his tartan plaid fu' o' broken banes."

It was clear nothing could be done to rescue Madge; and Archibald, who was a man of humanity, could only bid the postilions hurry on to Carlisle, that he might obtain some assistance to the unfortunate woman. As they drove off, they heard the hoarse roar with which the mob preface acts of riot or cruelty, yet even above that deep and dire note they could

* See Note 32.

discern the screams of the unfortunate victim. They were soon out of hearing of the cries, but had no sooner entered the streets of Carlisle than Archibald, at Jeanie's earnest and urgent entreaty, went to a magistrate, to state the cruelty which was likely to be exercised on this unhappy creature.

In about an hour and a half he returned, and reported to Jeanie that the magistrate had very readily gone in person, with some assistants, to the rescue of the unfortunate woman, and that he had himself accompanied him; that when they came to the muddy pool in which the mob were ducking her, according to their favorite mode of punishment, the magistrate succeeded in rescuing her from their hands, but in a state of insensibility, owing to the cruel treatment which she had received. He added, that he had seen her carried to the workhouse, and understood that she had been brought to herself, and was expected to do well.

This last averment was a slight alteration in point of fact, for Madge Wildfire was not expected to survive the treatment she had received; but Jeanie seemed so much agitated that Mr. Archibald did not think it prudent to tell her the worst at once. Indeed, she appeared so fluttered and disordered by this alarming accident that, although it had been their intention to proceed to Longtown that evening, her companions judged it most advisable to pass the night at Carlisle.

This was particularly agreeable to Jeanie, who resolved, if possible, to procure an interview with Madge Wildfire. Connecting some of her wild flights with the narrative of George Staunton, she was unwilling to omit the opportunity of extracting from her, if possible, some information concerning the fate of that unfortunate infant which had cost her sister so dear. Her acquaintance with the disordered state of poor Madge's mind did not permit her to cherish much hope that she could acquire from her any useful intelligence; but then, since Madge's mother had suffered her deserts, and was silent forever, it was her only chance of obtaining any kind of information, and she was loath to lose the opportunity.

She colored her wish to Mr. Archibald by saying that she had seen Madge formerly, and wished to know, as a matter of humanity, how she was attended to under her present misfortunes. That complaisant person immediately went to the workhouse, or hospital, in which he had seen the sufferer lodged, and brought back for reply, that the medical attendants positively forbade her seeing any one. When the application for admittance was repeated next day, Mr. Archibald

was informed that she had been very quiet and composed, in-
somuch that the clergyman who acted as chaplain to the es-
tablishment, thought it expedient to read prayers beside her
bed, but that her wandering fit of mind had returned soon
after his departure ; however, her countrywoman might see
her if she chose it. She was not expected to live above an hour
or two.

Jeanie had no sooner received this information than she
hastened to the hospital, her companions attending her. They
found the dying person in a large ward, where there were ten
beds, of which the patient's was the only one occupied.

Madge was singing when they entered—singing her own
wild snatches of songs and obsolete airs, with a voice no longer
overstrained by false spirits, but softened, saddened, and sub-
dued by bodily exhaustion. She was still insane, but was no
longer able to express her wandering ideas in the wild notes
of her former state of exalted imagination. There was death
in the plaintive tones of her voice, which yet, in this moder-
ated and melancholy mood, had something of the lulling sound
with which a mother sings her infant asleep. As Jeanie en-
tered, she heard first the air, and then a part of the chorus
and words, of what had been, perhaps, the song of a jolly
harvest-home :

“ Our work is over—over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

“ The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labor ends when day is done.
When Autumn's gone and Winter's come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.”

Jeanie advanced to the bedside when the strain was finished,
and addressed Madge by her name. But it produced no symp-
toms of recollection. On the contrary, the patient, like one
provoked by interruption, changed her posture, and called
out, with an impatient tone, “ Nurse—nurse, turn my face to
the wa', that I may never answer to that name ony mair, and
never see mair of a wicked world.”

The attendant on the hospital arranged her in her bed as
she desired, with her face to the wall and her back to the light.
So soon as she was quiet in this new position, she began again
to sing in the same low and modulated strains, as if she was
recovering the state of abstraction which the interruption of
her visitants had disturbed. The strain, however, was differ-

ent, and rather resembled the music of the Methodist hymns, though the measure of the song was similar to that of the former :

“When the fight of grace is fought,
When the marriage vest is wrought,
When Faith hath chased cold Doubt away,
And Hope but sickens at delay,
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere,
Doff thy robes of sin and clay,
Christian, rise, and come away.”

The strain was solemn and affecting, sustained as it was by the pathetic warble of a voice which had naturally been a fine one, and which weakness, if it diminished its power, had improved in softness. Archibald, though a follower of the court, and a *pococurante* by profession, was confused, if not affected ; the dairymaid blubbered ; and Jeanie felt the tears rise spontaneously to her eyes. Even the nurse, accustomed to all modes in which the spirit can pass, seemed considerably moved.

The patient was evidently growing weaker, as was intimated by an apparent difficulty of breathing which seized her from time to time, and by the utterance of low, listless moans, intimating that nature was succumbing in the last conflict. But the spirit of melody, which must originally have so strongly possessed this unfortunate young woman, seemed, at every interval of ease, to triumph over her pain and weakness. And it was remarkable that there could always be traced in her songs something appropriate, though perhaps only obliquely or collaterally so, to her present situation. Her next seemed to be the fragment of some old ballad :

“Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow ;
But thine sall be as sad and cauld,
My fause true-love, to morrow.

“And weep ye not, my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow ;
For he for whom I die to-day
Sall die for me to-morrow.”

Again she changed the tune to one wilder, less monotonous, and less regular. But of the words only a fragment or two could be collected by those who listened to this singular scene :

“Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early.
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

“ ‘Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?
‘When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.’

“ ‘ Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly ? ’
‘ The gray-headed sexton,
That delves the grave duly.’ ”

“ The glowworm o’er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady ;
The owl from the steeple sing,
‘ Welcome, proud lady.’ ”

Her voice died away with the last notes, and she fell into a slumber, from which the experienced attendant assured them that she never would awake at all, or only in the death-agony.

The nurse's prophecy proved true. The poor maniac parted with existence without again uttering a sound of any kind. But our travellers did not witness this catastrophe. They left the hospital as soon as Jeanie had satisfied herself that no elucidation of her sister's misfortunes was to be hoped from the dying person.*

* See Madge Wildfire. Note 33.

CHAPTER XLI

Wilt thou go on with me?
The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
And I know well the ocean paths . . .
Thou wilt go on with me !

Thalaba.

THE fatigue and agitation of these various scenes had agitated Jeannie so much, notwithstanding her robust strength of constitution, that Archibald judged it necessary that she should have a day's repose at the village of Longtown. It was in vain that Jeannie herself protested against any delay. The Duke of Argyle's man of confidence was of course consequential ; and as he had been bred to the medical profession in his youth—it least he used this expression to describe his having, thirty years before, pounded for six months in the mortar of old Mango Mangleman, the surgeon at Greenock—he was obstinate whenever a matter of health was in question.

In this case he discovered febrile symptoms, and having once made a happy application of that learned phrase to Jeannie's case, all further resistance became in vain ; and she was glad to acquiesce, and even to go to bed and drink water-gruel, in order that she might possess her soul in quiet, and without interruption.

Mr. Archibald was equally attentive in another particular. He observed that the execution of the old woman, and the miserable fate of her daughter, seemed to have had a more powerful effect upon Jeannie's mind than the usual feelings of humanity might naturally have been expected to occasion. Yet she was obviously a strong-minded, sensible young woman, and in no respect subject to nervous affections, and therefore Archibald, being ignorant of any special connection between his master's *protégée* and these unfortunate persons, excepting that she had seen Madge formerly in Scotland, naturally imputed the strong impression these events had made upon her to her associating them with the unhappy circumstances in which her sister had so lately stood. He became anxious, therefore, to prevent anything occurring which might recall these associations to Jeannie's mind.

Archibald had speedily an opportunity of exercising this precaution. A peddler brought to Longtown that evening, among other wares, a large broadside sheet, giving an account of the "Last Speech and Execution of Margaret Murdockson, and of the Barbarous Murder of her Daughter, Magdalene or Madge Murdockson, called Madge Wildfire ; and of her Pious Conversation with his Reverence Archdeacon Fleming ;" which authentic publication had apparently taken place on the day they left Carlisle, and being an article of a nature peculiarly acceptable to such country-folk as were within hearing of the transaction, the itinerant bibliopelist had forthwith added them to his stock in trade. He found a merchant sooner than he expected ; for Archibald, much applauding his own prudence, purchased the whole lot for two shillings and ninepence ; and the peddler, delighted with the profit of such a wholesale transaction, instantly returned to Carlisle to supply himself with more.

The considerate Mr. Archibald was about to commit his whole purchase to the flames, but it was rescued by the yet more considerate dairy-damsel, who said, very prudently, it was a pity to waste so much paper, which might crepe hair, pin up bonnets, and serve many other useful purposes ; and who promised to put the parcel into her own trunk, and keep it carefully out of the sight of Mrs. Jeanie Deans : " Though, by the by, she had no great notion of folk being so very nice. Mrs. Deans might have had enough to think about the gallows all this time to endure a sight of it, without all this to do about it."

Archibald reminded the dame of the dairy of the Duke's very particular charge that they should be attentive and civil to Jeanie ; as also that they were to part company soon, and consequently would not be doomed to observing any one's health or temper during the rest of the journey ; with which answer Mrs. Dolly Dutton was obliged to hold herself satisfied.

On the morning they resumed their journey, and prosecuted it successfully, travelling through Dumfriesshire and part of Lanarkshire, until they arrived at the small town of Rutherglen, within about four miles of Glasgow. Here an express brought letters to Archibald from the principal agent of the Duke of Argyle in Edinburgh.

He said nothing of their contents that evening ; but when they were seated in the carriage the next day, the faithful squire informed Jeanie that he had received directions from the Duke's factor, to whom his Grace had recommended him to carry her, if she had no objection, for a stage or two be-

yond Glasgow. Some temporary causes of discontent had occasioned tumults in that city and the neighborhood, which would render it unadvisable for Mrs. Jeanie Deans to travel alone and unprotected betwixt that city and Edinburgh; whereas, by going forward a little further, they would meet one of his Grace's sub-factors, who was coming down from the Highlands to Edinburgh with his wife, and under whose charge she might journey with comfort and in safety.

Jeanie remonstrated against this arrangement. "She had been lang," she said, "frae hame: her father and her sister behoved to be very anxious to see her; there were other friends she had that werena weel in health. She was willing to pay for man and horse at Glasgow, and surely naebody wad meddle wi' sae harmless and feckless a creature as she was. She was muckle obliged by the offer; but never hunted deer langed for its resting-place as I do to find myself at St. Leonard's."

The groom of the chambers exchanged a look with his female companion, which seemed 'so full of meaning that Jeanie screamed aloud—"O, Mr. Archibald—Mrs. Dutton, if ye ken of onything that has happened at St. Leonard's, for God's sake—for pity's sake, tell me, and dinna keep me in suspense!"

"I really know nothing, Mrs. Deans," said the groom of the chambers.

"And I—I—I am sure I knows as little," said the dame of the dairy, while some communication seemed to tremble on her lips, which, at a glance of Archibald's eye, she appeared to swallow down, and compressed her lips thereafter into a state of extreme and vigilant firmness, as if she had been afraid of its bolting out before she was aware.

Jeanie saw that there was to be something concealed from her, and it was only the repeated assurances of Archibald that her father—her sister—all her friends were, as far as he knew, well and happy, that at all pacified her alarm. From such respectable people as those with whom she travelled she could apprehend no harm, and yet her distress was so obvious that Archibald, as a last resource, pulled out and put into her hand a slip of paper, on which these words were written:

"JEANIE DEANS—You will do me a favor by going with Archibald and my female domestic a day's journey beyond Glasgow, and asking them no questions, which will greatly oblige your friend,

"ARGYLE & GREENWICH."

Although this laconic epistle, from a nobleman to whom she was bound by such inestimable obligations, silenced all Jeanie's objections to the proposed route, it rather added to than diminished the eagerness of her curiosity. The proceeding to Glasgow seemed now no longer to be an object with her fellow-travellers. On the contrary, they kept the left-hand side of the river Clyde, and travelled through a thousand beautiful and changing views down the side of that noble stream, till, ceasing to hold its inland character, it began to assume that of a navigable river.

"You are not for gaun intill Glasgow, then?" said Jeanie, as she observed that the drivers made no motion for inclining their horses' heads towards the ancient bridge, which was then the only mode of access to St. Mungo's capital.

"No," replied Archibald; "there is some popular commotion, and as our Duke is in opposition to the court, perhaps we might be too well received; or they might take it in their heads to remember that the Captain of Carrick came down upon them with his Highlandmen in the time of Shawfield's mob* in 1725, and then we would be too ill received. And, at any rate, it is best for us, and for me in particular, who may be supposed to possess his Grace's mind upon many particulars, to leave the good people of the Gorbals to act according to their own imaginations, without either provoking or encouraging them by my presence."

To reasoning of such tone and consequence Jeanie had nothing to reply, although it seemed to her to contain fully as much self-importance as truth.

The carriage meantime rolled on; the river expanded itself, and gradually assumed the dignity of an estuary, or arm of the sea. The influence of the advancing and retiring tides became more and more evident, and in the beautiful words of him of the laurel wreath, the river waxed

A broader and a broader stream.

The cormorant stands upon its shoals,
His black and dripping wings
Half open'd to the wind.†

"Which way lies Inverary?" said Jeanie, gazing on the dusky ocean of Highland hills, which now, piled above each other, and intersected by many a lake, stretched away on the opposite side of the river to the northward. "Is yon high castle the Duke's hoose?"

* See Note 34.

† From Southey's *Thalaba*, Bk. XI., stanza 36 (*Laing*).

"That, Mrs. Deans? Lud help thee," replied Archibald; "that's the old Castle of Dunbarton, the strongest place in Europe, be the other what it may. Sir William Wallace was governor of it in the old wars with the English, and his Grace is governor just now. It is always intrusted to the best man in Scotland."

"And does the Duke live on that high rock, then?" demanded Jeanie.

"No, no, he has his deputy-governor, who commands in his absence; he lives in the white house you see at the bottom of the rock. His Grace does not reside there himself."

"I think not, indeed," said the dairywoman, upon whose mind the road, since they had left Dumfries, had made no very favorable impression; "for if he did, he might go whistle for a dairywoman, an he were the only duke in England. I did not leave my place and my friends to come down to see cows starve to death upon hills as they be at that pig-stye of Elfinfoot, as you call it, Mr. Archibald, or to be perched up on the top of a rock, like a squirrel in his cage, hung out of a three pair of stairs window."

Inwardly chuckling that these symptoms of recalcitration had not taken place until the fair malcontent was, as he mentally termed it, under his thumb, Archibald coolly replied, "That the hills were none of his making, nor did he know how to mend them; but as to lodging, they would soon be in a house of the Duke's in a very pleasant island called Rose-neth, where they went to wait for shipping to take them to Inverary, and would meet the company with whom Jeanie was to return to Edinburgh."

"An island!" said Jeanie, who, in the course of her various and adventurous travels, had never quitted *terra firma*, "then I am doubting we maun gang in ane of these boats; they look unco sma', and the waves are something rough, and——"

"Mr. Archibald," said Mrs. Dutton, "I will not consent to it; I was never engaged to leave the country, and I desire you will bid the boys drive round the other way to the Duke's house."

"There is a safe pinnacle belonging to his Grace, ma'am, close by," replied Archibald, "and you need be under no apprehensions whatsoever."

"But I *am* under apprehensions," said the damsel; "and I insist upon going round by land, Mr. Archibald, were it ten miles about."

"I am sorry I cannot oblige you, madam, as Roseneath happens to be an island."

"If it were ten islands," said the incensed dame, "that's no reason why I should be drowned in going over the seas to it."

"No reason why you should be drowned, certainly, ma'am," answered the unmoved groom of the chambers, "but an admirable good one why you cannot proceed to it by land." And, fixed his master's mandates to perform, he pointed with his hand, and the drivers, turning off the high-road, proceeded towards a small hamlet of fishing huts, where a shallop, somewhat more gayly decorated than any which they had yet seen, having a flag which displayed a boar's head, crested with a ducal coronet, waited with two or three seamen and as many Highlanders.

The carriage stopped, and the men began to unyoke their horses, while Mr. Archibald gravely superintended the removal of the baggage from the carriage to the little vessel. "Has the 'Caroline' been long arrived?" said Archibald to one of the seamen.

"She has been here in five days from Liverpool, and she's lying down at Greenock," answered the fellow.

"Let the horses and carriage go down to Greenock, then," said Archibald, "and be embarked there for Inverary when I send notice: they may stand in my cousin's, Duncan Archibald the stabler's. Ladies," he added, "I hope you will get yourselves ready, we must not lose the tide."

"Mrs. Deans," said the Cowslip of Inverary, "you may do as you please, but I will sit here all night, rather than go into that there painted egg-shell. Fellow—fellow! [this was addressed to a Highlander who was lifting a travelling trunk], that trunk is *mine*, and that there handbox, and that pillion mail, and those seven bundles, and the paper bag; and if you venture to touch one of them, it shall be at your peril."

The Celt kept his eye fixed on the speaker, then turned his head towards Archibald, and receiving no countervailing signal, he shouldered the portmanteau, and without further notice of the distressed damsel, or paying any attention to remonstrances, which probably he did not understand, and would certainly have equally disregarded whether he understood them or not, moved off with Mrs. Dutton's wearables, and deposited the trunk containing them safely in the boat.

The baggage being stowed in safety, Mr. Archibald handed Jeanie out of the carriage, and, not without some tremor on her part, she was transported through the surf and placed in

the boat. He then offered the same civility to his fellow-servant, but she was resolute in her refusal to quit the carriage, in which she now remained in solitary state, threatening all concerned or unconcerned with actions for wages and board-wages, damages and expenses, and numbering on her fingers the gowns and other habiliments from which she seemed in the act of being separated forever. Mr. Archibald did not give himself the trouble of making many remonstrances, which, indeed, seemed only to aggravate the damsel's indignation, but spoke two or three words to the Highlanders in Gaelic ; and the wily mountaineers, approaching the carriage cautiously, and without giving the slightest intimation of their intention, at once seized the recusant so effectually fast that she could neither resist nor struggle, and hoisting her on their shoulders in nearly an horizontal posture, rushed down with her to the beach, and through the surf, and, with no other inconvenience than ruffling her garments a little, deposited her in the boat ; but in a state of surprise, mortification, and terror at her sudden transportation which rendered her absolutely mute for two or three minutes. The men jumped in themselves ; one tall fellow remained till he had pushed off the boat, and then tumbled in upon his companions. They took their oars and began to pull from the shore, then spread their sail and drove merrily across the firth.

"You Scotch villain !" said the infuriated damsel to Archibald, "how dare you use a person like me in this way ?"

"Madam," said Archibald, with infinite composure, "it's high time you should know you are in the Duke's country, and that there is not one of these fellows but would throw you out of the boat as readily as into it, if such were his Grace's pleasure."

"Then the Lord have mercy on me !" said Mrs. Dutton. "If I had had any on myself I would never have engaged with you."

"It's something of the latest to think of that now, Mrs. Dutton," said Archibald ; "but I assure you, you will find the Highlands have their pleasures. You will have a dozen of cow-milkers under your own authority at Inverary, and you may throw any of them into the lake if you have a mind, for the Duke's head people are almost as great as himself."

"This is a strange business, to be sure, Mr. Archibald," said the lady ; "but I suppose I must make the best on't. Are you sure the boat will not sink ? it leans terribly to one side, in my poor mind."

"Fear nothing," said Mr. Archibald, taking a most im-

portant pinch of snuff ; “ this same ferry on Clyde knows us very well, or we know it, which is all the same ; no fear of any of our people meeting with any accident. We should have crossed from the opposite shore, but for the disturbances at Glasgow, which made it improper for his Grace’s people to pass through the city.”

“ Are you not afeard, Mrs. Deans,” said the dairy vestal, addressing Jeanie, who sat, not in the most comfortable state of mind, by the side of Archibald, who himself managed the helm—“ are you not afeard of these wild men with their naked knees, and of this nutshell of a thing, that seems bobbing up and down like a skimming-dish in a milk-pail ?”

“ No—no, madam,” answered Jeanie, with some hesitation, “ I am not feared ; for I hae seen Hielandmen before, though I never was sae near them ; and for the danger of the deep waters, I trust there is a Providence by sea as well as by land.”

“ Well,” said Mrs. Dutton, “ it is a beautiful thing to have learned to write and read, for one can always say such fine words whatever should befall them.”

Archibald, rejoicing in the impression which his vigorous measures had made upon the intractable dairymaid, now applied himself, as a sensible and good-natured man, to secure by fair means the ascendancy which he had obtained by some wholesome violence ; and he succeeded so well in representing to her the idle nature of her fears, and the impossibility of leaving her upon the beach enthroned in an empty carriage, that the good understanding of the party was completely revived ere they landed at Roseneath.

CHAPTER XLII

Did Fortune guide,
Or rather Destiny, our bark, to which
We could appoint no port, to this best place?
FLETCHER.

THE islands in the Firth of Clyde, which the daily passage of so many smoke-pennoned steamboats now renders so easily accessible, were in our fathers' times secluded spots, frequented by no travellers, and few visitants of any kind. They are of exquisite yet varied beauty. Arran, a mountainous region, or Alpine island, abounds with the grandest and most romantic scenery. Bute is of a softer and more woodland character. The Cumrays, as if to exhibit a contrast to both, are green, level, and bare, forming the links of a sort of natural bar, which is drawn along the mouth of the firth, leaving large intervals, however, of ocean. Roseneath, a smaller isle, lies much higher up the firth, and towards its western shore, near the opening of the lake called the Gare Loch, and not far from Loch Long and Loch Seant, or the Holy Loch, which wind from the mountains of the Western Highlands to join the estuary of the Clyde.

In these isles the severe frost winds which tyrannize over the vegetable creation during a Scottish spring are comparatively little felt; nor, excepting the gigantic strength of Arran, are they much exposed to the Atlantic storms, lying landlocked and protected to the westward by the shores of Ayrshire [Argyllshire]. Accordingly, the weeping-willow, the weeping-birch, and other trees of early and pendulous shoots, flourish in these favored recesses in a degree unknown in our eastern districts; and the air is also said to possess that mildness which is favorable to consumptive cases.

The picturesque beauty of the island of Roseneath, in particular, had such recommendations that the Earls and Dukes of Argyle from an early period made it their occasional residence, and had their temporary accommodation in a fishing or hunting lodge, which succeeding improvements have

since transformed into a palace. It was in its original simplicity when the little bark which we left traversing the firth at the end of last chapter approached the shores of the isle.

When they touched the landing-place, which was partly shrouded by some old low but wide-spreading oak trees, intermixed with hazel-bushes, two or three figures were seen as if awaiting their arrival. To these Jeanie paid little attention, so that it was with a shock of surprise almost electrical that, upon being carried by the rowers out of the boat to the shore, she was received in the arms of her father !

It was too wonderful to be believed—too much like a happy dream to have the stable feeling of reality. She extricated herself from his close and affectionate embrace, and held him at arm's length to satisfy her mind that it was no illusion. But the form was indisputable—Douce David Deans himself, in his best light blue Sunday's coat, with broad metal buttons, and waistcoat and breeches of the same ; his strong gramashes or leggins of thick gray cloth ; the very copper buckles ; the broad Lowland blue bonnet, thrown back as he lifted his eyes to Heaven in speechless gratitude ; the gray locks that straggled from beneath it down his weather-beaten "haffets ;" the bald and furrowed forehead ; the clear blue eye, that, undimmed by years, gleamed bright and pale from under its shaggy gray pent-house ; the features, usually so stern and stoical, now melted into the unwonted expression of rapturous joy, affection, and gratitude—were all those of David Deans ; and so happily did they assort together, that, should I ever again see my friends Wilkie or Allan, I will try to borrow or steal from them a sketch of this very scene.

"Jeanie—my ain Jeanie—my best—my maist dutiful bairn ! The Lord of Israel be thy father, for I am hardly worthy of thee ! Thou hast redeemed our captivity, brought back the honor of our house. Bless thee, my bairn, with mercies promised and purchased ! But He *has* blessed thee, in the good of which He has made thee the instrument."

These words broke from him not without tears, though David was of no melting mood. Archibald had, with delicate attention, withdrawn the spectators from the interview, so that the wood and setting sun alone were witnesses of the expansion of their feelings.

"And Effie ?—and Effie, dear father ?" was an eager interjectional question which Jeanie repeatedly threw in among her expressions of joyful thankfulness.

"Ye will hear—ye will hear," said David, hastily, and ever and anon renewed his grateful acknowledgments to

Heaven for sending Jeanie safe down from the land of pre-latic deadness and schismatic heresy ; and had delivered her from the dangers of the way, and the lions that were in the path.

“And Effie ?” repeated her affectionate sister again and again. “And—and [fain would she have said Butler, but she modified the direct inquiry]—and Mr. and Mrs. Saddle-tree—and Dumbiedikes—and a’ friends ?”

“A’ weel—a’ weel, praise to His name !”

“And—and Mr. Butler ? He wasna weel when I gaed awa’.”

“He is quite mended—quite weel,” replied her father.

“Thank God ! but O, dear father, Effie ?—Effie ?”

“You will never see her mair, my bairn,” answered Deans in a solemn tone. “You are the ae and only leaf left now on the auld tree ; heal be your portion !”

“She is dead ! She is slain ! It has come ower late !” exclaimed Jeanie, wringing her hands.

“No, Jeanie,” returned Deans, in the same grave, melancholy tone. “She lives in the flesh, and is at freedom from earthly restraint, if she were as much alive in faith and as free from the bonds of Satan.”

“The Lord protect us !” said Jeanie. “Can the unhappy bairn hae left you for that villain ?”

“It is ower truly spoken,” said Deans. “She has left her auld father, that has wept and prayed for her. She has left her sister, that travailed and toiled for her like a mother. She has left the bones of her mother, and the land of her people, and she is ower the march wi’ that son of Belial. She has made a moonlight flitting of it.” He paused, for a feeling betwixt sorrow and strong resentment choked his utterance.

“And wi’ that man—that fearfu’ man ?” said Jeanie. “And she has left us to gang aff wi’ him ? O Effie, Effie, wha could hae thought it, after sic a deliverance as you had been gifted wi’ !”

“She went out from us, my bairn, because she was not of us,” replied David. “She is a withered branch will never bear fruit of grace—a scapegoat gone forth into the wilderness of the world, to carry wi’ her, as I trust, the sins of our little congregation. The peace of the warld gang wi’ her, and a better peace when she has the grace to turn to it ! If she is of His elected, His ain hour will come. What would her mother have said, that famous and memorable matron, Rebecca M’Naught, whose memory is like a flower of sweet savor in Newbattle and a pot of frankincense in Lugton ? But be

it sae ; let her part—let her gang her gate—let her bite on her ain bridle. The Lord kens His time. She was the bairn of prayers, and may not prove an utter castaway. But never, Jeanie—never more let her name be spoken between you and me. She hath passed from us like the brook which vanisheth when the summer waxeth warm, as patient Job saith ; let her pass, and be forgotten.”

There was a melancholy pause which followed these expressions. Jeanie would fain have asked more circumstances relating to her sister's departure, but the tone of her father's prohibition was positive. She was about to mention her interview with Staunton at his father's rectory ; but, on hastily running over the particulars in her memory, she thought that, on the whole, they were more likely to aggravate than diminish his distress of mind. She turned, therefore, the discourse from this painful subject, resolving to suspend further inquiry until she should see Butler, from whom she expected to learn the particulars of her sister's elopement.

But when was she to see Butler ? was a question she could not forbear asking herself, especially while her father, as if eager to escape from the subject of his youngest daughter, pointed to the opposite shore of Dunbartonshire, and asking Jeanie “ if it werena a pleasant abode ? ” declared to her his intention of removing his earthly tabernacle to that country, “ in respect he was solicited by his Grace the Duke of Argyle, as one well skilled in country labor and a' that appertained to flocks and herds, to superintend a store farm whilk his Grace had taen into his ain hand for the improvement of stock.”

Jeanie's heart sunk within her at this declaration. “ She allowed it was a goodly and pleasant land, and sloped bonnily to the western sun ; and she doubtedna that the pasture might be very gude, for the grass looked green, for as drouthy as the weather had been. But it was far frae hame, and she thought she wad be often thinking on the bonny spots of turf, sae fu' of gowans and yellow kingcups, amang the Craggs at St. Leonard's.”

“ Dinna speak on't, Jeanie,” said her father ; “ I wish never to hear it named mair—that is, after the roupin is ower, and the bills paid. But I brought a' the beasts ower-bye that I thought ye wad like best. There is Gowans, and there's your ain brockit cow, and the wee hawkit ane, that ye ca'd—I needna tell ye how ye ca'd it ; but I couldna bid them sell the petted creature, though the sight o't may sometimes gie us a sair heart : it's no the poor dumb creature's fault. And ane or twa beasts

mair I hae reserved, and I caused them to be driven before the other beasts, that men might say, as when the son of Jesse returned from battle, 'This is David's spoil.'"

Upon more particular inquiry, Jeanie found new occasion to admire the active beneficence of her friend the Duke of Argyle. While establishing a sort of experimental farm on the skirts of his immense Highland estates, he had been somewhat at a loss to find a proper person in whom to vest the charge of it. The conversation his Grace had upon country matters with Jeanie Deans during their return from Richmond had impressed him with a belief that the father, whose experience and success she so frequently quoted, must be exactly the sort of person whom he wanted. When the condition annexed to Effie's pardon rendered it highly probable that David Deans would choose to change his place of residence, this idea again occurred to the Duke more strongly, and as he was an enthusiast equally in agriculture and in benevolence, he imagined he was serving the purposes of both when he wrote to the gentleman in Edinburgh intrusted with his affairs to inquire into the character of David Deans, cow-feeder, and so forth, at St. Leonard's Crags; and if he found him such as he had been represented, to engage him without delay, and on the most liberal terms, to superintend his fancy-farm in Dunbartonshire.

The proposal was made to old David by the gentleman so commissioned on the second day after his daughter's pardon had reached Edinburgh. His resolution to leave St. Leonard's had been already formed; the honor of an express invitation from the Duke of Argyle to superintend a department where so much skill and diligence was required was in itself extremely flattering; and the more so, because honest David, who was not without an excellent opinion of his own talents, persuaded himself that, by accepting this charge, he would in some sort repay the great favor he had received at the hands of the Argyle family. The appointments, including the right of sufficient grazing for a small stock of his own, were amply liberal; and David's keen eye saw that the situation was convenient for trafficking to advantage in Highland cattle. There was risk of "hershship" from the neighboring mountains, indeed, but the awful name of the Duke of Argyle would be a great security, and a trifle of blackmail would, David was aware, assure his safety.

Still, however, there were two points on which he haggled. The first was the character of the clergyman with whose worship he was to join; and on this delicate point he received, as we will presently show the reader, perfect satisfaction.

The next obstacle was the condition of his youngest daughter, obliged as she was to leave Scotland for so many years.

The gentleman of the law smiled, and said, "There was no occasion to interpret that clause very strictly ; that if the young woman left Scotland for a few months, or even weeks, and came to her father's new residence by sea from the western side of England, nobody would know of her arrival, or at least nobody who had either the right or inclination to give her disturbance. The extensive heritable jurisdictions of his Grace excluded the interference of other magistrates with those living on his estates, and they who were in immediate dependence on him would receive orders to give the young woman no disturbance. Living on the verge of the Highlands, she might, indeed, be said to be out of Scotland, that is, beyond the bounds of ordinary law and civilization."

Old Deans was not quite satisfied with this reasoning ; but the elopement of Effie, which took place on the third night after her liberation, rendered his residence at St. Leonard's so detestable to him that he closed at once with the proposal which had been made him, and entered with pleasure into the idea of surprising Jeanie, as had been proposed by the Duke, to render the change of residence more striking to her. The Duke had apprised Archibald of these circumstances, with orders to act according to the instructions he should receive from Edinburgh, and by which accordingly he was directed to bring Jeanie to Roseneath.

The father and daughter communicated these matters to each other, now stopping, now walking slowly towards the Lodge, which showed itself among the trees, at about half a mile's distance from the little bay in which they had landed.

As they approached the house, David Deans informed his daughter, with somewhat like a grim smile, which was the utmost advance he ever made towards a mirthful expression of visage, that "there was baith a worshipful gentleman and ane reverend gentleman residing therein. The worshipful gentleman was his honor the Laird of Knocktarlitie, who was bailie of the lordship under the Duke of Argyle, ane Hieland gentleman, tarred wi' the same stick." David doubted, "as mony of them, namely, a hasty and choleric temper, and a neglect of the higher things that belong to salvation, and also a gripping unto the things of this world, without muckle distinction of property ; but, however, ane gude hospitable gentleman, with whom it would be a part of wisdom to live on a gude understanding ; for Hielandmen

were hasty—ower hasty. As for the reverend person of whom he had spoken, he was candidate by favor of the Duke of Argyle (for David would not for the universe have called him presentee) for the kirk of the parish in which their farm was situated, and he was likely to be highly acceptable unto the Christian souls of the parish, who were hungering for spiritual manna, having been fed but upon sour Hieland sowens by Mr. Duncan MacDonought, the last minister, who began the morning duly, Sunday and Saturday, with a mutchkin of usquebaugh. But I need say the less about the present lad," said David, again grimly grimacing, "as I think ye may hae seen him afore ; and here he is come to meet us."

She had indeed seen him before, for it was no other than Reuben Butler himself.

CHAPTER XLIII

No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face ;
Thou hast already had her last embrace.

Elegy on Mrs. Anne Killigrew.

THIS second surprise had been accomplished for Jeanie Deans by the rod of the same benevolent enchanter whose power had transplanted her father from the Crag of St. Leonard's to the banks of the Gare Loch. The Duke of Argyle was not a person to forget the hereditary debt of gratitude which had been bequeathed to him by his grandfather in favor of the grandson of old Bible Butler. He had internally resolved to provide for Reuben Butler in this kirk of Knocktarlitie, of which the incumbent had just departed this life. Accordingly, his agent received the necessary instructions for that purpose, under the qualifying condition always that the learning and character of Mr. Butler should be found proper for the charge. Upon inquiry, these were found as highly satisfactory as had been reported in the case of David Deans himself.

By this preferment, the Duke of Argyle more essentially benefitted his friend and *protégée*, Jeanie, than he himself was aware of, since he contributed to remove objections in her father's mind to the match, which he had no idea had been in existence.

We have already noticed that Deans had something of a prejudice against Butler, which was, perhaps, in some degree owing to his possessing a sort of consciousness that the poor usher looked with eyes of affection upon his eldest daughter. This, in David's eyes, was a sin of presumption, even although it should not be followed by any overt act or actual proposal. But the lively interest which Butler had displayed in his distresses since Jeanie set forth on her London expedition, and which, therefore, he ascribed to personal respect for himself individually, had greatly softened the feelings of irritability with which David had sometimes regarded him. And, while he was in this good disposition towards Butler, another incident took place which had great influence on the old man's mind.

So soon as the shock of Effie's second elopement was over, it was Deans's early care to collect and refund to the Laird of Dumbiedikes the money which he had lent for Effie's trial and for Jeanie's traveling expenses. The Laird, the pony, the cocked hat, and the tobacco-pipe had not been seen at St. Leonard's Crag for many a day ; so that, in order to pay this debt, David was under the necessity of repairing in person to the mansion of Dumbiedikes.

He found it in a state of unexpected bustle. There were workmen pulling down some of the old hangings and replacing them with others, altering, repairing, scrubbing, painting, and whitewashing. There was no knowing the old house, which had been so long the mansion of sloth and silence. The Laird himself seemed in some confusion, and his reception, though kind, lacked something of the reverential cordiality with which he used to greet David Deans. There was a change also, David did not very well know of what nature, about the exterior of this landed proprietor—an improvement in the shape of his garments, a spruceness in the air with which they were put on, that were both novelties. Even the old hat looked smarter ; the cock had been newly pointed, the lace had been refreshed, and instead of slouching backward or forward on the Laird's head as it happened to be thrown on, it was adjusted with a knowing inclination over one eye.

David Deans opened his business and told down the cash. Dumbiedikes steadily inclined his ear to the one, and counted the other with great accuracy, interrupting David, while he was talking of the redemption of the captivity of Judah, to ask him whether he did not think one or two of the guineas looked rather light. When he was satisfied on this point, had pocketed his money, and had signed a receipt, he addressed David with some little hesitation—"Jeanie wad be writing ye something, gudeman?"

"About the siller?" replied Davie. "Nae doubt she did."

"And did she say nae mair about me?" asked the Laird

"Nae mair but kind and Christian wishes ; what suld she hae said?" replied David, fully expecting that the Laird's long courtship, if his dangling after Jeanie deserves so active a name, was now coming to a point. And so indeed it was, but not to that point which he wished or expected.

"Aweel, she kens her ain mind best, gudeman. I hae made a clean house o' Jenny Balchristie and her niece. They were a bad pack—stealed meat and mault, and loot

the carters magg the coals. I'm to be married the morn, and kirkit on Sunday."

Whatever David felt, he was too proud and too steady-minded to show any unpleasant surprise in his countenance and manner.

"I wuss ye happy, sir, through Him that gies happiness ; marriage is an honorable state."

"And I am wedding into an honorable house, David—the Laird of Lickpelf's youngest daughter ; she sits next us in the kirk, and that's the way I came to think on't."

There was no more to be said, but again to wish the Laird joy, to taste a cup of his liquor, and to walk back again to St. Leonard's, musing on the mutability of human affairs and human resolutions. The expectation that one day or other Jeanie would be Lady Dumbiedikes had, in spite of himself, kept a more absolute possession of David's mind than he himself was aware of. At least it had hitherto seemed an union at all times within his daughter's reach, whenever she might choose to give her silent lover any degree of encouragement, and now it was vanished forever. David returned, therefore, in no very gracious humor for so good a man. He was angry with Jeanie for not having encouraged the Laird ; he was angry with the Laird for requiring encouragement ; and he was angry with himself for being angry at all on the occasion.

On his return he found the gentleman who managed the Duke of Argyle's affairs was desirous of seeing him, with a view to completing the arrangement between them. Thus, after a brief repose, he was obliged to set off anew for Edinburgh, so that old May Hattly declared, "That a' this was to end with the master just walking himself aff his feet."

When the business respecting the farm had been talked over and arranged, the professional gentleman acquainted David Deans, in answer to his inquiries concerning the state of public worship, that it was the pleasure of the Duke to put an excellent young clergyman called Reuben Butler into the parish, which was to be his future residence.

"Reuben Butler !" exclaimed David—"Reuben Butler, the usher at Liberton ?"

"The very same," said the Duke's commissioner. "His Grace has heard an excellent character of him, and has some hereditary obligations to him besides ; few ministers will be so comfortable as I am directed to make Mr. Butler."

"Obligations ! The Duke ! Obligations to Reuben Butler ! Reuben Butler a placed minister of the Kirk of

Scotland!" exclaimed David, in interminable astonishment, for somehow he had been led by the bad success which Butler had hitherto met with in all his undertakings to consider him as one of those stepsons of Fortune whom she treats with unceasing rigor, and ends with disinheriting altogether.

There is, perhaps, no time at which we are disposed to think so highly of a friend as when we find him standing higher than we expected in the esteem of others. When assured of the reality of Butler's change of prospects, David expressed his great satisfaction at his success in life, which he observed, was entirely owing to himself (David). "I advised his puir grandmother, who was but a silly woman, to breed him up to the ministry; and I prophesied that, with a blessing on his endeavors, he would become a polished shaft in the temple. He may be something ower proud o' his carnal learning, but a gude lad, and has the root of the matter; as ministers gang now, where ye'll find ane better, ye'll find ten waur than Reuben Butler."

He took leave of the man of business and walked homeward, forgetting his weariness in the various speculations to which this wonderful piece of intelligence gave rise. Honest David had now, like other great men, to go to work to reconcile his speculative principles with existing circumstances; and, like other great men, when they set seriously about that task, he was tolerably successful.

"Ought Reuben Butler in conscience to accept of this preferment in the Kirk of Scotland, subject (as David at present thought that establishment was) to the Erastian encroachments of the civil power?" This was the leading question, and he considered it carefully. "The Kirk of Scotland was shorn of its beams, and deprived of its full artillery and banners of authority; but still it contained zealous and fructifying pastors, attentive congregations, and with all her spots and blemishes, the like of this kirk was nowhere else to be seen upon earth."

David's doubts had been too many and too critical to permit him ever unequivocally to unite himself with any of the dissenters, who, upon various accounts absolutely seceded from the national church. He had often joined in communion with such of the established clergy as approached nearest to the old Presbyterian model and principles of 1640. And although there were many things to be amended in that system, yet he remembered that he, David Deans, had himself ever been a humble pleader for the good old cause

in a legal way, but without rushing into right-hand excesses, divisions, and separations. But, as an enemy to separation, he might join the right-hand of fellowship with a minister of the Kirk of Scotland in its present model. *Ergo*, Reuben Butler might take possession of the parish of Knocktarlitie without forfeiting his friendship or favor—Q. E. D. But, secondly came the trying point of lay patronage, which David Deans had ever maintained to be a coning in by the window and over the wall, a cheating and starving the souls of a whole parish, for the purpose of clothing the back and filling the belly of the incumbent.

This presentation, therefore, from the Duke of Argyle, whatever was the worth and high character of that nobleman, was a limb of the brazen image, a portion of the evil thing, and with no kind of consistency could David bend his mind to favor such a transaction. But if the parishioners themselves joined in a general call to Reuben Butler to be their pastor, it did not seem quite so evident that the existence of this unhappy presentation was a reason for his refusing them the comforts of his doctrine. If the presbytery admitted him to the kirk in virtue rather of that act of patronage than of the general call of the congregation, that might be their error, and David allowed it was a heavy one. But if Reuben Butler accepted of the cure as tendered to him by those whom he was called to teach, and who had expressed themselves desirous to learn, David, after considering and reconsidering the matter, came, through the great virtue of "if," to be of opinion that he might safely so act in that matter.

There remained a third stumbling-block—the oaths to government exacted from the established clergymen, in which they acknowledge an Erastian king and parliament, and homologate the incorporating Union between England and Scotland, through which the latter kingdom had become part and portion of the former, wherein Prelacy, the sister of Popery, had made fast her throne and elevated the horns of her miter. These were symptoms of defection which had often made David cry out, "My bowels—my bowels! I am pained at the very heart!" And he remembered that a godly Bow-head matron had been carried out of the Tolbooth Church in a swoon, beyond the reach of brandy and burnt feathers, merely on hearing these fearful words, "It is enacted by the Lords *spiritual* and temporal," pronounced from a Scottish pulpit, in the proem to the Porteous proclamation. These oaths were, therefore, a deep compliance

and dire abomination—a sin and a snare, and a danger and a defection. But this shibboleth was not always exacted. Ministers had respect to their own tender consciences and those of their brethren; and it was not till a later period that the reins of discipline were taken up tight by the General Assemblies and presbyteries. The peacemaking particle came again to David's assistance. *If* an incumbent was not called upon to make such compliances, and *if* he got a right entry into the church without intrusion, and by orderly appointment, why, upon the whole, David Deans came to be of opinion that the said incumbent might lawfully enjoy the spirituality and temporality of the cure of souls at Knocktarlitie, with stipend, manse, glebe, and all thereunto appertaining.

The best and most upright-minded men are so strongly influenced by existing circumstances, that it would be somewhat cruel to inquire too nearly what weight paternal affection gave to these ingenious trains of reasoning. Let David Deans's situation be considered. He was just deprived of one daughter, and his eldest, to whom he owed so much, was cut off, by the sudden resolution of Dumbiedikes, from the high hope which David had entertained that she might one day be mistress of that fair lordship. Just while this disappointment was bearing heavy on his spirits, Butler comes before his imagination—no longer the half-starved threadbare usher, but fat and sleek and fair, the beneficed minister of Knocktarlitie, beloved by his congregation, exemplary in his life, powerful in his doctrine, doing the duty of the kirk as never Highland minister did it before, turning sinners as a collie dog turns sheep, a favorite of the Duke of Argyle, and drawing a stipend of eight hundred pounds Scots and four chalders of victual. Here was a match making up, in David's mind, in a tenfold degree, the disappointment in the case of Dumbiedikes, in so far as the goodman of St. Leonard's held a powerful minister in much greater admiration than a mere landed proprietor. It did not occur to him, as an additional reason in favor of the match, that Jeanie might herself have some choice in the matter; for the idea of consulting her feelings never once entered into the honest man's head, any more than the possibility that her inclination might perhaps differ from his own.

The result of his meditations was, that he was called upon to take the management of the whole affair into his own hand, and give, if it should be found possible without sinful

compliance, or backsliding, or defection of any kind, a worthy pastor to the kirk of Knocktarlittie. Accordingly, by the intervention of the honest dealer in buttermilk who dwelt in Liberton, David summoned to his presence Reuben Butler. Even from this worthy messenger he was unable to conceal certain swelling emotions of dignity, insomuch that, when the carter had communicated his message to the usler, he added, that "Certainly the gudeman of St. Leonard's had some grand news to tell him, for he was as uplifted as a midden-cock upon pattens."

Butler, it may readily be conceived, immediately obeyed the summons. His was a plain character, in which worth and good sense and simplicity were the principal ingredients; but love on this occasion, gave him a certain degree of address. He had received an intimation of the favor designed him by the Duke of Argyle, with what feelings those only can conceive who have experienced a sudden prospect of being raised to independence and respect, from penury and toil. He resolved, however, that the old man should retain all the consequences of being, in his own opinion, the first to communicate the important intelligence. At the same time, he also determined that in the expected conference he would permit David Deans to expatiate at length upon the proposal in all its bearings, without irritating him either by interruption or contradiction. This last plan was the most prudent he could have adopted; because, although there were many doubts which David Deans could himself clear up to his own satisfaction, yet he might have been by no means disposed to accept the solution of any other person; and to engage him in an argument would have been certain to confirm him at once and forever in the opinion which Butler chanced to impugn.

He received his friend with an appearance of important gravity, which real misfortune had long compelled him to lay aside, and which belonged to those days of awful authority in which he predominated over Widow Butler, and dictated the mode of cultivating the crofts at Beersheba. He made known to Reuben with great prolixity the prospect of his changing his present residence for the charge of the Duke of Argyle's stock farm in Dunbartonshire, and enumerated the various advantages of the situation with obvious self-congratulation; but assured the patient hearer that nothing had so much moved him to acceptance as the sense "That, by his skill in bestial, he could render the most important services to his Grace the Duke of Argyle, to whom, in the

late unhappy circumstances (here a tear dimmed the sparkle of pride in the old man's eye), he had been sae muckle obliged. To put a rude 'Hielandman into sic a charge," he continued, "what could be expected but that he suld be sic a chiefest herdsman as wicked Doeg the Edomite; whereas, while this gray head is to the fore, not a clute o' them but sall be as weel cared for if they were the fatted kine of Pharaoh. And now, Reuben, lad, seeing we maun remove our tent to a strange country, ye'll be casting a dolefu' look after us, and thinking with whom ye are to hold council anent your government in thae slippery and backsliding times; and nae doubt remembering that the auld man, David Deans, was made the instrument to bring you out of the mire of schism and heresy, wherein your father's house delighted to wallow; aften also, nae doubt, when ye are pressed wi' ensnaring trials and temptations and heart-plagues, you, that are like a recruit that is marching for the first time to the tock of drum, will miss the auld, bauld, and experienced veteran soldier that has felt the brunt of mony a foul day, and heard the bullets whistle as aften as he has hairs left on his auld pow."

It is very possible that Butler might internally be of opinion that the reflection on his ancestor's peculiar tenets might have been spared, or that he might be presumptuous enough even to think that, at his years and with his own lights, he must be able to hold his course without the pilotage of honest David. But he only replied by expressing his regret that anything should separate him from an ancient, tried, and affectionate friend.

"But how can it be helped, man?" said David, twisting his features into a sort of smile—"how can we help it? I trow ye canna tell me that. Ye mann leave that to ither folk—to the Duke of Argyle and me, Reuben. It's a gude thing to hae friends in this warld; how muckle better to hae an interest beyond it!" And David, whose piety, though not always quite rational, was as sincere as it was habitual and fervent, looked reverentially upward and paused.

Mr. Butler intimated the pleasure with which he would receive his friend's advice on a subject so important, and David resumed.

"What think ye now, Reuben, of a kirk—a regular kirk under the present establishment? Were sic offered to ye, wad ye be free to accept it, and under whilk provisions? I am speaking but by way of query."

Butler replied, "That if such a prospect were held out to him, he would probably first consult whether he was

likely to be useful to the parish he should be called to ; and if there appeared a fair prospect of his proving so, his friend must be aware that, in every other point of view, it would be highly advantageous for him."

"Right, Reuben—very right, lad," answered the monitor, "your ain conscience is the first thing to be satisfied ; for how sall he teach others that has himsell sae ill learned the Scriptures as to grip for the lucre of foul earthly preferment, sic as gear and manse, money and victual, that which is not his in a spiritual sense ; or wha makes his kirk a stalking-horse, from behind which he may tak aim at his stipend ? But I look for better things of you ; and specially ye manna be minded not to act altogether on your ain judgment, for therethrough comes sair mistakes, backslidings, and defections on the left and on the right. If there were sic a day of trial put to you, Reuben, you, who are a young lad, although it may be ye are gifted wi' the carnal tongues, and those whilk were spoken at Rome, whilk is now the seat of the scarlet abomination, and by the Greeks, to whom the Gospel was as foolishness, yet nathelless ye may be entreated by your weel-wisher to take the counsel of those prudent and resolved and weather-withstanding professors wha hae kenn'd what it was to lurk on banks and in mosses, in bogs and in caverns, and to risk the peril of the head rather than renounce the honesty of the heart."

Butler replied, "That certainly, possessing such a friend as he hoped and trusted he had in the goodman himself, who had seen so many changes in the preceding century, he should be much to blame if he did not avail himself of his experience and friendly counsel."

"Eneugh said—enough said, Reuben," said David Deans, with internal exultation ; "and say that ye were in the predicament whereof I hae spoken, of a surety I would deem it my duty to gang to the root o' the matter, and lay bare to you the ulcers and imposthumes, and the sores and the leprosies, of this our time, crying aloud and sparing not."

David Deans was now in his element. He commenced his examination of the doctrines and belief of the Christian Church with the very Culdees, from whom he passed to John Knox ; from John Knox to the recusants in James the Sixth's time—Bruce, Black, Blair, Livingstone ; from them to the brief, and at length triumphant, period of the Presbyterian Church's splendor, until it was overrun by the English Independents. Then followed the dismal times of Prelacy, the indulgences, seven in number, with all their

shades and bearings, until he arrived at the reign of King James the Second, in which he himself had been, in his own mind, neither an obscure actor nor an obscure sufferer. Then was Butler doomed to hear the most detailed and annotated edition of what he had so often heard before—David Dean's confinement, namely, in the iron cage in the Canongate tolbooth, and the cause thereof.

We should be very unjust to our friend David Deans if we should "pretermit," to use his own expression, a narrative which he held essential to his fame. A drunken trooper of the Royal Guards, Francis Gordon by name, had chased five or six of the skulking Whigs, among whom was our friend David; and after he had compelled them to stand, and was in the act of brawling with them, one of their number fired a pocket-pistol and shot him dead. David used to sneer and shake his head when any one asked him whether *he* had been the instrument of removing this wicked persecutor from the face of the earth. In fact, the merit of the deed lay between him and his friend, Patrick Walker, the pedler, whose works he was so fond of quoting. Neither of them cared directly to claim the merit of silencing Mr. Francis Gordon of the Life Guards, there being some wild cousins of his about Edinburgh, who might have been even yet addicted to revenge, but yet neither of them chose to disown or yield to the other the merit of this active defence of their religious rights. David said, that if he had fired a pistol then, it was what he never did after or before. And as for Mr. Patrick Walker, he has left it upon record that his great surprise was that so small a pistol could kill so big a man. These are the words of that venerable biographer, whose trade had not taught him by experience that an inch was as good as an ell: "He (Francis Gordon) got a shot in his head out of a pocket-pistol, rather fit for diverting a boy than killing such a furious, mad, brisk man, which notwithstanding killed him dead!"*

Upon the extensive foundation which the history of the kirk afforded, during its short-lived triumph and long tribulation, David, with length of breath and of narrative which would have astounded any one but a lover of his daughter, proceeded to lay down his own rules for guiding the conscience of his friend as an aspirant to serve in the ministry. Upon this subject the good man went through such a variety of nice and casuistical problems, supposed so many extreme

* See Death of Francis Gordon. Note 35.

cases, made the distinctions so critical and nice betwixt the right hand and the left hand, betwixt compliance and defection, holding back and stepping aside, slipping and stumbling, snares and errors, that at length, after having limited the path of truth to a mathematical line, he was brought to the broad admission that each man's conscience, after he had gained a certain view of the difficult navigation which he was to encounter, would be the best guide for his pilotage. He stated the examples and arguments for and against the acceptance of a kirk on the present revolution model with much more impartiality to Butler than he had been able to place them before his own view. And he concluded, that his young friend ought to think upon these things, and be guided by the voice of his own conscience, whether he could take such an awful trust as the charge of souls without doing injury to his own internal conviction of what is right or wrong.

When David had finished his very long harangue, which was only interrupted by monosyllables, or little more, on the part of Butler, the orator himself was greatly astonished to find that the conclusion at which he very naturally wished to arrive seemed much less decisively attained than when he had argued the case in his own mind.

In this particular David's current of thinking and speaking only illustrated the very important and general proposition concerning the excellence of the publicity of debate. For, under the influence of any partial feeling, it is certain that most men can more easily reconcile themselves to any favorite measure when agitating it in their own mind than when obliged to expose its merits to a third party, when the necessity of seeming impartial procures from the opposite arguments a much more fair statement than that which he affords it in tacit meditation. Having finished what he had to say, David thought himself obliged to be more explicit in point of fact, and to explain that this was no hypothetical case, but one on which, by his own influence and that of the Duke of Argyle, Reuben Butler would soon be called to decide.

It was even with something like apprehension that David Deans heard Butler announce, in return to this communication, that he would take that night to consider on what he had said with such kind intentions, and return him an answer the next morning. The feelings of the father mastered David on this occasion. He pressed Butler to spend the evening with him. He produced, most unusual at his meals, one, nay, two bottles of aged strong ale. He

spoke of his daughter—of her merits, her housewifery, her thrift, her affection. He led Butler so decidedly up to a declaration of his feelings towards Jeanie, that, before night-fall, it was distinctly understood she was to be the bride of Reuben Butler; and if they thought it indelicate to abridge the period of deliberation which Reuben had stipulated, it seemed to be sufficiently understood betwixt them that there was a strong probability of his becoming minister of Knocktarlitie, providing the congregation were as willing to accept of him as the Duke to grant him the presentation. The matter of the oaths, they agreed, it was time enough to dispute about whenever the shibboleth should be tendered.

Many arrangements were adopted that evening, which were afterwards ripened by correspondence with the Duke of Argyle's man of business, who entrusted Deans and Butler with the benevolent wish of his principal that they should all meet with Jeanie, on her return from England, at the Duke's hunting-lodge in Roseneath.

This retrospect, so far as the placid loves of Jeanie Deans and Ruben Butler are concerned, forms a full explanation of the preceding narrative up to their meeting on the island as already mentioned.

CHAPTER XLIV

“I come,” he said, “my love, my life,
And—nature’s dearest name—my wife.
Thy father’s house and friends resign,
My home, my friends, my sire, are thine.”

LOGAN.

THE meeting of Jeanie and Butler, under circumstances promising to crown an affection so long delayed, was rather affecting from its simple sincerity than from its uncommon vehemence of feeling. David Deans, whose practise was sometimes a little different from his theory, appalled them at first by giving them the opinion of sundry of the suffering preachers and champions of his younger days, that marriage though honorable by the laws of Scripture, was yet a state over-rashly coveted by professors, and specially by young ministers, whose desire, he said, was at times too inordinate for kirks, stipends, and wives, which had frequently occasioned over-ready compliance with the general defections of the times. He endeavored to make them aware also, that hasty wedlock had been the bane of many a savory professor; that the unbelieving wife had too often reversed the text, and perverted the believing husband; that when the famous Donald Cargill, being then hiding in Lee Wood, in Lanarkshire, it being “killing time,” did, upon importunity, marry Robert Marshal of Starry Shaw, he had thus expressed himself: “What hath induced Robert to marry this woman? Her ill will overcome his good; he will not keep the way long: his thriving days are done.” To the sad accomplishment of which prophecy David said he was himself a living witness, for Robert Marshal, having fallen into foul compliances with the enemy, went home, and heard the curates, declined into other steps of defection, and became lightly esteemed. Indeed, he observed that the great upholders of the standard, Cargill, Peden, Cameron, and Renwick, had less delight in tying the bonds of matrimony than in any other piece of their ministerial work; and although they would neither dissuade the parties nor refuse their office, they considered the being called to it as an evidence of indifference on the part of

those between whom it was solemnized to the many grievous things of the day. Notwithstanding, however, that marriage was a snare unto many, David was of opinion, as, indeed, he had showed in his practise, "that it was in itself honorable, especially if times were such that honest men could be secure against being shot, hanged, or banished, and had ane competent livelihood to maintain themselves and those that might come after them. And, therefore," as he concluded something abruptly, addressing Jeanie and Butler, who, with faces as high-colored as crimson, had been listening to his lengthened argument for and against the holy state of matrimony, "I will leave ye to your ain cracks."

As their private conversation, however interesting to themselves, might probably be very little so to the reader, so far as it respected their present feelings and future prospects, we shall pass it over, and only mention the information which Jeanie received from Butler concerning her sister's elopement, which contained many particulars that she had been unable to extract from her father.

Jeanie learned, therefore, that for three days, after her pardon had arrived, Effie had been the inmate of her father's house at St. Leonard's; that the interviews betwixt David and his erring child which had taken place before she was liberated from prison had been touching in the extreme; but Butler could not suppress his opinion that, when he was freed from the apprehension of losing her in a manner so horrible, her father had tightened the bands of discipline, so as, in some degree, to gall the feelings and aggravate the irritability of a spirit naturally impatient and petulant, and now doubly so from the sense of merited disgrace.

On the third night, Effie disappeared from St. Leonard's leaving no information whatever of the route she had taken. Butler, however, set out in pursuit of her, and with much trouble traced her towards a little landing-place, formed by a small brook which enters the sea betwixt Musselburgh and Edinburgh. This place, which has been since made into a small harbor, surrounded by many villas and lodging-houses, is now termed Portobello. At this time it was surrounded by a waste common, covered with firs, and unfrequented, save by fishing boats, and now and then a smuggling lugger. A vessel of this description had been hovering in the firth at the time of Effie's elopement, and, as Butler ascertained, a boat had come ashore in the evening on which

the fugitive had disappeared, and had carried on board a female. As the vessel made sail immediately, and landed no part of their cargo, there seemed little doubt that they were accomplices of the notorious Robertson, and that the vessel had only come into the Firth to carry off his paramour.

This was made clear by a letter which Butler himself soon afterwards received by post, signed "E. D.," but without bearing any date of place or time. It was miserably ill written and spelt; sea sickness having apparently aided the derangement of Effie's very irregular orthography and mode of expression. In this epistle, however, as in all that that unfortunate girl said or did, there was something to praise as well as to blame. She said in her letter. "That she could not endure that her father and her sister should go into banishment, or be partakers of her shame; that if her burden was a heavy one, it was of her own binding, and she had the more right to bear it alone; that in future they could not be a comfort to her, or she to them, since every look and word of her father put her in mind of her transgression, and was like to drive her mad; that she had nearly lost her judgment during the three days she was at St. Leonard's: her father meant weel by her, and all men, but he did not know the dreadful pain he gave her in casting up her sins. If Jeanie had been at hame, it might hae dune better; Jeanie was aye, like the angels in heaven, that rather weep for sinners than reckon their transgressions. But she should never see Jeanie ony mair, and that was the thought that gave her the sairest heart of a' that had come and gane yet. On her bended knees would she pray for Jeanie, night and day, baith for what she had done and what she had scorned to do in her behalf; for what a thought would it have been to her at that moment o' time, if that upright creature had made a fault to save her! She desired her father would give Jeanie a' the gear—her ain (*i. e.* Effie's) mother's and a'. She had made a deed giving up her right, and it was in Mr. Novit's hand. World's gear was henceforward the least of her care, nor was it likely to be muckle her mister." She hoped this would make it easy for her sister to settle;" and immediately after this expression, she wished Butler himself all good things, in return for his kindness to her. "For herself," she said, "she kenn'd her lot would be a waesome aye, but it was of her own framing, sae she desired the less pity. But, for her friends' satisfaction, she wished them to know that she was gaun nae ill gate; that they who had done her maist wrong were now willing

to do her what justice was in their power ; and she would, in some worldly respects, be far better off than she deserved. But she desired her family to remain satisfied with this assurance, and give themselves no trouble in making further inquiries after her."

To David Deans and to Butler this letter gave very little comfort ; for what was to be expected from this unfortunate girl's uniting her fate to that of a character so notorious as Robertson, who they readily guessed was alluded to in the last sentence, excepting that she should become the partner and victim of his future crimes ? Jeanie, who knew George Staunton's character and real rank, saw her sister's situation under a ray of better hope. She augured well of the haste he had shown to reclaim his interest in Effie, and she trusted he had made her his wife. If so, it seemed improbable that, with his expected fortune and high connections, he should again resume the life of criminal adventure which he had led, especially since, as matters stood, his life depended upon his keeping his own secret, which could only be done by an entire change of his habits, and particularly by avoiding all those who had known the heir of Willingham under the character of the audacious, criminal, and condemned Robertson.

She thought it most likely that the couple would go abroad for a few years, and not return to England until the affair of Porteous was totally forgotten. Jeanie, therefore, saw more hopes for her sister than Butler or her father had been able to perceive ; but she was not at liberty to impart the comfort which she felt in believing that she would be secure from the pressure of poverty, and in little risk of being seduced into the paths of guilt. She could not have explained this without making public what it was essentially necessary for Effie's chance of comfort to conceal, the identity, namely, of George Staunton and George Robertson. After all, it was dreadful to think that Effie had united herself to a man condemned for felony, and liable to trial for murder, whatever might be his rank in life, and the degree of his repentance. Besides, it was melancholy to reflect that, she herself being in possession of the whole dreadful secret, it was most probable he would, out of regard to his own feelings and fear for his safety, never again permit her to see poor Effie. After perusing and re-perusing her sister's valedictory letter, she gave ease to her feelings in a flood of tears, which Butler in vain endeavored to check by every soothing attention in his power. She was obliged,

however, at length to look up and wipe her eyes, for her father, thinking he had allowed the lovers time enough for conference, was now advancing towards them from the Lodge, accompanied by the Captain of Knockdunder, or, as his friends called him for brevity's sake, Duncan Knock, a title which some youthful exploits had rendered peculiarly appropriate.

This Duncan of Knockdunder was a person of first-rate importance in the island * of Roseneath and the continental parishes of Knocktarlitie, Kilmun, and so forth; nay, his influence extended as far as Cowall, where, however, it was obscured by that of another factor. The Tower of Knockdunder still occupies, with its remains, a cliff overhanging the Holy Loch. Duncan swore it had been a royal castle; if so, it was one of the smallest, the space within only forming a square of sixteen feet, and bearing therefore a ridiculous proportion to the thickness of the walls, which was ten feet at least. Such as it was, however, it had long given the title of Captain, equivalent to that of Chatelain, to the ancestors of Duncan, who were retainers of the house of Argyle, and held a hereditary jurisdiction under them, of little extent indeed, but which had great consequence in their own eyes, and was usually administered with a vigor somewhat beyond the law.

The present representative of that ancient family was a stout short man about fifty, whose pleasure it was to unite in his own person the dress of the Highlands and Lowlands, wearing on his head a black tie-wig, surmounted by a fierce cocked hat, deeply guarded with gold lace, while the rest of his dress consisted of the plaid and philabeg. Duncan superintended a district which was partly Highland, partly Lowland, and therefore might be supposed to combine their national habits, in order to show his impartiality to Trojan or Tyrian. The incongruity, however, had a whimsical and ludicrous effect, as it made his head and body look as if belonging to different individuals; or, as some one said who had seen the executions of the insurgent prisoners in 1715, it seemed as if some Jacobite enchanter, having recalled the sufferers to life, had clapped, in his haste, an Englishman's head on a Highlander's body. To finish the portrait, the bearing of the gracious Duncan was brief, bluff, and consequential, and the upward turn of his short copper-colored nose indicated that he was somewhat addicted to wrath and usquebaugh.

* This is, more correctly speaking, a peninsula (*Laing*).

When this dignitary had advanced up to Butler and to Jeanie, "I take the freedom, Mr. Deans," he said, in a very consequential manner, "to salute your daughter, whilk I presume this young lass to be. I kiss every pretty girl that comes to Roseneath, in virtue of my office." Having made this gallant speech, he took out his quid, saluted Jeanie with a hearty smack, and bade her welcome to Argyle's country. Then addressing Butler, he said, "Ye maun gang ower and meet the carle ministers yonder the morn, for they will want to do your job; and synd it down with usquebaugh doubtless: they seldom make dry wark in this kintra."

"And the Laird——" said David Deans, addressing Butler in further explanation.

"The Captain, man," interrupted Duncan; "folk winna ken wha ye are speaking aboot, unless ye gie shentlemens their proper title."

"The Captain, then," said David, "assures me that the call is unanimous on the part of the parishioners—a real harmonious call, Renben."

"I pelieve," said Duncan, "it was as harmonious as could pe expected, when the tae half o' the bodies were clavering Sassenach and the t'other skirling Gaelic, like sea-maws and clack-geese before a storm. Ane wad hae needed the gift of tongues to ken preceesely what they said; but I pelieve the best end of it was, 'Long live MacCallummore and Knockdunder!' And as to its being an unanimous call, I wad be glad to ken fat business the carles have to call ony thing or ony body but what the Duke and mysell likes!"

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Butler, "if any of the parishioners have any scruples, which sometimes happens in the mind of sincere professors, I should be happy of an opportunity of trying to remove——"

"Never fash your peard about it, man," interrupted Duncan Knock. "Leave it a' to me. Scruple! deil ane o' them has been bred up to scruple ony thing that they're bidden to do. And if sic a thing suld happen as ye speak o', ye sall see the sincere professor, as ye ca' him, towed at the stern of my boat for a few furlongs. I'll try if the water of the Haly Loch winna wash off scruples as weel as fleas. Cot tam——!"

The rest of Duncan's threats was lost in a growling gurgling sort of sound which he made in his throat, and which menaced recusants with no gentle means of conver-

sion. David Deans would certainly have given battle in defence of the right of the Christian congregation to be consulted in the choice of their own pastor, which, in his estimation, was one of the choicest and most inalienable of their privileges ; but he had again engaged in close conversation with Jeanie, and, with more interest than he was in use to take in affairs foreign alike to his occupation and to his religious tenets, was inquiring into the particulars of her London journey. This was, perhaps, fortunate for the new-formed friendship betwixt him and the Captain of Knockdunder, which rested, in David's estimation, upon the proofs he had given of his skill in managing stock ; but, in reality, upon the special charge transmitted to Duncan from the Duke and his agent to behave with the utmost attention to Deans and his family.

"And now, sirs," said Duncan, in a commanding tone, "I am to pray ye a' to come in to your supper, for yonder is Mr. Archibald half famished, and a Saxon woman, that looks as if her een were fleeing out o' her head wi' fear and wonder, as if she had never seen a shentleman in a philabeg pefore."

"And Reuben Butler," said David, "will doubtless desire instantly to retire, that he may prepare his mind for the exercise of to-morrow, that his work may suit the day, and be an offering of a sweet savor in the nostrils of the reverend presbytery."

"Hout tout, man, it's but little ye ken about them," interrupted the Captain. "Teil a ane o' them wad gie the savor of the hot venison pasty which I smell (turning his squad nose up in the air) a' the way frae the Lodge, for a' that Mr. Putler, or you either, can say to them."

David groaned ; but judging he had to do with a Gallio, as he said, did not think it worth his while to give battle. They followed the Captain to the house, and arranged themselves with great ceremony round a well-loaded supper-table. The only other circumstance of the evening worthy to be recorded is, that Butler pronounced the blessing ; that Knockdunder found it too long, and David Deans censured it as too short ; from which the charitable reader may conclude it was exactly the proper length.

CHAPTER XLV.

Now turn the Psalms of David ower
And lilt wi' holy clangor ;
Of double verse come gie us four
And skirl up the Bangor.

BURNS.

THE next was the important day when, according to the forms of ritual of the Scottish Kirk, Reuben Butler was to be ordained minister of Knocktarlitie by the presbytery of——. And so eager were the whole party, that all, excepting Mrs. Dutton, the destined Cowslip of Inverary, were stirring at an early hour.

Their host, whose appetite was as quick and keen as his temper, was not long in summoning them to a substantial breakfast, where there were at least a dozen of different preparations of milk, plenty of cold meat, scores boiled and roasted eggs, a huge cag of butter, half a firkin herrings boiled and broiled, fresh and salt, and tea and coffee for them that liked it, which, as their landlord assured them, with a nod and a wink, pointing at the same time to a little cutter which seemed dodging under the lee of the island, cost them little beside the fetching ashore.

“Is the contraband trade permitted here so openly?” said Butler. “I should think it very unfavorable to the people’s morals.”

“The Duke, Mr. Putler, has gien nae orders concerning the putting of it down,” said the magistrate, and seemed to think that he had said all that was necessary to justify his connivance.

Butler was a man of prudence, and aware that real good can only be obtained by remonstrance when remonstrance is well-timed ; so for the present he said nothing more on the subject.

When breakfast was half over, in flounced Mrs. Dolly, as fine as a blue sacque and cherry-colored ribbons could make her.

“Good morrow to you, madam,” said the master of ceremonies ; “I trust your early rising will not scaith ye.”

The dame apologized to Captain Knockunder, as she was

pleased to term their entertainer ; “ but, as we say in Cheshire,” she added, “ I was like the mayor of Altringham, who lies in bed while his breeches are mending, for the girl did not bring up the right bundle to my room till she had brought up all the others by mistake one after t’other. Well, I suppose we are all for church to-day, as I understand. Pray may I be so bold as to ask if it is the fashion for you North-Country gentlemen to go to church in your petticoats, Captain Knockunder ! ”

“ Captain of Knockdunder, madam, if you please, for I knock under to no man ; and in respect of my garb, I shall go to church as I am, at your service, madam ; for if I were to lie in bed, like your Major What-d’ye-callum, till my breeches were mended, I might be there all my life, seeing I never had a pair of them on my person but twice in my life, which I am bound to remember, it being when the Duke brought his Duchess here, when her Grace behaved to be pleased ; so I e’en porrowed the minister’s trews for the twa days his Grace was pleased to stay ; but I will put myself under sic confinement again for no man on earth, or woman either, but her Grace being always excepted, as in duty bound.”

The mistress of the milking-pail stared, but, making no answer to this round declaration, immediately proceeded to show that the alarm of the preceding evening had in no degree injured her appetite.

When the meal was finished, the Captain proposed to them to take boat, in order that Mistress Jeanie might see her new place of residence, and that he himself might inquire whether the necessary preparations had been made there and at the manse for receiving the future inmates of these mansions.

The morning was delightful, and the huge mountain-shadows slept upon the mirrored wave of the firth, almost as little disturbed as if it had been an inland lake. Even Mrs. Dutton’s fears no longer annoyed her. She had been informed by Archibald that there was to be some sort of junketting after the sermon, and that was what she loved dearly ; and as for the water, it was so still that it would look quite like a pleasuring on the Thames.

The whole party being embarked, therefore, in a large boat, which the Captain called his coach and six, and attended by a smaller one termed his gig, the gallant Duncan steered straight upon the little tower of the old-fashioned church of Knocktarlitie, and the exertions of six stout

rowers sped them rapidly on their voyage. As they neared the land, the hills appeared to recede from them, and a little valley, formed by the descent of a small river from the mountains, evolved itself as it were upon their approach. The style of the country on each side was simply pastoral, and resembled, in appearance and character, the description of a forgotten Scottish poet, which runs nearly thus :—

The water gently down a level slid,
 With little din, but couthy what it made ;
 On ilka side the trees grew thick and lang,
 And wi' the wild birds' notes were a' in sang ;
 On either side, a full bow-shot and mair,
 The green was even, gowany, and fair ;
 With easy slope on every hand the braes
 To the hills' feet with scattered bushes raise ;
 With goats and sheep aboon, and kye below,
 The bonny banks all in a swarm did go. *

They landed in this Highland Arcadia, at the mouth of the small stream which watered the delightful and peaceable valley. Inhabitants of several descriptions came to pay their respects to the Captain of Knockdunder, a homage which he was very peremptory in exacting, and to see the new settlers. Some of these were men after David Deans's own heart, elders of the kirk-session, zealous professors, from the Lennox, Lanarkshire, and Ayrshire, to whom the preceding Duke of Argyle had given "rooms" in this corner of his estate, because they had suffered for joining his father, the unfortunate Earl, during his ill-fated attempt in 1686. These were cakes of the right leaven for David regaling himself with ; and, had it not been for this circumstance, he has been heard to say, "that the Captain of Knockdunder would have sworn him out of the country in twenty-four hours, sae awsome it was to ony thinking soul to hear his imprecations, upon the slightest temptation that crossed his humor."

Besides these, there were a wilder set of parishioners, mountaineers from the upper glen and adjacent hill, who spoke Gaelic, went about armed, and wore the Highland dress. But the strict commands of the Duke had established such good order in this part of his territories, that the Gael and Saxons lived upon the best possible terms of good neighborhood.

They first visited the manse, as the parsonage is termed in Scotland. It was old, but in good repair, and stood

* Ross's *Fortunate Shepherdess*. Edit. 1778, p. 23.

snugly embosomed in a grove of sycamore, with a well-stocked garden in front, bounded by the small river, which was partly visible from the windows, partly concealed by the bushes, trees, and bounding hedge. Within, the house looked less comfortable than it might have been, for it had been neglected by the late incumbent; but workmen had been laboring under the directions of the Captain of Knockdunder, and at the expense of the Duke of Argyle, to put it into some order. The old "plenishing" had been removed, and neat but plain household furniture had been sent down by the Duke in a brig of his own, called the "Caroline," and was now ready to be placed in order in the apartments.

The gracious Duncan, finding matters were at a stand among the workmen, summoned before him the delinquents, and impressed all who heard him with a sense of his authority by the penalties with which he threatened them for their delay. Mulcting them in half their charge, he assured them, would be the least of it; for, if they were to neglect his pleasure and the Duke's, "he would be tamn'd if he paid them the t'other half either, and they might seek law for it where they could get it." The workpeople humbled themselves before the offended dignitary, and spake him soft and fair; and at length, upon Mr. Butler recalling to his mind that it was the ordination-day, and that the workmen were probably thinking of going to church, Knockdunder agreed to forgive them, out of respect to their new minister.

"But an I catch them neglecting my duty again, Mr. Putler, the teil pe in me if the kirk shall be an excuse; for what has the like o' them rapparees to do at the kirk ony day put Sundays, or then either, if the Duke and I has the necessitous uses for them?"

It may be guessed with what feelings of quiet satisfaction and delight Butler looked forward to spending his days, honored and useful as he trusted to be, in this sequestered valley, and how often an intelligent glance was exchanged betwixt him and Jeanie, whose good-humored face looked positively handsome, from the expression of modesty, and at the same time of satisfaction, which she wore when visiting the apartments of which she was soon to call herself mistress. She was left at liberty to give more open indulgence to her feelings of delight and admiration when, leaving the manse, the company proceeded to examine the destined habitation of David Deans.

Jeanie found with pleasure that it was not above a musket-shot from the manse ; for it had been a bar to her happiness to think she might be obliged to reside at a distance from her father, and she was aware that there were strong objections to his actually living in the same house with Butler. But this brief distance was the very thing which she could have wished.

The farm-house was on the plan of an improved cottage, and contrived with great regard to convenience ; an excellent little garden, an orchard, and a set of offices complete, according to the best ideas of the time, combined to render it a most desirable habitation for the practical farmer, and far superior to the hovel at Woodend and the small house at St Leonard's Crags. The situation was considerably higher than that of the manse, and fronted to the west. The windows commanded an enchanting view of the little vale over which the mansion seemed to preside, the windings of the stream, and the firth, with its associated lakes and romantic islands. The hills of Dunbartonshire, once possessed by the fierce clan of MacFarlanes, formed a crescent behind the valley, and far to the right were seen the dusky and more gigantic mountains of Argyleshire, with a seaward view of the shattered and thunder-splitten peaks of Arran.

But to Jeanie, whose taste for the picturesque, if she had any by nature, had never been awakened or cultivated, the sight of the faithful old May Hettly, as she opened the door to receive them in her clean toy, Sunday's russet-gown, and blue apron, nicely smoothed down before her, was worth the whole varied landscape. The raptures of the faithful old creature at seeing Jeanie were equal to her own, as she hastened to assure her "that baith the gudeman and the beasts had been as weel seen after as she possibly could contrive." Separating her from the rest of the company, May then hurried her young mistress to the offices, that she might receive the compliments she expected for her care of the cows. Jeanie rejoiced, in the simplicity of her heart, to see her charge once more ; and the mute favorites of our heroine, Gowans and the others, acknowledged her presence by lowing, turning round their broad and decent brows when they heard her well-known 'Pruh, my leddy—pruh, my woman," and by various indications, known only to those who have studied the habits of the milky mothers showing sensible pleasure as she approached to caress them in their turn.

“The very brute beasts are glad to see ye again,” said May; “but nae wonder, Jeanie, for ye were aye kind to beast and body. And I maun learn to ca’ ye *mistress* now, Jeanie, since ye hae been up to Lunnon, and seen the Duke, and the King, and a’ the braw folk. But wha kens,” added the old dame slyly, “what I’ll hae to ca’ ye forbye mistress, for I am thinking it wunna lang be Deans.”

“Ca’ me your ain Jeanie, May, and then ye can never gang wrang.”

In the cow-house which they examined there was one animal which Jeanie looked at till the tears gushed from her eyes. May, who had watched her with a sympathizing expression, immediately observed, in an undertone, “The gudeman aye sorts that beast himsell, and is kinder to it than ony beast in the byre; and I noticed he was that way e’en when he was angriest, and had maist cause to be angry. Eh, sirs! a parent’s heart’s a queer thing! Mony a warsle he has had for that puir lassie. I am thinking he petitions mair for her than for yoursell, hinny; for what can he plead for you but just to wish you the blessing ye deserve? And when I sleepit ayont the hallan, when we came first here, he was often earnest a’ night, and I could hear him come ower and ower again wi’, ‘Effie—puir blinded misguided thing!’ it was aye ‘Effie! Effie!’ If that puir wandering lamb comena into the sheepfauld in the Shepherd’s ain time, it will be an unco wonder, for I wot she has been a child of prayers. O, if the puir prodigal wad return, sae blithely as the goodman wad kill the fatted calf!—though Brockie’s calf will no be fit for killing this three weeks yet.”

And then, with the discursive talent of persons of her description, she got once more afloat in her account of domestic affairs, and left this delicate and affecting topic.

Having looked at everything in the offices and the dairy, and expressed her satisfaction with the manner in which matters had been managed in her absence, Jeanie rejoined the rest of the party, who were surveying the interior of the house, all excepting David Deans and Butler, who had gone down to the church to meet the kirk-session and the clergymen of the presbytery, and arrange matters for the duty of the day.

In the interior of the cottage all was clean, neat, and suitable to the exterior. It had been originally built and furnished by the Duke as a retreat for a favorite domestic of the higher class, who did not long enjoy it, and had been dead only a few months, so that everything was in excellent

taste and good order. But in Jeanie's bedroom was a neat trunk, which had greatly excited Mrs. Dutton's curiosity, for she was sure that the direction, "For Mrs. Jean Deans, at Auchingower, parish of Knocktarlitie," was the writing of Mrs. Semple, the Duchess's own woman. May Hettly produced the key in a sealed parcel, which bore the same address, and attached to the key was a label, intimating that the trunk and its contents were "a token of remembrance to Jeanie Deans from her friends the Duchess of Argyle and the young ladies." The trunk, hastily opened, as the reader will not doubt, was found to be full of wearing apparel of the best quality, suited to Jeanie's rank in life; and to most of the articles the names of the particular donors were attached, as if to make Jeanie sensible not only of the general but of the individual interest she had excited in the noble family. To name the various articles by their appropriate names would be to attempt things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme; besides, that the old-fashioned terms of mantans, sacques, kissing-strings, and so forth would convey but little information even to the milliners of the present day. (I shall deposit, however, an accurate inventory of the contents of the trunk with my kind friend, Miss Martha Buskbody, who has promised, should the public curiosity seem interested in the subject, to supply me with a professional glossary and commentary.) Suffice it to say, that the gift was such as became the donors, and was suited to the situation of the receiver; that everything was handsome and appropriate, and nothing forgotten which belonged to the wardrobe of a young person in Jeanie's situation in life, the destined bride of a respectable clergyman.

Article after article was displayed, commented upon, and admired, to the wonder of May, who declared, "she didna think the Queen had mair or better claise," and somewhat to the envy of the northern Cowslip. This unamiable, but not very unnatural, disposition of mind broke forth in sundry unfounded criticisms to the disparagement of the articles, as they were severally exhibited. But it assumed a more direct character when, at the bottom of all, was found a dress of white silk, very plainly made, but still of white silk, and French silk to boot, with a paper pinned to it, bearing, that it was a present from the Duke of Argyle to his traveling companion, to be worn on the day when she should change her name.

Mrs. Dutton could forbear no longer, but whispered into Mr. Archibald's ear, that it was a clever thing to be a Scotch-

woman: "She supposed all *her* sisters, and she had half a dozen, might have been hanged, without any one sending her a present of a pocket handkerchief."

"Or without your making any exertion to save them, Mrs. Dolly," answered Archibald, drily. "But I am surprised we do not hear the bell yet," said he, looking at his watch.

"Fat ta deil, Mr. Archibald," answered the Captain of Knockdunder, "wad ye hae them ring the bell before I am ready to gang to kirk? I wad gar the bedral eat the bell-rope if he took ony sic freedom. But if ye want to hear the bell, I will just show mysell on the knowe-head, and it will begin jowing forthwith."

Accordingly, so soon as they sallied out, and the gold-laced hat of the Captain was seen rising like Hesper above the dewy verge of the rising ground, the clash—for it was rather a clash than a clang—of the bell was heard from the old moss-grown tower, and the clapper continued to thump its cracked sides all the while they advanced towards the kirk, Duncan exhorting them to take their own time, "for teil ony sport wad be till he came."*

Accordingly, the bell only changed to the final and impatient chime when they crossed the stile; and "rang in," that is, concluded its mistuned summons, when they had entered the Duke's seat in the little kirk, where the whole party arranged themselves, with Duncan at their head, excepting David Deans, who already occupied a seat among the elders.

The business of the day, with a particular detail of which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader, was gone through according to the established form, and the sermon pronounced upon the occasion had the good fortune to please even the critical David Deans, though it was only an hour and a quarter long, which David termed a short allowance of spiritual provender.

The preacher, who was a divine that held many of David's opinions, privately apologized for his brevity by saying, "That he observed the Captain was gaunting grievously, and that if he had detained him longer, there was no knowing how long he might be in paying the next term's victual stipend."

David groaned to find that such carnal motives could have influence upon the mind of a powerful preacher. He had, indeed, been scandalized by another circumstance during the service.

* See Tolling to Service in Scotland. Note 86.

So soon as the congregation were seated after prayers, and the clergyman had read his text, the gracious Duncan, after rummaging the leathern purse which hung in front of his petticoat, produced a short tobacco-pipe made of iron, and observed, almost aloud, "I hae forgotten my spleuchan. Lachlan, gang down to the clachan and bring me up a penny-worth of twist." Six arms, the nearest within reach, presented, with an obedient start, as many tobacco-pouches to the man of office. He made choice of one with a nod of acknowledgment, filled his pipe, lighted it with the assistance of his pistol-flint, and smoked with infinite composure during the whole time of the sermon. When the discourse was finished, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, replaced it in its sporran, returned the tobacco pouch or spleuchan to its owner, and joined in the prayer with decency and attention.

At the end of the service, when Butler had been admitted minister of the kirk of Knocktarlitie, with all its spiritual immunities and privileges, David, who had frowned, groaned, and murmured at Knockdunder's irreverent demeanor, communicated his plain thoughts of the matter to Isaac Meikle-hose, one of the elders, with whom a reverential aspect and huge grizzle wig had especially disposed him to seek fraternization. "It didna become a wild Indian," David said, "much less a Christian and a gentleman, to sit in the kirk puffing tobacco-reek, as if he were in a change-house."

Meiklehose shook his head, and allowed it was "far frae beseeeming. But what will ye say? The Captain's a queer hand, and to speak to him about that or ony thing else that crosses the maggot, wad be to set the kiln a-low. He keeps a high hand ower the country, and we couldna deal wi' the Hielandmen without his protection, sin' a' the keys o' the kintray hings at his belt; and he's no an ill body in the main, and maistry, ye ken, maws the meadows down."

"That may be very true, neighbor," said David; "but Reuben Butler isna the man I take him to be if he disna learn the Captain to fuff his pipe some other gate than in God's house or the quarter he ower."

"Fair and softly gangs far," said Meiklehose; "and if a fule may gie a wise man a counsel, I wad hae him think twice or he mells wi' Knockdunder. He suld hae a langshankit spune that wad sup kail wi' the deil. But they are a' away to their dinner to the change-house, and if we dinna mend our pace, we'll come short at meal-time."

David accompanied his friend without answer; but began

to feel from experience that the glen of Knocktarlitie, like the rest of the world, was haunted by its own special subjects of regret and discontent. His mind was so much occupied by considering the best means of converting Duncan of Knock to a sense of reverent decency during public worship, that he altogether forgot to inquire whether Butler was called upon to subscribe the oaths to government.

Some have insinuated that his neglect on this head was, in some degree, intentional ; but I think this explanation inconsistent with the simplicity of my friend David's character. Neither have I ever been able, by the most minute inquiries, to know whether the formula at which he so much scrupled had been exacted from Butler, aye or no. The books of the kirk-session might have thrown some light on this matter ; but unfortunately they were destroyed in the year 1746, by one Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh, at the instance, it was said, or at least by the connivance, of the gracious Duncan of Knock, who had a desire to obliterate the recorded foibles of a certain Kate Finlayson.

CHAPTER XLVI

Now butt and ben the change-house fills
Wi' yill-caup commentators :
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
And there the pint-stoup clatters.
While thick and thrang, and loud and lang,
Wi' logic and wi' Scripture,
They raise a din that in the end
Is like to breed a rupture

O' wrath that day.

BURNS.

A PLENTIFUL entertainment, at the Duke of Argyle's cost, regaled the reverend gentlemen who had assisted at the ordination of Reuben Butler, and almost all the respectable part of the parish. The feast was, indeed, such as the country itself furnished ; for plenty of all the requisites for "a rough and round" dinner were always at Duncan of Knock's command. There was the beef and mutton on the braes, the fresh and saltwater fish in the lochs, the brooks, and firth ; game of every kind, from the deer to the leveret, were to be had for the killing in the Duke's forests, moors, heaths, and mosses ; and for liquor, home-brewed ale flowed as freely as water ; brandy and usquebaugh both were had in those happy times without duty ; even white wine and claret were got for nothing, since the Duke's extensive rights of admiralty gave him a title to all the wine in cask which is drifted ashore on the western coast and isles of Scotland, when shipping have suffered by severe weather. In short, as Duncan boasted, the entertainment did not cost MacCallummure a plack out of his sporran, and was nevertheless not only liberal, but overflowing.

The Duke's health was solemnized in a *bona fide* bumper, and David Deans himself added perhaps the first huzza that his lungs had ever uttered to swell the shout with which the pledge was received. Nay, so exalted in heart was he upon this memorable occasion, and so much disposed to be indulgent, that he expressed no dissatisfaction when three bagpipers struck up, "The Campbells are coming." The health of the reverend minister of Knocktarlitie was received with similar honors ; and there was a roar of laughter when one

of his brethren slyly subjoined the addition of, "A good wife to our brother to keep the manse in order." On this occasion David Deans was delivered of his first-born joke; and apparently the parturition was accompanied with many throes, for sorely did he twist about his physiognomy, and much did he stumble in his speech, before he could express his idea, "That the lad being now wedded to his spiritual bride, it was hard to threaten him with a temporal spouse in the same day." He then laughed a hoarse and brief laugh, and was suddenly grave and silent, as if abashed at his own vivacious effort.

After another toast or two, Jeanie, Mrs. Dolly, and such of the female natives as had honored the feast with their presence, retired to David's new dwelling at Auchingower, and left the gentlemen to their potations.

The feast proceeded with great glee. The conversation, where Duncan had it under his direction, was not indeed always strictly canonical, but David Deans escaped any risk of being scandalized by engaging with one of his neighbors in a recapitulation of the sufferings of Ayrshire and Lanarkshire, during what was called the invasion of the Highland Host; the prudent Mr. Meiklehose cautioning them from time to time to lower their voices, for "that Duncan Knock's father had been at that onslaught, and brought back muckle gude plenishing, and that Duncan was no unlikely to hae been there himself, for what he kenn'd."

Meanwhile, as the mirth grew fast and furious, the graver members of the party began to escape as well as they could. David Deans accomplished his retreat, and Butler anxiously watched an opportunity to follow him. Knockdunder, however, desirous, he said, of knowing what stuff was in the new minister, had no intention to part with him so easily, but kept him pinned to his side, watching him sedulously, and with obliging violence filling his glass to the brim as often as he could seize an opportunity of doing so. At length, as the evening was wearing late, a venerable brother chanced to ask Mr. Archibald when they might hope to see the Duke, *tam carum caput*, as he would venture to term him, at the Lodge of Roseneath. Duncan of Knock, whose ideas were somewhat conglomerated, and who, it may be believed, was no great scholar, catching up some imperfect sound of the words, conceived the speaker was drawing a parallel between the Duke and Sir Donald Gorme of Sleat; and being of opinion that such comparison was odious, snorted thrice, and prepared himself to be in a passion.

To the explanation of the venerable divine the Captain answered, "I heard the word "Gorme" myself, sir, with my ain ears. D'ye think I do not know Gaelic from Latin?"

"Apparently not, sir," so the clergyman, offended in his turn, and taking a pinch of snuff, answered with great coolness.

The copper nose of the gracious Duncan now became heated like the bull of Phalaris, and while Mr. Archibald mediated betwixt the offended parties, and the attention of the company was engaged by their dispute, Butler took an opportunity to effect his retreat.

He found the females at Auchingower very anxious for the breaking up of the convivial party; for it was a part of the arrangement that, although David Deans was to remain at Auchingower, and Butler was that night to take possession of the manse, yet Jeanie, for whom complete accommodations were not yet provided in her father's house, was to return for a day or two to the Lodge at Roseneath, and the boats had been held in readiness accordingly. They waited, therefore, for Knockdunder's return, but twilight came and they still waited in vain. At length Mr. Archibald, who, as a man of decorum, had taken care not to exceed in his conviviality, made his appearance, and advised the females strongly to return to the island under his escort; observing that, from the humor in which he had left the Captain, it was a great chance whether he budged out of the public-house that night, and it was absolutely certain that he would not be very fit company for ladies. The gig was at their disposal, he said, and there was still pleasant twilight for a party on the water.

Jeanie, who had considerable confidence in Archibald's prudence, immediately acquiesced in this proposal; but Mrs. Dolly positively objected to the small boat. If the big boat could be gotten, she agreed to set out, otherwise she would sleep on the floor, rather than stir a step. Reasoning with Dolly was out of the question, and Archibald did not think the difficulty so pressing as to require compulsion. He observed, "It was not using the Captain very politely to deprive him of his coach and six; but as it was in the ladies' service," he gallantly said, "he would use so much freedom; besides, the gig would serve the Captain's purpose better, as it could come off at any hour of the tide; the large boat should, therefore, be at Mrs. Dolly's service."

They walked to the beach accordingly, accompanied by Butler. It was some time before the boatmen could be

assembled, and ere they were well embarked, and ready to depart, the pale moon was come over the hill, and flinging a trembling reflection on the broad and glittering waves. But so soft and pleasant was the night, that Butler, in bidding farewell to Jeanie, had no apprehension for her safety ; and, what is yet more extraordinary, Mrs. Dolly felt no alarm for her own. The air was soft, and came over the cooling wave with something of summer fragrance. The beautiful scene of headlands, and capes, and bays around them, with the broad blue chain of mountains, was dimly visible in the moonlight ; while every dash of the oars made the waters glance and sparkle with the brilliant phenomenon called the sea fire.

This last circumstance filled Jeanie with wonder, and served to amuse the mind of her companion, until they approached the little bay, which seemed to stretch its dark and wooded arms into the sea as if to welcome them.

The usual landing-place was at a quarter of a mile's distance from the Lodge, and although the tide did not admit of the large boat coming quite close to the jetty of loose stones which served as a pier, Jeanie, who was both bold and active, easily sprung ashore ; but Mrs. Dolly positively refusing to commit herself to the same risk, the complaisant Mr. Archibald ordered the boat round to a more regular landing-place, at a considerable distance along the shore. He then prepared to land himself, that he might, in the meanwhile, accompany Jeanie to the Lodge. But as there was no mistaking the woodland lane which led from thence to the shore, and as the moonlight showed her one of the white chimneys rising out of the wood which embosomed the building, Jeanie declined this favor with thanks, and requested him to proceed with Mrs. Dolly, who, being "in a country where the ways were strange to her, had mair need of countenance."

This, indeed, was a fortunate circumstance, and might even be said to save poor Cowslip's life, if it was true, as she herself used solemnly to aver, that she must positively have expired for fear if she had been left alone in the boat with six wild Highlanders in kilts.

The night was so exquisitely beautiful that Jeanie, instead of immediately directing her course towards the Lodge, stood looking after the boat as it again put off from the side, and rowed out into the little bay, the dark figures of her companions growing less and less distinct as they diminished in the distance, and the jorram, or melancholy boat-song,

of the rowers coming on the ear with softened and sweeter sound, until the boat rounded the headland and was lost to her observation.

Still Jeanie remained in the same posture, looking our upon the sea. It would, she was aware, be some time ere her companions could reach the Lodge, as the distance by the more convenient landing-place was considerably greater than from the point where she stood, and she was not sorry to have an opportunity to spend the interval by herself.

The wonderful change which a few weeks had wrought in her situation, from shame and grief, and almost despair, to honor, joy, and a fair prospect of future happiness, passed before her eyes with a sensation which brought the tears into them. Yet they flowed at the same time from another source. As human happiness is never perfect, and as well-constructed minds are never more sensible of the distresses of those whom they love than when their own situation forms a contrast with them, Jeanie's affectionate regrets turned to the fate of the poor sister—the child of so many hopes, the fondled nursling of so many years—now an exile, and, what was worse, dependent on the will of a man of whose habits she had every reason to entertain the worst opinion, and who, even in his strongest paroxysms of remorse, had appeared too much a stranger to the feelings of real penitence.

While her thoughts were occupied with these melancholy reflections, a shadowy figure seemed to detach itself from the copsewood on her right hand. Jeanie started, and the stories of apparitions and wraiths, seen by solitary travelers in wild situations, as such times and in such an hour, suddenly came full upon her imagination. The figure glided on, and as it came betwixt her and the moon, she was aware that it had the appearance of a woman. A soft voice twice repeated, "Jeanie—Jeanie!" Was it indeed—could it be the voice of her sister? Was she still among the living, or had the grave given up its tenant? Ere she could state these questions to her own mind, Effie, alive and in the body, had clasped her in her arms, and was straining her to her bosom and devouring her with kisses. "I have wandered here," she said, "like a ghaist, to see you, and nae wonder you take me for aue. I thought but to see you gang by, or to hear the sound of your voice; but to speak to yoursell again, Jeanie, was mair than I deserved, and mair than I durst pray for."

"O, Effie! how came ye here alone, and at this hour, and

on the wild sea-beach? Are you sure it's your ain living sell?"

There was something of Effie's former humor in her practically answering the question by a gentle pinch, more be-
seeming the fingers of a fairy than of a ghost.

And again the sisters embraced, and laughed, and wept by turns.

"But ye maun gang up wi' me to the Lodge, Effie," said Jeanie, "and tell me a' your story. I hae gude folk there that will make ye welcome for my sake."

"Na, na, Jeanie," replied her sister, sorrowfully: "ye hae forgotten what I am—a banished outlawed creature, scarce escaped the gallows by your being the bauldest and the best sister that ever lived. I'll gae near nane o' your grand friends, if ever there was nae danger to me."

"There is nae danger—there shall be nae danger," said Jeanie, eagerly. "O, Effie, dinna be wilfu': be guided for anes; we will be sae happy a' thegither!"

"I have a' the happiness I deserve on this side of the grave, now that I hae seen you," answered Effie; "and whether there were danger to mysell or no, naebody should ever say that I come with my cheat-the-gallows face to shame my sisters amang her grand friends."

"I hae nae grand friends," said Jeanie; "nae friends but what are friends of yours—Reuben Butler and my father. O, unhappy lassie, dinna be dour, and turn your back on your happiness again! We wunna see another acquaintance. Come hame to us, your ain dearest friends; 'it's better sheltering under an auld hedge than under a new-planted wood."

"It's in vain speaking, Jeanie: I maun drink as I hae brewed. I am married, and I maun follow my husband for better for worse."

"Married, Effie!" exclaimed Jeanie. "Misfortunate creature! and to that awfu'——"

"Hush, hush!" said Effie, clapping one hand on her mouth, and pointing to the thicket with the other; "he is yonder." She said this in a tone which showed that her husband had found means to inspire her with awe as well as affection.

At this moment a man issued from the wood. It was young Staunton. Even by the imperfect light of the moon, Jeanie could observe that he was handsomely dressed, and had the air of a person of rank.

"Effie," he said, "our time is well-nigh spent; the skiff

will be aground in the creek, and I dare not stay longer. I hope your sister will allow me to salute her?" But Jeanie shrunk back from him with a feeling of internal abhorrence. "Well," he said, "it does not much signify; if you keep up the feeling of ill-will, at least you do not act upon it, and I thank you for your respect to my secret, when a word—which in your place I would have spoken at once—would have cost me my life. People say you should keep from the wife of your bosom the secret that concerns your neck: my wife and her sister both know mine, and I shall not sleep a wink the less sound."

"But are you really married to my sister, sir?" asked Jeanie, in great doubt and anxiety; for the haughty, careless tone in which he spoke seemed to justify her worst apprehensions.

"I really am legally married, and by own name," replied Staunton, more gravely.

"And your father—and your friends——?"

"And my father and my friends must just reconcile themselves to that which is done and cannot be undone," replied Staunton. "However, it is my intention, in order to break off dangerous connections, and to let my friends come to their temper, to conceal my marriage for the present, and stay abroad for some years. So you will not hear of us for some time, if ever you hear of us again at all. It would be dangerous, you must be aware, to keep up the correspondence; for all would guess that the husband of Effie was the—what shall I call myself?—the slayer of Porteous."

"Hard-hearted, light man!" thought Jeanie; "to what a charactor she has entrusted her happiness! She has sown the wind, and maun reap the whirlwind."

"Dinna think ill o' him," said Effie, breaking away from her husband, and leading Jeanie a step or two out of hearing—dinna think *very* ill o' him; he's gude to me, Jeanie—as gude as I deserve. And he is determined to gie up his bad courses. Sae, after a', dinna greet for Effie; she is better off than she has wrought for. But you—O you!—how can you be happy enough! Never till ye get to Heaven, where a'boddy is as gude as yoursell. Jeanie, if I live and thrive ye shall hear of me; if not, just forget that sic a creature ever lived to vex ye. Fare ye weel—fare—fare ye weel!"

"She tore herself from her sister's arms; rejoined her husband; they plunged into the copsewood, and she saw them no more.

The whole scene had the effect of a vision, and she could

almost have believed it such, but that very soon after they quitted her she heard the sounds of oars, and a skiff was seen on the firth, pulling swiftly towards the small smuggling sloop which lay in the offing. It was on board of such a vessel that Effie had embarked at Portobello, and Jeanie had no doubt that the same conveyance was destined, as Staunton had hinted, to transport them to a foreign country.

Although it was impossible to determine whether this interview, while it was passing, gave more pain or pleasure to Jeanie Deans, yet the ultimate impression which remained on her mind was decidedly favorable. Effie was married—made, according to the common phrase, an honest woman; that was one main point. It seemed also as if her husband were about to abandon the path of gross vice, in which he had run so long and so desperately; that was another; for his final and effectual conversion, he did not want understanding, and God knew His own hour.

Such were the thoughts with which Jeanie endeavored to console her anxiety respecting her sister's future fortune. On her arrival at the lodge, she found Archibald in some anxiety at her stay, and about to walk out in quest of her. A headache served as an apology for retiring to rest, in order to conceal her visible agitation of mind from her companions.

By this secession also, she escaped another scene of a different sort. For, as if there were danger in all gigs, whether by sea or land, that of Knockdunder had been run down by another boat, an accident owing chiefly to the drunkenness of the Captain, his crew, and passengers. Knockdunder, and two or three guests whom he was bringing along with him to finish the conviviality of the evening at the Lodge, got a sound ducking; but, being rescued by the crew of the boat which endangered them, there was no ultimate loss, excepting that of the Captain's laced hat, which, greatly to the satisfaction of the Highland part of the district, as well as to the improvement of the conformity of his own personal appearance, he replaced by a smart Highland bonnet next day. Many were the vehement threats of vengeance which, on the succeeding morning, the gracious Duncan threw out against the boat which had upset him; but as neither she nor the small smuggling vessel to which she belonged was any longer to be seen in the firth, he was compelled to sit down with the affront. This was the more hard, he said, as he was assured the mischief was done on purpose, these scoundrels having lurked about after they had landed every

drop of brandy and every bag of tea they had on board ; and he understood the coxswain had been on shore making particular inquiries concerning the time when his boat was to cross over, and to return, and so forth.

“ Put the neist time they meet me on the firth,” said Duncan, with great majesty, “ I will teach the moonlight rascallions and vagabonds to keep their ain side of the road, and be tamn’d to them ! ”

CHAPTER XLVII

Lord ! who would live turmoiled in a court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?

SHAKSPEARE.

WITHIN a reasonable time after Butler was safely and comfortably settled in his living, and Jeanie had taken up her abode at Auchingower with her father—the precise extent of which interval we request each reader to settle according to his own sense of what is decent and proper upon the occasion—and after due proclamation of banns and all other formalities, the long wooing of this worthy pair was ended by their union in the holy bands of matrimony. On this occasion, David Deans stoutly withstood the iniquities of pipes, fiddles, and promiscuous dancing, to the great wrath of the Captain of Knockdunder, who said, if he “had guessed it was to be sic a tamn’d Quakers’ meeting, he wad hae seen them peyont the cairn before he wad hae darkened their doors.”

And so much rancor remained on the spirits of the gracious Duncan upon this occasion, that various “picqueerings,” as David called them, took place upon the same and similar topics ; and it was only in consequence of an accidental visit of the Duke to his Lodge at Roseneath that they were put a stop to. But upon that occasion his Grace showed such particular respect to Mr. and Mrs. Butler, and such favor even to aid David, that Knockdunder held it prudent to change his course towards the latter. He in future used to express himself among friends concerning the minister and his wife, as “very worthy decent folk, just a little over strict in their notions ; put it was pest for thae plack cattle to err on the safe side.” And respecting David, he allowed that “he was an excellent judge of nowte and sheep, and a sensible enough carle, an it werena for his tamn’d Cameronian nonsense, whilk it is not worth while of a shentleman to knock out of an auld silly head, either by force of reason or otherwise.” So that, by avoiding topics of dispute, the personages of our tale lived in great good habits with the gracious Duncan, only that he still grieved David’s soul, and set

a perilous example to the congregation, by sometimes bringing his pipe to the church during a cold winter day, and almost always sleeping during sermon in the summer-time.

Mrs. Butler, whom we must no longer, if we can help it, term by the familiar name of Jeanie, brought into the married state the same firm mind and affectionate disposition, the same natural and homely good sense, and spirit of useful exertion—in a word, all the domestic good qualities of which she had given proof during her maiden life. She did not indeed rival Butler in learning; but then no woman more devoutly venerated the extent of her husband's erudition. She did not pretend to understand his expositions of divinity; but no minister of the presbytery had his humble dinner so well arranged, his clothes and linen in equal good order, his fireside so neatly swept, his parlor so clean, and his books so well dusted.

If he talked to Jeanie of what she did not understand—and (for the man was mortal, and had been a schoolmaster) he sometimes did harangue more scholarly and wisely than was necessary—she listened in placid silence; and whenever the point referred to common life, and was such as came under the grasp of a strong natural understanding, her views were more forcible, and her observations more acute, than his own. In acquired politeness of manners, when it happened that she mingled a little in society, Mrs. Butler was, of course, judged deficient. But then she had that obvious wish to oblige, and that real and natural good-breeding depending on good sense and good-humor, which, joined to a considerable degree of archness and liveliness of manner, rendered her behavior acceptable to all with whom she was called upon to associate. Notwithstanding her strict attention to all domestic affairs, she always appeared the clean well-dressed mistress of the house, never the sordid household drudge. When complimented on this occasion by Duncan Knock, who swore, “that he thought the fairies must help her, since her house was always clean, and nobody ever saw anybody sweeping it,” she modestly replied, “That much might be done by timing ane's turns.”

Duncan replied, “He heartily wished she could teach that art to the huzzies at the Lodge, for he could never discover that the house was washed at a', except now and then by breaking his shins over the pail, Cot tamn the jauds!”

Of lesser matters there is no occasion to speak much. It may easily be believed that the Duke's cheese was carefully made, and so graciously accepted that the offering became

annual. Remembrances and acknowledgments of past favors were sent to Mrs. Bickerton and Mrs. Glass, and an amicable intercourse maintained from time to time with these two respectable and benevolent persons.

It is especially necessary to mention that, in the course of five years, Mrs. Butler, had three children, two boys and a girl, all stout healthy babes of grace, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and strong-limbed. The boys were named David and Reuben, an order of nomenclature which was much to the satisfaction of the old hero of the Covenant, and the girl, by her mother's special desire, was christened Euphemia, rather contrary to the wish of both her father and husband, who nevertheless loved Mrs. Butler too well, and were too much indebted to her for their hours of happiness, to withstand any request which she made with earnestness, and as a gratification to herself. But from some feeling, I know not of what kind, the child was never distinguished by the name of Effie, but by the abbreviation of Femie, which in Scotland is equally commonly applied to persons called Euphemia.

In this state of quiet and unostentatious enjoyment there were, besides the ordinary rubs and ruffles which disturbed even the most uniform life, two things which particularly chequered Mrs. Butler's happiness. "Without these," she said to our informer, "her life would have been but too happy; and perhaps," she added, "she had need of some crosses in this world to remind her that there was a better to come behind it."

The first of these related to certain polemical skirmishes betwixt her father and her husband, which notwithstanding the mutual respect and affection they entertained for each other, and their great love for her; notwithstanding also their general agreement in strictness, and even severity, of Presbyterian principle, often threatened unpleasant weather between them. David Deans, as our readers must be aware, was sufficiently opinionative and intractable, and having prevailed on himself to become a member of a kirk-session under the established church, he felt doubly obliged to evince that, in so doing, he had not compromised any whit of his former professions, either in practise or principle. Now Mr. Butler, doing all credit to his father-in-law's motives, was frequently of opinion that it was better to drop out of memory points of division and separation, and to act in the manner most likely to attract and unite all parties who were serious in religion. Moreover, he was not

pleased, as a man and a scholar, to be always dictated to by his unlettered father-in-law ; and as a clergyman he did not think it fit to seem forever under the thumb of an elder of his own kirk-session. A proud but honest thought carried his opposition now and then a little farther than it would otherwise have gone. "My brethren," he said, "will suppose I am flattering and conciliating the old man for the sake of his succession, if I defer and give way to him on every occasion ; and, besides, there are many on which I neither can nor will conscientiously yield to his notions. I cannot be persecuting old women for witches, or ferreting out matter of scandal among the young ones, which might otherwise remained concealed."

From this difference of opinion it happened that, in many cases of nicety, such as in owning certain defections, and failing to testify against certain backslidings of the time ; in not always severely tracing forth little matters of scandal and *fama clamosa*, which David called a loosening of the reins of discipline ; and in failing to demand clear testimonies in other points of controversy which had, as it were, drifted to leeward with the change of times, Butler incurred the censure of his father-in-law ; and sometimes the disputes betwixt them became eager and almost unfriendly. In all such cases Mrs. Butler was a mediating spirit, who endeavored, by the alkaline smoothness of her own disposition, to neutralize the acidity of theological controversy. To the complaints of both she lent an unprejudiced and attentive ear, and sought always rather to excuse than absolutely to defend the other party.

She reminded her father that Butler had not "his experience of the auld and wrastling times, when folk were gifted wi' a far look into eternity, to make up for the oppressions whilk they suffered here below in time. She freely allowed that many devout ministers and professors in times past had enjoyed downright revelation, like the blessed Peden, and Lundie, and Cameron, and Renwick, and John Caird the tinkler, wha entered into the secrets ; and Elizabeth Melvil, Lady Culross who prayed in her bed, surrounded by a great many Christians in a large room, in whilk it was placed on purpose, and that for three hours' time, with wonderful assistance ; and Lady Robertland, whilk got six sure outgates of grace ; and mony other in times past ; and of a specialty, Mr. John Scrimgeour, minister of Kinghorn, who, having a beloved child sick to death of the crewels, was free to expostulate with his Maker

with such impatience of displeasure, and complaining so bitterly, that at length it was said unto him that he was heard for this time, but that he was requested to use no such boldness in time coming; so that, when he returned, he found the child sitting up in the bed hale and fair, with all its wounds closed, and supping its parritch, whilk babe he had left at the time of death. But though these things might be true in these needful times, she contended that those ministers who had not seen such vouchsafed and especial mercies were to seek their rule in the record of ancient times; and therefore Reuben was carefu' both to search the Scriptures and the books written by wise and good men of old; and sometimes in this way it wad happen that twa precious saints might pu' sundry wise, like twa cows riving at the same hay-band."

To this David used to reply, with a sigh, "Ah, hinny, thou kenn'st little o't; but that same John Scrimgeour, that blew open the gates of Heaven as an it had been wi' a sax-pund cannon-ball, used devoutly to wish that most part of books were burned, except the Bible. Reuben's a gude lad and a kind—I have aye allowed that; but as to his not allowing inquiry anent the scandal of Margery Kittlesides and Rory MacRand, under pretense that they have south-ered sin wi' marriage, it's clear agane the Christian discipline o' the kirk. And then there's Ailie MacClure of Deepheugh, that practises her abominations, spacing folks fortunes wi' egg-shells, and mutton-banes, and dreams and divinations, whilk is a scandal to ony Christian land to suffer sic a wretch to live; and I'll uphand that in a' judicatures, civil or ecclesiastical."

"I daresay ye are very right, father," was the general style of Jeanie's answer; "but ye maun come down to the manse to your dinner the day. The bits o' bairns, puir things, are wearying to see their luckie-dad; and Reuben never sleeps weel, nor I neither, when you and he hae had ony bit outcast."

"Nae outcast, Jeanie; God forbid I suld cast out wi' thee, or aught that is dear to thee!" And he put on his Sunday's coat and came to the manse accordingly.

With her husband, Mrs. Butler had a more direct conciliatory process. Reuben had the utmost respect for the old man's motives, and affection for his person, as well as gratitude for his early friendship; so that, upon any such occasion of accidental irritation, it was only necessary to remind him with delicacy of his father-in-law's age, of his

scanty education, strong prejudices, and family distresses. The least of these considerations always inclined Butler to measures of conciliation, in so far as he could accede to them without compromising principle ; and thus our simple and unpretending heroine had the merit of those peace-makers to whom it is pronounced as a benediction that they shall inherit the earth.

The second crook in Mrs. Butler's lot, to use the language of her father, was the distressing circumstance that she had never heard of her sister's safety, or of the circumstances in which she found herself, though betwixt four and five years had elapsed since they had parted on the beach of the island of Roseneath. Frequent intercourse was not to be expected—not to be desired, perhaps, in their relative situations ; but Effie had promised that, if she lived and prospered, her sister should hear from her. She must then be no more, or sunk into some abyss of misery, since she had never redeemed her pledge. Her silence seemed strange and portentous, and wrung from Jeanie, who could never forget the early years of their intimacy, the most painful anticipation concerning her fate. At length, however, the veil was drawn aside.

One day, as the Captain of Knockdunder had called in at the manse, on his return from some business in the Highland part of the parish, and had been accommodated, according to his special request, with a mixture of milk, brandy, honey, and water, which he said Mrs. Butler compounded “petter than ever a woman in Scotland”—for in all innocent matters she studied the taste of every one around her—he said to Butler, “Py the py, minister, I have a letter here either for your cannv pody of a wife or you, which I got when I was last at Glasco ; the postage comes to fourpence, which you may either pay me forthwith, or give me tooble or quits in a hit at packcammon.”

The playing at backgammon and draughts had been a frequent amusement of Mr. Whackbairn, Butler's principal, when at Liberton school. The minister, therefore, still piqued himself on his skill at both games, and occasionally practised them, as strictly canonical, although David Deans, whose notions of every kind were more rigorous, used to shake his head and groan grievously when he espied the tables lying in the parlor, or the children playing with the dice-boxes or backgammon men. Indeed, Mrs. Butler was sometimes chidden for removing these implements of pastime into some closet or corner out of sight. “Let them

be where they are, Jeanie," would Butler say upon such occasions; "I am not conscious of following this or any other trifling relaxation to the interruption of my more serious studies and still more serious duties. I will not, therefore, have it supposed that I am indulging by stealth, and against my conscience, in an amusement which, using it so little as I do, I may well practise openly, and without any check of mind. *Nil conscire sibi*, Jeanie, that is my motto; which signifies, my love, the honest and open confidence which a man ought to entertain when he is acting openly, and without any sense of doing wrong."

Such being Butler's humor, he accepted the Captain's defiance to a twopenny hit at backgammon, and handed the letter to his wife, observing, "the post-mark was York, but if it came from her friend Mrs. Bickerton, she had considerably improved her handwriting, which was uncommon at her years."

Leaving the gentlemen to their game, Mrs. Butler went to order something for supper, for Captain Duncan had proposed kindly to stay the night with them, and then carelessly broke open her letter. It was not from Mrs. Bickerton, and, after glancing over the first few lines, she soon found it necessary to retire into her own bedroom, to read the document at leisure.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Happy thou art ! then happy be,
Nor envy me my lot ;
Thy happy state I envy thee,
And peaceful cot.

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.

THE letter, which Mrs. Butler, when retired into her own apartment, perused with anxious wonder, was certainly from Effie, although it had no other signature than the letter E.; and although the orthography, style, and penmanship were very far superior not only to anything which Effie could produce, who, though a lively girl, had been a remarkably careless scholar, but even to her more considerate sister's own powers of composition and expression. The manuscript was a fair Italian hand, though something stiff and constrained ; the spelling and the diction that of a person who had been accustomed to read good composition, and mix in good society.

The tenor of the letter was as follows :—

“ MY DEAREST SISTER,

“ At many risks I venture to write to you, to inform you that I am still alive, and, as to worldly situation, that I rank higher than I could expect or merit. If wealth and distinction, and an honorable rank could make a woman happy, I have them all ; but you, Jeanie, whom the world might think placed far beneath me in all these respects, are far happier than I am. I have had means of hearing of your welfare, my dearest Jeanie, from time to time ; I think I should have broken my heart otherwise. I have learned with great pleasure of your increasing family. We have not been worthy of such a blessing ; two infants have been successively removed, and we are now childless—God's will be done ! But if we had a child it would perhaps divert him from the gloomy thoughts which make him terrible to himself and others. Yet do not let me frighten you, Jeanie, he continues to be kind, and I am far better off than I deserve. You will wonder at my better scholarship ; but when I was abroad I had the best teachers, and I worked hard because my progress pleased him. He is kind, Jeanie,

only he has much to distress him, especially when he looks backward. When I look backward myself I have always a ray of comfort ; it is in the generous conduct of a sister who forsook me not when I was forsaken by every one. You have had your reward. You live happy in the esteem and love of all who know you, and I drag on the life of a miserable impostor, indebted for the marks of regard I receive to a tissue of deceit and lies, which the slightest accident may unravel. He has produced me to his friends, since the estate opened to him, as the daughter of a Scotchman of rank, banished on account of the Viscount of Dundee's wars—that is our Fr's old friend Clavers, you know—and he says I was educated in a Scotch convent ; indeed, I lived in such a place long enough to enable me to support the character. But when a countryman approaches me, and begins to talk, as they all do, of the various families engaged in Dundee's affair, and to make inquiries into my connections, and when I see *his* eye bent on mine with such an expression of agony, my terror brings me to the very risk of detection. Good-nature and politeness have hitherto saved me, as they prevented people from pressing on me with distressing questions. But how long—O how long will this be the case ! And if I bring this disgrace on him, he will hate me ; he will kill me, for as much as he loves me ; he is as jealous of his family honor now as ever he was careless about it. I have been in England four months, and have often thought of writing to you ; and yet such are the dangers that might arise from an intercepted letter that I have hitherto forborne. But now I am obliged to run the risk. Last week I saw your great friend, the D. of A. He came to my box, and sate by me ; and something in the play put him in mind of you. Gracious Heaven ! he told over your whole London journey to all who were in the box, but particularly to the wretched creature who was the occasion of it all. If he had known—if he could have conceived, beside whom he was sitting, and to whom the story was told ! I suffered with courage, like an Indian at the stake, while they are rending his fibers and boring his eyes, and while he smiles applause at each well-imagined contrivance of his torturers. It was too much for me at last, Jeanie : I fainted ; and my agony was imputed partly to the heat of the place, and partly to my extreme sensibility ; and, hypocrite all over, I encouraged both opinions—anything but discovery ! Luckily *he* was not there. But the incident has led to more alarms. I am obliged to meet your great

man often ; and he seldom sees me without talking of E. D. and J. D., and R. B. and D. D., as persons in whom my amiable sensibility is interested. My amiable sensibility !!! And then the cruel tone of light indifference with which persons in the fashionable world speak together on the most affecting subjects ! To hear my guilt, my folly, my agony, the foibles and weaknesses of my friends, even your heroic exertions, Jeanie, spoken of in the drolling style which is the present tone in fashionable life ! Scarce all that I formerly endured is equal to this state of irritation : then it was blows and stabs ; now it is pricking to death with needles and pins. He—I mean the D.—goes down next month to spend the shooting-season in Scotland. He says he makes a point of always dining one day at the manse ; be on your guard, and do not betray yourself, should he mention me. Yourself—alas ! *you* have nothing to betray—nothing to fear ; you, the pure, the virtuous, the heroine of unstained faith, unblemished purity, what can you have to fear from the world or its proudest minions ? It is E. whose life is once more in your hands ; it is E. whom you are to save from being plucked of her borrowed plumes, discovered, branded, and trodden down—first by him, perhaps, who has raised her to this dizzy pinnacle. The inclosure will reach you twice a-year. Do not refuse it ; it is out of my own allowance, and may be twice as much when you want it. With you it may do good ; with me it never can.

“ Write to me soon, Jeanie, or I shall remain in the agonizing apprehension that this has fallen into wrong hands. Address simply to “ L. S.,” under cover to the Reverend George Whiterose, in the Minster Close, York. He thinks I correspond with some of my noble Jacobite relations who are in Scotland. How High Church and Jacobitical zeal would burn in his cheeks if he knew he was the agent, not of Euphemia Setoun, of the honorable house of Winton, but of E. D., daughter of a Cameronian cow-feeder ! Jeanie, I can laugh yet sometimes—but God protect you from such mirth. My father—I mean your father—would say it was like the idle crackling of thorns ; but the thorns keep their poignancy, they remain unconsumed. Farewell, my dearest Jeanie. Do not show this even to Mr. Butler, much less to any one else. I have every respect for him ; but his principles are over strict, and my case will not endure severe handling.—I rest your affectionate sister, E.”

In this long letter there was much to surprise as well as distress Mrs. Butler. That Effie—her sister Effie—should be mingling freely in society, and apparently on not unequal terms with the Duke of Argyle, sounded like something so extraordinary that she even doubted if she read truly. Nor was it less marvelous that, in the space of four years, her education should have made such progress. Jeanie's humility readily allowed that Effie had always, when she chose it, been smarter at her book than she herself was, but then she was very idle, and, upon the whole, had made much less proficiency. Love, or fear, or necessity, however, had proved an able schoolmistress, and completely supplied all her deficiencies.

What Jeanie least liked in the tone of the letter was a smothered degree of egotism. "We should have heard little about her," said Jeanie to herself, "but that she was feared the Duke might come to learn wha she was, and a' about her puir friends here; but Effie, puir thing, aye looks her ain way, and folk that do that think mair o' themselves than o' their neighbors. I am no clear about keeping her siller," she added, taking up a £50 note which had fallen out of the paper to the floor. "We hae enough, and it looks unco like theft-boot, or hush-money, as they ca' it: she might hae been sure that I wad say naething wad harm her, for a' the gowd in Lunnon. And I maun tell the minister about it. I dinna see that she suld be sae feared for her ain bonny bargain o' a gudeman, and that I shouldna reverence Mr. Butler just as much; and sae I'll e'en tell him when that tippling body, the Captain, has ta'en boat in the morning. But I wonder at my ain state of mind," she added, turning back, after she had made a step or two to the door to join the gentlemen; "surely I am no sic a fule as to be angry that Effie's a braw lady, while I am only a minister's wife? and yet I am as petted as a bairn, when I should bless God, that has redeemed her from shame, and poverty, and guilt, as ower likely she might hae been plunged into."

Sitting down upon a stool at the foot of the bed, she folded her arms upon her bosom, saying within herself, "From this place will I not rise till I am in a better frame of mind;" and so placed, by dint of tearing the veil from the motives of her little temporary spleen against her sister, she compelled herself to be ashamed of them, and to view as blessings the advantages of her sister's lot, while its embarrassments were the necessary consequences of errors long

since committed. And thus she fairly vanquished the feeling of pique which she naturally enough entertained at seeing Effie, so long the object of her care and her pity, soar suddenly so high above her in life as to reckon amongst the chief objects of her apprehension the risk of their relationship being discovered.

When this unwonted burst of *amour propre* was thoroughly subdued, she walked down to the little parlor where the gentlemen were finishing their game, and heard from the Captain a confirmation of the news intimated in her letter, that the Duke of Argyle was shortly expected at Roseneath.

“He’ll find plenty of moor-fowls and plack-cock on the moors of Auchingower, and he’ll pe nae doubt for taking a late dinner and a ped at the manse, as he has done pefore now.”

“He has a gude right, Captain,” said Jeanie.

“Teil ane petter to ony ped in the kintra,” answered the Captain. “And ve had petter tell your father, puir body, to get his beasts a’ in order, and put his tamn’d Cameronian nonsense out o’ his head for twa or three days, if he can pe so opliging; for fan I speak to him apout prute pestial, he answers me out o’ the Pible, whilk is not using a shentleman weel, unless it be a person of your cloth, Mr. Putler.”

No one understood better than Jeanie the merit of the soft answer which turneth away wrath; and she only smiled, and hoped that his Grace would find everything that was under her father’s care to his entire satisfaction.

But the Captain, who had lost the whole postage of the letter at backgammon, was in the pouting mood not unusual to losers, and which, says the proverb, must be allowed to them.

“And, Master Putler, though you know I never meddle with the things of your kirk-sessions, yet I must be allowed to say that I will not pe pleased to allow Ailie MacClure of Deepheugh to be poonished as a witch, in respect she only spaes fortunes, and does not lame, or plind, or pedevil any persons, or coup cadgers’ carts, or ony sort of mischief; put only tells people good fortunes, as anent our poats killing so many seals and doug-fishes, whilk is very pleasant to hear.”

“The woman,” said Butler, “is, I believe, no witch, but a cheat; and it is only on that head that she is summoned to the kirk-session, to cause her to desist in future from practising her impostures upon ignorant persons.”

"I do not know," replied the gracious Duncan, "what her practices or her postures are, but I pelieve that if the poys take hould on her to duck her in the clachan purn, it will be a very sorry practise; and I pelieve, moreover, that if I come in thirdsman among you at the kirk-sessions, you will be all in a tamn'd pad posture indeed."

Without noticing this threat, Mr. Butler replied, "That he had not attended to the risk of ill-usage which the poor woman might undergo at the hands of the rabble, and that he would give her the necessary admonition in private, instead of bringing her before the assembled session."

"This," Duncan said, "was speaking like a reasonable shentleman;" and so the evening passed peaceably off.

Next morning, after the Captain had swallowed his morning draught of Athole brose, and departed in his coach and six, Mrs. Butler anew deliberated upon communicating to her husband her sister's letter. But she was deterred by the recollection that, in doing so, she would unveil to him the whole of a dreadful secret, of which, perhaps, his public character might render him an unfit depository. Butler already had reason to believe that Effie had eloped with that same Robertson who had been a leader in the Porteous mob, and who lay under sentence of death for the robbery at Kirkcaldy. But he did not know his identity with George Staunton, a man of birth and fortune, who had now apparently reassumed his natural rank in society. Jeanie had respected Staunton's own confession as sacred, and upon reflection she considered the letter of her sister as equally so, and resolved to mention the contents to no one.

On reperusing the letter, she could not help observing the staggering and unsatisfactory condition of those who have risen to distinction by undue paths, and the outworks and bulwarks of fiction and falsehood by which they are under the necessity of surrounding and defending their precarious advantages. But she was not called upon, she thought to unveil her sister's original history: it would restore no right to any one, for she was usurping none; it would only destroy her happiness, and degrade her in the public estimation. Had she been wise, Jeanie thought she would have chosen seclusion and privacy, in place of public life and gaiety; but the power of choice might not be hers. The money, she thought, could not be returned without her seeming haughty and unkind. She resolved, therefore, upon reconsidering this point, to employ it as occasion should serve, either in educating her children better than her own means

could compass, or for their future portion. Her sister had enough, was strongly bound to assist Jeanie by any means in her power, and the arrangement was so natural and proper, that it ought not to be declined out of fastidious or romantic delicacy. Jeanie accordingly wrote to her sister, acknowledging her letter, and requesting to hear from her as often as she could. In entering into her own little details of news, chiefly respecting domestic affairs, she experienced a singular vacillation of ideas ; for sometimes she apologized for mentioning things unworthy the notice of a lady of rank, and then recollected that everything which concerned her should be interesting to Effie. Her letter, under the cover of Mr. Whiterose, she committed to the post-office at Glasgow, by the intervention of a parishioner who had business at that city.

The next week brought the Duke to Roseneath, and shortly afterwards he intimated his intention of sporting in their neighborhood, and taking his bed at the manse ; an honor which he had once or twice done to its inmates on former occasions.

Effie proved to be perfectly right in her anticipations. The Duke had hardly set himself down at Mrs. Butler's right hand, and taken upon himself the task of carving the excellent "barndoor chucky," which had been selected as the high dish upon this honorable occasion, before he began to speak of Lady Staunton of Willingham, in Lincolnshire, and the great noise which her wit and beauty made in London. For much of this Jeanie was, in some measure, prepared ; but Effie's wit ! that would never have entered into her imagination, being ignorant how exactly raillery in the higher rank resembles flippancy among their inferiors.

"She has been the ruling belle—the blazing star—the universal toast of the winter," said the Duke ; "and is really the most beautiful creature that was seen at court upon the birthday."

The birthday ! and at court ! Jeanie was annihilated, remembering well her own presentation, all its extraordinary circumstances, and particularly the cause of it.

"I mention this lady particularly to you, Mrs. Butler," said the Duke, "because she has something in the sound of her voice and cast of her countenance that reminded me of you : not when you look so pale though ; you have over-fatigued yourself ; you must pledge me in a glass of wine."

She did so, and Butler observed, "It was dangerous flat-

tery in his Grace to tell a poor minister's wife that she was like a court-beauty."

"Oho! Mr. Butler," said the Duke, "I find you are growing jealous; but it's rather too late in the day, for you know how long I have admired your wife. But seriously, there is betwixt them one of those inexplicable likenesses which we see in countenances that do not otherwise resemble each other."

"The perilous part of the compliment has flown off," thought Mr. Butler.

His wife, feeling the awkwardness of silence, forced herself to say, "That perhaps the lady might be her countrywoman, and the language might make some resemblance."

"You are quite right," replied the Duke. "She is a Scotchwoman, and speaks with a Scotch accent, and now and then a provincial word drops out so prettily that it is quite Doric, Mr. Butler."

"I should have thought," said the clergyman, "that would have sounded vulgar in the great city."

"Not at all," replied the Duke; "you must suppose it is not the broad coarse Scotch that is spoken in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, or in the Gorbals. This lady has been very little in Scotland, in fact. She was educated in a convent abroad, and speaks that pure court-Scotch which was common in my younger days; but it is so generally disused now, that it sounds like a different dialect, entirely distinct from our modern *patois*."

Notwithstanding her anxieties, Jeanie could not help admiring within herself, how the most correct judges of life and manners can be imposed on by their own preconceptions. While the Duke proceeded thus: "She is of the unfortunate house of Winton, I believe; but, being bred abroad, she had missed the opportunity of learning her own pedigree, and was obliged to me for informing her that she must certainly come of the Setouns of Windygoul. I wish you could have seen how prettily she blushed at her own ignorance. Amidst her noble and elegant manners, there is now and then a little touch of bashfulness and conventual rusticity, if I may call it so, that makes her quite enchanting. You see at once the rose that had bloomed untouched amid the chaste precincts of the cloister, Mr. Butler."

True to the hint, Mr. Butler failed not to start with his

"Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis," etc.;

while his wife could hardly persuade herself that all this was

spoken of Effie Deans, and by so competent a judge as the Duke of Argyle ; and had she been acquainted with Catullus, would have thought the fortunes of her sister had reversed the whole passage.

She was, however, determined to obtain some indemnification for the anxious feelings of the moment, by gaining all the intelligence she could ; and therefore ventured to make some inquiry about the husband of the lady his Grace admired so much.

“ He is very rich,” replied the Duke ; “ of an ancient family, and has good manners ; but he is far from being such a general favorite as his wife. Some people say he can be very pleasant. I never saw him so ; but should rather judge him reserved, and gloomy, and capricious. He was very wild in his youth, they say, and has bad health ; yet he is a good-looking man enough—a great friend of your Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, Mr. Butler.”

“ Then he is the friend of a very worthy and honorable nobleman,” said Butler.

“ Does he admire his lady as much as other people do ? ” said Jeanie, in a low voice.

“ Who—Sir George ? They say he is very fond of her,” said the Duke ; “ but I observe she trembles a little when he fixes his eye on her, and that is no good sign. But it is strange how I am haunted by this resemblance of yours to Lady Staunton, in look and tone of voice. One would almost swear you were sisters.”

Jeanie’s distress became uncontrollable, and beyond concealment. The Duke of Argyle was much disturbed, good-naturedly ascribing it to his having unwittingly recalled to her remembrance her family misfortunes. He was too well-bred to attempt to apologize ; but hastened to change the subject, and arrange certain points of dispute which had occurred betwixt Duncan of Knock and the minister, acknowledging that his worthy substitute was sometimes a little too obstinate, as well as too energetic, in his executive measures.

Mr. Butler admitted his general merits ; but said, “ He would presume to apply to the worthy gentleman the words of the poet to Marrucinus Asinius,

Manu . . .
Non belle uteris in joco atque vino.’

The discourse being thus turned on parish business, nothing farther occurred that can interest the reader.

CHAPTER XLIX

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd by an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.

Macbeth.

AFTER this period, but under the most strict precautions against discovery, the sisters corresponded occasionally, exchanging letters about twice every year. Those of Lady Staunton spoke of her husband's health and spirits as being deplorably uncertain; her own seemed also to be sinking, and one of the topics on which she most frequently dwelt was their want of family. Sir George Staunton, always violent, had taken some aversion at the next heir, whom he suspected of having irritated his friends against him during his absence; and he declared, he would bequeath Willingham and all its lands to an hospital, ere that fetch-and-carry tell tale should inherit an acre of it.

"Had he but a child," said the unfortunate wife, "or had that luckless infant survived, it would be some motive for living and for exertion. But Heaven has denied us a blessing which we have not deserved."

Such complaints, in varied form, but turning frequently on the same topic, filled the letters which passed from the spacious but melancholy halls of Willingham to the quiet and happy parsonage at Knocktarlitie. Years meanwhile rolled on amid these fruitless repinings. John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich died in the year 1743, universally lamented, but by none more than by the Butlers, to whom his benevolence had been so distinguished. He was succeeded by his brother Duke Archibald, with whom they had not the same intimacy; but who continued the protection which his brother had extended towards them. This, indeed, became more necessary than ever; for, after the breaking out and suppression of the rebellion in 1745, the peace of the country adjacent to the Highlands was considerably disturbed. Marauders, or men that had been driven to that desperate mode of life, quartered themselves in the fastnesses nearest to the Lowlands, which were their scene of plunder; and there is scarce a glen in the romantic and

now peaceable Highlands of Perth, Stirling, and Dunbartonshire where one or more did not take up their residence.

The prime pest of the parish of Knocktarlittie was a certain Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh, or Black Duncan the Mischievous, whom we have already casually mentioned. This fellow had been originally a tinkler or "caird," many of whom stroll about these districts; but when all police was disorganized by the civil war, he threw up his profession, and from half thief became whole robber; and being generally at the head of three or four active young fellows, and he himself artful, bold, and well acquainted with the passes, he plied his new profession with emolument to himself and infinite plague to the country.

All were convinced that Duncan of Knock could have put down his namesake Donacha any morning he had a mind; for there were in the parish a set of stout young men who had joined Argyle's banner in the war under his old friend, and behaved very well upon several occasions. And as for their leader, as no one doubted his courage, it was generally supposed that Donacha had found out the mode of conciliating his favor, a thing not very uncommon in that age and country. This was the more readily believed, as David Deans's cattle, being the property of the Duke, were left untouched, when the minister's cows were carried off by the thieves. Another attempt was made to renew the same act of rapine, and the cattle were in the act of being driven off, when Butler, laying his profession aside in a case of such necessity, put himself at the head of some of his neighbors, and rescued the creagh; an exploit at which Deans attended in person, notwithstanding his extreme old age, mounted on a Highland pony, and girded with an old broadsword, likening himself (for he failed not to arrogate the whole merit of the expedition) to David the son of Jesse, when he recovered the spoil of Ziklag from the Amalekites. This spirited behavior had so far a good effect, that Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh kept his distance for some time to come; and, though his distant exploits were frequently spoken of, he did not exercise any depredations in that part of the country. He continued to flourish, and to be heard of occasionally, until the year 1751, when, if the fear of the second David had kept him in check, fate released him from that restraint, for the venerable patriarch of St. Leonard's was that year gathered to his fathers.

David Deans died full of years and of honor. He is believed, for the exact time of his birth is not known, to have

lived upwards of ninety years ; for he used to speak of events as falling under his own knowledge which happened about the time of the battle of Bothwell Bridge. It was said that he even bore arms there, for once, when a drunken Jacobite laird wished for a Bothwell Brig Whig, that “ he might stow the lugs out of his head,” David informed him with a peculiar austerity of countenance that, if he liked to try such a prank, there was one at his elbow ; and it required the interference of Butler to preserve the peace.

He expired in the arms of his beloved daughter, thankful for all the blessings which Providence had vouchsafed to him while in this valley of strife and toil, and thankful also for the trials he had been visited with ; having found them, he said, needful to mortify that spiritual pride and confidence in his own gifts which was the side on which the wily Enemy did most sorely beset him. He prayed in the most affecting manner for Jeanie, her husband, and her family, and that her affectionate duty to “ the puir auld man ” might purchase her length of days here and happiness hereafter ; then in a pathetic petition, too well understood by those who knew his family circumstances, he besought the Shepherd of souls, while gathering His flock, not to forget the little one that had strayed from the fold, and even then might be in the hands of the ravening wolf. He prayed for the national Jerusalem, that peace might be in her land and prosperity in her palaces ; for the welfare of the honorable house of Argyle, and for the conversion of Duncan of Knockdunder. After this he was silent, being exhausted, nor did he again utter anything distinctly. He was heard, indeed, to mutter something about national defections, right-hand extremes, and left-hand fallings off ; but as May Hettly observed, his head was “ carried ” at the time ; and it is probable that these expressions occurred to him merely out of general habit, and that he died in the full spirit of charity with all men. About an hour afterwards he slept in the Lord.

Notwithstanding her father’s advanced age, his death was a severe shock to Mrs. Butler. Much of her time had been dedicated to attending to his health and his wishes, and she felt as if part of her business in the world was ended when the good old man was no more. His wealth, which came nearly to £1500, in disposable capital, served to raise the fortunes of the family at the manse. How to dispose of this sum for the best advantage of his family was matter of anxious consideration to Butler.

“ If we put it on heritable bond, we shall maybe lose the

interest ; for there's that bond over Lounsbeck's land, your father could neither get principal nor interest for it. If we bring it into the funds, we shall maybe lose the principal and all, as many did in the South Sea scheme. The little estate of Craigsture is in the market ; it lies within two miles of the manse, and Knock says his Grace has no thought to buy it. But they ask £2500, and they may, for it is worth the money ; and were I to borrow the balance, the creditor might call it up suddenly, or in case of my death my family might be distressed."

"And so, if we had mair siller, we might buy that bonny pasture-ground, where the grass comes so early ?" asked Jeanie.

"Certainly, my dear ; and Knockdunder, who is a good judge, is strongly advising me to it. To be sure it is his nephew that is selling it."

"Aweel, Reuben," said Jeanie, "ye maun just look up a text in Scripture, as ye did when ye wanted siller before. Just look up a text in the Bible."

"Ah, Jeanie," said Butler, laughing and pressing her hand at the same time, "the best people in these times can only work miracles once."

"We will see," said Jeanie, composedly ; and going to the closet in which she kept her honey, her sugar, her pots of jelly, her vials of the more ordinary medicines, and which served her, in short, as a sort of store-room, she jangled vials and gallipots, till, from out the darkest nook, well flanked by a triple row of bottles and jars, which she was under the necessity of displacing, she brought a cracked brown can, with a piece of leather tied over the top. Its contents seemed to be written papers, thrust in disorder into this uncommon *secrtaire*. But from among these Jeanie brought an old clasped Bible, which had been David Deans's companion in his earlier wanderings, and which he had given to his daughter when the failure of his eyes had compelled him to use one of a larger print. This she gave to Butler, who had been looking at her motions with some surprise, and desired him to see what that book could do for him. He opened the clasps, and to his astonishment a parcel of £50 bank-notes dropped out from betwixt the leaves, where they had been separately lodged, and fluttered upon the floor. "I didna think to hae tauld you o' my wealth, Reuben," said his wife, smiling at his surprise, "till on my deathbed, or maybe on some family pinch ; but it wad be better laid out on yon bonny grass-holms, than lying useless here in this auld pigg."

"How on earth came ye by that siller, Jeanie? Why, here is more than a thousand pounds," said Butler, lifting up and counting the notes.

"If it were ten thousand, it's a' honestly come by," said Jeanie; "and troth I kenna how muckle there is o't, but it's a' there that ever I got. And as for how I came by it, Reuben—it's weel come by and honestly, as I said before. And it's mair folks' secret than mine, or ye wad hae kenn'd about it lang syne; and as for ony thing else, I am not free to answer mair questions about it, and ye maun just ask me nane."

"Answer me but one," said Butler. "Is it all freely and indisputably your own property, to dispose of it as you think fit? Is it possible no one has a claim in so large a sum except you?"

"It *was* mine, free to dispose of it as I like," answered Jeanie; "and I have disposed of it already, for now it is yours, Reuben. You are Bible Butler now, as weel as your forbear, that my puir father had sic an ill-will at. Only, if ye like, I wad wish Femie to get a gude share o't when we are gane."

"Certainly, it shall be as you choose. But who on earth ever pitched on such a hiding-place for temporal treasures?"

"That is just ane o' my auld-fashioned gates, as you ca' them, Reuben. I thought, if Donacha Dhu was to make an outbreak upon us, the Bible was the last thing in the house he wad meddle wi'. But an ony mair siller should drap in, as it is not unlikely, I shall e'en pay it ower to you, and ye may lay it out your ain way."

"And I positively must not ask you how you have come by all this money?" said the clergyman.

"Indeed, Reuben, you must not; for if you were asking me very sair I wad maybe tell you, and then I am sure I would do wrong."

"But tell me," said Butler, "is it anything that distresses your own mind?"

"There is baith weal and woe come aye wi' world's gear, Reuben; but ye maun ask me naething mair. This siller binds me to naething, and can never be speered back again."

"Surely," said Mr. Butler, when he had again counted over the money, as if to assure himself that the notes were real, "there was never man in the world had a wife like mine: a blessing seems to follow her."

"Never," said Jeanie, "since the enchanted Princess in the bairns' fairy tale, that kamed gold nobles out o' the tae

side of her haffit locks and Dutch dollars out o' the tother. But gang away now, minister, and put by the siller, and dinna keep the notes wampishing in your hand that gate, or I shall wish them in the brown pigg again, for fear we get a back-cast about them : we're ower near the hills in these times to be thought to hae siller in the house. And, besides, ye maun gree wi' Knockdunder, that has the selling o' the lands ; and dinna you be simple and let him ken o' this windfa', but keep him to the very lowest penny, as if ye had to borrow siller to make the price up."

In the last admonition Jeanie showed distinctly that, although she did not understand how to secure the money which came into her hands otherwise than by saving and hoarding it, yet she had some part of her father David's shrewdness, even upon worldly subjects. And Reuben Butler was a prudent man, and went and did even as his wife had advised him.

The news quickly went abroad into the parish that the minister had bought Craigsture ; and some wished him joy, and some "were sorry it had gane out of the auld name." However, his clerical brethren, understanding that he was under the necessity of going to Edinburgh about the ensuing Whitsunday, to get together David Deans's cash to make up the purchase-money of his new acquisition, took the opportunity to name him their delegate to the General Assembly, or Convocation of the Scottish Church, which takes place usually in the latter end of the month of May.

CHAPTER L

But who is this what thing of sea or land—
Female of sex it seems—
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing?

MILTON.

NOT long after the incident of the Bible and the bank-notes, Fortune showed that she could surprise Mrs. Butler as well as her husband. The minister, in order to accomplish the various pieces of business which his unwonted visit to Edinburgh rendered necessary, had been under the necessity of setting out from home in the latter end of the month of February, concluding justly that he would find the space betwixt his departure and the term of Whitsunday (24th May) short enough for the purpose of bringing forward those various debtors of old David Deans out of whose purses a considerable part of the price of his new purchase was to be made good.

Jeanie was thus in the unwonted situation of inhabiting a lonely house, and she felt yet more solitary from the death of the good old man, who used to divide her cares with her husband. Her children were her principal resource, and to them she paid constant attention.

It happened, a day or two after Butler's departure, that, while she was engaged in some domestic duties, she heard a dispute among the young folks, which, being maintained with obstinacy, appeared to call for her interference. All came to their natural umpire with their complaints. Femie, not yet ten years old, charged Davie and Reubie with an attempt to take away her book by force; and David and Reuben replied—the elder, "That it was not a book for Femie to read," and Reuben, "That it was about a bad woman."

"Where did you get the book, ye little hempie?" said Mrs. Butler. "How dare ye touch papa's books when he is away?"

But the little lady, holding fast a sheet of crumpled paper, declared, "It was nane o' papa's books, and May Hettly had taken it off the muckle cheese which came from Inverara;"

for, as was very natural to suppose, a friendly intercourse, with interchange of mutual civilities, was kept up from time to time between Mrs. Dolly Dutton, now Mrs. MacCorkindale, and her former friends.

Jeanie took the subject of contention out of the child's hand, to satisfy herself of the propriety of her studies ; but how much was she struck when she read upon the title of the broadside sheet, "The Last Speech, Confession, and Dying Words of Margaret MacCraw, or Murdockson, executed on Harabee Hill, near Carlisle, the—day of—, 1737." It was, indeed, one of those papers which Archibald had bought at Longtown, when he monopolized the pedler's stock, which Dolly had thrust into her trunk out of sheer economy. One or two copies, it seems, had remained in her repositories at Inverary, till she changed to need them in packing a cheese, which, as a very superior production, was sent in the way of civil challenge to the dairy at Knocktarlitie.

The title of this paper, so strangely fallen into the very hands from which, in well-meant respect to her feelings, it had been so long detained, was of itself sufficiently startling ; but the narrative itself was so interesting that Jeanie, shaking herself loose from the children, ran upstairs to her own apartment, and bolted the door, to peruse it without interruption.

The narrative, which appeared to have been drawn up, or at least corrected, by the clergyman who attended this unhappy woman, stated the crime for which she suffered to have been "her active part in that atrocious robbery and murder, committed near two years since near Haltwhistle, for which the notorious Frank Levitt was committed for trial at Lancaster assizes. It was supposed the evidence of the accomplice, Thomas Tuck, commonly called Tyburn Tom, upon which the woman had been convicted, would weigh equally heavy against him ; although many were inclined to think it was Tuck himself who had struck the fatal blow, according to the dying statement of Meg Murdockson."

After a circumstantial account of the crime for which she suffered, there was a brief sketch of Margaret's life. It was stated that she was a Scotchwoman by birth, and married a soldier in the Cameronian regiment ; that she long followed the camp, and had doubtless acquired in fields of battle, and similar scenes, that ferocity and love of plunder for which she had been afterwards distinguished ; that her husband,

having obtained his discharge, became servant to a beneficed clergyman of high situation and character in Lincolnshire, and that she acquired the confidence and esteem of that honorable family. She had lost this many years after her husband's death, it was stated, in consequence of conniving, at the irregularities of her daughter with the heir of the family, added to the suspicious circumstances attending the birth of a child, which was strongly suspected to have met with foul play, in order to preserve, if possible, the girl's reputation. After this, she had led a wandering life both in England and Scotland, under color sometimes of telling fortunes, sometimes of driving a trade in smuggled wares, but, in fact, receiving stolen goods, and occasionally actively joining in the exploits by which they were obtained. Many of her crimes she had boasted of after conviction, and there was one circumstance for which she seemed to feel a mixture of joy and occasional compunction. When she was residing in the suburbs of Edinburgh during the preceding summer, a girl, who had been seduced by one of her confederates, was entrusted to her charge, and in her house delivered of a male infant. Her daughter, whose mind was in a state of derangement ever since she had lost her own child, according to the criminal's account, carried off the poor girl's infant, taking it for her own, of the reality of whose death she at times could not be persuaded.

Margaret Murdockson stated that she for some time believed her daughter had actually destroyed the infant in her mad fits, and that she gave the father to understand so, but afterwards learned that a female stroller had got it from her. She showed some compunction at having separated mother and child, especially as the mother had nearly suffered death, being condemned, on the Scottish law, for the supposed murder of her infant. When it was asked what possible interest she could have had in exposing the unfortunate girl to suffer for a crime she had not committed, she asked, if they thought she was going to put her own daughter into trouble to save another. She did not know what the Scottish law would have done to her for carrying the child away. This answer was by no means satisfactory to the clergyman, and he discovered, by close examination, that she had a deep and revengeful hatred against the young person whom she had thus injured. But the paper intimated that, whatever besides she had communicated upon this subject, was confided by her in private to the worthy and reverend archdeacon who had bestowed such particular pains in affording her

spiritual assistance. The broadside went on to intimate that, after her execution, of which the particulars were given, her daughter, the insane person mentioned more than once, and who was generally known by the name of Madge Wildfire, had been very ill-used by the populace, under the belief that she was a sorceress, and an accomplice in her mother's crimes, and had been with difficulty rescued by the prompt interference of the police.

Such (for we omit moral reflections and all that may seem unnecessary to the explanation of our story) was the tenor of the broadside. To Mrs. Butler it contained intelligence of the highest importance, since it seemed to afford the most unequivocal proof of her sister's innocence respecting the crime for which she had so nearly suffered. It is true, neither she nor her husband, nor even her father, had ever believed her capable of touching her infant with an unkind hand when in possession of her reason; but there was a darkness on the subject and what might have happened in a moment of insanity was dreadful to think upon. Besides whatever was their own conviction, they had no means of establishing Effie's innocence to the world, which, according to the tenor of this fugitive publication, was now at length completely manifested by the dying confession of the person chiefly interested in concealing it.

After thanking God for a discovery so dear to her feelings, Mrs. Butler began to consider what use she should make of it. To have shown it to her husband would have been her first impulse; but, besides that he was absent from home, and the matter too delicate to be the subject of correspondence by an indifferent penwoman, Mrs. Butler recollected that he was not possessed of the information necessary to form a judgment upon the occasion; and that, adhering to the rule which she had considered as most advisable, she had best transmit the information immediately to her sister, and leave her to adjust with her husband the mode in which they should avail themselves of it. Accordingly, she despatched a special messenger to Glasgow with a packet, inclosing the "Confession" of Margaret Murdockson, addressed, as usual, under cover to Mr. Whiterose of York. She expected, with anxiety, an answer; but none arrived in the usual course of post, and she was left to imagine how many various causes might account for Lady Staunton's silence. She began to be half sorry that she had parted with the printed paper, both for fear of its having fallen into bad hands, and from the desire of regaining the document, which

might be essential to establish her sister's innocence. She was even doubting whether she had not better commit the whole matter to her husband's consideration, when other incidents occurred to divert her purpose.

Jeanie (she is a favorite, and we beg her pardon for still using the familiar title) had walked down to the seaside with her children one morning after breakfast, when the boys, whose sight was more discriminating than hers, exclaimed, that "the Captain's coach and six was coming right for the shore, with ladies in it." Jeanie instinctively bent her eyes on the approaching boat, and became soon sensible that there were two females in the stern, seated beside the gracious Duncan, who acted as pilot. It was a point of politeness to walk towards the landing-place, in order to receive them, especially as she saw that the Captain of Knockdunder was upon honor and ceremony. His piper was in the bow of the boat, sending forth music, of which one half sounded the better that the other was drowned by the waves and the breeze. Moreover, he himself had his brigadier wig newly frizzed, his bonnet (he had abjured the cocked hat) decorated with St. George's red cross, his uniform mounted as a captain of militia, the Duke's flag with the boar's head displayed,—all intimated parade and gala.

As Mrs. Butler approached the landing-place, she observed the Captain hand the ladies ashore with marks of great attention, and the parties advanced towards her, the Captain a few steps before the two ladies, of whom the taller and elder leaned on the shoulder of the other, who seemed to be an attendant or servant.

As they met, Duncan, in his best, most important, and deepest tone of Highland civility, "pegged leave to introduce to Mrs. Putler, Lady—eh—eh—I hae forgotten your leddyship's name!"

"Never mind my name, sir," said the lady; "I trust Mrs. Batler will be at no loss. The Duke's letter——" And, as she observed Mrs. Butler look confused, she said again to Duncan, something sharply, "Did you not send the letter last night, sir?"

"In troth and I didna, and I crave your leddyship's pardon; but you see, matam, I thought it would do as weel to-day, pecause Mrs. Putler is never taen out o' sorts—never; and the coach was out fishing; and the gig was gane to Greenock for a cag of prandy; and—— Put here's his Grace's letter."

"Give it me, sir," said the lady, taking it out of his hand; "since you have not found it convenient to do me the favor to send it before me, I will deliver it myself."

Mrs. Butler looked with great attention, and a certain dubious feeling of deep interest, on the lady who thus expressed herself with authority over the man of authority, and to whose mandates he seemed to submit, resigning the letter with a "Just as your leddyship is pleased to order it."

The lady was rather above the middle size, beautifully made, though something *embonpoint*, with a hand and arm exquisitely formed. Her manner was easy, dignified, and commanding, and seemed to evince high birth and the habits of elevated society. She wore a traveling dress, a gray beaver hat, and a veil of Flanders lace. Two footmen, in rich liveries, who got out of the barge, and lifted out a trunk and portmanteau, appeared to belong to her suite.

"As you did not receive the letter, madam, which should have served for my introduction—for I presume you are Mrs. Butler—I will not present it to you till you are so good as to admit me into your house without it."

"To be sure, matam," said Knockdunder, "ye canna doubt Mrs. Butler will do that. Mrs. Butler, this is Lady—Lady—these tamn'd Southern names rin out o' my head like a stane trowling downhill—put I believe she is a Scottish woman pörn—the mair our credit; and I presume her leddyship is of the house of——"

"The Duke of Argyle knows my family very well, sir," said the lady, in a tone which seemed designed to silence Duncan, or, at any rate, which had that effect completely.

There was something about the whole of this stranger's address, and tone, and manner which acted upon Jeanie's feelings like the illusions of a dream, that tease us with a puzzling approach to reality. Something there was of her sister in the gait and manner of the stranger, as well as in the sound of her voice, and something also, when, lifting her veil, she showed features to which, changed as they were in expression and complexion, she could not but attach many remembrances.

The stranger was turned of thirty certainly; but so well were her personal charms assisted by the power of dress and arrangement of ornament, that she might well have passed for one-and-twenty. And her behavior was so steady and so composed, that as often as Mrs. Butler perceived anew some point of resemblance to her unfortunate sister,

so often the sustained self-command and absolute composure of the stranger destroyed the ideas which began to arise in her imagination. She led the way silently towards the manse, lost in a confusion of reflections, and trusting the letter with which she was to be there entrusted would afford her satisfactory explanation of what was a most puzzling and embarrassing scene.

The lady maintained in the mean while the manners of a stranger of rank. She admired the various points of view like one who has studied nature and the best representations of art. At length she took notice of the children.

“These are two fine young mountaineers. Yours, madam, I presume?”

Jeanie replied in the affirmative. The stranger sighed, and sighed once more as they were presented to her by name.

“Come here, Femie,” said Mrs. Butler, “and hold your head up.”

“What is your daughter’s name, madam?” said the lady.

“Euphemia, madam,” answered Mrs. Butler.

“I thought the ordinary Scottish contraction of the name had been Effie,” replied the stranger, in a tone which went to Jeanie’s heart; for in that single word there was more of her sister—more of *lang syne* ideas—than in all the reminiscences which her own heart had anticipated, or the features and manner of the stranger had suggested.

When they reached the manse, the lady gave Mrs. Butler the letter which she had taken out of the hands of Knockdunder; and as she gave it she pressed her hand, adding aloud, “Perhaps, madam, you will have the goodness to get me a little milk.”

“And me a drap of the gray-peard, if you please, Mrs. Putler,” added Duncan.

Mrs. Butler withdrew; but deputing to May Hettley and to David the supply of the strangers’ wants, she hastened into her own room to read the letter. The envelope was addressed in the Duke of Argyle’s hand, and requested Mrs. Butler’s attentions and civility to a lady of rank, a particular friend of his late brother, Lady Staunton of Willingham, who, being recommended to drink goats’ whey by the physicians, was to honor the Lodge at Roseneath with her residence, while her husband made a short tour in Scotland. But within the same cover, which had been given to Lady Staunton unsealed, was a letter from that lady, intended to prepare her sister for meeting her, and which, but for the

Captain's negligence, she ought to have received on the preceding evening. It stated that the news in Jeanie's last letter had been so interesting to her husband that he was determined to inquire farther into the confession made at Carlisle, and the fate of that poor innocent, and that, as he had been in some degree successful, she had, by the most earnest entreaties, extorted rather than obtained his permission, under promise of observing the most strict incognito, to spend a week or two with her sister, or in her neighborhood, while he was prosecuting researches, to which (though it appeared to her very vainly) he seemed to attach some hopes of success.

There was a postscript, desiring that Jeanie would trust to Lady S. the management of their intercourse, and be content with assenting to what she should propose. After reading and again reading the letter, Mrs. Butler hurried downstairs, divided betwixt the fear of betraying her secret and the desire to throw herself upon her sister's neck. Effie received her with a glance at once affectionate and cautionary, and immediately proceeded to speak.

"I have been telling Mr.—, Captain—, this gentleman, Mrs. Butler, that if you could accommodate me with an apartment in your house, and a place for Ellis to sleep, and for the two men, it would suit me better than the Lodge, which his Grace has so kindly placed at my disposal. I am advised I should reside as near where the goats feed as possible."

"I have been assuring my leddy, Mrs. Putler," said Duncan, "that, though it could not discommode you to receive any of his Grace's visitors or mine, yet she had mooch petter stay at the Lodge; and for the gaits, the creatures can be fetched there, in respect it is mair fitting they suld wait upon her leddyship, than she upon the like of them."

"By no means derange the goats for me" said Lady Staunton; "I am certain the milk must be much better here." And this she said with languid negligence, as one whose slightest intimation of humor is to bear down all argument.

Mrs. Butler hastened to intimate that her house, such as it was, was heartily at the disposal of Lady Staunton: but the Captain continued to remonstrate.

"The Duke" he said, "had written——"

"I will settle all that with his Grace——"

"And there were the things had been sent down frae Glasco——"

"Anything necessary might be sent over to the parsonage. She would beg the favor of Mrs. Butler to show her an apartment, and of the Captain to have her trunks, etc., sent over from Roseneath."

So she courtesied off poor Duncan, who departed, saying in his secret soul, "Cot tamn her English impudence! She takes possession of the minister's house as an it were her ain; and speaks to shentlemens as if they were pouden servants, an' pe tamn'd to her! And there's the deer that was shot too; but we will send it ower to the manse, whilk will pe put civil, seeing I hae prought worthy Mrs. Putler sic a fliskmahoy." And with these kind intentions, he went to the shore to give his orders accordingly.

In the mean time, the meeting of the sisters was as affectionate as it was extraordinary, and each evinced her feelings in the way proper to her character. Jeanie was so much overcome by wonder, and even by awe, that her feelings were deep, stunning and almost overpowering. Effie, on the other hand, wept, laughed, sobbed, screamed, and clapped her hands for joy, all in the space of five minutes, giving way at once, and without reserve, to a natural excessive vivacity of temper, which no one, however, knew better how to restrain under the rules of artificial breeding.

After an hour had passed like a moment in their expressions of mutual affection, Lady Staunton observed the Captain walking with impatient steps below the window. "That tiresome Highland fool has returned upon our hands," she said. "I will pray him to grace us with his absence."

"Hout no! hout no!" said Mrs. Butler, in a tone of entreaty; "ye maunna affront the Captain."

"Affront!" said Lady Staunton; "nobody is ever affronted at what I do or say, my dear. However, I will endure him, since you think it proper."

The Captain was accordingly graciously requested by Lady Staunton to remain during dinner. During this visit his studious and punctilious complaisance towards the lady of rank was happily contrasted by the cavalier air of civil familiarity in which he indulged towards the minister's wife.

"I have not been able to persuade Mrs. Butler," said Lady Staunton to the Captain, during the interval when Jeanie had left the parlor, "to let me talk of making any recompense for storming her house and garrisoning it in the way I have done."

"Doubtless, matam," said the Captain, "it wad ill pecome

Mrs. Putler, wha is a very decent pody, to make any such sharge to a lady who comes from my house, or his Grace's, which is the same thing. And, speaking of garrisons, in the year forty-five I was poot with a garrison of twenty of my lads in the house of Invergarry, whilk had near been unhappily, for——"

"I beg your pardon, sir. But I wish I could think of some way of imdemnifying this good lady."

"O, no need of intemnifying at all ; no trouble for her—nothing at all. So, peing in the house of Invergarry, and the people about it being uncanny, I doubted the warst, and——"

"Do you happen to know, sir," said Lady Staunton, "if any of these two lads—these young Butlers, I mean—show any turn for the army?"

"Could not say, indeed my leddy," replied Knockdunder, "So, I knowing the people to pe unchancy, and not to lippen to, and hearing a pibroch in the wood, I pegan to pid my lads look to their flints, and then——"

"For," said Lady Staunton, with the most ruthless disregard to the narrative which she mangled by these interruptions, "if that should be the case, it should cost Sir George but the asking a pair of colors for one of them at the War Office, since we have always supported government, and never had occasion to trouble ministers."

"And if you please, my leddy," said Duncan, who began to find some savor in this proposal, "as I hae a braw weel-grown lad of a nevoy, ca'd Duncan MacGilligan, that is as pig as paith the Putler pairns putten thegither, Sir George could ask a pair for him at the same time, and it wad pe put ae asking for a'."

Lady Staunton only answered this hint with a well-bred stare, which gave no sort of encouragement.

Jeanie, who now returned, was lost in amazement at the wonderful difference betwixt the helpless and despairing girl whom she had seen stretched on a flock-bed in a dungeon, expecting a violent and disgraceful death, and last as a forlorn exile upon the midnight beach, with the elegant, well-bred, beautiful woman before her. The features, now that her sister's veil was laid aside, did not appear so extremely different as the whole manner, expression, look, and bearing. In outside show, Lady Staunton seemed completely a creature too soft and fair for sorrow to have touched ; so much accustomed to have all her whims complied with by those around her, that she seemed to expect she should even be

saved the trouble of forming them ; and so totally unacquainted with contradiction, that she did not even use the tone of self-will, since to breathe a wish was to have it fulfilled. She made no ceremony of ridding herself of Duncan as soon as the evening approached ; but complimented him out of the house, under pretext of fatigue, with the utmost nonchalance.

When they were alone, her sister could not help expressing her wonder at the self-possession with which Lady Staunton sustained her part.

“ I daresay you are surprised at it,” said Lady Staunton, composedly ; “ for you, my dear Jeanie, have been truth itself from your cradle upwards ; but you must remember that I am a liar of fifteen years’ standing, and therefore must by this time be used to my character.”

In fact, during the feverish tumult of feelings excited during the two or three first days, Mrs. Butler thought her sister’s manner was completely contradictory of the desponding tone which pervaded her correspondence. She was moved to tears, indeed, by the sight of her father’s grave, marked by a modest stone, recording his piety and integrity ; but lighter impressions and associations had also power over her. She amused herself with visiting the dairy, in which she had so long been assistant, and was so near discovering herself to May Hettly, by betraying her acquaintance with the celebrated receipt for Dunlop cheese, that she compared herself to Bedredden Hassan, whom the vizier, his father-in-law, discovered by his superlative skill in composing cream-tarts with pepper in them. But when the novelty of such avocations ceased to amuse her, she showed to her sister but too plainly that the gaudy coloring with which she veiled her unhappiness afforded as little real comfort as the gay uniform of the soldier when it is drawn over his mortal wound. There were moods and moments in which her despondence seemed to exceed even that which she herself had described in her letters, and which too well convinced Mrs. Butler how little her sister’s lot which in appearance was so brilliant, was in reality to be envied.

There was one source, however, from which Lady Staunton derived a pure degree of pleasure. Gifted in every particular with a higher degree of imagination than that of her sister, she was an admirer of the beauties of nature, a taste which compensates many evils to those who happen to enjoy it. Here her character of a fine lady stopped short, where she ought to have

Scream'd at ilk cleugh, and screech'd at ilka how,
As loud as she had seen the worriecow.

On the contrary, with the two boys for her guides, she undertook long and fatiguing walks among the neighboring mountains, to visits glens, lakes, waterfalls, or whatever scenes of natural wonder or beauty lay concealed among their recesses. It is Wordsworth, I think, who, talking of an old man under difficulties, remarks, with a singular attention to nature,

Whether it was care that spurred him,
God only knows; but to the very last,
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale.

In the same manner, languid, listless, and unhappy within doors, at times even indicating something which approached near to contempt of the homely accommodations of her sister's house, although she instantly endeavored, by a thousand kindnesses, to atone for such ebullitions of spleen, Lady Staunton appeared to feel interest and energy while in the open air, and traversing the mountain landscapes in society with the two boys, whose ears she delighted with stories of what she had seen in other countries, and what she had to show them at Willingham Manor. And they, on the other hand, exerted themselves in doing the honors of Dunbartonshire to the lady who seemed so kind, insomuch that there was scarce a glen in the neighboring hills to which they did not introduce her.

Upon one of these excursions, while Reuben was otherwise employed, David alone acted as Lady Staunton's guide, and promised to show her a cascade in the hills, grander and higher than any they had yet visited. It was a walk of five long miles, and over rough ground, varied, however, and cheered, by mountain views, and peeps now of the firth and its islands, now of distant lakes, now of rocks and precipices. The scene itself, too, when they reached it, amply rewarded the labor of the walk. A single shoot carried a considerable stream over the face of a black rock, which contrasted strongly in color with the white foam of the cascade, and, at the depth of about twenty feet, another rock intercepted the view of the bottom of the fall. The water, wheeling out far beneath, swept round the crag, which thus bounded their view, and tumbled down the rocky glen in a torrent of foam. Those who love nature always desire to penetrate into its utmost recesses, and Lady Staunton asked David whether there was not some mode of

gaining a view of the abyss at the foot of the fall. He said that he knew a station on a shelf on the further side of the intercepting rock, from which the whole waterfall was visible, but that the road to it was steep and slippery and dangerous. Bent, however, on gratifying her curiosity, she desired him to lead the way; and accordingly he did so over crag and stone, anxiously pointing out to her the resting-places where she ought to step, for their mode of advancing soon ceased to be walking, and became scrambling.

In this manner, clinging like sea-birds to the face of the rock, they were enabled at length to turn round it, and came full in front of the fall, which here had a most tremendous aspect, boiling, roaring, and thundering with unceasing din into a black cauldron, a hundred feet at least below them, which resembled the crater of a volcano. The noise, the dashing of the waters, which gave an unsteady appearance to all around them, the trembling even of the huge crag on which they stood, the precariousness of their footing, for there was scarce room for them to stand on the shelf of rock which they had thus attained, had so powerful an effect on the senses and imagination of Lady Staunton, that she called out to David she was falling, and would in fact have dropped from the crag had he not caught hold of her. The boy was bold and stout of his age; still he was but fourteen years old, and as his assistance gave no confidence to Lady Staunton, she felt her situation become really perilous. The chance was that, in the appalling novelty of the circumstances, he might have caught the infection of her panic, in which case it is likely that both must have perished. She now screamed with terror, though without hope of calling any one to her assistance. To her amazement, the scream was answered by a whistle from above, of a tone so clear and shrill that it was heard even amid the noise of the waterfall.

In this moment of terror and perplexity, a human face, black, and having grizzled hair hanging down over the forehead and cheeks, and mixing with mustaches and a beard of the same color, and as much matted and tangled, looked down on them from a broken part of the rock above.

"It is The Enemy!" said the boy, who had very nearly become incapable of supporting Lady Staunton.

"No, no," she exclaimed, inaccessible to supernatural terrors, and restored to the presence of mind of which she had been deprived by the danger of her situation, "it is a man. For God's sake, my friend, help us!"

The face glared at them, but made no answer; in a second or two afterwards, another, that of a young lad appeared beside the first, equally swart and begrimed, but having tangled black hair, descending in elf locks, which gave an air of wildness and ferocity to the whole expression of the countenance. Lady Staunton repeated her entreaties, clinging to the rock with more energy, as she found that, from the superstitious terror of her guide, he became incapable of supporting her. Her words were probably drowned in the roar of the falling stream, for, though she observed the lips of the younger being whom she supplicated move as he spoke in reply, not a word reached her ear.

A moment afterwards it appeared he had not mistaken the nature of her supplication, which, indeed was easy to be understood from her situation and gestures. The younger apparition disappeared, and immediately after lowered a ladder of twisted osiers, about eight feet in length, and made signs to David to hold it fast while the lady ascended. Despair gives courage, and finding herself in this fearful predicament Lady Staunton did not hesitate to risk the ascent by the precarious means which this accommodation afforded; and, carefully assisted by the person who had thus providentially come to her aid, she reached the summit in safety. She did not, however, even look around her until she saw her nephew lightly and actively follow her example, although there was now no one to hold the ladder fast. When she saw him safe she looked round, and could not help shuddering at the place and company in which she found herself.

They were on a sort of platform of rock, surrounded on every side by precipices, or overhanging cliffs, and which it would have been scarce possible for any research to have discovered, as it did not seem to be commanded by any accessible position. It was partly covered by a huge fragment of stone, which, having fallen from the cliffs above, had been intercepted by others in its descent, and jammed so as to serve for a sloping roof to the further part of the broad shelf or platform on which they stood. A quantity of withered moss and leaves, strewed beneath this rude and wretched shelter, showed the lairs—they could not be termed the beds—of those who dwelt in this eyrie, for it deserved no other name. Of these, two were before Lady Staunton. One, the same who had afforded such timely assistance, stood upright before them, a tall, lathy, young savage; his

dress a tattered plaid and philabeg, no shoes, no stockings, no hat or bonnet, the place of the last being supplied by his hair, twisted and matted like the *glibb* of the ancient wild Irish, and, like theirs, forming a natural thicket, stout enough to bear off the cut of a sword. Yet the eyes of the lad were keen and sparkling; his gesture free and noble, like that of all savages. He took little notice of David Butler, but gazed with wonder on Lady Staunton, as a being different probably in dress, and superior in beauty, to anything he had ever beheld. The old man whose face they had first seen remained recumbent in the same posture as when he had first looked down on them, only his face was turned towards them as he lay and looked up with a lazy and listless apathy, which belied the general expression of his dark and rugged features. He seemed a very tall man, but was scarce better clad than the younger. He had on a loose Lowland greatcoat, and ragged tartan trews or pantaloons.

All around looked singularly wild and unpropitious. Beneath the brow of the incumbent rock was a charcoal fire, on which there was a still working, with bellows, pincers, hammers, a movable anvil, and other smiths' tools; three guns, with two or three sacks and barrels, were disposed against the wall of rock, under shelter of the superincumbent crag; a dirk and two swords, and a Lochaber ax, lay scattered around the fire, of which the red glare cast a ruddy tinge on the precipitous foam and midst of the cascade. The lad, when he had satisfied his curiosity with staring at Lady Staunton, fetched an earthen jar and a horn cup, into which he poured some spirits, apparently hot from the still, and offered them successively to the lady and to the boy. Both declined, and the young savage quaffed off the draught, which could not amount to less than three ordinary glasses. He then fetched another ladder from the corner of the cavern, if it could be termed so, adjusted it against the transverse rock, which served as a roof, and made signs for the lady to ascend it, while he held it fast below. She did so, and found herself on the top of a broad rock, near the brink of the chasm into which the brook precipitates itself. She could see the crest of the torrent flung loose down the rock, like the mane of a wild horse, but without having any view of the lower platform from which she had ascended.

David was not suffered to mount so easily; the lad, from sport or love of mischief, shook the ladder a good deal as he

ascended, and seemed to enjoy the terror of young Butler ; so that, when they had both come up, they looked on each other with no friendly eyes. Neither, however, spoke. The young caird, or tinker, or gipsy, with a good deal of attention, assisted Lady Staunton up a very perilous ascent which she had still to encounter, and they were followed by David Butler, until all three stood clear of the ravine on the side of a mountain, whose sides were covered with heather and sheets of loose shingle. So narrow was the chasm out of which they ascended, that, unless when they were on the very verge, the eye passed to the other side without perceiving the existence of a rent so fearful, and nothing was seen of the cataract, though its deep hoarse voice was still heard.

Lady Staunton, freed from the danger of rock and river, had now a new subject of anxiety. Her two guides confronted each other with angry countenances ; for David, though younger by two years at least, and much shorter, was a stout, well-set, and very bold boy.

“ You are the blackcoat’s son of Knocktarlitie,” said the young caird ; “ if you come here again, I’ll pitch you down the linn like a foot-ball.”

“ Ay, lad, ye are very short to be sae lang,” retorted young Butler, undauntedly, and measuring his opponent’s height with an undismayed eye. “ I am thinking you are a gillie of Black Donacha ; if you come down the glen, we’ll shoot you like a wild buck.”

“ You may tell your father,” said the lad, “ that the leaf on the timber is the last he shall see ; we will hae amends for the mischief he has done to us.”

“ I hope he will live to see mony simmers, and do ye muckle mair,” answered David.

More might have passed, but Lady Staunton stepped between them with her purse in her hand, and, taking out a guinea, of which it contained several visible through the network, as well as some silver in the opposite end, offered it to the caird.

“ The white siller, lady—the white siller,” said the young savage, to whom the value of gold was probably unknown.

Lady Staunton poured what silver she had into his hand, and the juvenile savage snatched it greedily, and made a sort of half inclination of acknowledgment and adieu.

“ Let us make haste now, Lady Staunton,” said David, “ for there will be little peace with them since they hae seen your purse.”

They hurried on as fast as they could ; but they had not descended the hill a hundred yards or two before they heard a halloo behind them, and looking back, saw both the old man and the young one pursuing them with great speed, the former with a gun on his shoulder. Very fortunately, at this moment, a sportsman, a gamekeeper of the Duke, who was engaged in stalking deer, appeared on the face of the hill. The bandits stopped on seeing him, and Lady Staunton hastened to put herself under his protection. He readily gave them his escort home, and it required his athletic form and loaded rifle to restore to the lady her usual confidence and courage.

Donald listened with much gravity to the account of their adventure ; and answered with great composure to David's repeated inquiries, whether he could have suspected that the cairds had been lurking there—"Inteed, Master Tavie, I might hae had some guess that they were there, or thereabout, though maybe I had nane. But I am aften on the hill ; and they are like wasps ; they stang only them that fashes them ; sae, for my part, I make a point not to see them, unless I were ordered out on the preceese errand by MacCallummore or Knockdunder, whilk is a clean different case."

They reached the manse late ; and Lady Staunton, who had suffered much both from fright and fatigue, never again permitted her love of the picturesque to carry her so far among the mountains without a stronger escort than David, though she acknowledged he had won the stand of colors by the intrepidity he had displayed, so soon as assured he had to do with an earthly antagonist. "I couldna maybe hae made muckle o' a bargain wi' yon lang callant," said David, when thus complimented on his valor ; "but when ye deal wi' thae folk, it's tyne heart tyne a'."

CHAPTER LI

What see you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance !

Henry V.

WE are under the necessity of returning to Edinburgh, where the General Assembly was now sitting. It is well known that some Scottish nobleman is usually deputed as High Commissioner, to represent the person of the king in this convocation ; that he has allowances for the purpose of maintaining a certain outward show and solemnity, and supporting the hospitality of the representative of Majesty. Whoever is distinguished by rank or office in or near the capital usually attends the morning levees of the Lord Commissioner, and walks with him in procession to the place where the Assembly meets.

The nobleman who held this office chanced to be particularly connected with Sir George Staunton, and it was in his train that he ventured to tread the High Street of Edinburgh for the first time since the fatal night of Porteous's execution. Walking at the right hand of the representative of Sovereignty, covered with lace and embroidery, and with all the paraphernalia of wealth and rank, the handsome though wasted form of the English stranger attracted all eyes. Who could have recognized in a form so aristocratic the plebeian convict that, disguised in the rags of Madge Wildfire, had led the formidable rioters to their destined revenge ? There was no possibility that this could happen, even if any of his ancient acquaintances, a race of men whose lives are so brief, had happened to survive the span commonly allotted to evil-doers. Besides, the whole affair had long fallen asleep, with the angry passions in which it originated. Nothing is more certain than that persons known to have had a share in that formidable riot, and to have fled from Scotland on that account, had made money abroad, returned to enjoy it in their native country, and lived and died undisturbed by the law.* The forbearance of the magistrate was in these instances wise, certainly, and

* See Arnot's *Criminal Trials*, 4to ed., p. 235.

just ; for what good impression could be made on the public mind by punishment, when the memory of the offense was obliterated, and all that was remembered was the recent in-offensive, or perhaps exemplary, conduct of the offender ?

Sir George Staunton might, therefore, tread the scene of his former audacious exploits free from the apprehension of the law, or even of discovery or suspicion. But with what feelings his heart that day throbbed must be left to those of the reader to imagine. It was an object of no common interest which had brought him to encounter so many painful remembrances.

In consequence of Jeanie's letter to Lady Staunton, transmitting the confession, he had visited the town of Carlisle, and had found Archdeacon Fleming still alive, by whom that confession had been received. This reverend gentleman, whose character stood deservedly very high, he so far admitted into his confidence as to own himself the father of the unfortunate infant which had been spirited away by Madge Wildfire, representing the intrigue as a matter of juvenile extravagance on his own part, for which he was now anxious to atone, by tracing, if possible, what had become of the child. After some recollection of the circumstances, the clergyman was able to call to memory that the unhappy woman had written a letter to "George Staunton, Esq., younger, Rectory, Willingham, by Grantham"; that he had forwarded it to the address accordingly, and that it had been returned, with a note from the Reverend Mr. Staunton, Rector of Willingham, saying, he knew no such person as him to whom the letter was addressed. As this had happened just at the time when George had, for the last time, absconded from his father's house to carry off Effie, he was at no loss to account for the cause of the resentment under the influence of which his father had disowned him. This was another instance in which his ungovernable temper had occasioned his misfortune ; had he remained at Willingham but a few days longer, he would have received Margaret Murdockson's letter, in which was exactly described the person and haunts of the woman, Annaple Bailzou, to whom she [Madge Wildfire] had parted with the infant. It appeared that Meg Murdockson had been induced to make this confession, less from any feelings of contrition, than from the desire of obtaining, through George Staunton or his father's means, protection and support for her daughter Madge. Her letter to George Staunton said, "That while the writer lived, her daughter would have needed nought

from anybody, and that she would never have meddled in these affairs, except to pay back the ill that George had done to her and hers. But she was to die, and her daughter would be destitute, and without reason to guide her. She had lived in the world long enough to know that people did nothing for nothing; so she had told George Staunton all he could wish to know about his wean, in hopes he would not see the demented young creature he had ruined perish for want. As for her motives for not telling them sooner, she had a long account to reckon for in the next world, and she would reckon for that too."

The clergyman said that Meg had died in the same desperate state of mind, occasionally expressing some regret about the child which was lost, but oftener sorrow that the mother had not been hanged—her mind at once a chaos of guilt, rage, and apprehension for her daughter's future safety; that instinctive feeling of parental anxiety which she had in common with the she-wolf and lioness being the last shade of kindly affection that occupied a breast equally savage.

The melancholy catastrophe of Madge Wildfire was occasioned by her taking the confusion of her mother's execution as affording an opportunity of leaving the workhouse to which the clergyman had sent her, and presenting herself to the mob in their fury, to perish in the way we have already seen. When Dr. Fleming found the convict's letter was returned from Lincolnshire, he wrote to a friend in Edinburgh, to inquire into the fate of the unfortunate girl whose child had been stolen, and was informed by his correspondent that she had been pardoned, and that, with all her family, she had retired to some distant part of Scotland, or left the kingdom entirely. And here the matter rested, until, at Sir George Staunton's application, the clergyman looked out and produced Margaret Murdockson's returned letter, and the other memoranda which he had kept concerning the affair.

Whatever might be Sir George Staunton's feelings in ripping up this miserable history, and listening to the tragical fate of the unhappy girl whom he had ruined, he had so much of his ancient wilfulness of disposition left as to shut his eyes on everything save the prospect which seemed to open itself of recovering his son. It was true, it would be difficult to produce him without telling much more of the history of his birth and the misfortunes of his parents than it was prudent to make known. But let him once be found,

let him but prove worthy of his father's protection, and many ways might be fallen upon to avoid such risk. Sir George Staunton was at liberty to adopt him as his heir, if he pleased, without communicating the secret of his birth ; or an Act of Parliament might be obtained, declaring him legitimate, and allowing him the name and arms of his father. He was, indeed, already a legitimate child according to the law of Scotland, by the subsequent marriage of his parents. Wilful in everything, Sir George's sole desire now was to see this son, even should his recovery bring with it a new series of misfortunes as dreadful as those which followed on his being lost.

But where was the youth who might eventually be called to the honors and estates of this ancient family ? On what heath was he wandering, and shrouded by what mean disguise ? Did he gain his precarious bread by some petty trade, by menial toil, by violence, or by theft ? These were questions on which Sir George's anxious investigations could obtain no light. Many remembered that Annable Bailzon wandered through the country as a beggar and fortune-teller, or spae-wife ; some remembered that she had been seen with an infant in 1737 or 1738, but for more than ten years she had not traveled that district, and that she had been heard to say she was going to a distant part of Scotland, of which country she was a native. To Scotland, therefore, came Sir George Staunton, having parted with his lady at Glasgow ; and his arrival at Edinburgh happening to coincide with the sitting of the General Assembly of the Kirk, his acquaintance with the nobleman who held the office of Lord High Commissioner forced him more into public than suited either his views or inclinations.

At the public table of this nobleman, Sir George Staunton was placed next to a clergyman of respectable appearance, and well-bred though plain demeanor, whose name he discovered to be Butler. It had been no part of Sir George's plan to take his brother-in-law into his confidence, and he had rejoiced exceedingly in the assurances he received from his wife that Mrs. Butler, the very soul of integrity and honor, had never suffered the account he had given of himself at Willingham Rectory to transpire, even to her husband. But he was not sorry to have an opportunity to converse with so near a connection, without being known to him, and to form a judgment of his character and understanding. He saw much, and heard more, to raise Butler very high in his opinion. He found he was generally respected by those of

his own profession, as well as by the laity who had seats in the Assembly. He had made several public appearances in the Assembly, distinguished by good sense, candor, and ability; and he was followed and admired as a sound, and at the same time an eloquent, preacher.

This was all very satisfactory to Sir George Staunton's pride, which had revolted at the idea of his wife's sister being obscurely married. He now began, on the contrary, to think the connection so much better than he expected, that if it should be necessary to acknowledge it, in consequence of the recovery of his son, it would sound well enough that Lady Staunton had a sister who, in the decayed state of the family, had married a Scottish clergyman, high in the opinion of his countrymen, and a leader in the church.

It was with these feelings that, when the Lord High Commissioner's company broke up, Sir George Staunton, under pretence of prolonging some inquiries concerning the constitution of the Church of Scotland, requested Butler to go home to his lodgings in the Lawnmarket, and drink a cup of coffee. Butler agreed to wait upon him, providing Sir George would permit him, in passing, to call at a friend's house where he resided, and make his apology for not coming to partake her tea. They proceeded up the High Street, entered the Krames, and passed the begging-box, placed to remind those at liberty of the distresses of the poor prisoners. Sir George paused there one instant, and next day a £20 note was found in that receptacle for public charity.

When he came up to Butler again, he found him with his eyes fixed on the entrance of the tolbooth, and apparently in deep thought.

"That seems a very strong door," said Sir George, by way of saying something.

"It is so, sir," said Butler, turning off and beginning to walk forward, "but it was my misfortune at one time to see it prove greatly too weak."

At this moment, looking at his companion, he asked him whether he felt himself ill; and Sir George Staunton admitted that he had been so foolish as to eat ice, which sometimes disagreed with him. With kind officiousness, that would not be gainsaid, and ere he could find out where he was going, Butler hurried Sir George into the friend's house, near to the prison, in which he himself had lived since he came to town, being, indeed, no other than that of our old friend Bartoline Saddletree, in which Lady Staunton had served a

short noviciate as a shop-maid. This recollection rushed on her husband's mind, and the blush of shame which it excited overpowered the sensation of fear which had produced his former paleness. Good Mrs. Saddletree, however, bustled about to receive the rich English baronet as the friend of Mr. Butler, and requested an elderly female in a black gown to sit still, in a way which seemed to imply a wish that she would clear the way for her betters. In the meanwhile, understanding the state of the case, she ran to get some cordial waters, sovereign, of course, in all cases of faintishness whatsoever. During her absence, her visitor, the female in black, made some progress out of the room, and might have left it altogether without particular observation, had she not stumbled at the threshold, so near Sir George Staunton that he, in point of civility, raised her and assisted her to the door.

"Mrs. Porteous is turned very doited now, pair body," said Mrs. Saddletree, as she returned with her bottle in her hand. "She is no sae auld, but she got a sair back-cast wi' the slaughter o' her husband. Ye had some trouble about that job, Mr. Butler. I think, sir (to Sir George), ye had better drink out the hail glass, for to my een ye look waur than when ye came in."

And, indeed, he grew as pale as a corpse on recollecting who it was that his arm had so lately supported—the widow whom he had so large a share in making such.

"It is a prescribed job that case of Porteous now," said old Saddletree, who was confined to his chair by the gout—"clean prescribed and out of date."

"I am not clear of that, neighbor," said Plumdanas. "for I have heard them say twenty years should rin, and this is but the fifty-ane; Porteous's mob was in thretty-seven."

"Ye'll no teach me law, I think, neighbor—me that has four gaun pleas, and might hae had fourteen, an it hadna been the gudewife? I tell ye, if the foremost of the Porteous mob were standing there where that gentleman stands, the King's Advocate wadna meddle wi' him: it fa's under the negative prescription."

"Hand your din, carles," said Mrs. Saddletree, "and let the gentleman sit down and get a dish of comfortable tea."

But Sir George had had quite enough of their conversation; and Butler, at his request, made an apology to Mrs. Saddletree, and accompanied him to his lodgings. Here they found another guest waiting Sir George Staunton's

return. This was no other than our reader's old acquaintance, Ratcliffe.

This man had exercised the office of turnkey with so much vigilance, acuteness, and fidelity, that he gradually rose to be governor or captain of the tolbooth. And it is yet remembered in tradition, that young men who rather sought amusing than select society in their merry-meetings used sometimes to request Ratcliffe's company, in order that he might regale them with legends of his extraordinary feats in the way of robbery and escape.* But he lived and died without resuming his original vocation, otherwise than in his narratives over a bottle.

Under these circumstances, he had been recommended to Sir George Staunton by a man of the law in Edinburgh, as a person likely to answer any questions he might have to ask about Annaple Bailzou, who, according to the color which Sir George Staunton gave to his cause of inquiry, was supposed to have stolen a child in the west of England, belonging to a family in which he was interested. The gentleman had not mentioned his name, but only his official title; so that Sir George Staunton, when told that the captain of the tolbooth was waiting for him in his parlor, had no idea of meeting his former acquaintance, Jem Ratcliffe.

This, therefore, was another new and most unpleasant surprise, for he had no difficulty in recollecting this man's remarkable features. The change, however, from George Robertson to Sir George Staunton baffled even the penetration of Ratcliffe, and he bowed very low to the baronet and his guest, hoping Mr. Butler would excuse his recollecting that he was an old acquaintance.

"And once rendered my wife a piece of great service," said Mr. Butler, "for which she sent you a token of grateful acknowledgment, which I hope came safe and was welcome."

"Deil a doubt on't," said Ratcliffe, with a knowing nod; "but ye are muckle changed for the better since I saw ye, Maister Butler."

"So much so, that I wonder you knew me."

"Aha, then! Deil a face I see I ever forget," said Ratcliffe; while Sir George Staunton, tied to the stake and incapable of escaping, internally cursed the accuracy of his memory. "And yet, sometimes," continued Ratcliffe, "the sharpest hand will be taen in. There is a face in this

* See Ratcliffe. Note 37.

very room, if I might presume to be sae bauld, that if I didna ken the honorable person it belongs to, I might think it had some cast of an auld acquaintance."

"I should not be much flattered," answered the Baronet, sternly, and roused by the risk in which he saw himself placed, "if it is to me you mean to apply that compliment."

"By no manner of means, sir," said Ratcliffe, bowing very low; "I am come to receive your honor's commands, and no to trouble your honor wi' my poor observations."

"Well, sir," said Sir George, "I am told you understand police matters; so do I; to convince you of which, here are ten guineas of retaining fee; I make them fifty when you can find me certain notice of a person, living or dead, whom you will find described in that paper. I shall leave town presently; you may send your written answer to me to the care of Mr. — (naming his highly respectable agent), or of his Grace the Lord High Commissioner."

Ratcliffe bowed and withdrew.

"I have angered the proud peat now," he said to himself. "by finding out a likeness; but if George Robertson's father had lived within a mile of his mother, d—n me if I should not know what to think, for as high as he carries his head."

When he was left alone with Butler, Sir George Staunton ordered tea and coffee, which were brought by his valet, and then, after considering with himself for a minute, asked his guest whether he had lately heard from his wife and family.

Butler, with some surprise at the question, replied, "That he had received no letter for some time; his wife was a poor penwoman."

"Then," said Sir George Staunton, "I am the first to inform you there has been an invasion of your quiet premises since you left home. My wife, whom the Duke of Argyle had the goodness to permit to use Roseneath Lodge, while she was spending some weeks in your country, has sallied across and taken up her quarters in the manse, as she says, to be nearer the goats, whose milk she is using; but I believe, in reality, because she prefers Mrs. Butler's company to that of the respectable gentleman who acts as seneschal on the Duke's domains."

Mr. Butler said, "He had often heard the late Duke and the present speak with high respect of Lady Staunton, and was happy if his house could accommodate any friend of theirs; it would be but a very slight acknowledgment of the many favors he owed them."

"That does not make Lady Staunton and myself the less

obliged to your hospitality, sir," said Sir George. "May I inquire if you think of returning home soon?"

"In the course of two days," Mr. Butler answered, "his duty in the Assembly would be ended; and the other matters he had in town being all finished, he was desirous of returning to Dunbartonshire as soon as he could; but he was under the necessity of transporting a considerable sum in bills and money with him, and therefore wished to travel in company with one or two of his brethren of the clergy."

"My escort will be more safe," said Sir George Staunton, "and I think of setting off to-morrow or next day. If you will give me the pleasure of your company, I will undertake to deliver you and your charge safe at the manse, provided you will admit me along with you."

Mr. Butler gratefully accepted of this proposal; the appointment was made accordingly, and by despatches with one of Sir George's servants, who was sent forward for the purpose, the inhabitants of the manse of Knocktarlitie were made acquainted with the intended journey; and the news rung through the whole vicinity, "that the minister was coming back wi' a braw English gentleman, and a' the siller that was to pay for the estate of Craigsture."

This sudden resolution of going to Knocktarlitie had been adopted by Sir George Staunton in consequence of the incidents of the evening. In spite of his present consequence, he felt he had presumed too far in venturing so near the scene of his former audacious acts of violence, and he knew too well from past experience the acuteness of a man like Ratcliffe again to encounter him. The next two days he kept his lodgings, under pretense of indisposition, and took leave, by writing, of his noble friend, the High Commissioner, alleging the opportunity of Mr. Butler's company as a reason for leaving Edinburgh sooner than he had proposed. He had a long conference with his agent on the subject of Annable Bailzou; and the professional gentleman, who was the agent also of the Argyle family, had directions to collect all the information which Ratcliffe or others might be able to obtain concerning the fate of that woman and the unfortunate child, and, so soon as anything transpired which had the least appearance of being important, that he should send an express with it instantly to Knocktarlitie. These instructions were backed with a deposit of money, and a request that no expense might be spared; so that Sir George Staunton had little reason to apprehend negligence on the part of the persons entrusted with the commission.

The journey which the brothers made in company was attended with more pleasure, even to Sir George Staunton, than he had ventured to expect. His heart lightened in spite of himself when they lost sight of Edinburgh; and the easy, sensible conversation of Butler was well calculated to withdraw his thoughts from painful reflections. He even began to think whether there could be much difficulty in removing his wife's connections to the rectory of Willingham; it was only on his part procuring some still better preferment for the present incumbent, and on Butler's, that he should take orders according to the English Church, to which he could not conceive a possibility of his making objection, and then he had them residing under his wing. No doubt, there was pain in seeing Mrs. Butler, acquainted, as he knew her to be, with the full truth of his evil history. But then her silence, though he had no reason to complain of her indiscretion hitherto, was still more absolutely ensured. It would keep his lady, also, both in good temper and in more subjection; for she was sometimes troublesome to him, by insisting on remaining in town when he desired to retire to the country, alleging the total want of society at Willingham. "Madam, your sister is there," would, he thought, be a sufficient answer to this ready argument.

He sounded Butler on this subject, asking what he would think of an English living of twelve hundred pounds yearly, with the burden of affording his company now and then to a neighbor whose health was not strong, or his spirits equal. "He might meet," he said, "occasionally, a very learned and accomplished gentleman, who was in orders as a Catholic priest, but he hoped that would be no insurmountable objection to a man of his liberality of sentiment. What," he said, "would Mr. Butler think of as an answer, if the offer should be made to him?"

"Simply, that I could not accept of it," said Mr. Butler. "I have no mind to enter into the various debates between the churches; but I was brought up in mine own, have received her ordination, am satisfied of the truth of her doctrines, and will die under the banner I have enlisted to."

"What may be the value of your preferment?" said Sir George Staunton, "unless I am asking an indiscreet question."

"Probably one hundred a-year, one year with another, besides my glebe and pasture-ground."

"And you scruple to exchange that for twelve hundred

a-year, without alleging any damning difference of doctrine betwixt the two churches of England and Scotland ? ”

“ On that, sir, I have reserved my judgment ; there may be much good, and there are certainly saving means, in both, but every man must act according to his own lights. I hope I have done, and am in the course of doing, my Master’s work in this Highland parish ; and it would ill become me, for the sake of lucre, to leave my sheep in the wilderness. But, even in the temporal view which you have taken of the matter, Sir George, this hundred pounds a-year of stipend hath fed and clothed us, and left us nothing to wish for ; my father-in-law’s succession, and other circumstances, have added a small estate of about twice as much more, and how we are to dispose of it I do not know. So I leave it to you, sir, to think if I were wise, not having the wish or opportunity of spending three hundred a year, to covet the possession of four times that sum.”

“ This is philosophy,” said Sir George ; “ I have heard of it, but I never saw it before.”

“ It is common sense,” replied Butler, “ which accords with philosophy and religion more frequently than pedants or zealots are apt to admit.”

Sir George turned the subject, and did not again resume it. Although they travelled in Sir George’s chariot, he seemed so much fatigued with the motion, that it was necessary for him to remain for a day at a small town called Mid-Calder, which was their first stage from Edinburgh. Glasgow occupied another day, so slow were their motions.

They travelled on to Dunbarton, where they had resolved to leave the equipage, and to hire a boat to take them to the shores near the manse, as the Gare Loch lay betwixt them and that point, besides the impossibility of traveling in that district with wheel-carriages. Sir George’s valet, a man of trust, accompanied them, as also a footman ; the grooms were left with the carriage. Just as this arrangement was completed, which was about four o’clock in the afternoon, an express arrived from Sir George’s agent in Edinburgh, with a packet, which he opened and read with great attention, appearing much interested and agitated by the contents. The packet had been despatched very soon after their leaving Edinburgh, but the messenger had missed the travelers by passing through Mid-Calder in the night, and overshot his errand by getting to Roseneath before them. He was now on his return, after having waited more

than four-and-twenty hours. Sir George Staunton instantly wrote back an answer, and, rewarding the messenger liberally, desired him not to sleep till he placed it in his agent's hands.

At length they embarked in the boat, which had waited for them some time. During their voyage, which was slow, for they were obliged to row the whole way, and often against the tide, Sir George Staunton's inquiries ran chiefly on the subject of the Highland banditti who had infested that country since the year 1745. Butler informed him that many of them were not native Highlanders, but gipsies, tinkers, and other men of desperate fortunes, who had taken advantage of the confusion introduced by the civil war, the general discontent of the mountaineers, and the unsettled state of police, to practise their plundering trade with more audacity. Sir George next inquired into their lives, their habits, whether the violences which they committed were not sometimes atoned for by acts of generosity, and whether they did not possess the virtues, as well as the vices, of savage tribes.

Butler answered, that certainly they did sometimes show sparks of generosity, of which even the worst class of malefactors are seldom utterly divested ; but that their evil propensities were certain and regular principles of action, while any occasional burst of virtuous feeling was only a transient impulse not to be reckoned upon, and excited probably by some singular and unusual concatenation of circumstances. In discussing these inquiries, which Sir George pursued with an apparent eagerness that rather surprised Butler, the latter chanced to mention the name of Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh, with which the reader is already acquainted. Sir George caught the sound up eagerly, and as if it conveyed particular interest to his ear. He made the most minute inquiries concerning the man whom he mentioned, the number of his gang, and even the appearance of those who belonged to it. Upon these points Butler could give little answer. The man had a name among the lower class, but his exploits were considerably exaggerated ; he had always one or two fellows with him, but never aspired to the command of above three or four. In short, he knew little about him, and the small acquaintance he had, had by no means inclined him to desire more.

"Nevertheless, I should like to see him some of these days."

"That would be a dangerous meeting, Sir George, unless

you mean we are to see him receive his deserts from the law, and then it were a melancholy one."

"Use every man according to his deserts, Mr. Butler, and who shall escape whipping? But I am talking riddles to you. I will explain them more fully to you when I have spoken over the subject with Lady Staunton. Pull away, my lads," he added, addressing himself to the rowers; "the clouds threaten us with a storm."

In fact, the dead and heavy closeness of the air, the huge piles of clouds which assembled in the western horizon, and glowed like a furnace under the influence of the setting sun, that awful stillness in which nature seems to expect the thunderburst, as a condemned soldier waits for the platoon-fire which is to stretch him on the earth—all betokened a speedy storm. Large broad drops fell from time to time, and induced the gentlemen to assume the boat-cloaks; but the rain again ceased, and the oppressive heat, so unusual in Scotland in the end of May, inclined them to throw them aside. "There is something solemn in this delay of the storm," said Sir George; "it seems as if it suspended its peal till it solemnized some important event in the world below."

"Alas!" replied Butler, "what are we, that the laws of nature should correspond in their march with our ephemeral deeds or sufferings? The clouds will burst when surcharged with the electric fluid, whether a goat is falling at that instant from the cliffs of Arran or a hero expiring on the field of battle he has won."

"The mind delights to deem it otherwise," said Sir George Staunton; "and to dwell on the fate of humanity as on that which is the prime central movement of the mighty machine. We love not to think that we shall mix with the ages that have gone before us, as these broad black raindrops mingle with the waste of waters, making a trifling and momentary eddy, and are then lost forever."

"*Forever!* We are not—we cannot be lost forever," said Butler, looking upward; "death is to us change, not consummation, and the commencement of a new existence, corresponding in character to the deeds which we have done in the body."

While they agitated these grave subjects, to which the solemnity of the approaching storm naturally led them, their voyage threatened to be more tedious than they expected, for gusts of wind, which rose and fell with sudden impetuosity, swept the bosom of the firth, and impeded the efforts of the

rowers. They had now only to double a small headland in order to get to the proper landing-place in the mouth of the little river ; but in the state of the weather, and the boat being heavy, this was like to be a work of time, and in the mean while they must necessarily be exposed to the storm.

“ Could we not land on this side of the headland,” asked Sir George, “ and so gain some shelter ? ”

Butler knew of no landing-place, at least none affording a convenient or even practicable passage up the rocks which surrounded the shore.

“ Think again,” said Sir George Staunton ; “ the storm will soon be violent.”

“ Hout, ay,” said one of the boatmen, “ there’s the Caird’s Cove ; but we dinna tell the minister about it, and I am no sure if I can steer the boat to it, the bay is sae fu’ o’ shoals and sunk rocks.”

“ Try,” said Sir George, “ and I will give you half-a-guinea.”

The old fellow took the helm, and observed, “ That if they could get in, there was a steep path up from the beach, and half an hour’s walk from thence to the manse.”

“ Are you sure you know the way ? ” said Butler to the old man.

“ I maybe kenn’d it a wee better fifteen years syne, when Dandie Wilson was in the firth wi’ his clean-ganging lugger. I mind Dandie had a wild young Englisher wi’ him, that they ca’d——”

“ If you chatter so much,” said Sir George Staunton, “ you will have the boat on the Grindstone ; bring that white rock in a line with the steeple.”

“ By G—,” said the venteran, staring, “ I think your honor kens the bay as weel as me. Your honor’s nose has been on the Grindstane ere now, I’m thinking.”

As they spoke thus, they approached the little cove, which, concealed behind crags, and defended on every point by shallows and sunken rocks, could scarce be discovered or approached, except by those intimate with the navigation. An old shattered boat was already drawn up on the beach within the cove, close beneath the trees, and with precautions for concealment.

Upon observing this vessel, Butler remarked to his companion, “ It is impossible for you to conceive, Sir George, the difficulty I have had with my poor people, in teaching them the guilt and the danger of this contraband trade ; yet they have perpetually before their eyes all its dangerous con-

sequences. I do not know anything that more effectually depraves and ruins their moral and religious principles."

Sir George forced himself to say something in a low voice, about the spirit of adventure natural to youth, and that unquestionably many would become wiser as they grew older.

"Too seldom, sir," replied Butler. "If they have been deeply engaged, and especially if they have mingled in the scenes of violence and blood to which their occupation naturally leads, I have observed that, sooner or later, they come to an evil end. Experience, as well as Scripture, teaches us, Sir George, that mischief shall hunt the violent man, and that the blood thirsty man shall not live half his days. But take my arm to help you ashore."

Sir George needed assistance, for he was contrasting in his altered thought the different feelings of mind and frame with which he had formerly frequented the same place. As they landed, a low growl of thunder was heard at a distance.

"That is ominous, Mr. Butler," said Sir George.

"*Intonuit lævum*: it is ominous of good, then," answered Butler, smiling.

The boatmen were ordered to make the best of their way round the headland to the ordinary landing-place; the two gentlemen, followed by their servant, sought their way by a blind and tangled path, through a close copsewood, to the manse of Knocktarlitie, where their arrival was anxiously expected.

The sisters in vain had expected their husbands' return on the preceding day, which was that appointed by Sir George's letter. The delay of the travelers at Calder had occasioned this breach of appointment. The inhabitants of the manse began even to doubt whether they would arrive on the present day. Lady Staunton felt this hope of delay as a brief reprieve; for she dreaded the pangs which her husband's pride must undergo at meeting with a sister-in-law to whom the whole of his unhappy and dishonorable history was too well known. She knew, whatever force or constraint he might put upon his feelings in public, that she herself must be doomed to see them display themselves in full vehemence in secret—consume his health, destroy his temper, and render him at once an object of dread and compassion. Again and again she cautioned Jeanie to display no tokens of recognition, but to receive him as a perfect stranger, and again and again Jeanie renewed her promise to comply with her wishes.

Jeanie herself could not fail to bestow an anxious thought on the awkwardness of the approaching meeting ; but her conscience was ungalled, and then she was cumbered with many household cares of an unusual nature, which, joined to the anxious wish once more to see Butler, after an absence of unusual length, made her extremely desirous that the travelers should arrive as soon as possible. And—why should I disguise the truth ?—ever and anon a thought stole across her mind that her gala dinner had now been postponed for two days ; and how few of the dishes, after every art of her simple *cuisine* had been exerted to dress them, could with any credit or propriety appear again upon the third ; and what was she to do with the rest ? Upon this last subject she was saved the trouble of farther deliberation, by the sudden appearance of the Captain at the head of half a dozen stout fellows, dressed and armed in the Highland fashion.

“ Goot-morrow morning to ye, Laddy Staunton, and I hope I hae the pleasure to see ye weel ? And goot-morrow to you, goot Mrs. Putler ; I do peg you will order some victuals and ale and prandy for the lads, for we hae been out on firth and moor since afore daylight, and a’ to no purpose neither—Cot tam ! ”

So saying, he sate down, pushed back his brigadier wig, and wiped his head with an air of easy importance, totally regardless of the look of well-bred astonishment by which Lady Staunton endeavored to make him comprehend that he was assuming too great a liberty.

“ It is some comfort, when one has had a sair tussle,” continued the Captain, addressing Lady Staunton, with an air of gallantry, “ that it is in a fair leddy’s service, or in the service of a gentleman whilk has a fair leddy, whilk is the same thing, since serving the husband is serving the wife, as Mrs. Putler does very weel know.”

“ Really, sir,” said Lady Staunton, “ as you seem to intend this compliment for me, I am at a loss to know what interest Sir George or I can have in your movements this morning.”

“ O Cot tam ! this is too cruel, my leddy ; as if it was not py special express from his Grace’s honorable agent and commissioner at Edinburgh, with a warrant conform, that I was to seek for and apprehend Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh, and pring him pefore myself and Sir George Staunton, that he may have his deserts, that is to say, the gallows, whilk he has doubtless deserved, py peing the means of frightening your leddyship, as weel as for something of less importance.”

"Frightening me!" said her ladyship. "Why, I never wrote to Sir George about my alarm at the waterfall."

"Then he must have heard it otherwise; for what else can give him sic an earnest tesire to see this rapscaillon, that I maun rip the haill mosses and muirs in the country for him, as if I were to get something for finding him, when the pest o't might pe a pall through my prains?"

"Can it be really true that it is on Sir George's account that you have been attempting to apprehend this fellow?"

"Py Cot, it is for no other cause that I know than his honor's pleasure; for the creature might hae gone on in a decent quiet way for me, sae lang as he respectit the Duke's pounds; put reason goot he suld be taen, and hangit to poot, if it may pleasure ony honorable shentleman that is the Duke's friend. Sae I got the express over night, and I caused warn half a score of pretty lads and was up in the morning before the sun, an' I garr'd the lads take their kilts and short coats."

"I wonder you did that, Captain," said Mrs. Butler, "when you know the Act of Parliament against wearing the Highland dress."

"Hout, tout, ne'er fash your thumb, Mrs. Putler. The law is put twa-three years auld yet, and is ower young to hae come our length; and besides, how is the lads to climb the praes wi' thae tamn'd breekens on them? It makes me sick to see them. Put ony how, I thought I kenn'd Donacha's haunts gay and weel, and I was at the place where he had rested yestreen; for I saw the leaves the limmers had lain on, and the ashes of them; by the same token, there was a pit greeshochurning yet. I am thinking they got some word out o' the island what was intended. I sought every glen and cleuch, as if I had been deer-stalking, but teil a wauff of his coat-tail could I see—Cot tam!"

"He'll be away down the firth to Cowall," said David; and Reuben, who had been out early that morning a-nutting, observed, "That he had seen a boat making for the Caird's Cove"; a place well known to the boys, though their less adventurous father was ignorant of its existence.

"Py Cot," said Duncan, "then I will stay here no longer than to trink this very horn of prandy and water, for it is very possible they will pe in the wood. Donacha's a clever fellow, and maybe thinks it pest to sit next the chimley when the lum reeks. He thought naebody would look for him sae near hand! I peg your leddyship will excuse my aprupt departure, as I will return forthwith, and I will either pring

you Donacha in life or else his head, whilk I dare to say will be as satisfactory. And I hope to pass a pleasant evening with your leddyship ; and I hope to have mine revenges on Mr. Putler at packgammon, for the four pennies whilk he won, for he will be surely at home soon, or else he will have a wet journey, seeing it is apout to be a scud."

Thus saying, with many scrapes and bows, and apologies for leaving them, which were very readily received, and reiterated assurances of his speedy return, of the sincerity whereof Mrs. Butler entertained no doubt, so long as her best graybeard of brandy was upon duty, Duncan left the manse, collected his followers, and began to scour the close and entangled wood which lay between the little glen and the Caird's Cove. David, who was a favorite with the Captain, on account of his spirit and courage, took the opportunity of escaping to attend the investigation of that great man.

CHAPTER LII

I did send for thee,

That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—

Henry VI. Part I.

DUNCAN and his party had not proceeded very far in the direction of the Caird's Cove before they heard a shot, which was quickly followed by one or two others. "Some tamn'd villains among the roe-deer," said Duncan; "look sharp out, lads."

The clash of swords was next heard, and Duncan and his myrmidons, hastening to the spot, found Butler and Sir George Staunton's servant in the hands of four ruffians. Sir George himself lay stretched on the ground, with his drawn sword in his hand. Duncan, who was as brave as a lion, instantly fired his pistol at the leader of the band, unsheathed his sword, cried out to his men, "Claymore!" and run his weapon through the body of the fellow whom he had previously wounded, who was no other than Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh himself. The other banditti were speedily overpowered, excepting one young lad, who made wonderful resistance for his years, and was at length secured with difficulty.

Butler, so soon as he was liberated from the ruffians, ran to raise Sir George Staunton; but life had wholly left him.

"A great misfortune," said Duncan; "I think it will pe pest that I go forward to intimate it to the coot leddy. Tavie, my dear, you hae smelled pouthier for the first time this day. Take my sword and hack off Donacha's head, whilk will pe coot practise for you against the time you may wish to do the same kindness to a living shentleman; or hould, as your father does not approve, you may leave it alone, as he will pe a greater object of satisfaction to Liddy Staunton to see him entire; and I hope she will do me the credit to pelieve that I can afenge a shentleman's plood fery speedily and well."

Such was the observation of a man too much accustomed

to the ancient state of manners in the Highlands to look upon the issue of such a skirmish as anything worthy of wonder or emotion.

We will not attempt to describe the very contrary effect which the unexpected disaster produced upon Lady Staunton, when the bloody corpse of her husband was brought to the house, where she expected to meet him alive and well. All was forgotten but that he was the lover of her youth ; and, whatever were his faults to the world, that he had towards her exhibited only those that arose from the inequality of spirits and temper incident to a situation of unparalleled difficulty. In the vivacity of her grief she gave way to all the natural irritability of her temper ; shriek followed shriek, and swoon succeeded to swoon. It required all Jeanie's watchful affection to prevent her from making known, in these paroxysms of affliction, much which it was of the highest importance that she should keep secret.

At length silence and exhaustion succeeded to frenzy, and Jeanie stole out to take counsel with her husband, and to exhort him to anticipate the Captain's interference by taking possession in Lady Staunton's name of the private papers of her deceased husband. To the utter astonishment of Butler, she now for the first time explained the relation betwixt herself and Lady Staunton, which authorized, nay, demanded, that he should prevent any stranger from being unnecessarily made acquainted with her family affairs. It was in such a crisis that Jeanie's active and undaunted habits of virtuous exertion were most conspicuous. While the Captain's attention was still engaged by a prolonged refreshment, and a very tedious examination, in Gaelic and English, of all the prisoners, and every other witness of the fatal transaction, she had the body of her brother-in-law undressed and properly disposed. It then appeared, from the crucifix, the beads, and the shirt of hair which he wore next his person, that his sense of guilt had induced him to receive the dogmata of a religion which pretends, by the maceration of the body, to expiate the crimes of the soul. In the packet of papers which the express had brought to Sir George Staunton from Edinburgh, and which Butler, authorized by his connection with the deceased, did not scruple to examine, he found new and astonishing intelligence, which gave him reason to thank God he had taken that measure.

Rateliffe, to whom all sorts of misdeeds and misdoers were familiar, instigated by the promised reward, soon

found himself in a condition to trace the infant of these unhappy parents. The woman to whom Meg Murdockson had sold that most unfortunate child had made it the companion of her wanderings and her beggary until he was about seven or eight years old, when, as Ratcliffe learned from a companion of hers, then in the correction-house of Edinburgh, she sold him in her turn to Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh. This man, to whom no act of mischief was unknown, was occasionally an agent in a horrible trade then carried on betwixt Scotland and America, for supplying the plantations with servants, by means of kidnapping, as it was termed, both men and women, but especially children under age. Here Ratcliffe lost sight of the boy, but had no doubt but Donacha Dhu could give an account of him. The gentleman of the law, so often mentioned, despatched therefore an express with a letter to Sir George Staunton, and another covering a warrant for apprehension of Donacha, with instructions to the Captain of Knockdunder to exert his utmost energy for that purpose.

Possessed of this information, and with a mind agitated by the most gloomy apprehensions, Butler now joined the Captain, and obtained from him with some difficulty a sight of the examinations. These, with a few questions to the elder of the prisoners, soon confirmed the most dreadful of Butler's anticipations. We give the heads of the information, without descending into minute details.

Donacha Dhu had indeed purchased Effie's unhappy child, with the purpose of selling it to the American traders, whom he had been in the habit of supplying with human flesh. But no opportunity occurred for some time; and the boy, who was known by the name of "The Whistler," made some impression on the heart and affections even of this rude savage, perhaps because he saw in him flashes of a spirit as fierce and vindictive as his own. When Donacha struck or threatened him—a very common occurrence—he did not answer with complaints and entreaties like other children, but with oaths and efforts at revenge; he had all the wild merit, too, by which Woggarwolfe's arrow-bearing page won the hard heart of his master :

Like a wild cub, rear'd at the ruffian's feet,
He could say biting jests, bold ditties sing,
And quaff his foaming bumper at the board,
With all the mockery of a little man.*

In short, as Donacha Dhu said, the Whistler was a born imp of Satan, and *therefore* he should never leave him. Accordingly, from his eleventh year forward, he was one of the band, and often engaged in acts of violence. The last of these was more immediately occasioned by the researches which the Whistler's real father made after him whom he had been taught to consider as such. Donacha Dhu's fears had been for some time excited by the strength of the means which began now to be employed against persons of his description. He was sensible he existed only by the precarious indulgence of his namesake, Duncan of Knockdunder, who was used to boast that he could put him down or string him up when he had a mind. He resolved to leave the kingdom by means of one of those sloops which were engaged in the traffic of his old kidnapping friends, and which was about to sail for America; but he was desirous first to strike a bold stroke.

The ruffian's cupidity was excited by the intelligence that a wealthy Englishman was coming to the manse. He had neither forgotten the Whistler's report of the gold he had seen in Lady Staunton's purse, nor his old vow of revenge against the minister; and, to bring the whole to a point, he conceived the hope of appropriating the money which, according to the general report of the country, the minister was to bring from Edinburgh to pay for his new purchase. While he was considering how he might best accomplish his purpose, he received the intelligence from one quarter that the vessel in which he proposed to sail was to sail immediately from Greenock; from another, that the minister and a rich English lord, with a great many thousand pounds, were expected the next evening at the manse; and from a third, that he must consult his safety by leaving his ordinary haunts as soon as possible, for that the Captain had ordered out a party to scour the glens for him at break of day. Donacha laid his plans with promptitude and decision. He embarked with the Whistler and two others of his band (whom, by the by, he meant to sell to the kidnappers), and set sail for the Caird's Cove. He intended to lurk till nightfall in the wood adjoining to this place, which he thought was too near the habitation of men to excite the suspicion of Duncan Knock, then break into Butler's peaceful habitation, and flesh at once his appetite for plunder and revenge. When his villainy was accomplished, his boat was to convey him to the vessel, which, according to previous agreement with the master, was instantly to set sail.

This desperate design would probably have succeeded, but for the ruffians being discovered in their lurking-place by Sir George Staunton and Butler, in their accidental walk from the Caird's Cove towards the manse. Finding himself detected, and at the same time observing that the servant carried a casket, or strong-box, Donacha conceived that both his prize and his victims were within his power, and attacked the travelers without hesitation. Shots were fired and swords drawn on both sides; Sir George Staunton offered the bravest resistance, till he fell, as there was too much reason to believe, by the hand of a son so long sought, and now at length so unhappily met.

While Butler was half-stunned with this intelligence, the hoarse voice of Knockdunder added to his consternation—"I will take the liberty to take down the pell-ropes, Mr. Putler, as I must be taking order to hang these idle people up to-morrow morning, to teach them more consideration in their doings in future."

Butler entreated him to remember the act abolishing the heritable jurisdictions, and that he ought to send them to Glasgow or Inverary, to be tried by the circuit.

Duncan scorned the proposal.

"The Jurisdiction Act," he said, "had nothing to do put with the rebels, and specially not with Argyle's country: and he would hang the men up all three in one row before coot Leddy Staunton's windows, which would be a great comfort to her in the morning to see that the coot gentleman, her husband, had been suitably afenged."

And the utmost length that Butler's most earnest entreaties could prevail was, that he would reserve "the twa pig carles for the circuit, but as for him they ca'd the Fustler, he should try how he could fustle in a swinging tow, for it suldna be said that a shentleman, friend to the Duke, was killed in his country, and his people didna take at least twa lives for ane."

Butler entreated him to spare the victim for his soul's sake. But Knockdunder answered, "That the soul of such a scum had been long the tefil's property, and that, Cot tam! he was determined to gif the tefil his due."

All persuasion was in vain, and Duncan issued his mandate for execution on the succeeding morning. The child of guilt and misery was separated from his companions, strongly pinioned, and committed to a separate room, of which the Captain kept the key.

In the silence of the night, however, Mrs. Butler arose,

resolved, if possible, to avert, at least to delay, the fate which hung over her nephew, especially if, upon conversing with him, she should see any hope of his being brought to better temper. She had a master-key that opened every lock in the house; and at midnight, when all was still, she stood before the eyes of the astonished young savage, as, hard bound with cords, he lay, like a sheep designed for slaughter, upon a quantity of the refuse of flax which filled a corner in the apartment. Amid features sun-burned, tawny, grimed with dirt, and obscured by his shaggy hair of a rusted black color, Jeanie tried in vain to trace the likeness of either of his very handsome parents. Yet how could she refuse compassion to a creature so young and so wretched—so much more wretched than even he himself could be aware of, since the murder he had too probably committed with his own hand, but in which he had at any rate participated, was in fact a parricide. She placed food on a table near him, raised him, and slacked the cords on his arms, so as to permit him to feed himself. He stretched out his hands, still smeared with blood, perhaps that of his father, and he ate voraciously and in silence.

“What is your first name?” said Jeanie, by way of opening the conversation.

“The Whistler.”

“But your Christian name, by which you were baptized?”

“I never was baptized that I know of. I have no other name than the Whistler.”

“Poor unhappy abandoned lad!” said Jeanie. “What would ye do if you could escape from this place, and the death you are to die to-morrow morning?”

“Join wi’ Rob Roy, or wi’ Sergeant More Cameron (noted freebooters at that time), and revenge Donacha’s death on all and sundry.”

“O, ye unhappy boy,” said Jeanie, “do ye ken what will come o’ ye when ye die?”

“I shall neither feel cold nor hunger more,” said the youth, doggedly.

“To let him be executed in this dreadful state of mind would be to destroy baith body and soul, and to let him gang I dare not; what will be done? But he is my sister’s son—my own nephew—our flesh and blood; and his hands and feet are yerked as tight as cords can be drawn. Whistler, do the cords hurt you?”

“Very much.”

"But, if I were to slacken them, you would harm me?"

"No, I would not; you never harmed me or mine."

"There may be good in him yet," thought Jeanie; "I will try fair play with him."

She cut his bonds. He stood upright, looked round with a laugh of wild exultation, clapped his hands together, and sprung from the ground, as if in transport on finding himself at liberty. He looked so wild that Jeanie trembled at what she had done.

"Let me out," said the young savage.

"I wunna, unless you promise——"

"Then I'll make you glad to let us both out."

He seized the lighted candle and threw it among the flax, which was instantly in a flame. Jeanie screamed, and ran out of the room; the prisoner rushed past her, threw open a window in the passage, jumped into the garden, sprung over its enclosure, bounded through the woods like a deer, and gained the seashore. Meantime, the fire was extinguished; but the prisoner was sought in vain. As Jeanie kept her own secret, the share she had in his escape was not discovered; but they learned his fate some time afterwards; it was as wild as his life had hitherto been.

The anxious inquiries of Butler at length learned that the youth had gained the ship in which his master, Donacha, had designed to embark. But the avaricious shipmaster, enured by his evil trade to every species of treachery, and disappointed of the rich booty which Donacha had proposed to bring aboard, secured the person of the fugitive, and having transported him to America, sold him as a slave, or indented servant, to a Virginian planter far up the country. When these tidings reached Butler, he sent over to America a sufficient sum to redeem the lad from slavery, with instructions that measures should be taken for improving his mind, restraining his evil propensities, and encouraging whatever good might appear in his character. But this aid came too late. The young man had headed a conspiracy in which his inhuman master was put to death, and had then fled to the next tribe of wild Indians. He was never more heard of; and it may therefore be presumed that he lived and died after the manner of that savage people, with whom his previous habits had well fitted him to associate.

All hopes of the young man's reformation being now ended, Mr. and Mrs. Butler thought it could serve no purpose to explain to Lady Staunton a history so full of horror. She remained their guest more than a year, during the

greater part of which period her grief was excessive. In the latter months, it assumed the appearance of listlessness and low spirits, which the monotony of her sister's quiet establishment afforded no means of dissipating. Effie, from her earliest youth, was never formed for a quiet low content. Far different from her sister, she required the dissipation of society to divert her sorrow or enhance her joy. She left the seclusion of Knocktarlitie with tears of sincere affection, and after heaping its inmates with all she could think of that might be valuable in their eyes. But she *did* leave it; and when the anguish of the parting was over her departure was relief to both sisters.

The family at the manse of Knocktarlitie, in their own quiet happiness, heard of the well-dowered and beautiful Lady Staunton resuming her place in the fashionable world. They learned it by more substantial proof, for David received a commission; and as the military spirit of Bible Butler seemed to have revived in him, his good behavior qualified the envy of five hundred young Highland cadets, "come of good houses," who were astonished at the rapidity of his promotion. Reuben followed the law, and rose more slowly, yet surely. Euphemia Butler, whose fortune, augmented by her aunt's generosity, and added to her own beauty, rendered her no small prize, married a Highland laird, who never asked the name of her grandfather, and was loaded on the occasion with presents from Lady Staunton, which made her the envy of all the beauties of Dunbarton and Argyleshires.

After blazing nearly ten years in the fashionable world, and hiding, like many of her compeers, an aching heart with a gay demeanor, after declining repeated offers of the most respectable kind for a second matrimonial engagement, Lady Staunton betrayed the inward wound by retiring to the Continent and taking up her abode in the convent where she had received her education. She never took the veil, but lived and died in severe seclusion, and in the practise of the Roman Catholic religion, in all its formal observances, vigils, and austerities.

Jeanie had so much of her father's spirit as to sorrow bitterly for this apostacy, and Butler joined in the regret. "Yet any religion, however imperfect," he said, "was better than cold scepticism, or the hurrying din of dissipation, which fills the ears of the worldlings, until they care for none of these things."

Meanwhile, happy in each other, in the prosperity of their

family, and the love and honor of all who knew them, this simple pair lived beloved and died lamented.

READER—This tale will not be told in vain, if it shall be found to illustrate the great truth that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

L'Envoy, by JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM

THUS concludeth the Tale of *The Heart of Midlothian*, which hath filled more pages than I opined. The Heart of Midlothian is now no more, or rather it is transferred to the extreme side of the city, even as the *Sieur Jean Baptiste* hath it, in his pleasant comedy called *Le Medecin Malgre lui*, where the simulated doctor wittily replieth to a charge, Poquelin that he had placed the heart on the right side instead of the left, “*Cela étoit autrefois ainsi, mais nous avons changé tout cela.*” Of which witty speech, if any reader shall demand the purport, I have only to respond, that I teach the French as well as the classical tongues, at the easy rate of five shillings per quarter, as my advertisements are periodically making known to the public.

NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

NOTE 1.—TOMBSTONE TO HELEN WALKER, p. XI.

On Helen Walker's tombstone in Irongray churchyard, Dumfriesshire, there is engraved the following epitaph, written by Sir Walter Scott:—

THIS STONE WAS ERECTED
BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY
TO THE MEMORY
OF
HELEN WALKER,
WHO DIED IN THE YEAR OF GOD 1791.
THIS HUMBLE INDIVIDUAL PRACTISED IN REAL LIFE
THE VIRTUES
WITH WHICH FICTION HAS INVESTED
THE IMAGINARY CHARACTER OF
JEANIE DEANS;
REFUSING THE SLIGHTEST DEPARTURE
FROM VERACITY,
EVEN TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A SISTER,
SHE NEVERTHELESS SHOWED HER
KINDNESS AND FORTITUDE,
IN RESCUING HER FROM THE SEVERITY OF THE LAW
AT THE EXPENSE OF PERSONAL EXERTIONS
WHICH THE TIME RENDERED AS DIFFICULT
AS THE MOTIVE WAS LAUDABLE.
RESPECT THE GRAVE OF POVERTY
WHEN COMBINED WITH LOVE OF TRUTH
AND DEAR AFFECTION.

Erected October 1831.

(Laing.)

NOTE 2.—SIR WALKER SCOTT'S RELATIONS WITH THE QUAKERS, p. XVII.

It is an old proverb that 'many a true word is spoken in jest.' The existence of Walter Scott, third son of Sir William Scott of Harden, is instructed, as it is called, by a charter under the great seal, 'Domino Wilkelmo Scott de Harden militi, et Waltero Scott suo filio

legitimo tertio genito, terarum de Robertson.* The munificent old gentleman left all his four sons considerable estates, and settled those of Eildrig and Raeburn, together with valuable possessions around Lessudden, upon Walter, his third son, who is ancestor of the Scots of Raeburn, and of the Author of Waverley. He appears to have become a convert to the doctrine of the Quakers, or Friends, and a great assertor of their peculiar tenets. This was probably at the time when George Fox, the celebrated apostle of the sect, made an expedition into the south of Scotland about 1657, on which occasion he boasts that 'as he first set his horse's feet upon Scottish ground he felt the seed of grace to sparkle about him like innumerable sparks of fire.' Upon the same occasion, probably, Sir Gideon Scott of Highchesters, second son of Sir William, immediate elder brother of Walter, and ancestor of the Author's friend and kinsman, the present representative of the family of Harden, also embraced the tenets of Quakerism. This last convert, Gideon, entered into a controversy with the Rev. James Kirkton, author of the Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, which is noticed by my ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in his valuable and curious edition of that work, 4to, 1817. Sir William Scott, eldest of the brothers, remained, amid the defection of his two younger brethren, an orthodox member of the Presbyterian Church, and used such means for reclaiming Walter of Raeburn from his heresy as savoured far more of persecution than persuasion. In this he was assisted by MacDougal of Makerston, brother to Isabella MacDougal, the wife of the said Walter, and who, like her husband, had conformed to the Quaker tenets.

The interest possessed by Sir William Scott and Makerston was powerful enough to procure the two following acts of the Privy Council of Scotland, directed against Walter of Raeburn as an heretic and convert to Quakerism, appointing him to be imprisoned first in Edinburgh jail, and then in that of Jedburgh; and his children to be taken by force from the society and direction of their parents, and educated at a distance from them, besides the assignment of a sum for their maintenance sufficient in those times to be burdensome to a moderate Scottish estate:—

'Apud Edin, vigesimo Junii 1665.

'The Lords of his Maj. Privy Councill having received information that Scott of Raeburn, and Isobel Mackdougall, his wife, being infected with the error of Quakerism, doe endeavour to breid and traine up William, Walter, and Isobel Scotts, their children, in the same profession, doe yfmore give order and command to Sir William Scott of Harden, the sd Raeburn's brother, to separat and take away the sds children from the custody and society of the sds parents, and to cause educat and bring them up in his owne house, or any other convenient place, and ordaines letters to be direct at the sd Sir William's instance against Raeburn, for a maintenance to the sds children, and that the sd. Sir Wm. gave ane account of his diligence with all conveniency.'

'Edinburgh, 5th July 1666.

'Anent a petition presented by Sir Wm. Scott of Harden, for himself and in name and behalf of the three children of Walter Scott of Raeburn, his brother, showing that the Lords of Council, by ane act of the 22d (20th) day of Junii 1665, did grant power and warrant to the petitioner to separat and take away Raeburn's children from his family and education, and to breed them in some convenient place, where they might be free from all infection in yr younger years from the principalls of Quakerism, and, for maintenance of the sds children, did ordain letters to be direct against Raeburn: and, seeing the petitioner, in obedience to the sd order, did take away the sds children, being two sonnes and a daughter, and after some paines taken upon them in his owne family, hes sent them to the city of Glasgow, to be bread at schooles, and there to be principled with the knowledge of the true religion, and that it is necessary the Council determine what shall be the maintenance for qch Raeburn's three children may be charged, as likewaves that Raeburn himself, being now prisoner in

*See Douglas's Baronage, p. 215.

the Tolbuith of Edin., where he dayley converses with all the Quakers who are prisoners there, and others who dayly resort to them, whereby he is hardened in his pernicious opinions and principles, without all hope of recovery, unlesse he be seperate from such pernicious company, humbly therefore, desyring that the Council might determine upon the ssume of money to be payed be Raeburn, for the education of his children, to the petitioner, who will be countable yrfore; and yt, in order to his conversion, the place of his imprisonment may be changed. The Lords of his Maj. Privy Council, having at length heard and considered the forsd petition, doe modifie the ssume of two thousand pounds Scots, to be payed yearly at the terme of Whitsunday be the said Walter Scott of Raeburn, furth of his estate, to the petitioner, for the entertainment and education of the sd children, beginning the first termes payment yrof at Whitsunday last for the half year preceding, and so furth yearly, at the sd terme of Whitsunday in tyme coming till further orders; and ordaines the sd Walter Scott of Raeburn to be transported from the Tolbuith of Edr to the prison of Jedburgh, where his friends and oysr may have occasion to convert him. And to the effect he may be secured from the practice of oyr Quakers, the sds Lords doe hereby discharge the magistrates of Jedburgh to sufer any percons suspect of these principils to have access to him; and in case any contraveen, that they secure yr persons till they be yrfore puneist; and ordaines letters to be direct heirupon in form, as effeirs.'

Both the sons thus harshly separated from their father proved good scholars. The eldest, William, who carried on the line of Raeburn, was, like his father, a deep Orientalist; the younger, Walter, became a good classical scholar, a great friend and correspondent of the celebrated Dr. Pitcairn, and a Jacobite so distinguished for zeal that he made a vow never to shave his beard till the restoration of the exiled family. This last Walter Scott was the Author's great-grandfather.

There is yet another link betwixt the Author and the simple-minded and excellent Society of Friends, through a proselyte of much more importance than Walter Scott of Raeburn. The celebrated John Swinton of Swinton, nineteenth baron in descent of that ancient and once powerful family, was, with Sir William Lockhart of Lee, the person whom Cromwell chiefly trusted in the management of the Scottish affairs during his usurpation. After the Restoration, Swinton was devoted as a victim to the new order of things, and was brought down in the same vessel which conveyed the Marquis of Argyle to Edinburgh, where that nobleman was tried and executed. Swinton was destined to the same fate. He had assumed the habit and entered into the society of the Quakers, and appeared as one of their number before the Parliament of Scotland. He renounced all legal defence, though several pleas were open to him and answered, in conformity to the principles of his sect, that at the time these crimes were imputed to him he was in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity; but that God Almighty having since called him to the light, he saw and acknowledged these errors, and did not refuse to pay the forfeit of them, even though, in the judgment of the Parliament, it should extend to life itself.

Respect to fallen greatness, and to the patience and calm resignation with which a man once in high power expressed himself under such a change of fortune, found Swinton friends; family connexions and some interested considerations of Middleton, the Commissioner, joined to procure his safety, and he was dismissed, but after a long imprisonment and much d'lapidation of his estates. It is said that Swinton's admonitions while confined in the Castle of Edinburgh had a considerable share in converting to the tenets of the Friends Colonel David Barclay, then lying there in garrison. This was the father of Robert Barclay, author of the celebrated Apology for the Quakers. It may be observed among the inconsistencies of human nature, that Kirkton, Wedgwood, and other Presbyterian authors, who have detailed the sufferings of their own sect for non-conformity with the established church, censure the government of the time for not exerting the civil power against the peaceful enthusiasts we have treated of, and some express particular chagrin at the escape of Swinton. Whatever might be his motives for assuming the tenets of the Friends, the old man retained them faithfully till the close of his life.

Jean Swinton, grand-daughter of Sir John Swinton, son of Judge Swinton, as the Quaker was usually termed, was the mother of Anne Rutherford, the Author's mother.

And thus, as in the play of the Anti-Jacobin, the ghost of the Author's grandmother having arisen to speak the Epilogue, it is full time to conclude, lest the reader should remonstrate that his desire to know the author of Waverley never included a wish to be acquainted with his whole ancestry.

NOTE 3.—EDINBURGH CITY GUARD, p. 24

The Lord Provost was ex-officio commander and colonel of the corps, which might be increased to three hundred men when the times required it. No other drum but theirs was allowed to sound on the High Street between the Luckenbooths and the Netherbow.

NOTE 4.—LAST MARCH OF THE CITY GUARD, p. 26.

This ancient corps is now entirely disbanded. Their last march to do duty at Hallow Fair had something in it affecting. Their drums and fifes had been wont on better days to play, on this joyous occasion, the lively tune of

'Jockey to the fair;'

but on this final occasion the afflicted veterans moved slowly to the dirge of

'The last time I came ower the muir.'

NOTE 5.—THE KELPIE'S VOICE, p. 29

There is a tradition that, while a little stream was swollen into a torrent by recent snows, the discontented voice of the Water Spirit was heard to pronounce these words. At the same moment a man, urged on by his fate, or in Scottish language, 'fey,' arrived at a gallop and prepared to cross the water. No remonstrance from the bystanders was of power to stop him; he plunged into the stream and perished.

NOTE 6.—BESS WYND, p. 35

Maitland calls it Best's Wynd, and later writers Beth's Wynd. As the name implies, it was an open thoroughfare or alley leading from the Lawnmarket, and extended in a direct line between the old tolbooth to near the head of the Cowgate. It was partly destroyed by fire in 1830, and was totally removed in 1809, preparatory to the building of the new libraries of the Faculty of Advocates and Writers to the Signet (Laing).

NOTE 7.—LAW RELATING TO CHILD-MURDER, p. 45

The Scottish Statute Book, anno 1690, chapter 21, in consequence of the great increase of the crime of child-murder, both from the temptations to commit the offence and the difficulty of discovery, enacted a certain set of presumptions, which, in the absence of direct proof, the jury were directed to receive as evidence of the crime having actually been committed. The circumstances selected for this purpose were, that the woman should have concealed her situation during the whole period of pregnancy; that she should not have called for help at her delivery; and that, combined with these grounds of suspicion, the child should be either found dead or be altogether missing. Many persons suffered death during the last century under this severe act. But during the Author's memory a more lenient course was followed, and the female accused under the act, and conscious of no competent defence, usually lodged a petition to the Court of Justiciary denying, for form's sake, the tenor of the indictment, but stating that, as her good name had been destroyed by the

charge, she was willing to submit to sentence of banishment, to which the crown counsel usually consented. This lenity in practice, and the comparative infrequency of the crime since the doom of public ecclesiastical penance has been generally dispensed with, have led to the abolition of the Statute of William and Mary, which is now replaced by another, imposing banishment in those circumstances in which the crime was formerly capital. This alteration took place in 1803.

NOTE 8.—ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF 'PORTA,' etc. p. 47.

Wide is the fronting gate, and, raised on high,
With adamantine columns threatens the sky;
Vain is the force of man, and Heaven's as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain,
Sublime on these a tower of steel is rear'd.
DRYDEN'S Virgil, BOOK VI.

NOTE 9.—JOURNEYMEN MECHANICS, p. 53.

A near relation of the Author's used to tell of having been stopped by the rioters and escorted home in the manner described. On reaching her own home, one of her attendants, in appearance a 'baxter,' i. e. a baker's lad, handed her out of her chair, and took leave with a bow, which, in the lady's opinion, argued breeding that could hardly be learned beside the oven.

NOTE 10.—THE OLD TOLBOOTH, p. 55.

The ancient tolbooth of Edinburgh, situated and described as in chapter vi., was built by the citizens in 1561, and destined for the accommodation of Parliament, as well as of the High Courts of Justice, and at the same time for the confinement of prisoners for debt or on criminal charges. Since the year 1640, when the present Parliament House was erected, the tolbooth was occupied as a prison only. Gloomy and dismal as it was, the situation in the centre of the High Street rendered it so particularly well-aired, that when the plague laid waste the city, in 1645, it affected none within these melancholy precincts. The tolbooth was removed, with the mass of buildings in which it was incorporated, in the Autumn of the year 1817. At that time the kindness of his old schoolfellow and friend, Robert Johnstone, Esquire, then Dean of Guild of the city, with the liberal acquiescence of the persons who had contracted for the work, procured for the Author of Waverley the stones which composed the gateway, together with the door, and its ponderous fastenings, which he employed in decorating the entrance of his kitchen-court at Abbotsford. 'To such base offices may we return!' The application of these relics of the Heart of Midlothian to serve as the postern gate to a court of modern offices may be justly ridiculed as whimsical; but yet it is not without interest that we see the gateway through which so much of the stormy politics of a rude age, and the vice and misery of later times, had found their passage, now occupied in the service of rural economy. Last year, to complete the change, a tomb-tit was pleased to build her nest within the lock of the tolbooth, a strong temptation to have committed a sonnet, had the Author, like Tony Lumpkin, been in a concatenation accordingly.

It is worth mentioning that an act of beneficence celebrated the demolition of the Heart of Midlothian. A subscription, raised and applied by the worthy magistrate above-mentioned, procured the manumission of most of the unfortunate debtors confined in the old jail, so that there were few or none transferred to the new place of confinement.—

Few persons now living are likely to remember the interior of the Old Tolbooth, with narrow staircase, thick walls, and small apartments, nor to imagine that it could ever have been used for these purposes. Robert Chambers, in his *Minor Antiquities of Edinburgh*, has preserved ground-plans, or sections, which clearly show this. The largest hall was on the second floor, and measured 27 feet by 20,

and 12 feet high. It may have been intended for the meetings of the Town Council, while the Parliament assembled, after 1600, in what was called the Upper Tolbooth, that is, the south-west portion of the Collegiate Church of St. Giles, until the year 1640, when the present Parliament House was completed. Being no longer required for such a purpose, it was set apart by the Town Council on the 24th December 1641 as a distinct church, with the name of the Tolbooth parish, and therefore could not have derived the name from its vicinity to the tolbooth, as usually stated. The figure of a heart upon the pavement between St. Giles's Church and the Edinburgh County Hall now marks the site of the Old Tolbooth (Laing.)

NOTE 11.—THE MURDER OF CAPTAIN PORTEUS, p. 64.

The following interesting and authentic account of the inquiries made by Crown Counsel into the affair of the Porteus Mob seems to have been drawn up by the Solicitor-General. The office was held in 1737 by Charles Erskine, Esq. I owe this curious illustration to the kindness of a professional friend. It throws, indeed, little light on the origin of the tumult; but shows how profound the darkness must have been, which so much investigation could not dispel.

Upon the 7th of September last, when the unhappy, wicked murder of Captain Porteus was committed, his Majesties Advocate and Solicitor were out of town, the first beyond Inverness and the other in Annandale, not far from Carlyle; neither of them knew anything of the reprieve, nor did they in the least suspect that any disorder was to happen.

When the disorder happened, the magistrates and other persons concerned in the management of the town, seemed to be all struck of a heap; and whether, from the great terror that had seized all the inhabitants, they thought an immediate enquiry would be fruitless, or whether being a direct insult upon the prerogative of the crown, they did not care rashly to intermeddle—but no proceedings was had by them. Only, soon after, an express was sent to his Majesties Solicitor, who came to town as soon as was possible for him; but, in the meantime, the persons who had been most guilty had either run off, or, at least, kept themselves upon the wing until they should see what steps were taken by the Government.

When the Solicitor arrived, he perceived the whole inhabitants under a consternation. He had no materials furnished him; nay, the inhabitants were so much afraid of being reputed informers, that very few people had so much as the courage to speak with him on the streets. However, having received her Majesties orders, by a letter from the Duke of Newcastle, he resolved to set about the matter in earnest, and entered upon an enquiry, groping in the dark. He had no assistance from the magistrates worth mentioning, but called witness after witness in the privatest manner before himself in his own house, and for six weeks time, from morning to evening, went on in the enquiry without taking the least diversion, or turning his thoughts to any other business.

He tried at first what he could do by declarations, by engaging secrecy, so that those who told the truth should never be discovered; made use of no clerk, but wrote all the declarations with his own hand, to encourage them to speak out. After all, for some time, he could get nothing but ends of stories, which, when pursued, broke off; and those who appeared and knew anything of the matter were under the utmost terror lest it should take air that they had mentioned any one man as guilty.

During the course of the inquiry, the run of the town, which was strong for the villanous actors, began to alter a little, and when they saw the King's servants in earnest to do their best, the generality, who before had spoke very warmly in defence of the wickedness, began to be silent, and at that period more of the criminals begun to abscond.

At length the enquiry began to open a little, and the Solicitor was under some difficulty how to proceed. He very well saw that the first warrant that was issued out would start the whole gang, and as he had not come at any one of the most notorious offenders, he was unwilling, upon the slight evidence he had, to begin. However, upon notice given him by General Moyle that one King, a butcher in the Canongate, had boasted in presence of Bridget Kneil, a soldier's wife,

the morning after Captain Porteus was hanged that he had a very active hand in the mob, a warrant was issued out, and King was apprehended and imprisoned in the Canongate Tolbooth.

This obliged the Solicitor immediately to proceed to take up those against whom he had any information. By a signed declaration, William Stirling, apprentice to James Stirling, merchant in Edinburgh, was charged as having been at the Nether-Bow, after the gates were shut, with a Lochaber ax, or halbert, in his hand, and having begun a huzza, marched upon the head of the mob towards the Guard.

James Braidwood, son to a candlemaker in town, was, by a signed declaration, charged as having been at the Tolbooth door, giving directions to the mob about setting fire to the door, and that the mob named him by his name, and asked his advice.

By another declaration, one Stoddart, a journeyman smith, was charged of having boasted publicly, in a smith's shop at Leith that he had assisted in breaking open the Tolbooth door.

Peter Traid, a journeyman wright, by one of the declarations, was also accused of having locked the Nether-Bow Port when it was shut by the mob.

His Majesties Solicitor having these informations, employed privately such persons as he could best rely on, and the truth was, there were very few in whom he could repose confidence. But he was, indeed, happily served by one Webster, a soldier in the Welsh fuzileers, recommended to him by Lieutenant Alston, who, with very great address, informed himself, and really run some risque in getting his information, concerning the places where the persons informed against used to haunt, and how they might be seized. In consequence of which, a party of the Guard from the Canongate was agreed on to march up at a certain hour, when a message should be sent. The Solicitor wrote a letter and gave it to one of the town officers, ordered to attend Captain Maitland, one of the town Captains, promoted to that command since the unhappy accident, who, indeed, was extremely diligent and active throughout the whole; and having got Stirling and Braidwood apprehended, dispatched the officers with the letter to the military in Canongate, who immediately began their march, and by the time the Solicitor had half examined the said two persons in the Burrow-room, where the magistrates were present, a party of fifty men, drums beating, marched into the Parliament closs, and drew up, which was the first thing that struck a terror, and from that time forward the insolence was succeeded by fear.

Stirling and Braidwood were immediately sent to the Castle and imprisoned. That same night, Stoddart, the smith, was seized, and he was committed to the Castle also, as was likewise Traid, the journeyman wright, who were all severally examined, and denied the least accession.

In the meantime the enquiry was going on, and it having cast up in one of the declarations, that a hump'd-barked creature marched with a gun as one of the guards to Porteus when he went up to the Lawn Market, the person who emitted this declaration was employed to walk the streets to see if he could find him out; at last he came to the Solicitor and told him he had found him, and that he was in a certain house. Whereupon a warrant was issued out against him, and he was apprehended and sent to the Castle, and he proved to be one Birnie, a helper to the Countess of Weemy's coachman.

Thereafter, one information was given in against William McLauchlan, footman to the said Countess, as having been very active in the mob; for some time he kept himself out of the way, but at last he was apprehended and likewise committed to the Castle.

And these were all the prisoners who were put under confinement in that place.

There were other persons imprisoned in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, and severalls against whom warrands were issued, but could not be apprehended, whose names and cases shall afterwards be more particularly taken notice of.

The friends of Stirling made an application to the Earl of Islay, Lord Justice-General, setting forth, that he was seized with a bloody flux; that his life was in danger; and that upon an examination of witnesses whose names were given in, it would appear to conviction that he had not the least access to any of the riotous proceedings of that wicked mob.

'This petition was by his Lordship putt in the hands of his Majesties Solicitor, who examined the witnesses; and by their testimonies it appeared that the young man, who was not above eighteen years of age, was that night in company with about half a dozen companions, in a public house in Stephen Law's cross, near the back of the Guard, where they all remained until the noise came to the house that the mob had shut the gates and seized the Guard, upon which the company broke up, and he and one of his companions went towards his master's house; and, in the course of the after examination, there was a witness who declared, nay, indeed swore—for the Solicitor, by this time, saw it necessary to put those he examined upon oath—that he met him [Stirling] after he entered into the alley where his master lives, going towards his house; and another witness, fellow-prentice with Stirling, declares that after the mob had seized the Guard, he went home, where he found Stirling before him; and that his master locked the door, and kept them both at home till after twelve at night: upon weighing of which testimonies, and upon consideration had, that he was charged by the declaration only of one person, who really did not appear to be a witness of the greatest weight, and that his life was in danger from the imprisonment, he was admitted to bail by the Lord Justice-Generall, by whose warrant he was committed.

'Braidwood's friends applyed in the same manner; but as he stood charged by more than one witness, he was not released—tho', indeed, the witnesses adduced for him say somewhat in his exculpation—that he does not seem to have been upon any original concert; and one of the witnesses says he was along with him at the Tolbooth door, and refuses what is said against him, with regard to his having advised the burning of the Tolbooth door. But he remains still in prison.

'As to Traill, the journeyman wright, he is charged by the same witness who declared against Stirling, and there is none concurs with him; and to say the truth concerning him, he seemed to be the most ingenious of any of them whom the Solicitor examined, and pointed out a witness by whom one of the first accomplices was discovered, and who escaped when the warrant was to be putt in execution against them. He positively denies his having shut the gate, and 'tis thought Traill ought to be admitted to bail.

'As for Binnie, he is charged only by one witness, who had never seen him before, nor knew his name; so, tho' I dare say the witness honestly mentioned him, 'tis possible he may be mistaken; and in the examination of above 200 witnesses, there is no body concurs with him, and he is an insignificant little creature.

'With regard to M'Lauchlan, the proof is strong against him by one witness, that he acted as a serjeant or sort of commander, for some time, of a Guard that stood cross between the upper end of the Luckenbooths and the north side of the street, to stop all but friends from going towards the Tolbooth; and by other witnesses, that he was at the Tolbooth door with a link in his hand, while the operation of beating and burning it was going on; that he went along with the mob, with a halbert in his hand, until he came to the gallows-stone in the Grassmarket, and that he stuck the halbert into the hole of the gallows-stone; that afterwards he went in amongst the mob when Captain Porteus was carried to the dyer's tree; so that the proof seems very heavy against him.

'To sum up this matter with regard to the prisoners in the Castle, 'tis believed there is strong proof against M'Lauchlan; there is also proof against Braidwood. But as it consists only in emission of words said to have been had by him while at the Tolbooth door, and that he is an insignificant, pitiful creature, and will find people to swear heartily in his favours, 'tis at best doubtful whether a jury will be got to condemn him.

'As to those in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, John Crawford, who had for some time been employed to ring the bells in the steeple of the new Church of Edinburgh, being in company with a soldier accidentally, the discourse falling in concerning Captain Porteus and his murder, as he appears to be a lightheaded fellow, he said that he knew people that were more guilty than any that were putt in prison. Upon this information Crawford was seized, and being examined, it appeared that, when the mob began, as he was coming down from the steeple, the mob took the keys from him; that he was that night in several corners, and did indeed delate severall persons whom he

NOTES

saw there, and immediately warrands were dispatched, and it was found they had absconded and fled. But there was no evidence against him of any kind. Nay, on the contrary, it appeared that he had been with the Magistrates in Clerk's, the vintner's, relating to them what he had seen in the streets. Therefore, after having detained him in prison for a very considerable time, his Majesty's Advocate and Solicitor signed a warrant for his liberation.

There was also one James Wilson incarcerated in the said Tolbooth, upon the declaration of one witness, who said he saw him on the streets with a gun; and there he remained for some time in order to try if a concurring witness could be found, or that he acted any part in the tragedy and wickedness. But nothing further appeared against him; and being seized with a severe sickness, he is, by a warrant signed by his Majesty's Advocate and Solicitor, liberated upon giving sufficient bail.

As to King, enquiry was made, and the fact comes out beyond all exception, that he was in the lodge of the Nether-Bow, with Lindsay the waiter, and several other people, not at all concerned in the mob. But after the affair was over he went up towards the guard, and having met with Sandie the Turk and his wife, who escaped out of prison, they returned to his house at the Abbey, and then 'tis very possible he may have thought fitt in his beer to boast of villany, in which he could not possibly have any share; for that reason he was desired to find bail and he should be set at liberty. But he is a stranger and a fellow of very indifferent character, and 'tis believed it won't be easy for him to find bail. Wherefore, it's thought he must be sett at liberty without it. Because he is a burden upon the Government while kept in confinement, not being able to maintain himself.

What is above is all that relates to persons in custody. But there are warrands out against a great many other persons who are fled, particularly against one William White, a journeyman baxter, who, by the evidence, appears to have been at the beginning of the mob, and to have gone along with the drum, from the West-Port, to the Nether-Bow, and is said to have been one of those who attacked the guard, and probably was as deep as any one there.

Information was given that he was lurking at Falkirk, where he was born. Whereupon directions were sent to the Sheriff of the county, and a warrant from his Excellency General Wade to the commanding officers at Stirling and Linlithgow, to assist, and all possible endeavours were used to catch hold of him, and 'tis said he escaped very narrowly, having lyen concealed in some outhouse; and the misfortune was, that those who were employed in the search did not know him personally. Nor, indeed, was it easy to trust any of the acquaintances of so low, obscure a fellow with the secret of the warrant to be putt into execution.

There was also strong evidence found against Robert Taylor, servant to William and Charles Thomsons, periwig-makers, that he acted as an officer among the mob, and he is traced from the guard to the well at the head of Forrester's Wynd, where he stood and had the appellation of Captain from the mob, and from that walking down the Bow before Captain Porteus, with his Lochaber axe; and by the description given of one who had hawl'd the rope by which Captain Porteus was pulled up, 'tis believed Taylor was the person; and 'tis further probable that the witness who delated Stirling had mistaken Taylor for him, their stature and age (so far as can be gathered from the description) being much the same.

A great deal of pains were taken, and no charge was saved, in order to have catched hold of this Taylor, and warrands were sent to the country where he was born; but it appears he had shipt himself off for Holland, where it is said he now is.

There is strong evidence also against Thomas Burns, butcher, that he was an active person from the beginning of the mob to the end of it. He lurkt for some time amongst those of his trade; and artfully enough a train was laid to catch him, under pretence of a message that had come from his father in Ireland, so that he came to a blind ale-house in the Flesh-market cross, and a party being ready, was by Webster the soldier, who was upon this exploit, advertised to come down. However, Burns escaped out at a back window, and hid

himself in some of the houses which are heaped together upon one another in that place, so that it was not possible to catch him. 'Tis now said he is gone to Ireland to his father, who lives there.

There is evidence also against one Robert Anderson, journeyman and servant to Colin Alison, wright, and against Thomas Linnen [Linning] and James Maxwell, both servants also to the said Colin Alison, who all seem to have been deeply concerned in the matter. Anderson is one of those who put the rope upon Captain Porteus's neck. Linnen seems also to have been very active; and Maxwell—which is pretty remarkable—is proven to have come to a shop upon the Friday before, and charged the journeymen and prentices there to attend in the Parliament close on Tuesday night, to assist to hang Captain Porteus. These three did early abscond, and though warrants had been issued out against them, and all endeavours used to apprehend them, could not be found.

The like warrants had been issued with regard to ships from Leith. But whether they had been sear'd, or whether the information had been groundless, they had no effect.

This is a summary of the enquiry, from which it appears there is no proof on which one can rely, but against M'Lauchlan. There is a proof also against Braidwood, but more exceptionable.

One Waldie, a servant to George Campbell, wright, has also absconded, and many others, and 'tis informed that numbers of them have shipt themselves off for the Plantations; and upon one information that a ship was going off from Glasgow, in which severall of the rogues were to transport themselves beyond seas, proper warrants were obtained, and persons dispatched to search the said ship, and seize any that can be found.

His Majesties Advocate, since he came to town, has join'd with the Solicitor, and has done his utmost to gett at the bottom of this matter, but hitherto it stands as is above represented. They are resolved to have their eyes and their ears open and to do what they can. But they labour'd exceedingly against the stream; and it may truly be said that nothing was wanting on their part. Nor have they declined any labour to answer the commands laid upon them to search the matter to the bottom.'

THE PORTEOUS MOB

In chapters ii.-vii. the circumstances of that extraordinary riot and conspiracy, called the Porteous Mob, are given with as much accuracy as the Author was able to collect them. The order, regularity, and determined resolution with which such a violent action was devised and executed were only equalled by the secrecy which was observed concerning the principal actors.

Although the fact was performed by torch-light, and in presence of a great multitude, to some of whom, at least, the individual actors must have been known, yet no discovery was ever made concerning any of the perpetrators of the slaughter.

Two men only were brought to trial for an offence which the government were so anxious to detect and punish. William M'Lauchlan, footman to the Countess of Wemyss, who is mentioned in the report of the Solicitor-General (page 530), against whom strong evidence had been obtained, was brought to trial in March, 1777, charged as having been accessory to the riot, armed with a Lochaber axe. But this man, who was at all times a silly creature, proved that he was in a state of mortal intoxication during the time he was present with the rabble, incapable of giving them either advice or assistance, or indeed of knowing what he or they were doing. He was also able to prove that he was forced into the riot, and unheld while there by two bakers, who put a Lochaber axe into his hand. The jury, wisely judging this poor creature could be no proper subject of punishment, found the panel 'Not guilty.' The same verdict was given in the case of Thomas Linning also mentioned in the Solicitor's memorial, who was tried in 1738. In short, neither then, nor for a long period afterwards, was anything discovered relating to the organisation of the Porteous Plot.

The imagination of the people of Edinburgh was long irritated, and their curiosity kept awake, by the mystery attending this extraordinary conspiracy. It was generally reported of such natives of Edinburgh as, having left the city in youth, returned with a fortune

amassed in foreign countries, that they had originally fled on account of their share in the Porteous Mob. But little credit can be attached to these surmises, as in most of the cases they are contradicted by dates, and in none supported by anything but vague rumours, grounded on the ordinary wish of the vulgar to impute the success of prosperous men to some unpleasant source. The secret history of the Porteous Mob has been till this day unravell'd; and it has always been quoted as a close, daring, and calculated act of violence of a nature peculiarly characteristic of the Scottish people.

Nevertheless, the Author, for a considerable time, nourished hopes to have found himself enabled to throw some light on this mysterious story. An old man, who died about twenty years ago, at the advanced age of ninety-three, was said to have made a communication to the clergyman who attended upon his death-bed, respecting the origin of the Porteous Mob. This person followed the trade of a carpenter, and had been employed as such on the estate of a family of opulence and condition. His character, in his line of life and amongst his neighbours, was excellent, and never underwent the slightest suspicion. His confession was said to have been to the following purpose:—That he was one of twelve young men belonging to the village of Pathhead, whose animosity against Porteous, on account of the execution of Wilson, was so extreme that they resolved to execute vengeance on him with their own hands rather than he should escape punishment. With this resolution they crossed the Forth at different ferries and rendezvoused at the suburb called Portsburgh, where their appearance in a body soon called numbers around them. The public mind was in such a state of irritation that it only wanted a single spark to create an explosion; and this was afforded by the exertions of the small and determined band of associates. The appearance of premeditation and order which distinguished the riot, according to his account, had its origin, not in any previous plan or conspiracy, but in the character of those who were engaged in it. The story also serves to show why nothing of the origin of the riot has ever been discovered, since, though in itself a great conflagration, its source, according to this account, was from an obscure and apparently inadequate cause.

I have been disappointed, however, in obtaining the evidence on which this story rests. The present proprietor of the estate on which the old man died (a particular friend of the Author) undertook to question the son of the deceased on the subject. This person follows his father's trade, and holds the employment of carpenter to the same family. He admits that his father's going abroad at the time of the Porteous Mob was popularly attributed to his having been concerned in that affair; but adds that, so far as is known to him, the old man had never made any confession to that effect, and, on the contrary, had uniformly denied being present. My kind friend, therefore, had recourse to a person from whom he had formerly heard the story; but who, either from respect to an old friend's memory or from failure of his own, happened to have forgotten that ever such a communication was made. So my obliging correspondent (who is a fox-hunter) wrote to me that he was completely puzzled, and that all that can be said with respect to the tradition is, that it certainly once existed and was generally believed.—

The Rev. Dr. Carlyle, minister of Inveresk, in his *Autobiography*, gives some interesting particulars relating to the Porteous Mob, from personal recollections. He happened to be present in the Tolbooth Church when Robertson made his escape, and also at the execution of Wilson in the Grassmarket, when Captain Porteous fired upon the mob and several persons were killed. Edinburgh, 1869, 8vo. pp. 32-33 (Lange).

NOTE 12.—DUMBLEDIKES, p. 63

Dumbledikes, selected as descriptive of the factious character of the imaginary owner, is really the name of a house bordering on the King's Park, so called because the late Mr. Bradwardine, an instructor of the deaf and dumb, resided there with his pupils. The situation of the real house is different from that ascribed to the ideal mansion.

NOTE 13.—COLLEGE STUDENTS, p. 71

Immediately previous to the Revolution, the students at the Edinburgh College were violent anti-Catholics. They were strongly suspected of burning the house of Priestfield, belonging to the Lord Provost; and certainly were guilty of creating considerable riots in 1688-89.

NOTE 14.—RECOMMENDATION TO ARBORICULTURE, p. 71

The Author has been flattered by the assurance that this naive mode of recommending arboriculture—which was actually delivered in these very words by a Highland laird, while on his death-bed, to his son—had so much weight with a Scottish earl as to lead to his planting a large tract of country.

NOTE 15.—CARSPHARN JOHN, p. 84

John Semple, called Carspharn John, because minister of the parish in Galloway so called, was a Presbyterian clergyman of singular piety and great zeal, of whom Patrick Walker records the following passage: "That night after his wife died, he spent the whole ensuing night in prayer and meditation in his garden. The next morning, one of his elders coming to see him, and lamenting his great loss and want of rest, he replied, "I declare I have not, all night, had one thought of the death of my wife I have been so taken up in meditating on Heavenly things. I have been this night on the banks of the Ulai, plucking an apple here and there."—"Walker's Remarkable Passages of the Life and Death of Mr. John Semple.

NOTE 16.—PATRICK WALKER, p. 94

This personage, whom it would be base ingratitude in the Author to pass over without some notice, was by far the most zealous and faithful collector and recorder of the actions and opinions of the Cameronians. He resided, while stationary, at the Bristo Port of Edinburgh, but was by trade an itinerant merchant or pedlar, which profession he seems to have exercised in Ireland as well as Britain. He composed biographical notices of Alexander Peden, John Semple, John Welwood, and Richard Cameron, all ministers of the Cameronian persuasion, to which the last-mentioned member gave the name.

It is from such tracts as these, written in the sense, feeling, and spirit of the sect, and not from the sophisticated narrative of a later period, that the real character of the persecuted class is to be gathered. Walker writes with a simplicity which sometimes slides into the burlesque, and sometimes attains a tone of simple pathos, but always expressing the most daring confidence in his own correctness of creed and sentiments, sometimes with narrow-minded and disgusting bigotry. His turn for the marvellous was that of his time and sect; but there is little room to doubt his veracity concerning whatever he quotes on his own knowledge. His small tracts now bring a very high price, especially the earlier and authentic editions.

The tirade against dancing pronounced by David Deans is, as intimated in the text, partly borrowed from Peter [Patrick] Walker. He notices, as a foul reproach upon the name of Richard Cameron, that his memory was vituperated 'by piners and fiddlers playing the Cameronian march—carnal vain springs, which too many professors of religion dance to; a practice unbecoming the professors of Christianity to dance to any spring, but somewhat more to this. Whatever," he proceeds, "be the many foul blots recorded of the saints in Scripture, none of them is charged with this regular fit of distraction. We find it has been practised by the wicked and profane, as the dancing at that brutish, base action of the calf-making; and it had been good for that unhappy lass who danced off the head of John the Baptist, that she had been born a cripple and never drawn a limb to her. Historians say that her sin was written upon her judgment, who some time thereafter was dancing upon the ice

and it broke and snapt the head off her; her head danced above and her feet beneath. There is ground to think and conclude that, when the world's wickedness was great, dancing at their marriages was practised; but when the heavens above and the earth beneath were let loose upon them with that overflowing flood, their mirth was soon staid; and when the Lord in his holy justice rained fire and brimstone from heaven upon that wicked people and city Sodom, enjoying fulness of bread and idleness, their fiddle-strings and hands went all in a name; and the whole people in thirty miles of length and ten of breadth, as historians say, were all made to fry in their skins; and at the end, whoever are giving in marriages and dancing, when all will go in a flame, they will quickly change their note.

'I have often wondered thorow my life, how any, that ever knew what it was to bow a knee in earnest to pray, durst crook a hough to fyke and fling at a piper's and fiddler's springs. I bless the Lord that ordered my lot so in my dancing days, that made the fear of the bloody rope and bullets to my neck and head, the pain of boots, thumbikins, and irons, cold and hunger, wetness and weariness, to stop the lighness of my head and the wantonness of my feet. What the never-to-be-forgotten Man of God, John Knox, said to Queen Mary, when she gave him that sharp challenge, which would strike our mean-spirited, tongue-tacked ministers dumb, for his giving public faithful warning of the danger of church and nation, through her marrying the Dauphine of France, when he left her bubbling and greeting, and came to an outer court, where her Lady Maries were fyking and dancing, he said, "O brave ladies, a brave world, if it would last, and Heaven at the hinder end! But fye upon the knave Death, that will seize upon these bodies of yours; and where will all your fiddling and flinging be then?" Dancing being such a common evil, especially amongst young professors, that all the lovers of the Lord should hate, has caused me to insist the more upon it, especially that foolish spring the Cameronian march!"—*Life and Death of three Famous Worthies, etc.*, by Peter [Patrick] Walker, 12mo. p. 59.

It may be here observed, that some of the milder class of Cameronians made a distinction between the two sexes dancing separately, and allowed of it as a healthy and not unlawful exercise; but when men and women mingled in sport, it was then called promiscuous dancing, and considered as a scandalous enormity.

NOTE 17.—MUSCHAT'S CAIRN, p. 107

Nicol Muschat, a debauched and profligate wretch, having conceived a hatred against his wife, entered into a conspiracy with another brutal libertine and gambler, named Campbell of Burnbank (repeatedly mentioned in Pennecuick's satirical poems of the times), by which Campbell undertook to destroy the woman's character, so as to enable Muschat, on false pretences, to obtain a divorce from her. The brutal devices to which these worthy accomplices resorted for that purpose having failed, they endeavored to destroy her by administering medicine of a dangerous kind, and in extraordinary quantities. This purpose also failing, Nicol Muschat, or Muschet, did finally, on the 17th October, 1720, carry his wife under cloud of night to the King's Park, adjacent to what is called the Duke's Walk, near Holyrood Palace, and there took her life by cutting her throat almost quite through, and inflicting other wounds. He pleaded guilty to the indictment, for which he suffered death. His associate, Campbell, was sentenced to transportation for his share in the previous conspiracy. See MacLaurin's Criminal Cases, pp. 61 and 738.

In memory, and at the same time execration, of the deed, a cairn, or pile of stones, long marked the spot. It is now almost totally removed, in consequence of an alteration on the road in that place.

NOTE 18.—HANGMAN OR LOCKMAN, p. 132

Lockman, so called from the small quantity of meal (Scottice, *lock*) which he was entitled to take out of every boll exposed to market in the city. In Edinburgh the duty has been very long com-

mated; but in Dumfries the finisher of the law still exercises, or did lately exercise, his privilege, the quantity taken being regulated by a small iron ladle, which he uses as the measure of his perquisite. The expression *lock*, for a small quantity of any readily divisible dry substance, as corn, meal, flax, or the like, is still preserved, not only popularly, but in a legal description, as the *lock and gowpen*, or small quantity and handful, payable in thirlage cases, as in town multure.

NOTE 19.—THE FAIRY BOY OF LEITH, p. 144

This legend was in former editions inaccurately said to exist in Baxter's World of Spirits; but is, in fact, to be found in *Pandemonium*, or the Devil's Cloyster; being a further blow to Modern Sadduceism, by Richard Bovey, Gentleman, 12mo, 1684 (p. 172, etc.) The work is inscribed to Dr. Henry More. The story is entitled, 'A remarkable passage of one named the Fairy Boy of Leith, in Scotland, given me by my worthy friend, Captain George Burton, and attested under his own hand,' and is as follows:—

'About fifteen years since, having business that detained me for some time in Leith, which is near Edenborough, in the Kingdom of Scotland, I often met some of my acquaintances at a certain house there, where we used to drink a glass of wine for our refection. The woman which kept the house was of honest reputation amongst the neighbours, which made me give the more attention to what she told me one day about a Fairy Boy (as they called him) who lived about that town. She had given me so strange an account of him that I desired her I might see him the first opportunity, which she promised; and not long after, passing that way, she told me there was the Fairy Boy but a little before I came by; and casting her eye into the street, said, "Look you, sir, yonder he is at play with those other boys," and designing him to me, I went, and by smooth words, and a piece of money, got him to come into the house with me; where, in the presence of divers people, I demanded of him several astrological questions, which he answered with great subtilty, and through all his discourse carried it with a cunning much above his years, which seemed not to exceed ten or eleven. He seemed to make a motion like drumming upon the table with his fingers, upon which I asked him, whether he could beat a drum, to which he replied, "Yes, sir, as well as any man in Scotland; for every Thursday night I beat all points to a sort of people that used to meet under yonder hill" (pointing to the great hill between Edenborough and Leith. "How, boy," quoth I; "what company have you there?" "There are, sir," said he, "a great company both of men and women, and they are entertained with many sorts of musick besides my drum; they have, besides, plenty of variety of meats and wine; and many times we are carried into France or Holland in a night, and return again; and whilst we are there, we enjoy all the pleasures the country doth afford." I demanded of him, how they got under that hill. To which he replied, "That there were a great pair of gates that opened to them, though they were invisible to others, and that within there were brave large rooms, as well accommodated as most in Scotland." I then asked him how I should know what he said to be true? Upon which he told me, he would read my fortune, saying I should have two wives, and that he saw the forms of them sitting on my shoulders; that both would be very handsome women. As he was thus speaking a woman of the neighbourhood, coming into the room, demanded of him what her fortune should be? He told her that she had had two bastards before she was married; which put her in such a rage that she desired not to hear the rest. The woman of the house told me that all the people in Scotland could not keep him from the rendezvous on Thursday night, upon which, by promising him some more money, I got a promise of him to meet me at the same place, in the afternoon the Thursday following, and so dismissed him at that time. The boy came again at the place and time appointed, and I had prevailed with some friends to continue with me if possible to prevent his moving that night; he was placed between us, and answered many questions, without offering to go from us, until about eleven of the clock he was got away unperceived of the company; but I suddenly missing him,

hasted to the door and took hold of him, and so returned him into the same room; we all watched him, and on a sudden he was again got out of the doors. I followed him close, and he made a noise in the street as if he had been set upon; but from that time I could never see him.

GEORGE BURTON.

NOTE 20.—INTERCOURSE OF THE COVENANTERS WITH THE INVISIBLE

WORLD, p. 145

The gloomy, dangerous and constant wanderings of the persecuted sect of Cameronians naturally led to their entertaining with peculiar credulity the belief that they were sometimes persecuted, not only by the wrath of men, but by the secret wiles and open terrors of Satan. In fact, a flood could not happen, a horse cast a shoe, or any other the most ordinary interruption thwart a minister's wish to perform service at a particular spot, than the accident was imputed to the immediate agency of fiends. The encounter of Alexander Peden with the devil in the cave, and that of John Semple with the demon in the ford, are given by Peter [Patrick] Walker, almost in the language of the text.

NOTE 21.—JOCK DALGLEISH, p. 155

Among the flying leaves of the period there is one called 'Sutherland's Lament for the loss of his post,—with his advice to John Daglees, his successor.' He was whipped and banished, 25th July, 1722.

There is another, called 'The Speech and Dying Words of John Dalgleish, Lockman, alias Hangman, of Edinburgh,' containing these lines:—

Death, I've a favour for to beg,
That ye wad only gie a fleg,
And spare my life;
As I did to ill-hanged Megg,
(Laing.)

NOTE 22.—CALUMNIATOR OF THE FAIR SEX, p. 176

The journal of Graves, a Bow Street officer, despatched to Holland to obtain the surrender of the unfortunate William Brodie, bears a reflection on the ladies somewhat like that put in the mouth of the police officer Sharpitlaw. It had been found difficult to identify the unhappy criminal; and when a Scotch gentleman of respectability had seemed disposed to give evidence on the point required, his son-in-law, a clergyman in Amsterdam, and his daughter, were suspected by Graves to have used arguments with the witness to dissuade him from giving his testimony; on which subject the journal of the Bow Street officer proceeds thus:

'Saw then a manifest reluctance in Mr. —, and had no doubt the daughter and parson would endeavour to persuade him to decline troubling himself in the matter, but judged he could not go back from what he had said to Mr. Rich.—NOTA BENE. No mischief but a woman or a priest in it—here both.'

NOTE 23.—THE MAGISTRATES AND THE PORTEOUS MOE, p. 215

The Magistrates were closely interrogated before the House of Peers, concerning the particulars of the Mob, and the patois in which these functionaries made their answers sounded strange in the ears of the Southern nobles. The Duke of Newcastle having demanded to know with what kind of shot the guard which Porteous commanded had loaded their muskets, was answered naively, 'Ow, just sic as ane shoots dukes and fools with.' This reply was considered as a contempt of the House of Lords, and the Provost would have suffered accordingly, but that the Duke of Argyll explained that the expression, properly rendered in English, meant ducks and waterfowl.

NOTE 24.—SIR WILLIAM DICK OF BRAID, p. 186

This gentleman formed a striking example of the instability of human prosperity. He was once the wealthiest man of his time in Scotland, a merchant in an extensive line of commerce, and a farmer of the public revenue; inasmuch that, about 1640, he estimated his fortune at £200,000 sterling. Sir William Dick was a zealous Covenanter, and in the memorable year 1641 he lent the Scottish Convention of Estates one hundred thousand merks at once, and thereby enabled them to support and pay their army, which must otherwise have broken to pieces. He afterwards advanced £20,000 for the service of King Charles, during the usurpation; and having, by crowning the royal cause, provoked the displeasure of the ruling party, he was fleeced of more money, amounting in all to £65,000 sterling.

Being in this manner reduced to indigence, he went to London to try to recover some part of the sums which had been lent on government security. Instead of receiving any satisfaction, the Scottish Croesus was thrown into prison, in which he died 19th December, 1655. It is said his death was hastened by the want of common necessaries. But this statement is somewhat exaggerated, if it be true, as is commonly said, that, though he was not supplied with bread, he had plenty of pie-crust, thence called "Sir William Dick's necessity."

The changes of fortune are commemorated in a folio pamphlet, entitled *The Lamentable Estate and Distressed Case of Sir William Dick [1656]*. It contains several copperplates, one representing Sir William on horseback, and attended with guards as Lord Provost of Edinburgh, superintending the unloading of one of his rich argosies; a second exhibiting him as arrested and in the hands of the bailiffs; a third presents him dead in prison. The tract is esteemed highly valuable by collectors of prints. The only copy I ever saw upon sale was rated at £30.

NOTE 25.—MEETING AT TALLA LINNS, p. 190

This remarkable convocation took place upon 15th June, 1682, and an account of its confused and divisive proceedings may be found in Michael Shields's *Faithful Contendings Displayed*. Glasgow, 1780, p. 21. It affords a singular and melancholy example how much a metaphysical and polemical spirit had crept in amongst these unhappy sufferers, since, amid so many real injuries which they had to sustain, they were disposed to add disagreement and disunion concerning the character and extent of such as were only imaginary.

NOTE 26.—DOOMSTER OR DEMPSTER OF COURT, p. 236

The name of this officer is equivalent to the pronouncer of doom or sentence. In this comprehensive sense, the judges of the Isle of Man were called Dempsters. But in Scotland the word was long restricted to the designation of an official person, whose duty it was to recite the sentence after it had been pronounced by the Court, and recorded by the clerk; on which occasion the Dempster legalized it the words of form, 'And this I pronounce for doom.' For a length of years, the office, as mentioned in the text, was held in commendam with that of the executioner; for when this odious but necessary officer of justice received his appointment he petitioned the Court of Justiciary to be received as their dempster, which was granted as a matter of course.

The production of the executioner in open court, and in presence of the wretched criminal, had something in it hideous and disgusting to the more refined feelings of later times. But if an old tradition of the Parliament House of Edinburgh may be trusted, it was the following anecdote which occasioned the disuse of the dempster's office:—

It chanced at one time that the office of public executioner was vacant. There was occasion for some one to act as dempster, and, considering the party who generally held the office, it is not wonderful that a locum tenens was hard to be found. At length one Hume, who had been sentenced to transportation for an attempt to burn his

own house, was induced to consent that he would pronounce the doom on this occasion. But when brought forth to officiate, instead of repeating the doom to the criminal, Mr. Hume addressed himself to their lordships in a bitter complaint of the injustice of his own sentence. It was in vain that he was interrupted, and reminded of the purpose for which he had come hither. 'I ken what ye want of me weel enough,' said the fellow, 'ye want me to be your dempster; but I am come to be none of your dempster; I am come to summon you, Lord T—, and you, Lord E—, to answer at the bar of another world for the injustice you have done me in this.' In short, Hume had only made a pretext of complying with the proposal, in order to have an opportunity of reviling the Judges to their faces, or giving them, in the phrase of his country, 'a sloan.' He was hurried off amid the laughter of the audience, but the indecorous scene which had taken place contributed to the abolition of the office of dempster. The sentence is now read over by the clerk of the court, and the formality of pronouncing doom is altogether omitted.—

The usage of calling the dempster into court by the ringing of a hand bell, to repeat the sentence on a criminal, is said to have been abrogated in March, 1773 (Laing).

NOTE 27.—JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLE AND GREENWICH, D. 239

This nobleman was very dear to his countrymen, who were justly proud of his military and political talents, and grateful for the ready zeal with which he asserted the rights of his native country. This was never more conspicuous than in the matter of the Porteous Mob, when the Ministers brought in a violent and vindictive bill for declaring the Lord Provost of Edinburgh incapable of bearing any public office in future for not foreseeing a disorder which no one foresaw, or interrupting the course of a riot too formidable to endure opposition. The same bill made provision for pulling down the city gates and abolishing the city guard,—rather a Hibernian mode of enabling them better to keep the peace within burgh in future.

The Duke of Argyle opposed this bill as a cruel, unjust and fanatical proceeding, and an encroachment upon the privileges of the royal burghs of Scotland, secured to them by the treaty of Union. 'In all the proceedings of that time,' said his Grace, 'the nation of Scotland treated with the English as a free and independent people; and as that treaty, my lords, had no further guarantee for the due performance of its articles but the faith and honour of a British Parliament, it would be both unjust and ungenerous should this House agree to any proceedings that have a tendency to injure it.'

Lord Hardwicke, in reply to the Duke of Argyle, seemed to insinuate that his Grace had taken up the affair in a party point of view, to which the nobleman replied in the spirited language quoted in the text. Lord Hardwicke apologized. The bill was much modified, and the clauses concerning the dismantling the city and disbanding the guard were departed from.

A fine of £2,000 was imposed on the city for the benefit of Porteous's widow. She was contented to accept three-fourths of the sum, the payment of which closed the transaction. It is remarkable that in our day the magistrates of Edinburgh have had recourse to both those measures, held in such horror by their predecessors, as necessary steps for the improvement of the city.

It may be here noticed, in explanation of another circumstance mentioned in the text, that there is a tradition in Scotland that George II., whose irascible temper is said sometimes to have hurried him into expressing his displeasure *par vole du fait*, offered to the Duke of Argyle, in angry audience, some menace of this nature, on which he left the presence in high disdain, and with little ceremony. Sir Robert Walpole, having met the Duke as he retired and learning the cause of his resentment and discomposure, endeavored to reconcile him to what had happened by saying, 'Such was his Majesty's way, and that he often took such liberties with himself without meaning any harm.' This did not mend matters in MacCallummore's eyes, who replied, in great disdain, 'You will please to remember, Sir Robert, the infinite distance there is betwixt

you and me.' Another frequent expression of passion on the part of the same monarch is alluded to in the old Jacobite song:

The fire shall get both hat and wig,
As oft times they've got a' that.

NOTE 28.—MURDER OF THE TWO SHAWS, p. 242

In 1828, the Author presented to the Roxburgh Club a curious volume containing the Proceedings in the Court-Martial held upon John, Master of Sinclair . . . for the Murder of Ensign Schaw . . . and Captain Schaw . . . 17th October 1708 (Laing).

NOTE 29.—BORROWING DAYS, p. 275

The three last days of March, old style, are called the Borrowing Days; for, as they are remarked to be unusually stormy, it is feigned that March had borrowed them from April, to extend the sphere of his rougher sway. The rhyme on the subject is quoted in Leyden's edition of the *Complaynt of Scotland*.—

March said to Aperill
I see three hogs upon a hill:

But when the borrowed days were gane,
The three silly hogs came hirplin' hame.
(Laing.)

NOTE 30.—BUCKHOLMSIDE CHEESE, p. 370

The hilly pastures of Buckholm, which the Author now surveys,
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,
are famed for producing the best ewe-milk cheese in the south of Scotland.

NOTE 31.—EXPULSION OF THE BISHOPS FROM THE SCOTTISH CONVENTION,
p. 391

For some time after the Scottish Convention had commenced its sittings, the Scottish prelates retained their seats, and said prayers by rotation to the meeting, until the character of the Convention became, through the secession of Dundee, decidedly Presbyterian. Occasion was then taken on the Bishop of Ross mentioning King James in his prayer, as him for whom they watered the re' couch with tears—on this the Convention exclaimed, they had no occasion for spiritual lords, and commanded the bishops to depart and return no more, Montgomery of Skennemoie breaking at the same time a coarse jest upon the scriptural expression used by the prelate. David Deans's oracle, Patrick Walker, gives this account of their dismissal:—'When they came out, some of the Convention said they wished that the honest lads knew that they were put out, for then they would not win away with hael [whole] gowns. All the fourteen gathered together with pale faces, and stood in a cloud in the Parliament Close. James Wilson, Robert Neilson, Francis Milop, and myself were standing close by them. Francis Milop with force thrust Robert Neilson upon them; their heads went hard upon one another. But there being so many enemies in the city fretting and gnashing their teeth, we long for an occasion to raise a mob, where undoubtedly blood would have been shed, and we having laid down conclusions among ourselves to guard against giving the least occasion to all mobs, kept us from tearing of their gowns.

Their graceless Graces went quickly off, and neither bishop nor curate was seen in the streets; this was a surprising sudden change not to be forgotten. Some of us would have rejoiced more than in great sums to have seen these bishops sent legally down the Bow, that they might have found the weight of their tails in a tow to dry their hose-soles; that they might know what hanging was, they having been active for themselves, and the main instigators to all the

mischiefs, cruelties, and bloodshed of that time, wherein the streets of Edinburgh and other places of the land did run with the innocent, precious dear blood of the Lord's people.'—*Life and Death of three famous Worthies* (Semple, etc.), by Patrick Walker, Edin 1727, pp. 72, 73.

NOTE 32.—HALF-HANGED MAGGIE DICKSON, p. 399

In the *Statistical Account of the Parish of Inveresk* (vol. xvi. p. 34), Dr. Carlyle says, 'No person has been convicted of a capital felony since the year 1728, when the famous Maggy Dickson was condemned and executed for child-murder in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and was restored to life in a cart on her way to Musselburgh to be buried . . . She kept an ale-house in a neighboring parish for many years after she came to life again, which was much resorted to from curiosity.' After the body was cut down and handed over to her relatives, her revival is attributed to the joining of the cart, and according to Robert Chambers—taking a retired road to Musselburgh, 'they stopped near Pelter-mill to get a dram; and when they came out from the house to resume their journey, Maggie was sitting up in the cart.' Among the poems of Alexander Pennecuik, who died in 1730 (1722), is one entitled 'The Merry Wives of Musselburgh's Welcome to Meg Dickson;' while another broadside, without any date or author's name, is called 'Margaret Dickson's Penitential Confession,' containing these lines referring to her conviction:

Who found me guilty of that barbarous crime,
And did, by law, end this wretched life of mine;
But God . . . did me preserve, etc.

In another of these ephemeral productions hawked about the streets, called 'A Ballad by J—n B—s,' are the following lines:

Please peruse the speech

Of ill-hanged Maggy Dickson,
Ere she was strung, the wicked wife
Was sainted by the flamen (priest),
But now, sin e she's return'd to life,
Some say she's the old samen.

In his reference to Maggie's calling 'salt' after her recovery, the Author would appear to be alluding to another character, who went by the name of 'saut Maggie,' and is represented in one or more old etchings about 1790 (Laing).

NOTE 33.—MADGE WILDFIRE, p. 403

In taking leave of the poor maniac, the Author may observe that the first conception of the character, though afterwards greatly altered, was taken from that of a person calling herself, and called by others Feckless Fannie (weak or feeble Fanniel, who always travelled with a small flock of sheep. The following account, furnished by the persevering kindness of Mr. Train, contains probably all that can now be known of her history, though many, among whom is the Author, may remember having heard of Feckless Fannie in the days of their youth.

'My leisure hours,' says Mr. Train, 'for some time past have been mostly spent in searching for particulars relating to the maniac called Feckless Fannie, who travelled over all Scotland and England, between the years 1767 and 1775, and whose history is altogether so like a romance, that I have been at all possible pains to collect every particular that can be found relative to her in Glasgow or in Ayrshire.

'When Feckless Fannie appeared in Ayrshire, for the first time, in the summer of 1769, she attracted much notice from being attended by twelve or thirteen sheep, who seemed all endued with faculties so much superior to the ordinary race of animals of the same species as to excite universal astonishment. She had for each a different name, to which it answered when called by its mistress, and would likewise obey in the most surprising manner any command she thought proper to give. When travelling, she always walked in front of her flock, and they followed her closely behind. When she lay down at night in

the fields, for she would never enter into a house, they always disputed who should lie next to her, by which means she was kept warm, while she lay in the midst of them; when she attempted to rise from the ground, an old ram, whose name was Charlie, always claimed the sole right of assisting her; pushing any that stood in his way aside, until he arrived right before his mistress; he then bowed his head nearly to the ground that she might lay her hands on his horns, which were very large; he then lifted her gently from the ground by raising his head. If she chanced to leave her flock feeding, as soon as they discovered she was gone, they all began to bleat most piteously, and would continue to do so until she returned; they would then testify their joy by rubbing their sides against her petticoat, and frisking about.

Beckless Fannie was not, like most other demented creatures, fond of fine dress; on her head she wore an old slouched hat, over her shoulders an old plaid, and carried always in her hand a shepherd's crook; with any of these articles she invariably declared she would not part for any consideration whatever. When she was interrogated why she set so much value on things seemingly so insignificant, she would sometimes relate the history of her misfortune, which was briefly as follows:—

“I am the only daughter of a wealthy squire in the north of England, but I loved my father's shepherd, and that has been my ruin; for my father, fearing his family would be disgraced by such an alliance, in a passion mortally wounded my lover with a shot from a pistol. I arrived just in time to receive the last blessing of the dying man, and to close his eyes in death. He bequeathed me his little all, but I only accepted these sheep to be my sole companions through life, and this hat, this plaid, and this crook, all of which I will carry until I descend into the grave.”

“This is the substance of a ballad, eighty-four lines of which I copied down lately from the recitation of an old woman in this place, who says she has seen it in print, with a plate on the title page representing Fannie with her sheep behind her. As this ballad is said to have been written by Lowe, the author of “Mary's Dream,” I am surprised that it has not been noticed by Cromek in his *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*; but he perhaps thought it unworthy of a place in his collection, as there is very little merit in the composition; which want of room prevents me from transcribing at present. But if I thought you had never seen it, I would take an early opportunity of doing so.

“After having made the tour of Galloway in 1769, as Fannie was wandering in the neighborhood of Moffat, on her way to Edinburgh, where, I am informed, she was likewise well known. Old Charlie, her favorite ram, chanced to break into a kale-yard, which the proprietor observing, let loose a mastiff, that hunted the poor sheep to death. This was a sad misfortune; it seemed to renew all the pangs which she formerly felt on the death of her lover. She would not part from the side of her old friend for several days, and it was with much difficulty she consented to allow him to be buried; but, still wishing to pay a tribute to his memory, she covered his grave with moss, and fenced it round with osiers, and annually returned to the same spot, and pulled the weeds from the grave and repaired the fence. This is altogether like a romance; but I believe that it is really true that she did so. The grave of Charlie is still held sacred even by the schoolboys of the present day in that quarter. It is now, perhaps, the only instance of the law of Kenneth being attended to, which says, “The grave where aie that is slaine lieth buried, leave untilld for seven years. Repute every grave holie so as thou be well advised, that in no wise with thy feet thou tread upon it.”

“Through the storms of winter, as well as in the milder season of the year, she continued her wandering course, nor could she be prevented from doing so, either by entreaty or promise of reward. The late Dr. Fullarton of Rosemount, in the neighbourhood of Ayr, being well acquainted with her father when in England, endeavoured, in a severe season, by every means in his power, to detain her at Rosemount for a few days until the weather should become more mild; but when she found herself rested a little, and saw her sheep fed, she raised her crook, which was the signal she always gave for the sheep to follow her, and off they all marched together.

'But the hour of poor Fannie's dissolution was now at hand, and she seemed anxious to arrive at the spot where she was to terminate her mortal career. She proceeded to Glasgow, and, while passing through that city, a crowd of idle boys, attracted by her singular appearance, together with the novelty of seeing so many sheep obeying her command, began to torment her with their pranks, till she became so irritated that she pelted them with bricks and stones, which they returned in such a manner that she was actually stoned to death between Glasgow and Anderston.

'To the real history of this singular individual, credulity has attached several superstitious appendages. It is said that the farmer who was the cause of Charlie's death shortly afterwards drowned himself in a peat-hag; and that the hand with which a butcher in Kilmarnock struck one of the other sheep became powerless, and withered to the very bone. In the summer of 1769, when she was passing by New Cumnock, a young man, whose name was William Forsyth, son of a farmer in the same parish, plagued her so much that she wished he might never see the morn; upon which he went home and hanged himself in his father's barn. And I doubt not many such stories may yet be remembered in other parts where she had been.'

So far Mr. Train. The Author can only add to this narrative, that Feckless Fannie and her little flock were well known in the pastoral districts.

In attempting to introduce such a character into fiction, the Author felt the risk of encountering a comparison with the Maria of Sterne; and, besides, the mechanism of the story would have been as much retarded by Feckless Fannie's flock as the night march of Don Quixote was delayed by Sancho's tale of the sheep that were ferried over the river.

The Author has only to add that, notwithstanding the preciseness of his friend Mr. Train's statement, there may be some hopes that the outrage on Feckless Fannie and her little flock was not carried to extremity. There is no mention of any trial on account of it, which, had it occurred in the manner stated, would have certainly taken place; and the Author has understood that it was on the Border she was last seen, about the skirts of the Cheviot Hills, but without her little flock.

NOTE 34.—SHAWFIELD'S MOB, p. 407

In 1725 there was a great riot in Glasgow on account of the malt tax. Among the troops brought in to restore order was one of the independent companies of Highlanders levied in Argyleshire, and distinguished in a lampoon of the period as 'Campbell of Carrick and his Highland thieves.' It was called Shawfield's Mob, because much of the popular violence was directed against Daniel Campbell, Esq., of Shawfield, M. P., provost of the town.

NOTE 35.—DEATH OF FRANCIS GORDON, p. 423

This exploit seems to have been one in which Patrick Walker prided himself not a little; and there is reason to fear that that excellent person would have highly resented the attempt to associate another with him in the slaughter of a King's Life Guardsman. Indeed, he would have had the more right to be offended at losing any share of the glory, since the party against Gordon was already three to one, besides having the advantage of firearms. The manner in which he vindicates his claim to the exploit, without committing himself by a direct statement of it, is not a little amusing. It is as follows:—

'I shall give a brief and true account of that man's death, which I did not design to do while I was upon the stage. I resolve, indeed (if the Lord will), to leave a more full account of that and many other remarkable steps of the Lord's dispensations towards me thorow my life. It was then commonly said that Francis Gordon was a volunteer out of wickedness of principles, and could not stay with the troop, but was still raging and ranging to catch hiding suffering people. Meldrum and Airly's troops lying at Lenark upon the first day of March, 1682, Mr. Gordon and another wicked comrade with

their two servants and four horses, came to Kilcaigow, two miles from Lanark, searching for William Caigow and others under hiding. Mr. Gordon, rambling thro' the town, offered to abuse the women. At night, they came a mile further to the easter seat, to Robert Muir's, he being also under hiding. Gordon's comrade and the two servants went to bed, but he could sleep none, roaring all night for women. When day came, he took only his sword in his hand, and came to Moss-platt, and some men [who had been in the fields all night] seeing him, they fled, and he pursued. James Wilson, Thomas Young, and myself, having been in a meeting all night, were lyen down in the morning. We were alarmed, thinking there were many more than one; he pursued hard, and overtook us. Thomas Young said, "Sir, what do ye pursue us for?" He said, "He was come to send us to hell." James Wilson said, "That shall not be, for we will defend ourselves." He said, "That either he or we should go to it now." He run his sword furiously thro' James Wilson's coat. James fired upon him, but missed him. All the time he cried, "Damn his soul!" He got a shot in his head out of a pocket pistol, rather fit for diverting a boy than killing such a furious, mad, brisk man, which, notwithstanding, killed him dead. The foresaid William Caigow and Robert Muir came to us. We searched him for papers, and found a long scroll of sufferers' names, either to kill or take. I tore it all in pieces. He had also some Popish books and bonds of money, with one dollar, which a poor man took off the ground; all which we put in his pocket again. Thus, he was four miles from Lanark, and near a mile from his comrade, seeking his own death, and got it. And for as much as we have been condemned for this, I could never see how any one could condemn us that allows of self-defence, which the laws both of God and nature allow to every creature. For my own part, my heart never smote me for this. When I saw his blood run, I wished that all the blood of the Lord's stated and avowed enemies in Scotland had been in his veins. Having such a clear call and opportunity, I would have rejoiced to have seen it all gone out with a gush. I have many times wondered at the greater part of the indulged, lukewarm ministers and professors in that time, who made more noise of murder when one of these enemies has been killed, even in our own defence, than of twenty of us being murdered by them. None of these men present was challenged for this but myself. Thomas Young thereafter suffered at Machline, but was not challenged for this; Robert Muir was banished; James Wilson outlived the persecution; William Caigow died in the Canongate tolbooth, in the beginning of 1685. Mr. Wodrow is misinformed, who says that he suffered unto death" (pp. 165-167).

NOTE 36.—TOLLING TO SERVICE IN SCOTLAND, p. 445

In the old days of Scotland, when persons of property, unless they happened to be nonjurors, were as regular as their inferiors in attendance on parochial worship, there was a kind of etiquette in waiting till the patron or acknowledged great man of the parish should make his appearance. This ceremonial was so sacred in the eyes of a parish beadle in the Isle of Bute, that the kirk bell being out of order, he is said to have mounted the steeple every Sunday, to imitate with his voice the successive summonses which its mouth of metal used to send forth. The first part of this imitative harmony was simply the repetition of the words 'Bell bell, be'l bell,' two or three times, in a manner as much resembling the sound as throat of flesh could imitate throat of iron. 'Bellum! bellum!' was sounded forth in a more urgent manner; but he never sent forth the third and conclusive peal, the varied tone of which is called in Scotland the 'ringing-in,' until the two principal heritors of the parish approached, when the chimes ran thus:—

Bellum Bellellum.
Bernera and Knockdow's coming!
Bellum Bellellum.
Bernera and Knockdow's coming!

Thereby intimating that service was instantly to proceed.—

Mr. Macinlay of Borrowstounness, a native of Bute, states that Sir Walter Scott had this story from Sir Adam Ferguson; but that

the gallant knight had not given the lairds' titles correctly—the bellman's great men being Craich, Drumbuie, and Barnernie.—1842 (Laing).

NOTE 37.—RATCLIFFE, p. 502

There seems an anachronism in the history of this person. Ratcliffe, among other escapes from justice, was released by the Porteous mob when under sentence of death; and he was again under the same predicament when the Highlanders made a similar jail-delivery in 1745. He was too sincere a Whig to embrace liberation at the hands of the Jacobites, and in reward was made one of the keepers of the tolbooth. So at least runs a constant tradition.

GLOSSARY OF WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS.

ABUNE, ABOON. above
ACQUENT, acquainted
AD AVISANDUM, reserved for consideration
ADJOURNAL, BOOKS OF See Books of Adjurnal
ADMINICLE, a collateral proof
AGAIN, in time for, before
AIN, own
AIR, early
AIRD'S MOSS, the scene of a skirmish in Ayrshire, on 20th July 1680
AIRN, iron
AIRT, to direct, point out the way
AITH, oath
AITS, oats
ALLENARLY, solely
A-LOW, on fire
ALTRINGHAM, THE MAYOR OF (p. 439), a well-known Cheshire proverb
AMAIST, almost
ANCE, ANES, once
ANDRO FERRARA, a Highland broadsword
ANKER, 10 wine gallons
ANSARS, helpers; particularly those inhabitants of Medina who helped Mohammed when he fled from Mecca
ANTI-JACOBIN, George Canning, the statesman, in whose burlesque play, *The Rovers*; or, *Double Arrangement*, printed in *The Anti-Jacobin*, the ghost of *Prologue's*, not the Author's, grandmother appears
AQUA MIRABILIS, the wonderful water, a cordial made of spirits of wine and spices
ARGYLE, EARL OF, HIS ATTEMPT OF 1686, his rising in Scotland in

support of Monmouth in 1685
ARNISTON CHIELD, Robert Dundas of Arniston, the elder, succeeded Duncan Forbes of Culloden as Lord President in 1748
ARRIAGE AND CARRIAGE, a phrase in old Scotch leases, but bearing no precise meaning
ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES, the Westminster Confession of Faith, which, with the Longer and Shorter Catechisms, constitute the standards of doctrine of the Presbyterians
ARTES PERDITAE, lost arts
AUGHT, eight; AUGHTY- NINE, the year 1689
AUGHT, possession
AULD, old; AULD SOR- ROW, old wretch
AVA, at all
AWMOUS, alms
AWMURIE, the cupboard

BACK-CAST, a reverse, misfortune
BACK-FRIEND, a sup- porter, abettor
BALFOUR'S PRAC- TICES; OR A SYSTEM OF THE MORE ANCIENT LAW OF SCOTLAND (1754), by Sir James Balfour, President of the Court of Session in 1567
BAND, bond
BARK, BAWTIE, Compare Sir D. Lindsay's Complaint of Bawtie to Bawtie, the King's Best Belov'd Dog
BARKENED, tanned
BARON BAILIE, the baron's deputy in a

burgh of barony
BATHER, to fatigue by ceaseless prating
BAULD, brave, hardy
BAUSON-FACED, having a white spot on the forehead
BAWBEE, a halfpenny
BAXTER, a baker
BEAN-HOOL, bean-hull, pod
BECHOUNCHED, be- flounced, decked out in ridiculous fashion
BEDRAL, beadle, sexton
BEDREDDIN HASSAN. See Arabian Nights: 'Noureddin and his Son'
BEEVER, Belvoir, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, on the border of Leicestershire
BELYVE, directly
BEND-LEATHER, thick sole-leather
BENEFIT OF CLERGY, the right to claim, like the clergy, exemption from the civil courts
BEN THE HOUSE, the side, into the inner room
BESS OF BEDLAM, a fe- male lunatic
BESTIAL, horned cattle
BICKER, a wooden ves- sel
BIDE, wait, stay; bear, rest under; BIDE A WEE, wait a minute
BIEN, comfortable
BIGGONETS, a lady's headress
BIKE, a hive, swarm
BINK, a wall plate-rack
BIRKIE, a lively fellow, young spark
BIRTHNIGHT, the court festival held on the evening of a royal birthday

- BITTOCK**, a little bit, proverbially a considerable distance
- BLACK, DR. DAVID**, a zealous Scotch Presbyterian in the reign of James VI.
- BLAIR, ROBERT**, a prominent Presbyterian minister, of Bangor in Ireland
- BLINK**, a glance
- BLUE PLUMS**, bullets
- BLUIDY MACKENZIE**, Sir George, Lord Advocate, and an active prosecutor of the Cameronians in the reign of Charles II.
- BOODLE**, 1-6 of a penny
- BOBIE**, the lowest scholar on the form, a dunce
- BOOKS OF ADJOURNAL**, containing the minutes and orders, especially of adjournal, of the Court of Judiciary of Scotland, it being a peremptory court
- BOOT-HOSE**, coarse blue worsted hose worn in place of boots
- BOUKING-WASHING**, the annual washing of the family linen in a peculiar ley (bouk)
- BOUNTITH**, a perquisite
- BOUROCK**, a mound, hillock
- BOW**, a boll (measure)
- BOW-HEAD**, leading from the High Street to the Grassmarket in Edinburgh
- BOWIE**, a milk-pail
- BRAW**, brave, fine, good;
- BRAWS**, fine clothes
- BRECHAM**, collar of a cart-horse
- BROCKIT (COW)**, with a speckled face
- BROGUE**, a highland shoe
- BROO**, taste for, opinion of
- BROSE**, oatmeal over which boiling water has been poured
- BRUCE, ROBERT**, of Edinburgh, a champion of spiritual authority in the reign of James VI.
- BRUGH AND LAND**, town and country
- BRUILZIE**, a scuffle, tumult
- BRUNSTONE**, brimstone, sulphur
- BUCKHOLMSIDE**, a village of Roxburgshire close to Galashiels
- BULLER**, to bellow
- BULL OF PHALARIS**, an invention for roasting people alive, devised by Phalaris, ruler of Agrigentum in ancient Sicily—so tradition
- BULLSEGG**, a gelded bull
- BUSK**, to dress up, arrange
- BYE**, besides; past
- BYRE**, cow-house, cowshed
- CA**, to call
- CAESAREAN PROCESS**, a surgical operation to secure delivery (as in the case of Caesar)
- CAG**, a small cask
- CAIRD**, a strolling tinker
- CALENDAR WANTING AN EYE**
See *Arabian Nights*: 'Story of the First Calendar'
- CALLANT**, a lad
- CALLER**, fresh
- CALLIVER MEN**, men armed with muskets
- CAMBRIAN ANTIQUARY**, Thomas Pennant, the traveller
- CAMPVERE SKIPPER**, a trader to Holland, Compvere or Camphire, on the Island of Walcheren, was the seat of a privileged Scottish trading factory from 1444 to 1795
- CANNY**, propitious, auspicious
- CANTY**, mirthful, jolly
- CAPTION**, a writ to imprison a debtor
- CARCAKE**, or **CARE-CAKE**, a small cake baked with eggs and eaten on Shrove Tuesday in Scotland
- CARLE**, a fellow
- CARLINE**, a beldam, old woman
- CAROLINE PARK**. See *Royston*
- CARRIED**, the mind wavering, wandering
- CARRITCH**, the Catechism
- CAST**, lot, fate; a throw; a lift, ride
- CAST-BYE**, a castaway
- CA'-THROW**, an ado, a row
- CATO'S DAUGHTER**, Porcia, wife of Brutus, who stabbed Caesar
- CATO THE CENSOR**, the celebrated Roman, wrote a book about rural affairs
- CAULD**, cold
- CAULDRIFE**, chilly
- CAUTELOUS**, cautious, careful
- CELA ETOIT AUTRE-FOIS**, etc. (p. 538), it used to be so, but we have changed all that now
- CESSIO BONORUM**, surrender of effects
- CHAFTS**, jaws
- CHALDERS**, an old dry measure—nearly 16 qrs. of corn
- CHAMBER OF DEAS**, the best bedroom
- CHANCE**, **CHANCE**, an undesigned occurrence
- CHANGE-HOUSE**, a small inn
- CHAPPIT**, struck (of a clock)
- CHAPIT BACK**, beaten, deterred, daunted
- CHEVERONS**, gloves
- CHIELD**, a young fellow
- CHOP**, a shorn
- CLACHAN**, a Highland hamlet
- CLAISE**, **CLAES**, **CLAITHS**, clothes
- CLARISSIMUS**, **ICTUS**, one who is a famous lawyer
- CLAT**, a hoard of money
- CLAVERS**, foolish gossip
- CLAW UP MOTTENS**, to rebuke severely, tell home truths
- CLECKIT**, hatched
- CLECK**, to catch, seize
- CLEUGH**, a ravine
- CLOSE-HEAD**, the entrance of a blind alley, a favorite rendezvous for gossips
- CLUBBED (of hair)**, gathered into a club-shaped knot at the back of the head
- CLUTE**, a hoof, single beast
- COCCEIAN**, a follower of John Cocceius of Leyden (d. 1669), who held that the Old Testament shadowed forth the history of the Christian Church
- COCKERNONIE**, a lady's topknot
- COD**, a pillow, cushion
- COGNOSCE**, to examine judicially for insanity
- COLUMELLA**, a Roman writer on agriculture and similar topics
- COMMENTARIES**, ON SCOTTISH CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE, 1797, by David Hume, Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland
- COMUS**, by Milton
- CONDESCENDENCE**, an enumeration of particulars, a Scots law term
- CONFESSION EXTRAJUDICIALIS**, etc. (p. 242), an unofficial confession is a nullity, and cannot be quoted in evidence
- COUCH A HOGSHEAD**, to lie down to sleep
- COUP**, to overturn; to barter
- COUTHY**, agreeable, pleasing
- COWLEY'S COMPLAINT**, his poem with that title, stanza 4

COWT, a colt
CRACK, gossip, talk
CRAFT, a croft, small farm
CRAIGMILLAR, a castle near Edinburgh, a residence of Queen Mary
CREAGH, stolen cattle; a foray
CREPE, to curl, crimp
CREWELS, **CRUELS**, scrofulous swellings on the neck
CRIFFEL, a mountain on the Scottish side of the Solway. When Skiddaw is capped with clouds, rain falls soon after a Criffel
CRINING, pining
CROOK A HOUGH, to bend a joint, especially the knee-joint
CRUPPEN, creep
CUFFIN, **QUEER**, a justice of peace
CUIVIS EX POPULO, one of the people
CULL, a fool
CUMMER, a comrade, gossip
CUMRAYS, or **CUMBRAES**, in the Firth of Clyde
CURCH, a woman's cap
CURROSS, Culross, a village on the Firth of Forth
CURPEL, crupper
CUTTER'S LAW, thieves' rogues' law
CUTTY QUEAN, a worthless young woman

DAFFING, frolicsome jesting
DAFT, crazy, beside oneself
DAIDLING, trifling; loitering
DAIKER, to saunter, jog along
DALKETH, one of the seats of the Duke of Buccleuch
DALLAS ON STILES: OR, **SYSTEM OF STILES AS NOW PRACTICABLE WITHIN THE KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND 1697**, by George Dallas, sometime deputy-keeper of the privy seal of Scotland
DARG, a day's work
DEAS CHAMBER OF, the best bedroom
DEAVE, to deafen
DEBITO TEMPORE, at the proper time
DE DIE IN DIEM, from day to day
DEEVIL'S BUCKIE, a limb of Satan
DEIL HAET, the devil a bit

DEMENS. QUI NIMBOS. etc. (p. 1), the madman, who sought to rival the rainclouds and the inimitable thunder, with brazen din and the tread of horny-hoofed steeds
DEMI-PIQUE SADDLE, one with low peaks or points
DING, to knock
DINNLE, a thrilling blow
DIRL, a thrilling knock
DIT, to stop, close up (the mouth)
DITTAY, indictment
DIVOT, a thin flat turf; **DIVOT-CAST**, a turf-pit
DOCH AN' DORROCH, a stirrup-cup, parting-cup
DOER, an agent, factor
DOITED, stupid, confused
DONNARD, stupid
DONNOT, or **DONAUGHT**, a good-for-nothing person
DOO, a dove
DOOKIT, ducked
DOOMS, utterly
DOOR-CHEEK, the door-post
DOUBLE CARRITCH, the Larger Catechism of the Church of Scotland
DOUCE, quiet, respectable
DOUGHT, was able to
DOUR, stubborn, obstinate
DOW, to be able; **DOWNA**, do not like to
DREICH, slow, leisurely
DROW, a qualm
DRY MOLTURE, a duty of corn paid to a miller
DUDS, ragged clothes;
DUDDY, ragged
DULCIS AMARYLLINIS: **IRAE**, the anger of gentle woman
DUNCH, to jog or punch
DUNE GRANDE DAME, of a great lady, lady of fashion
DUNLOP (CHEESE), in Ayrshire
DURK, or **DIRK**, a Highlander's dagger
OYESTER, a dyer

ECLAIRCISSEMENT, an explanation
EDICT NAUTAE, etc., in ancient Rome, imposed thoughtless person
 liability for loss or damage to property committed to carriers, innkeepers, and stable-keepers
EE EYE: **EEN**, eyes
EFFECTUAL CALLING. See The Shorter Catechism, Qn. 31

EFFEIR OF, equivalent to
EIK, to add
ELSHIN, an awl
EME, uncle
EMERY, **JOHN**, actor who excelled in rustic parts, and played Dandie Dinmont, Ratchiffe, and similar characters of Scott's novels
ENEUCH, **ENEUGH**, **ENOW**, enough
ENLEVEMENT, the abduction of the heroine
ETHWALD, one of Joanna Baillie's Plays on the Passions, this one turning on Ambition. The passage is from Part I. Act III. Sc. 5
EXAUCTORATE, to dismiss from service
EX JURE SANGUINIS, by blood, heredity

FAMA CLAMOSA, notoriety
FARINACEUS, or **FARINACIUS**, Prosper Farinacci, a celebrated Roman writer on criminal jurisprudence, lived 1544-1618
FASH, trouble; to trouble; **FASHIOUS**, troublesome
FASHERIE, trouble
FATHERS CONSCRIPT, the senators of ancient Rome; here the chosen fathers (of the town)
FATUUS, **FURIOSUS**, **NATUR A LITER**
IDIOTA, foolish, mad, born idiot
FAULD, to fold
FAUSE MONTEATH, the reputed betrayer of Wallace
FAUT, fault
FECKLESS, insignificant, feeble
FEND, to provide
FERGUSON, or **FERGUSON**, **ROBERT**, Scottish poet, born 1750, died 1774
FILE, to foul, disorder
FIT, foot
FLATS AND SHARPS, sword, using the sword
FLEE, a fly
FLEG, a fright
FLISKMAHOY, a giddy, thoughtless person
FLOW-MOSS, a moss
 See Note 9 to Bride of Lammermoor
FORANENT, directly opposite to
FORBEAR, forefather
FORBES, **DUNCAN**, one of the Court of Session pointed Lord President in 1737. See footnote p. 43
FORBYE, besides

FORE-HAMMER, sledge-hammer
 FORGATHER, to come together, become intimate
 FORPIT, $\frac{1}{4}$ th of a peck
 FOU, full, drunk correctly
 Figgate Whins, a trace of sand hillocks and wain bushes between Portobello
 FRIGATE WHINS, more and Leith
 FUGIT, etc. (p. 125), time

GAIT-MILK, g-at-milk
 GAITTS, or GYTES, or GETTS, brats; urchins
 Pilgrim's Progress
 GALLIO. See Acts xviii.
 GAIUS (LINCOLN-SHIRE), the host in 12-27

GAME ARM, a crooked, lame arm
 GANG, to go
 gardeuz l'eau, an Edinburgh cry when dirty water was thrown out a
 GARE-BRAINED, giddy, thoughtless
 GATE, GAIT, way, direction, manne; NAE
 GATE, nowhere
 GAUN, going
 GAUN PLEAS, pending lawsuits

GAUNT, to yawn
 GAWSIE, grand, fine
 GAY SURE, pretty sure;
 GAY AND WELL, pretty well
 GEE, TO TAKE THE, to take the pet, turn pet-
 GEAR, property
 GIE, give; GIEN, given
 GIF-GAF, mutual giving
 GILPY, GILPIE, a lively young girl
 GIRDLE, a circular iron plate for baking scones, cakes

GIRN, to grin, grimace
 GLAIKS, TO FLING THE, GARDYLOO, from French
 IN ONE'S EEN, to de-
 is flying beyond recall
 FYKE, to move restlessly in the same place
 window

GLED, GLED, the kite
 GLEG, active, keen;
 GLEG AS A GLED, hungry as a hawk
 GLIFF, an instant
 GLIM, a light, hence anything at all

GLOVER, to stare hard
 BORBAIS, a suburb on
 GORBALS, a suburb on the south side of Glas-
 gow

GOUSTY, dreary, haunted
 GOUTTE, a drop
 GOWAN, a dog daisy
 GOWDEN, go den
 COWPEN, a double hand-
 ful of meal, the per-

quisite of a miller's
 servant
 GRAITH, apparatus of
 any kind, harness
 GRANTHAM GRUEL, a
 Lincolnshire proverb,
 ridiculing exaggerations
 of speech

GRAT, wept
 GREE, to agree
 GREE, pre-eminence
 GREESHOCK, a turf fire
 without flame, smould-
 ering embers
 GREET, to cry, weep

GREY-PEARL, or GREY-
 BEARD, a stone jug for
 holding ale or liquor
 GUDEMAN, the husband,
 head of the house
 GUDESIRE, grandfather
 GUDEWIFE, the wife,
 head of the household
 GUIDE, to treat, direct;
 GUIDING, treatment
 GULLEY, a large knife
 GUSES GRASS, the area
 of grass a goose grazes
 during the summer

GUTTER-BLOOD, one
 meanly born
 GYBE, a pass
 GYTE, a young boy;
 CLEAN GYTE, quite
 crazy

HADDEN, held
 HADDO'S HOLE, a por-
 tion of the nave of the
 ancient collegiate
 church, now incorpo-
 rated with St. Giles'
 Cathedral, Edinburgh

HAFFETS, temples
 HAFFLINS, young, en-
 tering the teens
 HAFT, custody; to es-
 tablish, fix

HAGBUTS OF FOUND,
 firearms made of cast
 metal (found)

HALE, or HILL, whole
 entire

HALLAN, a partition in
 a Scotch cottage

HAND-WALED, remark-
 able, notorious

FOOTMAN, RUNNING.

HARLE, to trail, drag
 HAUD, hold

HAVINGS, behaviour,
 manners

HAWKIT, white-faced,
 having white spots or
 streaks

HEAL, healthy, felicity;
 HEALSOME, wholesome

HELLICAT, wild, desper-
 ate

HEMPIE, a rogue

HERITORS, the landown-
 ers in a Scotch parish

HERSE, hoarse

HERSHIP, plundering by
 armed force

HET, hot
 HIGHLAND HOST. See
 Highlandmen in 1677.

in glossary to Old Mor-
 tality

HINNY, honey, a term of
 affection

HIRPLIN', limping

HIT (at backgammon), a
 game, a move in the
 game

HOG, a sheep older than
 a lamb that has not
 been shorn

HOLBORN HILL BACK-
 WARD, the position of
 criminals on their way
 to execution at Tyburn

HOLLAND, FENS OF,
 the southern division of
 Lincolnshire, adjoining
 the Wash

HOMOLOGATE, to ap-
 prove, ratify, sanction

HOW, a hollow

HOWDIE, a midwife

HOWFF, a haunt

HUSSY, a housewife case.
 needlecase

ILK, ILKA, each; ILK,
 the same name; ILKA-
 DAY, every-day

IMPOSTHUMES, abscess-
 es, collections of pus

IN BYE, inside the house
 IN COMMENDAM, in
 conjunction with

IN CONFITENIEM, etc.
 (p. 242), the judge's
 function ceases when
 there is confession of
 the crime

INGAN, an onion

INGINE, ingenuity, talent

IN HOC STATU, in this
 case

INIMICITIAM CONTRA,
 etc. (p. 264), enmity
 against all mankind

IN INITIALIBUS, to be-
 gin with

IN LOCO PARENTIS, in
 place of the parent

INPUT, contribution

IN REM VERSAM, charge-
 able against the estate

INTER APICES JURIS, on
 high points of law

INTER PARIETES, within
 doors

INTER RUSTICOS, a mere
 rustic

INTONUIT LAEVUM, the
 thunder is heard on the
 left

INTROMIT WITH, to in-
 terfere with

JAGG, a prick

JAMES'S PLACE OF REF-
 UGE, in 1595

JARK, a seal

JAUD, a jade

JINK, a dodge, lively
 trick

JO, a sweetheart

JOW, to toll

JUS DIVINUM, divine
 right

- KAIL**, or **KALE**, cabbage, broth made of greens, dinner; **KAIL-WORM**, caterpillar; **KALE-YARD**, vegetable garden
- KAIN**, or **CANE**, a rent paid in kind
- KAME**, to comb
- KAY'S CARICATURES**, in A Series of Portraits and Caricature Etchings of Old Edinburgh characters, by John Kay, 1837-38; new ed., 1877
- KEELYVINE**, a lead pencil
- KENSPECKLE**, conspicuous, odd
- KILLING TIME**, the Covenanters' name for the period of Claverhouse's persecutions in the West of Scotland
- KITTLE**, ticklish, slipper
- KNAVESHIP**, a small due in meal paid to the under-miller
- KYE**, cows
- KYTHE**, to seem or appear
- LAIKING**, sporting, larking
- LAMOUR**, amber
- LANDWARD**, inland, country-bred
- LANE**, alone; **THEIR LANE**, themselves
- LAUCH**, law
- LAVEROCK**, a lark
- LAWING**, the account, bill
- LAWYERS FROM HOLLAND**. Many of the Scottish lawyers and doctors were educated at Leyden and Utrecht in the 17th and 18th centuries
- LAY, ON THE**, on the lookout
- L E A P**, **LAURENCE, YOU'RE LONG ENOUGH**. An adaptation or extension of the proverbial Lazy Lawrence or Long Lawrence
- LEASING-MAKING**, high treason
- LEE**, a lie
- LEICESTER BEANS**, extensively grown in Leicestershire; hence the proverb, 'Shake a Leicestershire man by the collar, and you shall hear the beans rattle in his belly'
- LENNOX, THE**, a former county of Scotland, embracing Dumbartonshire and parts of Stirlingshire, Perthshire, and Renfrewshire
- LESE-MAJESTY**, treason
- LIFT**, the sky
- LIMMER**, a jade, scoundrel
- LINCOLNSHIRE GAIUS**. See Gaius
- LINN**, a cascade, waterfall
- LIPPEN**, to rely upon, trust to
- LIVINGSTONE, JOHN**, an influential Presbyterian during the Commonwealth, minister at Stranraer and Ancrum
- LIVINGSTONE, JOHN, SAILOR IN BORROW-STOUNNESS**. See Patrick Walker's Life of Peden, p. 107
- LOCK**, the perquisite of a servant in a mill, usually a handful (lock) or two of meal
- LOCKERMACHUS**, the local pronunciation in Scott's day of Longformacus, a village in Berwickshire
- LOCKINGTON WAKE**, a Leicestershire yearly merry-making or festival
- LOCO TUTORIS**, in the place of a guardian
- LOOF**, the palm of the hand
- LOOT**, let, permitted
- LORD OF SEAT**, a judge
- LORD OF STATE**, a nobleman
- LOUD**, quiet, tranquil
- LOUNDER**, to thump, beat
- LOW**, a flame
- LOWE, JOHN**, author of 'Mary's Dream,' died 1798. See biography in Oromek, Remains of Galiloway Song (1810)
- LUCKIE**, a title given to old women
- LUCKIE DAD**, grandfather
- LUG**, the ear
- LUM**, a chimney
- LYING-DOG**, a kind of setter
- MACHEATH**, a highwayman, the hero of Gay's Beggar's Opera
- MAGG (COALS)**, to give short quantity, purloining the difference
- MAGGOT**, a whim, crochet
- MAGNA EST VERITAS**, &c. (p. 11), truth is great, and prevail it will
- MAIL**, to stain
- MAIL-DUTIES**, rent;
- MAILING**, or **MAIL**, a farm rent
- MAIR BY TOKEN**, especially as
- MAISTRY**, mastery, power
- MAN-SWORN**, perjured
- MIANTY**, mantle
- MANU...NON BELIEF**, &c. (p. 488), it is not becoming to lift one's hand in jest and over the wine. See Catullus, xli.
- MARITORNES**, a coarse serving-wench whom Don Quixote mistook for a lady of noble birth
- MARK OF BELLGRAVE**. See 'Same again,' etc
- MASHACKERED**, clumsily cut, hacked
- MASS JOHN**, a parson
- MATHEUS**, or **MATTHÆUS**, **ANTON**, one of a family of celebrated German writers on jurisprudence, the 'second' Anton professor at Utrecht from 1636 to 1654
- MAUKIN**, a hare
- MAUN**, must
- MAUNDER**, to talk incoherently, nonsense
- MAUT**, malt
- MAW**, to mow
- MEAL-ARK**, meal-chest
- MEAR**, a mare
- MELL**, to meddle
- MEN OF MARSHAM**, etc., a Lincolnshire proverb, signifying disunion is the cause of ill-success
- MEN'S EFU**, becoming, mannerly
- MERK**—**IS**. 11-13d.
- MERSE**, Berwickshire
- MESSEAN**, a lapdog, cur
- MEXICAN MONARCH**. Guatemozin, the Aztec emperor who, when put to the torture by Cortes, reproached a fellow-sufferer, groaning with anguish, by asking, 'Do you think then I am enjoying my bed (lit. bath) of flowers?'
- MIDDEN**, a dunghill
- MILE, SCOTTISH**, about nine furlongs
- MILLED**, robbed
- MINNIE**, mamma
- MISCA**, to abuse, malign
- MISGUGGLE**, to disfigure
- MISSET**, displeased, out of humour
- MISS KATIES**, mosquitoes
- MISTER**, want
- MIXEN**, a dunghill
- MOE**, or **Mo**, more
- MONSON, SIR WILLIAM**, admiral, fought against the Spaniards and Dutch in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.
- MONTATH, FAUSE**, the reputed rayer of Wallace to the English
- MORISON'S DECISIONS**, with fuller title, Decisions of the Court of Session [Edinburgh],... in the form of a Dictionary, by W. M. Morison, 40 vols., 1801-11
- MOSS-HAG**, a pit in a peat moor
- MOTTY**, full of motes
- 'MUCH HAVE I FEARED'**, etc. (p. 10), from Crabbe's Borough, Letter xx.
- MUCKLE**, much
- MUR-ILL**, a disease amongst black cattle

MUIR - POOTS, young grouse
 MULL, a snuff-box
 MULTURE, DRY. See Dry Multure
 MUTCH, a woman's cap
 MUTCHKIN, a liquid measure, containing $\frac{3}{4}$ pint
 NAUTAE, CAUPONES, &c. See Edict Nautae
 NEGER, nigger
 NEMO ME IMPUNE LAE-
 OESSIT, no one wounds me with impunity—the motto that accompanies the thistle, the badge of the crown of Scotland
 NICK MOLL BLOOD, to cheat the galleys
 NIFFERING, haggling;
 NIFFER, an exchange;
 PUT HIS LIFE IN A NIFFER, put his life at stake, in jeopardy
 NIHIL INTEREST DE POSSESSIONE, the question of possession immaterial
 NOITED, rapped, struck smartly
 NON CONSTAT, it is not certain
 NON CUIVIS, etc. (p. 44), it is not every one that can gain admittance to the (select) society of Corinth
 NOOP, the bone at the elbow-joint
 NOR' LOCH, a swamp in Edinburgh, now Princes Street Gardens
 NOWTE, cattle
 OE, a grandchild
 ON-DING, a heavy fall (of snow)
 OPTAT OPHIPPIA, etc. (p. 45), the sluggish ox wishes for the horse's trappings
 ORDINAR, AFTER HER, as is usual with her
 ORMOND, James Butler, first Duke of, was for seven years in disfavour through the intrigues of enemies
 ORRERY, a mechanism representing the motions of the planets
 OUT-BYE, out of doors; beyond, without
 OUTGADE, ostentatious display
 OUTSIGHT AND INSIGHT
 PLENISHING, goods belonging to the outside and inside of the house respectively
 OWER-BYE, over the way
 OWRELAY, a cravat
 PAIDDER, a highwayman;
 ON THE PAD, a highwayman on the look-out for victims
 PAIK, a blow
 PAIP, the Pope

PAITRICK, a partridge
 PALMER, JOHN, of Bath, greatly improved the mail-coaches in the end of the 18th century
 PAROCHINE, parish
 PARSONAGE, a contribution for the support of a parson
 PAR VOIE DU FAIT, by assault, act of violence
 PASSEMENTS, gold, silver, or silk lace; PASSEMENTED, laced
 PAUVRE HONTEUX, poor and humble-minded man
 PAVE, the road, highway
 PEARLIN-LACE, bone lace, made of thread or silk
 PEAT, PROUD, a person of intolerable pride
 PEAT-HAG, a pit in a peat moor
 PEDEN, ALEXANDER, a celebrated Covenanting leader. See Old Mortality, Note 38
 PEBBLE, to pelt with stones
 PEN-GUN, CRACKING LIKE A, gabbling like a penguin
 PENNANT, THOMAS, a keenly observant naturalist and traveller of the 18th century
 PENNECUICK, ALEXANDER, M. D., of Newhall, near Edinburgh, author of Historical Account of the Blue Blanket; died in 1722
 PENNY, SCOTS—1-12th of a penny English
 PENNYSTANE, a stone quoit
 PENNY WEDDING, one at which the expenses are met by the guests' contributions. See Burt's Letters from the North of Scotland, Letter xi.
 PENTLAND, or RULLION GREEN, where Dalziel routed the Galloway Whigs in 1666
 PEREGRINE (BERTIE), LORD WILLOUGHBY, one of Elizabeth's captains. The lines quoted are from 'The Brave Lord Willoughby' in Percy's Reliques
 PERFERVIDUM, etc. (p. 12), the fiery nature of the Scots
 PER VIGILIAS ET INSIDIAS, by snares and ambush
 PESSIMI EXEMPLI, the worst of precedents, examples
 PETTLE, to indulge, pamper
 PIBROCH, a bagpipe tune, usually for the gathering of a clan

PICKLE IN THINE AIN
 POKENOOK, depend on thy own exertions
 PICQUEERINGS, bickerings, disputes
 PICTURESQUE. See Price
 PIGG, an earthenware vessel, pitcher
 PIKE, to pick
 PILLION MAIL, baggage carried on a pillion
 PIRN, a reel
 PIT, put
 PITCAIRN, DR., a well-known Edinburgh physician, died in 1713, who showed skill in writing Latin verse
 PLACED MINISTER, one holding an ecclesiastical charge
 PLACK, one-third of a penny
 PLAGUE, trouble, annoyance
 PLANKED A CHURY, concealed a knife
 PLEASAUNTS, or PLEASANCE, a part of Edinburgh between the Cowgate and Salisbury Craggs
 PLENISHING, furniture
 PLOUGH-GATE, as much land as can be tilled by one plough
 PLOY, a spree, game
 POCK, a poke, bag
 POCOCURANTE, an easy-going, indifferent person
 P O E N A O R D I N A R I A, usual punishment
 POET OF GRASMERE, Wordsworth
 POFFLE, a small farm, piece of land
 POINT DEVISE, in or with the greatest exactitude, propriety
 POLLRUMPTIOUS, unruly, restive
 PONNAGES, bridge-tolls
 POORFU', powerful
 POPPLING, purling, rippling
 POQUELIN, the real name of Moliere
 PORTEOUS MOS. The actual order of events was—Robertson's escape, 11th April, 1736; Wilson's execution, 14th April; Queen's pardon Mr Porteous reached Edinburgh 2d September; riot took place 7th September; Porteous's execution was fixed for 8th September
 POW, the head
 PRICE'S APPROPRIATE PHRASE, PICTURESQUE—an allusion to Sir Uvedale Price's Essay on the Picturesque, 1796

PRIGG, to entreat, beg for
PROKITOR, a procurator, solicitor
PROPINE, a gift
PUND SCOTS—*is.* 8d.
PURN, a burn, stream
PYKIT, picked, pilfered

QUADRELLE TABLE, a game at cards, not unlike ombre with a four-card player
QUARRY HOLES, where duels were frequently fought and female criminals sometimes drowned, at the foot of Calton Hill, not far from Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh
QUEAN, a young woman
QUEER CUFFIN, a justice of peace
QUEERING, quizzing, making fun
QUEER THE NOOSE, THE STIFLER, escape the gallows
QUEY, a young cow
QUILLET, a quibble, subtlety
QUIVIS EX POPULO, any ordinary citizen
QUODAMMODO, in a manner, certain measure
QUOS DILIGIT CASTIGAT, whom He loveth He chasteneth
QUOTHA, forsooth

RAFFLE, to mob
RANNEL-TRIFLES, a beam across the fireplace for suspending a pot on
RAPING, swearing falsely
RARI APPARENT NAN-TIES, etc. (p. 4), they appear swimming, widely scattered, in the vast deep
RATT-RIIYME, doggerel verses, repeated by rote
RAX, to stretch
RECKAN, pining, miserable
RED, to counsel, advise
REDDING UP, clearing up
REEK, smoke
RENTIOUM MISERABILIA, and remedy for misfortune
RENWICK, MR. JAMES, the last of the 'martyrs' of the Covenant, executed at Edinburgh on 17th February, 1688
RILING OF PARLIAMENT, the procession of dignitaries on their way to open a new session
RIN to run
RINTHEROUT, a houseless vagrant

RIPE, to search
RIVE, to tear
ROKELAY, a short cloak
ROOMS, portions of land, to own or occupy
ROSA SOLIS, a cordial, formerly in great repute, made of spirits flavored with cinnamon, orange-blossom, etc.
ROUPIT, hoarse
ROVING, raving
ROUPLING, selling off, auctioning
ROWING, rolling, revolving
ROYSTOUN, a mansion belonging to the Duke of Argyle at Cramond, near Edinburgh; it stood in Caroline Park
RUBBIT, robbed
RUE, TAEN THE, repented of
RUFFLER, a bullying beggar or thief
RUNNING FOOTMAN. See Note 9 to Bride of Lammermoor

SACKLESS, innocent, guileless
SAIN, to bless
ST. NICHOLAS'S CLERKS, highwaymen
SAIR, sore, much
SALMONBOUS, a mythical king who, arrogant imitating Zeus, was slain by his own thunderbolt. See Demens, etc.
'SAME AGAIN, QUOTH MARK OF BELGRAVE', a Leicestershire proverb. The story goes that a militia officer, exercising his men before the Lord-lieutenant, became confused, and continued to order 'The same again'
SAMEN, THE OLD, the same as before
SAUK, a shirt
SARK FOOT, the lower portion of the boundary stream between England and Scotland
SASSENACH, Saxon, that is English
SAUNT, saint
SAUP, soup
SCATH, SCATHIE, harm
SCATT, a snatch
SLATE, slate
SCOWMISH, to suffocate
SCOPING, skipping
SCOUR, to thrust (a knife)
SCRAUGIN', screeching, screaming
SCREED, a mass, string
SCRIMEGOUR, JOHN, minister of Kinghorn, resisted the authority of his bishop to depose him in 1670

SCUD, a sudden shower
SED TRANSEAT, etc. (p. 218), but let it pass with other blenders
SEIL, to sieve, strain
SEMP, to ooze
SELL O' YE, yourself
SET, to suit, become
SHANKIT, handled
SHOON, shoes
SIC, SICCAN, such
SIGHT FOR SAIR EEN, a most welcome sight
SIGNET, WRITER TO. See Writer
SILLY HEALTH, poorly
SIMMER, summer
SIN D E RED, separated, sundered
SINDRY, sundry, different
SINGLE (AKRITCH), the Shorter Catechism of the Church of Scotland
SINGULI IN SOLIDUM, singly responsible for the whole
SIT DOWN WITH, endure, take quietly
SKAITH, harm, injury
SKAITHLESS, free from harm
SKEL, skill, knowledge;
SKELLY, skillful, knowing
SKILP, to slap, beat
SKIDDAW. See criffel
SKIN AND BERN, wholly, in entirety
SKIRL, to screech, scream
SKULDUGGERY, breach of chastity, inaccuracy
SLAKE, a smear
SLOAN, abuse, rating
SMACKED CALE-SKIN, kissed the Testament, taken a false oath
SNACK, a snatch of food
SNAP, a snack, hurried meal
S N A P P E R, stumble, scrape, moral error
SNOD AND SNOD, neat and tidy
'SOMETHING THER E WAS', etc. (p. 102). From *Crane's The Borough*. Letter xv.
SONNY, comfortable-looking, plump
SOTTED, looked after, attended to
SOUGH to sigh; a sigh, vapor
SOUP, a sup
SOUTHER, to solder
SOWENS, a sort of gruel made from the soursd stivings of oatmeal
SPAING, telling fortunes
SPYER, to inquire, ask
SPIEL, to climb
SPIERCHAN, a Highland tobacco pipe

SPORRAN, a Highland
purse of goatskin
STAIG, an unbroken horse
STAIR'S INSTITUTES, OR,
INSTITUTIONS OF THE
LAW OF SCOTLAND,
by James Dalrymple,
First Viscount Stair,
President of the Court of
Session, 1609-95, a cele-
brated Scotch law-book
STED, to place, fix
STERN, a star
STIRK, a steer
STOIT, to stagger
STOUP, a wooden drinking
vessel
STOW, to crop, cut off
STRAUGHTED, stretched
STREIGHT, strait, trouble
STURE, rough, hardy
SUI GENERIS, of its own
kind, special
SUMMUM BONUM, the
chief, good, prime con-
sideration
SUNKETS, victuals
SURFLEET ON THE
WASH. The Three Tuns
Inn on the marsh (in-
closed in 1777) beside the
Welland at Surfleet was
a resort of smugglers
SWITHER, suspense, hesi-
tation
SYND, to wash, rinse
SYNE, since, ago
SYNE AS SUNE, late as
soon

TAILZIE, entail
TAIT, a lock (of wool)
TAM CARUM CAPUT, a
person so dear
TAP, a top
TAPE OUT, to eke out,
make a little go a long
way
TAP IN MY LAP (take up)
my baggage and be off
TAWPIE, an awkward
girl, foolish wench
TAWSE, a strap cut into
narrow thongs for whip-
ping boys
TEIND, tithe
TEMPUS NEMINI, time
(waits for) no man
TENDER, in delicate
health
TEN-MARK COURT, for-
mer Scotch small debt
court for sums not ex-
ceeding ten merks (11s.
2d.) and servants' wages
TENT, care; TAK TENT,
to take care
THATCH GROBY POOL
WI' PANCAKES, a Lei-
cestershire proverb, in-
dicating an impossible
promise or undertaking
THIRLAGE, the obligation
to grind corn at a cer-

tain mill, and pay cer-
tain dues for its main-
tenance, etc.
THOLE, to suffer, endure
THRAWART, THRAWN,
crabbed, ill-tempered
THRESHIE-COAT, a rough
weather coat
THROUGH OTHER, con-
fusedly, all together
THUMKINS, or THUMBI-
KINS, the thumb-screws
TIGHT, trim, neat
TINT, lost
TITTIE, a little pet, gen-
erally a sister
TOOHER, dowry
TOD, a fox
TOM OF LINCOLN, the
large bell of Lincoln Ca-
thedral
TONY LUMPKIN, a coun-
try clown in Goldsmith's
She Stoops to Conquer
TOOM, empty; to empty,
pour
TOUK, TOOK, tuck, beat
(of a drum)
TOW, a rope
TOWN, a farm-house, with
the outbuildings
TOY, a woman's cap
TRAIK, to dangle after
TREVISS, a bar or parti-
tion between two stalls
in a stable
TRINQUET, or TRINKET,
to correspond clandest-
inely, intrigue
TRIP TO THE JUBILEE,
a comedy by G. Farquhar
TROW, to believe
TROWLING, rolling
TULLY, Marcus Tullius
Cicero, the Roman orator
TURNPIKE STAIR, a
winding or spiral stair
TUTOR DATIVE, a guar-
dian appointed by a
court or magistrate
TWAL, twelve
TWMONT, a twelve-
month, year
TYNE, to lose; TYNE
HEART TYNE A', to
lose heart is to lose
everything

ULAI. See Dan. viii. 2, 16
ULTRONEOUS, voluntary
UNCANNY, mischievous,
not safe
UNCHANCY, dangerous,
not safe to meddle with
UNCO, uncommon, strange,
serious
UNSCYTHED CAR, the
war-chariots of the an-
cient Britons and Gau's
hore scythes affixed to
their wheels
UPGANG, ascent
UPSIDES WI', quilts with
USQUEBAUGH, whisky

UT FLOS IN SEPTIS, etc.
(p. 487), as a flower
springs up unseen in a
walled garden

VALEAT QUANTUM,
whatever it may be
worth
VICARAGE, tithes
VIVAT REX, etc. (p. 276),
long live the king, let
the law takes its course

WA', a wall
WAD, a pledge, bet; to
wager, bet
WAD, would
WADSET, a mortgage
WAE, woe; sorry; WAE-
SOME, sorrowful, sad
WAFF, whisk, sudden puff
WAGGING, dangling by a
piece of skin
WALE, to select, choose
WALLY-DRAIGLE, a poor
weak creature, drone
WAMPISHING, brandish-
ing, flourishing
WAN OUT, got out
WAN-THRIVEN, in a
state of decline
WARE, to spend
WARSLE, WARSTLE, to
wrestle
WASTRIFE, waste;
WASTER, wasteful
WAT FINGER, TO BRING
AFF WI' A, manag? a
thing very easily
WATNA, wot not
WAUFF, a passing glance,
glimpse
WAUR, worse
WEAN, a young child, in-
fant
WEBSTER, a weaver
WEIRD, destiny
WELL-TO-PASS, well-to-
do
WHAUP IN THE RAPE,
something wrong or rot-
ten
WHEEN, a few, a parcel
of
WHILES, sometimes
WHILLYWHA, to wheedle
WHIRRYING, hurrying
WHISTER-POOP, a back-
handed blow
WHISTLE ON HIS
THUMB, completely dis-
appointed
WHITTLE, a large knife
WHORN, a horn
WIGHT, WICHT, power-
ful, valiant
WILLYARD, wild, wilful,
obstinate
WIMPLE, a wile, piece of
craft, wrinkle
WINNA, will not
WOGGARWOLFE. See
Ethwald
WOODIE, the halter

WORRIECOW, a hobgoblin
WORSET, worsted
WRITER TO THE SIG-
NET, a class of Scottish
law-agents, enjoying cer-
tain privileges
WUD, mad, violent
WULL-CAT, a wild cat
WUN, WON, WIN, to win,
get, gain
WUN OWER WI', to deal
with, get through with

WUSS, to wish
WUZZENT, wizened, with-
ered
WYND, a narrow passage
or cul-de-sac
WYTE, blame

YEALD (COW), one whose
milk has dried up;
YEALD BEASTS, drapes

YEALDON, elding, fuel
YEARN, to cause to coagu-
late, make (cheese)
YERK, to bind tightly
YERL, an earl
YILL, ale
YILL-CAUP, a wooden
drinking-vessel

ZONE, a money-belt

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“‘I have been tempted,’ he said, dropping on his knees, ‘and I have fallen.’”

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS

BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

The European with the Asian shore—
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam—
The cypress groves—Olympus high and hoar—
The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,
Far less describe, present the very view
That charm'd the charming Mary Montagu.

Don Juan.

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TALES OF MY LANDLORD

Fourth and Last Series

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCLEUCH

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM, M. A.,

TO THE LOVING READER WISHETH HEALTH AND PROSPERITY

IT would ill become me, whose name has been spread abroad by those former collections, bearing this title of *Tales of my Landlord*, and who have, by the candid voice of a numerous crowd of readers, been taught to think that I merit not the empty fame alone, but also the more substantial rewards, of successful pencraft—it would, I say, ill become me to suffer this, my youngest literary babe, and probably at the same time the last child of my old age, to pass into the world without some such modest apology for its defects as it has been my custom to put forth on preceding occasions of the like nature. The world has been sufficiently instructed, of a truth, that I am not individually the person to whom is to be ascribed the actual inventing or designing of the scheme upon which these Tales, which men have found so pleasing, were originally constructed; as also that neither am I the actual workman who, furnished by a skilful architect with an accurate plan, including elevations and directions both general and particular, has from thence toiled to bring forth and complete the intended shape and proportion of each division of the edifice. Nevertheless, I have been indisputably the man who, in placing my name at the head of the undertaking, have rendered myself mainly and principally responsible for its general success. When a ship of war goeth forth to battle with a crew, consisting of sundry foremast-men and various officers, such subordinate persons are not said to gain or lose the vessel which they have manned or attacked, although each was natheless sufficiently active in his own department; but it is forthwith bruited and noised abroad, without further phrase, that Captain Jedediah Cleishbotham hath lost such a seventy-four, or won that which by the united exertions of all thereto

pertaining, is taken from the enemy. In the same manner, shame and sorrow it were if I, the voluntary captain and founder of these adventures, after having upon three divers occasions assumed to myself the emoluments and reputation thereof, should now withdraw myself from the risk of failure proper to this fourth and last outgoing. No! I will rather address my associates in this bottom with the constant spirit of Matthew Prior's heroine :

Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of some summer sea,
But would forsake the waves, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the billows roar?

As little, nevertheless, would it become my years and station not to admit without cavil certain errors which may justly be pointed out in these concluding *Tales of my Landlord*—the last, and it is manifest, never carefully revised or corrected, handiwork of Mr. Peter Pattieson, now no more ; the same worthy young man so repeatedly mentioned in these Introductory Essays, and never without that tribute to his good sense and talents, nay even genius which his contributions to this my undertaking fairly entitled him to claim at the hands of his surviving friend and patron. These pages, I have said, were the *ultimus labor* of mine ingenious assistant ; but I say not, as the great Dr. Pitcairne of his hero, *ultimus atque optimus*. Alas ! even the giddiness attendant on a journey on this Manchester railroad is not so perilous to the nerves as that too frequent exercise in the merry-go-round of the ideal world, whereof the tendency to render the fancy confused and the judgment inert hath in all ages been noted, not only by the erudite of the earth, but even by many of the thick-witted Ofelli themselves ; whether the rapid pace at which the fancy moveth in such exercitations, where the wish of the penman is to him like Prince Houssain's tapestry, in the Eastern fable, be the chief source of peril, or whether, without reference to this wearing speed of movement, the dwelling habitually in those realms of imagination be as little suited for a man's intellect as to breathe for any considerable space "the difficult air of the mountain top" is to the physical structure of his outward frame, this question belongeth not to me ; but certain it is, that we often discover in the works of the foremost of this order of men marks of bewilderment and confusion, such as do not so frequently occur in those of persons to whom

nature hath conceded fancy weaker of wing or less ambitious in flight.

It is affecting to see the great Miguel Cervantes himself, even like the sons of meaner men, defending himself against the critics of the day, who assailed him upon such little discrepancies and inaccuracies as are apt to cloud the progress even of a mind like his, when the evening is closing around it.

"It is quite a common thing," says Don Quixote, "for men who have gained a very great reputation by their writings before they were printed quite to lose it afterwards, or, at least, the greater part. "The reason is plain," answers the Bachelor Carrasco; "their faults are more easily discovered after the books are printed, as being then more read, and more narrowly examined, especially if the author has been much cried up before, for then the severity of the scrutiny is sure to be the greater. Those who have raised themselves a name by their own ingenuity, great poets and celebrated historians, are commonly, if not always, envied by a set of men who delight in censuring the writings of others, though they could never produce any of their own." "That is no wonder," quoth Don Quixote; "there are many divines that would make but very dull preachers, and yet are quick enough at finding faults and superfluities in other men's sermons." "All this is true," says Carrasco, "and therefore I could wish such censors would be more merciful and less scrupulous, and not dwell ungenerously upon small spots that are in a manner but so many atoms on the face of the clear sun they murmur at. If *aliquando dormitat Homerus*, let them consider how many nights he kept himself awake to bring his noble works to light as little darkened with defects as might be. But, indeed, it may many times happen that what is censured for a fault is rather an ornament, as moles often add to the beauty of a face. When all is said, he that publishes a book runs a great risk, since nothing can be so unlikely as that he should have composed one capable of securing the approbation of every reader." "Sure," says Don Quixote, "that which treats of me can have pleased but few?" "Quite the contrary," says Carrasco; "for as *infinitus est numerus stultorum*, so an infinite number have admired your history. Only some there are who have taxed the author with want of memory or sincerity, because he forgot to give an account who it was that stole Sancho's Dapple, for, that particular is not mentioned there, only we find, by the story, that it was stolen; and yet, by and by, we find him riding the same ass again, without any previous light given us into the matter. Then they say that the author forgot to tell the reader what Sancho did with the hundred pieces of gold he found in the portmanteau in the Sierra Morena, for there is not a word said of them more; and many people have a great mind to know what he did with them; and how he spent them; which is one of the most material points in which the work is defective" [Part II. chap. iii.].

How amusingly Sancho is made to clear up the obscurities

thus alluded to by the Bachelor Carrasco no reader can have forgotten ; but there remained enough of similar *lacunæ*, inadvertencies, and mistakes, to exercise the ingenuity of those Spanish critics who were too wise in their own conceit to profit by the good-natured and modest apology of this immortal author.

There can be no doubt that, if Cervantes had deigned to use it, he might have pleaded also the apology of indifferent health, under which he certainly labored while finishing the second part of *Don Quixote*. It must be too obvious that the intervals of such a malady as then affected Cervantes could not be the most favorable in the world for revising lighter compositions, and correcting, at least, those grosser errors and imperfections which each author should, if it were but for shame's sake, remove from his work, before bringing it forth into the broad light of day, where they will never fail to be distinctly seen, nor lack ingenious persons who will be too happy in discharging the office of pointing them out.

It is more than time to explain with what purpose we have called thus fully to memory the many venial errors of the inimitable Cervantes, and those passages in which he has rather defied his adversaries than pleaded his own justification ; for I suppose it will be readily granted that the difference is too wide betwixt that great wit of Spain and ourselves to permit us to use a buckler which was rendered sufficiently formidable only by the strenuous hand in which it was placed.

The history of my first publications is sufficiently well known. Nor did I relinquish the purpose of concluding these *Tales of my Landlord*, which had been so remarkably fortunate ; but death, which steals upon us all with an inaudible foot, cut short the ingenious young man to whose memory I composed that inscription, and erected, at my own charge, that monument which protects his remains, by the side of the river Gander, which he has contributed so much to render immortal, and in a place of his own selection, not very distant from the school under my care.* In a word, the ingenious Mr. Pattieson was removed from his place.

Nor did I confine my care to his posthumous fame alone, but carefully inventoried and preserved the effects which he left behind him, namely, the contents of his small wardrobe,

* See *Old Mortality*, vol. vi. p. 2, for some circumstances attending this erection.

and a number of printed books of somewhat more consequence, together with certain wofully blurred manuscripts discovered in his repository. On looking these over, I found them to contain two tales called *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous*; but was seriously disappointed to perceive that they were by no means in that state of correctness which would induce an experienced person to pronounce any writing, in the technical language of bookcraft, "prepared for the press." There were not only *hiatus valde deflendi*, but even grievous inconsistencies, and other mistakes, which the penman's leisurely revision, had he been spared to bestow it, would doubtless have cleared away. After a considerate perusal, no question flattered myself that these manuscripts, with all their faults, contained here and there passages which seemed plainly to intimate that severe indisposition had been unable to extinguish altogether the brilliancy of that fancy which the world had been pleased to acknowledge in the creations of *Old Mortality*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and others of these narratives. But I, nevertheless, threw the manuscripts into my drawer, resolving not to think of committing them to the Ballantynian ordeal until I could either obtain the assistance of some capable person to supply the deficiencies and correct errors, so as they might face the public with credit, or perhaps numerous and more serious avocations might permit me to dedicate my own time and labor to that task.

While I was in this uncertainty, I had a visit from a stranger, who was announced as a young gentleman desirous of speaking with me on particular business. I immediately augured the accession of a new boarder, but was at once checked by observing that the outward man of the stranger was, in a most remarkable degree, what mine host of the Sir William Wallace, in his phraseology, calls "seedy." His black coat had seen service; the waistcoat of gray plaid bore yet stronger marks of having encountered more than one campaign; his third piece of dress was an absolute veteran compared to the others; his shoes were so loaded with mud as showed his journey must have been pedestrian; and a gray "maud," which fluttered around his wasted limbs, completed such an equipment as, since Juvenal's days, has been the livery of the poor scholar. I therefore concluded that I beheld a candidate for the vacant office of usher, and prepared to listen to his proposals with the dignity becoming my station; but what was my surprise when I found I had before me, in this rusty student, no less a man than Paul,

the brother of Peter Pattieson, come to gather in his brother's succession, and possessed, it seemed, with no small idea of the value of that part of it which consisted in the productions of his pen.

By the rapid study I made of him, this Paul was a sharp lad, imbued with some tincture of letters, like his regretted brother, but totally destitute of those amiable qualities which had often induced me to say within myself that Peter was, like the famous John Gay—

In wit a man, simplicity a child.

He set little by the legacy of my deceased assistant's wardrobe, nor did the books hold much greater value in his eyes; but he peremptorily demanded to be put in possession of the manuscripts, alleging, with obstinacy, that no definite bargain had been completed between his late brother and me, and at length produced the opinion to that effect of a writer, or man of business—a class of persons with whom I have always chosen to have as little concern as possible.

But I had one defense left, which came to my aid, *tanquam deus ex machinâ*. This rapacious Paul Pattieson could not pretend to wrest the disputed manuscripts out of my possession, unless upon repayment of a considerable sum of money, which I had advanced from time to time to the deceased Peter, and particularly to purchase a small annuity for his aged mother. These advances, with the charges of the funeral and other expenses, amounted to a considerable sum, which the poverty-struck student and his acute legal adviser equally foresaw great difficulty in liquidating. The said Mr. Paul Pattieson, therefore, listened to a suggestion, which I dropped, as if by accident, that, if he thought himself capable of filling his brother's place of carrying the work through the press, I would make him welcome to bed and board within my mansion while he was thus engaged, only requiring his occasional assistance at hearing the more advanced scholars. This seemed to promise a close of our dispute alike satisfactory to all parties, and the first act of Paul was to draw on me for a round sum, under pretense that his wardrobe must be wholly refitted. To this I made no objection, though it certainly showed like vanity to purchase garments in the extremity of the mode, when not only great part of the defunct's habiliments were very fit for a twelve-month's use, but, as I myself had been, but yesterday as it were, equipped in a becoming new stand of black clothes, Mr. Pattieson would have been welcome to the use of such

of my quondam raiment as he thought suitable, as indeed had always been the case with his deceased brother.

The school, I must needs say, came tolerably on. My youngster was very smart, and seemed to be so active in his duty of usher, if I may so speak, that he even overdid his part therein, and I began to feel myself a cipher in my own school.

I comforted myself with the belief that the publication was advancing as fast as I could desire. On this subject Paul Pattieson, like ancient Pistol, "talked bold words at the bridge," and that not only at our house, but in the society of our neighbors, amongst whom, instead of imitating the retired and monastic manner of his brother deceased, he became a gay visitor, and such a reveler, that in process of time he was observed to villipend the modest fare which had at first been esteemed a banquet by his hungry appetite, and thereby highly displeased my wife, who, with justice, applauds herself for the plentiful, cleanly, and healthy victuals where-with she maintains her ushers and boarders.

Upon the whole, I rather hoped than entertained a sincere confidence that all was going on well, and was in that unpleasant state of mind which precedes the open breach between two associates who have been long jealous of each other, but are as yet deterred by a sense of mutual interest from coming to an open rupture.

The first thing which alarmed me was a rumor in the village that Paul Pattieson intended, in some little space, to undertake a voyage to the Continent—on account of his health, as was pretended, but, as the same report averred, much more with the view of gratifying the curiosity which his perusal of the classics had impressed upon him than for any other purpose. I was, I say, rather alarmed at this *susurrus*, and began to reflect that the retirement of Mr. Pattieson, unless his loss could be supplied in good time, was like to be a blow to the establishment; for, in truth, this Paul had a winning way with the boys, especially those who were gentle-tempered; so that I must confess my doubts whether, in certain respects, I myself could have fully supplied his place in the school, with all my authority and experience. My wife, jealous, as became her station, of Mr. Pattieson's intentions, advised me to take the matter up immediately, and go to the bottom at once; and, indeed, I had always found that way answered best with my boys.

Mrs. Cleishbotham was not long before renewing the subject; for, like most of the race of Xantippe, though my

helpmate is a well-spoken woman, she loves to thrust in her oar where she is not able to pull it to purpose. "You are a sharp-witted man, Mr. Cleishbotham," would she observe, "and a learned man, Mr. Cleishbotham, and the schoolmaster of Gandercleuch, Mr. Cleishbotham, which is saying all in one word; but many a man almost as great as yourself has lost the saddle by suffering an inferior to get up behind him; and though with the world, Mr. Cleishbotham, you have the name of doing everything, both in directing the school and in this new profitable book line which you have taken up, yet it begins to be the common talk of Gandercleuch, both up the water and down the water, that the usher both writes the dominie's books and teaches the dominie's school. Ay—ay, ask maid, wife, or widow, and she'll tell ye the least gaitling among them all comes to Paul Pattieson with his lesson as naturally as they come to me for their four hours, puir things; and never ane thinks of applying to you about a kittle turn, or a crabbed word, or about onything else, unless it were for *licet exire*, or the mending of an auld pen."

Now, this address assailed me on a summer evening, when I was whiling away my leisure hours with the end of a cutty-pipe, and indulging in such bland imagination as the nicotian weed is wont to produce, more especially in the case of studious persons, devoted *musis severioribus*. I was naturally loth to leave my misty sanctuary; and endeavored to silence the clamor of Mrs. Cleishbotham's tongue, which has something in it peculiarly shrill and penetrating.—"Woman," said I, with a tone of domestic authority belittling the occasion, "*res tuas agas*—mind your washings and your wringings, your stuffing and your physicking, or whatever concerns the outward person of the pupils, and leave the progress of their education to my usher, Paul Pattieson, and myself."

"I am glad to see," added the accursed woman (that I should say so!), "that ye have the grace to name him foremost, for there is little doubt that he ranks first of the troop, if ye wad but hear what the neighbors speak—or whisper."

"What do they whisper, thou sworn sister of the Eumenides?" cried I, the irritating *æstrum* of the woman's objur-gation totally counterbalancing the sedative effects both of pipe and pot.

"Whisper!" resumed she in her shrillest note. "Why, they whisper loud enough for me, at least, to hear them, that the schoolmaster of Gandercleuch is turned a doited auld

woman, and spends all his time in tippling strong drink with the keeper of the public-house, and leaves school and book-making, and a' the rest o't, to the care of his usher; and, also, the wives in Gandercleuch say, that you have engaged Paul Pattieson to write a new book, which is to beat a' the lave that gaed afore it; and, to show what a sair lift you have o' the job, you didna sae muckle as ken the name o't—no, nor whether it was to be about some heathen Greek or the Black Douglas."

This was said with such bitterness that it penetrated to the very quick, and I hurled the poor old pipe like one of Homer's spears, not in the face of my provoking helpmate, though the temptation was strong, but into the river Gander, which, as is now well known to tourists from the uttermost parts of the earth, pursues its quiet meanders beneath the bank on which the schoolhouse is pleasantly situated; and, starting up, fixed on my head the cocked hat (the pride of Messrs. Grieve and Scott's * repository), and, plunging into the valley of the brook, pursued my way upwards, the voice of Mrs. Cleishbotham accompanying me in my retreat with something like the angry scream of triumph with which the brood-goose pursues the flight of some unmannerly cur or idle boy who has intruded upon her premises, and fled before her. Indeed, so great was the influence of this clamor of scorn and wrath which hung upon my rear, that, while it rung in my ears, I was so moved that I instinctively tucked the skirts of my black coat under my arm, as if I had been in actual danger of being seized on by the grasp of the pursuing enemy. Nor was it till I had almost reached the well-known burial-place, in which it was Peter Pattieson's hap to meet the far-famed personage called Old Mortality, that I made a halt for the purpose of composing my perturbed spirits, and considering what was to be done; for as yet my mind was agitated by a chaos of passions, of which anger was predominant; and for what reason, or against whom, I entertained such tumultuous displeasure, it was not easy for me to determine.

Nevertheless, having settled my cocked hat with becoming accuracy on my well-powdered wig, and suffered it to remain uplifted for a moment to cool my flushed brow, having, moreover, readjusted and shaken to rights the skirts of my black coat, I came into case to answer to my own questions, which, till these maneuvers had been sedately accomplished, I might have asked myself in vain.

* A well-known firm of hatters in Edinburgh (*Laing*).

In the first place, therefore; to use the phrase of Mr. Docket, the writer (that is, the attorney) of our village of Gandercleuch, I became satisfied that my anger was directed against all and sundry, or, in law Latin, *contra omnes mortales*, and more particularly against the neighborhood of Gandercleuch, for circulating reports to the prejudice of my literary talents, as well as my accomplishments as a pedagogue, and transferring the fame thereof to mine own usher. Secondly, against my spouse, Dorothea Cleishbotham, for transferring the said calumnious reports to my ears in a prurient and unseemly manner, and without due respect either to the language which she made use of or the person to whom she spoke, treating affairs in which I was so intimately concerned as if they were proper subjects for jest among gossips at a christening, where the womankind claim the privilege of worshiping the *Bona Dea* according to their secret female rites. Thirdly, I became clear that I was entitled to respond to any whom it concerned to inquire, that my wrath was kindled against Paul Pattieson, my usher, for giving occasion both for the neighbors of Gandercleuch entertaining such opinions and for Mrs. Cleishbotham disrespectfully urging them to my face, since neither circumstance could have existed without he had put forth sinful misrepresentations of transactions private and confidential, and of which I had myself entirely refrained from dropping any the least hint to any third person.

This arrangement of my ideas having contributed to soothe the stormy atmosphere of which they had been the offspring gave reason a time to predominate, and to ask me, with her calm but clear voice, whether, under all the circumstances, I did well to nourish so indiscriminate an indignation? In fine, on closer examination, the various splenetic thoughts I had been indulging against other parties began to be merged in that resentment against my perfidious usher which, like the serpent of Moses, swallowed up all subordinate objects of displeasure. To put myself at open feud with the whole of my neighbors, unless I had been certain of some effectual mode of avenging myself upon them, would have been an undertaking too weighty for my means, and not unlikely, if rashly grappled withal, to end in my ruin. To make a public quarrel with my wife, on such an account as her opinion of my literary accomplishments, would sound ridiculous; and, besides, Mrs. C. was sure to have all the women on her side, who would represent her as a wife persecuted by her husband

for offering him good advice, and urging it upon him with only too enthusiastic sincerity.

There remained Paul Pattieson, undoubtedly, the most natural and proper object of my indignation, since I might be said to have him in my own power, and might punish him by dismissal, at my pleasure. Yet even vindictive proceedings against the said Paul, however easy to be enforced, might be productive of serious consequences to my own purse ; and I began to reflect, with anxiety, that in this world it is not often that the gratification of our angry passions lies in the same road with the advancement of our interest, and that the wise man, the *vere sapiens*, seldom hesitates which of these two he ought to prefer.

I recollected also that I was quite uncertain how far the present usher had really been guilty of the foul acts of assumption charged against him.

In a word, I began to perceive that it would be no light matter, at once, and without maturer perpending of sundry collateral *punctiuncula*, to break up a joint-stock adventure, or society, as civilians term it, which, if profitable to him, had at least promised to be no less so to me, established in years and learning and reputation so much his superior. Moved by which, and other the like considerations, I resolved to proceed with becoming caution on the occasion, and not, by stating my causes of complaint too hastily in the outset, exasperate into a positive breach what might only prove some small misunderstanding, easily explained or apologized for, and which, like a leak in a new vessel, being once discovered and carefully stopped, renders the vessel but more seaworthy than it was before.

About the time that I had adopted this healing resolution, I reached the spot where the almost perpendicular face of a steep hill seems to determinate the valley, or at least divides it into two dells, each serving as a cradle to its own mountain-stream, the Gruffquack, namely, and the shallower but more noisy Gusedub, on the left hand, which, at their union, form the Gander, properly so called. Each of these little valleys has a walk winding up to its recesses, rendered more easy by the labors of the poor during the late hard season, and one of which bears the name of Pattieson's Path, while the other had been kindly consecrated to my own memory by the title of the Dominic's Daidling-bit. Here I made certain to meet my associate, Paul Pattieson, for by one or other of these roads he was wont to return to my house of an evening, after his lengthened rambles.

Nor was it long before I espied him descending the Gusedub by that tortuous path, marking so strongly the character of a Scottish glen. He was easily distinguished, indeed, at some distance, by his jaunty swagger, in which he presented to you the flat of his leg, like the manly knave of clubs, apparently with the most perfect contentment, not only with his leg and boot, but with every part of his outward man, and the whole fashion of his garments, and, one would almost have thought, the contents of his pockets.

In this, his wonted guise, he approached me, where I was seated near the meeting of the waters, and I could not but discern that his first impulse was to pass me without any prolonged or formal greeting. But, as that would not have been decent, considering the terms on which we stood, he seemed to adopt, on reflection, a course directly opposite; bustled up to me with an air of alacrity, and, I may add, impudence; and hastened at once into the middle of the important affairs which it had been my purpose to bring under discussion in a manner more becoming their gravity. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Cleishbotham," said he, with an inimitable mixture of confusion and effrontery; "the most wonderful news which has been heard in the literary world in my time—all Gandercleuch rings with it: they positively speak of nothing else, from Miss Buskbody's youngest apprentice to the minister himself, and ask each other in amazement whether the tidings are true or false—to be sure they are of an astounding complexion, especially to you and me."

"Mr. Pattieson," said I, "I am quite at a loss to guess at your meaning. *Davus sum, non Œdipus*—I am Jedediah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster of the parish of Gandercleuch, no conjurer, and neither reader of riddles nor expounder of enigmata."

"Well," replied Paul Pattieson, "Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster of the parish of Gandercleuch, and so forth, all I have to inform you is, that our hopeful scheme is entirely blown up. The tales, on publishing which we reckoned with so much confidence, have already been printed: they are abroad, over all America, and the British papers are clamorous."

I received this news with the same equanimity with which I should have accepted a blow addressed to my stomach by a modern gladiator, with the full energy of his fist. "If this be correct information, Mr. Pattieson," said I, "I must of

necessity suspect you to be the person who have supplied the foreign press with the copy which the printers have thus made an unscrupulous use of, without respect to the rights of the undeniable proprietors of the manuscripts; and I request to know whether this American production embraces the alterations which you as well as I judged necessary, before the work could be fitted to meet the public eye?"

To this my gentleman saw it necessary to make a direct answer, for my manner was impressive and my tone decisive. His native audacity enabled him, however, to keep his ground, and he answered with firmness—

"Mr. Cleishbotham, in the first place, these manuscripts, over which you claim a very doubtful right, were never given to any one by me, and must have been sent to America either by yourself or by some one of the various gentlemen to whom I am well aware, you have afforded opportunities of perusing my brother's MS. remains."

"Mr. Pattieson," I replied, "I beg to remind you that it never could be my intention, either by my own hands or through those of another, to remit these manuscripts to the press until, by the alterations which I meditated, and which you yourself engaged to make, they were rendered fit for public perusal."

Mr. Pattieson answered me with much heat—"Sir, I would have you to know that, if I accepted your paltry offer, it was with less regard to its amount than to the honor and literary fame of my late brother. I foresaw that if I declined it you would not hesitate to throw the task into incapable hands, or, perhaps, have taken it upon yourself, the most unfit of all men to tamper with the works of departed genius, and that, God willing, I was determined to prevent; but the justice of Heaven has taken the matter into its own hands. Peter Pattieson's last labors shall now go down to posterity unscathed by the scalping-knife of alteration in the hands of a false friend—shame on the thought that the unnatural weapon could ever be wielded by the hand of a brother!"

I heard this speech not without a species of vertigo or dizziness in my head, which would probably have struck me lifeless at his feet, had not a thought like that of the old ballad—

Earl Percy sees my fall,

called to my recollection, that I should only afford an additional triumph by giving way to my feelings in the presence

of Mr. Paul Pattieson, who, I could not doubt, must be more or less directly at the bottom of the Transatlantic publication, and had in one way or another found his own interest in that nefarious transaction.

To get quit of his odious presence, I bid him an unceremonious good-night, and marched down the glen with the air not of one who has parted with a friend, but who rather has shaken off an intrusive companion. On the road I pondered the whole matter over with an anxiety which did not in the smallest degree tend to relieve me. Had I felt adequate to the exertion, I might, of course, have supplanted this spurious edition (of which the literary gazettes are already doling out copious specimens) by introducing into a copy, to be instantly published at Edinburgh, adequate correction of the various inconsistencies and imperfections which have already been alluded to. I remember the easy victory of the real second part of these *Tales of my Landlord* over the performance sent forth by an interloper under the same title, and why should not the same triumph be repeated now? There would, in short, have been a pride of talent in this manner of avenging myself, which would have been justifiable in the case of an injured man; but the state of my health has for some time been such as to render any attempt of this nature in every way imprudent.

Under such circumstances, the last "Remains" of Peter Pattieson must even be accepted as they were left in his desk; and I humbly retire in the hope that, such as they are, they may receive the indulgence of those who have ever been but too merciful to the productions of his pen, and in all respects to the courteous reader's obliged servant,

J. C.

GANDERCLEUCH, 15th Oct., 1831.

PREFACE

PREFACE

SIR WALTER SCOTT transmitted from Naples, in February 1832, an introduction for *Castle Dangerous*; but if he ever wrote one for a second edition of *Count Robert of Paris*, it has not been discovered among his papers.

Some notes, chiefly extracts from the books which he had been observed to consult while *dictating* this novel, are now appended to its pages; and in addition to what the Author had given in the shape of historical information respecting the principal real persons introduced, the reader is here presented with what may probably amuse him, the passage of *The Alexiad* in which Anna Comnena describes the incident which originally, no doubt, determined Sir Walter's choice of a hero.

May, A. D. 1097.—As for the multitude of those who advanced towards THE GREAT CITY, let it be enough to say that they were as the stars in the heaven, or as the sand upon the sea-shore. They were, in the words of Homer, as many as the leaves and flowers of spring. But for the names of the leaders, though they are present in my memory, I will not relate them. The numbers of these would alone deter me, even if my language furnished the means of expressing their barbarous sounds; and for what purpose should I afflict my readers with a long enumeration of the names of those whose visible presence gave so much horror to all that beheld them? As soon, therefore, as they approached the Great City, they occupied the station appointed for them by the Emperor, near to the monastery of Cosmidius. But this multitude were not, like the Hellenic one of old, to be restrained and governed by the loud voices of mine heralds: they required the constant superintendence of chosen and valiant soldiers to keep them from violating the commands of the Emperor.

He, meantime labored to obtain from the other leaders that acknowledgment of his supreme authority which had already been drawn from Godfrey [*Γεωργίου*] himself. But, notwithstanding the willingness of some to accede to this proposal, and their assistance in working on the minds of their associates, the Emperor's endeavors had little success, as the majority were looking for the arrival of Bohemund [*Βοημόντος*], in whom they placed their chief confidence, and resorted to every art with the view of gaining time. The Emperor, whom it was not easy to deceive, penetrated their motives; and by granting to one powerful person demands which

had been supposed out of all bounds of expectation, and by resorting to a variety of other devices, he at length prevailed, and won general assent to the following of the example of Godfrey, who also was sent for in person to assist in this business.

All, therefore, being assembled, and Godfrey among them, the oath was taken ; but when all was finished, a certain noble among these counts had the audacity to seat himself on the throne of the Emperor. [Τολμήσας τις εὐγεζής εἰς τὸν σκίμποδα τοῦ Βασιλέως ἐκάθισεν.] The Emperor restrained himself and said nothing, for he was well acquainted of old with the nature of the Latins. But the Count Baldwin [Βαλδουίνος], stepping forth and seizing him by the hand, dragged him thence, and with many reproaches said, “ It becomes thee not to do such things here especially after having taken the oath of fealty [τοιούτον . . . ποιῆσαι δούλειαν τῷ βασιλεῖ καὶ ταῦτα ὑποσχομένῳ]. It is not the custom of the Roman emperors to permit any of their inferiors to sit beside them, not even of such as are born subjects of their empire ; and it is necessary to respect the customs of the country.” But he, answering nothing to Baldwin, stared yet more fixedly upon the Emperor, and muttered to himself something in his own dialect, which, being interpreted, was to this effect—“ Behold, what rustic fellow [χωρίτης.] is this, to be seated alone while such leaders stand around him ! The movement of his lips did not escape the Emperor, who called to him one that understood the Latin dialect, and inquired what words the man had spoken. When he heard them, the Emperor said nothing to the other Latins, but kept the thing to himself. When, however, the business was all over, he called near to him by himself that swelling and shameless Latin [ὑψηλόφρονα Λατίνον ἐκείνον καὶ ἀναιδῆ], and asked of him, who he was, of what lineage, and from what region he had come. “ I am a Frank,” said he, “ of pure blood, of the nobles. One thing I know, that, where three roads meet in the place from which I came, there is an ancient church, in which whosoever has the desire to measure himself against another in single combat prays God to help him therein, and afterwards abides the coming of one willing to encounter him. At that spot long time did I remain, but the man bold enough to stand against me I found not.” Hearing these words, the Emperor said, “ If hitherto thou hast sought battles in vain, the time is at hand which will furnish thee with abundance of them. And I advise thee to place thyself neither before the phalanx nor in its rear, but to stand fast in the midst of thy fellow-soldiers ; for of old time I am well acquainted with the warfare of the Turks.” With such advice he dismissed not only this man, but the rest of those who were about to depart on that expedition.—*Alexiad*, Book x. pp. 237, 238.

Ducange, as is mentioned in the novel, identifies the church thus described by the crusader with that of Our Lady of Soissons, of which a French poet of the days of Louis VII. says—

Veiller y vont encor li pelerin,
Cil qui bataille veulent fere et fournir.

DUCANGE in *Alexiad*, p. 301.

The Princess Anna Comnena, it may be proper to observe,

was born on the first of December, 1083, and was consequently in her fifteenth year when the chiefs of the first crusade made their appearance in her father's court. Even then, however, it is not improbable that she might have been the wife of Nicephorus Briennius, whom, many years after his death, she speaks of in her history as τὸν ἐμὸν *Kaisara*, and in other terms equally affectionate. The bitterness with which she uniformly mentions Bohemund Count of Tarentum, afterwards Prince of Antioch, has, however, been ascribed to a disappointment in love; and on one remarkable occasion the princess certainly expressed great contempt of her husband. I am aware of no other authorities for the liberties taken with this lady's conjugal character in the novel.

Her husband, Nicephorus Briennius, was the grandson [son, perhaps nephew] of the person of that name who figures in history as the rival, in a contest for the imperial throne, of Nicephorus Botoniates. He was, on his marriage with Anna Comnena, invested with the rank of *panhypersebastos*, or *omnium augustissimus*; but Alexius deeply offended him by afterwards recognizing the superior and simpler dignity of a *sebastos*. His eminent qualities, both in peace and war, are acknowledged by Gibbon; and he has left us four books of Memoirs, detailing the early part of his father-in-law's history, and valuable as being the work of an eye-witness of the most important events which he describes. Anna Comnena appears to have considered it her duty to take up the task which her husband had not lived to complete; and hence *The Alexiad*—certainly, with all its defects, the first historical work that has as yet proceeded from a female pen.

The life of the Emperor Alexius, says Gibbon, has been delineated by [the pen of] a favorite daughter, who was inspired by a tender regard for his person and a laudable zeal to perpetuate his virtues. Conscious of the just suspicion of her readers, the Princess Anna Comnena repeatedly protests that, besides her personal knowledge, she had searched the discourse and writings of the most respectable veterans; that, after an interval of thirty years, forgotten by, and forgetful of, the world, her mournful solitude was inaccessible to hope and fear; and that truth, the naked, perfect truth, was more dear and sacred than the memory of her parent. Yet, instead of the simplicity of style and narrative which wins our belief, an elaborate affectation of rhetoric and science betrays in every page the vanity of a female author. The genuine character of Alexius is lost in a vague constellation of virtues; and the perpetual strain of panegyric and apology awakens our jealousy to question the veracity of the historian and the merit of the hero. We cannot,

however, refuse her judicious and important remark, that the disorders of the times were the misfortune and the glory of Alexius; and that every calamity which can afflict a declining empire was accumulated on his reign by the justice of Heaven and the vices of his predecessors. In the east, the victorious Turks had spread, from Persia to the Hellespont, the reign of the Koran and the Crescent; the west was invaded by the adventurous valor of the Normans; and, in the moments of peace, the Danube poured forth new swarms, who had gained in the science of war what they had lost in the ferociousness of manners. The sea was not less hostile than the land; and, while the frontiers were assaulted by an open enemy, the palace was distracted with secret treason and conspiracy.

On a sudden, the banner of the Cross was displayed by the Latins; Europe was precipitated on Asia; and Constantinople had almost been swept away by this impetuous deluge. In the tempest Alexius steered the imperial vessel with dexterity and courage. At the head of his armies, he was bold in action, skilful in stratagem, patient of fatigue, ready to improve his advantages, and rising from his defeats with inexhaustible vigor. The discipline of the camp was revived, and a new generation of men and soldiers was created by the example and the precepts of their leader. In his intercourse with the Latins, Alexius was patient and artful; his discerning eye pervaded the new system of an unknown world. . .

The increase of the male and female branches of his family adorned the throne and secured the succession; but their princely luxury and pride offended the patricians, exhausted the revenue, and insulted the misery of the people. Anna is a faithful witness that his happiness was destroyed, and his health was broken, by the cares of a public life; the patience of Constantinople was fatigued by the length and severity of his reign; and before Alexius expired, he had lost the love and reverence of his subjects. The clergy could not forgive his application of the sacred riches to the defense of the state; but they applauded his theological learning and ardent zeal for the orthodox faith, which he defended with his tongue, his pen, and his sword. . . . Even the sincerity of his moral and religious virtues was suspected by the persons who had passed their lives in his familiar confidence. In his last hours, when he was pressed by his wife Irene to alter the succession, he raised his head and breathed a pious ejaculation on the vanity of this world. The indignant reply of the Empress may be inscribed as an epitaph on his tomb—"You die as you have lived—an hypocrite."

It was the wish of Irene to supplant the eldest of her surviving sons in favor of her daughter, the Princess Anna, whose philosophy would not have refused the weight of a diadem. But the order of male succession was asserted by the friends of their country; the lawful heir drew the royal signet from the finger of his insensible or conscious father, and the empire obeyed the master of the palace. Anna Comnena was stimulated by ambition and revenge to conspire against the life of her brother; and when the design was prevented by the fears or scruples of her husband, she passionately exclaimed that nature had mistaken the two sexes, and had endowed Breennius with the soul of a woman. . . . After the discovery of her treason, the life and fortune of Anna were justly forfeited to the laws. Her life was spared by the clemency of the

emperor ; but he visited the pomp and treasures of her palace, and bestowed the rich confiscation on the most deserving of his friends. —*History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chap. xlviii.

The year of Anna's death is nowhere recorded. She appears to have written *The Alexiad* in a convent ; and to have spent nearly thirty years in this retirement before her book was published.

For accurate particulars of the public events touched on in *Count Robert of Paris*, the reader is referred to the above quoted author, chapters xlviii, and lviii, and to the first volume of Mills's *History of the Crusades*.*

J. G. L[OCKHART].

LONDON, 1st March 1833.

* The article "Chivalry" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Supplement to 3d, 4th, and 5th, editions, written by Scott, will also be found to contain an interesting allusion to the chief incident in chapter ix, of the novel (*Laing*).

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS

CHAPTER I

Leontius. That power that kindly spreads
The clouds, a signal of impending showers,
To warn the wandering linnet to the shade,
Beheld without concern expiring Greece,
And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

Demetrius. A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states.
When public villainy, too strong for justice,
Shows his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?

Irene, Act I.

THE close observers of vegetable nature have remarked that, when a new graft is taken from an aged tree, it possesses indeed in exterior form the appearance of a youthful shoot, but has in fact attained to the same state of maturity, or even decay, which has been reached by the parent stem. Hence, it is said, arises the general decline and death that about the same season is often observed to spread itself through individual trees of some particular species, all of which, deriving their vital powers from the parent stock, are therefore incapable of protracting their existence longer than it does.

In the same manner, efforts have been made by the mighty of the earth to transplant large cities, states, and communities by one great and sudden exertion, expecting to secure to the new capital the wealth, the dignity, the magnificent decorations and unlimited extent of the ancient city which they desire to renovate; while, at the same time, they hope to begin a new succession of ages from the date of the new structure, to last, they imagine, as long, and with as much

fame, as its predecessor, which the founder hopes his new metropolis may replace in all its youthful glories. But nature has her laws, which seem to apply to the social as well as the vegetable system. It appears to be a general rule that what is to last long should be slowly matured and gradually improved, while every sudden effort, however gigantic, to bring about the speedy execution of a plan calculated to endure for ages is doomed to exhibit symptoms of premature decay from its very commencement. Thus, in a beautiful Oriental tale, a dervise explains to the sultan how he had reared the magnificent trees among which they walked by nursing their shoots from the seed; and the prince's pride is damped when he reflects that those plantations, so simply raised, were gathering new vigor from each returning sun, while his own exhausted cedars, which had been transplanted by one violent effort, were drooping their majestic heads in the Valley of Orez.*

It has been allowed, I believe, by all men of taste, many of whom have been late visitants of Constantinople, that, if it were possible to survey the whole globe with a view to fixing a seat of universal empire, all who are capable of making such a choice would give their preference to the city of Constantine, as including the great recommendations of beauty, wealth, security, and eminence. Yet, with all these advantages of situation and climate, and with all the architectural splendor of its churches and halls, its quarries of marble, and its treasure-houses of gold, the imperial founder must himself have learned that, although he could employ all these rich materials in obedience to his own wish, it was the mind of man itself, those intellectual faculties refined by the ancients to the highest degree, which had produced the specimens of talent at which men paused and wondered, whether as subjects of art or of moral labor. The power of the Emperor might indeed strip other cities of their statues and their shrines, in order to decorate that which he had fixed upon as his new capital; but the men who had performed great actions, and those, almost equally esteemed, by whom such deeds were celebrated, in poetry, in painting, and in music, had ceased to exist. The nation, though still the most civilized in the world, had passed beyond that period of society when the desire of fair fame is of itself the sole or chief motive for the labor of the historian or the poet, the painter or the statuary. The slavish

* Tale of "Mirglip the Persian," in the *Tales of the Genii* [by Sir Charles Morell, 1765].

and despotic constitution introduced into the empire had long since entirely destroyed that public spirit which animated the free history of Rome, leaving nothing but feeble recollections, which produced no emulation.

To speak as of an animated substance, if Constantine could have regenerated his new metropolis, by transfusing into it the vital and vivifying principles of Old Rome, that brilliant spark no longer remained for Constantinople to borrow or for Rome to lend.

In one most important circumstance, the state of the capital of Constantine had been totally changed, and unspeakably to its advantage. The world was now Christian, and, with the pagan code, had got rid of its load of disgraceful superstition. Nor is there the least doubt that the better faith produced its natural and desirable fruits in society, in gradually ameliorating the hearts and taming the passions of the people. But while many of the converts were turning meekly towards their new creed, some, in the arrogance of their understanding, were limiting the Scriptures by their own devices, and others failed not to make religious character or spiritual rank the means of rising to temporal power. Thus it happened at this critical period that the effects of this great change in the religion of the country, although producing an immediate harvest, as well as sowing much good seed which was to grow hereafter, did not, in the 4th century, flourish so as to shed at once that predominating influence which its principles might have taught men to expect.

Even the borrowed splendor in which Constantine decked his city bore in it something which seemed to mark premature decay. The imperial founder, in seizing upon the ancient statues, pictures, obelisks, and works of art, acknowledged his own incapacity to supply their place with the productions of later genius; and when the world, and particularly Rome, was plundered to adorn Constantinople, the Emperor, under whom the work was carried on, might be compared to a prodigal youth, who strips an aged parent of her youthful ornaments, in order to decorate a flaunting paramour, on whose brow all must consider them as misplaced.

Constantinople, therefore, when in 324 it first arose in imperial majesty out of the humble Byzantium, showed, even in its birth, and amid its adventitious splendor, as we have already said, some intimations of that speedy decay to which the whole civilized world, then limited within the

Roman empire, was internally and imperceptibly tending. Nor was it many ages ere these prognostications of declension were fully verified.

In the year 1080 [1081], Alexius Comnenus* ascended the throne of the Empire—that is, he was declared sovereign of Constantinople, its precincts and dependencies; nor, if he was disposed to lead a life of relaxation, would the savage incursions of the Scythians or the Hungarians frequently disturb the imperial slumbers, if limited to his own capital. It may be supposed that this safety did not extend much farther; for it is said that the Empress Pulcheria had built a church to the Virgin Mary as remote as possible from the gate of the city, to save her devotions from the risk of being interrupted by the hostile yell of the barbarians, and the reigning emperor had constructed a palace near the same spot, and for the same reason.

Alexius Comnenus was in the condition of a monarch who rather derives consequence from the wealth and importance of his predecessors, and the great extent of their original dominions, than from what remnants of fortune had descended to the present generation. This emperor, except nominally, no more ruled over his dismembered provinces than a half-dead horse can exercise power over those limbs on which the hooded crow and the vulture have already begun to settle and select their prey.

In different parts of his territory different enemies arose, who waged successful or dubious war against the Emperor; and of the numerous nations with whom he was engaged in hostilities, whether the Franks from the west, the Turks advancing from the east, the Cumans and Scythians pouring their barbarous numbers and unceasing storm of arrows from the north, and the Saracens, or the tribes into which they were divided, pressing from the south, there was not one for whom the Grecian empire did not spread a tempting repast. Each of these various enemies had their own particular habits of war, and a way of maneuvering in battle peculiar to themselves. But the Roman, as the unfortunate subject of the Greek empire was still called, was by far the weakest, the most ignorant, and most timid who could be dragged into the field; and the Emperor was happy in his own good luck when he found it possible to conduct a defensive war on a counter-balancing principle, making use of the Scythian to repel the Turk, or of both these savage peoples

* See Gibbon. chap. xlvi.ii., for the origin and early history of the house of Comneni.

to drive back the fiery-footed Frank, whom Peter the Hermit had, in the time of Alexius, waked to double fury by the powerful influence of the crusades.

If, therefore, Alexius Comnenus was, during his anxious seat upon the throne of the East, reduced to use a base and truckling course of policy, if he was sometimes reluctant to fight when he had a conscious doubt of the valor of his troops, if he commonly employed cunning and dissimulation instead of wisdom, and perfidy instead of courage, his expedients were the disgrace of the age rather than his own.

Again, the Emperor Alexius may be blamed for affecting a degree of state which was closely allied to imbecility. He was proud of assuming in his own person, and of bestowing upon others, the painted show of various orders of nobility, even now, when the rank within the prince's gift was become an additional reason for the free barbarian despising the imperial noble. That the Greek court was encumbered with unmeaning ceremonies, in order to make amends for the want of that veneration which ought to have been called forth by real worth and the presence of actual power, was not the particular fault of that prince, but belonged to the system of the government of Constantinople for ages. Indeed, in its trumpery etiquette, which provided rules for the most trivial points of a man's behavior during the day, the Greek empire resembled no existing power in its minute follies except that of Pekin; both, doubtless, being influenced by the same vain wish to add seriousness and an appearance of importance to objects which, from their trivial nature, could admit no such distinction.

Yet thus far we must justify Alexius, that, humble as were the expedients he had recourse to, they were more useful to his empire than the measures of a more proud and high-spirited prince might have proved in the same circumstances. He was no champion to break a lance against the breastplate of his Frankish rival, the famous Bohemond of Antioch,* but there were many occasions on which he hazarded his life freely; and, so far as we can see from a minute perusal of his achievements, the Emperor of Greece was never so dangerous "under shield" as when any foe man desired to stop him while retreating from a conflict in which he had been worsted.

But, besides that he did not hesitate, according to the custom of the time, at least occasionally, to commit his person to the perils of close combat, Alexius also possessed

* See Note 1.

such knowledge of a general's profession as is required in our modern days. He knew how to occupy military positions to the best advantage, and often covered defeats, or improved dubious conflicts, in a manner highly to the disappointment of those who deemed that the work of war was done only on the field of battle.

If Alexius Comnenus thus understood the evolutions of war, he was still better skilled in those of politics, where, soaring far above the express purpose of his immediate negotiation, the Emperor was sure to gain some important and permanent advantage; though very often he was ultimately defeated by the unblushing fickleness or avowed treachery of the barbarians, as the Greeks generally termed all other nations, and particularly those tribes (they can hardly be termed states) by which their own empire was surrounded.

We may conclude our brief character of Comnenus by saying that, had he not been called on to fill the station of a monarch who was under the necessity of making himself dreaded, as one who was exposed to all manner of conspiracies, both in and out of his own family, he might, in all probability, have been regarded as an honest and humane prince. Certainly he showed himself a good-natured man, and dealt less in cutting off heads and extinguishing eyes than had been the practise of his predecessors, who generally took this method of shortening the ambitious views of competitors.

It remains to be mentioned, that Alexius had his full share of the superstition of the age, which he covered with a species of hypocrisy. It is even said that his wife, Irene, who, of course, was best acquainted with the real character of the Emperor, taxed her dying husband with practising, in his last moments, the dissimulation which had been his companion during life.* He took also a deep interest in all matters respecting the church, where heresy, which the Emperor held, or affected to hold, in great horror, appeared to him to lurk. Nor do we discover in his treatment of the Manichæans or Paulicians that pity for their speculative errors which modern times might think had been well purchased by the extent of the temporal services of these unfortunate sectaries. Alexius knew no indulgence for those who misinterpreted the mysteries of the church or of its doctrines; and the duty of defending religion against schismatics was, in his opinion, as peremptorily demanded from him as that

* See Gibbon, chap. xlviii.

of protecting the empire against the numberless tribes of barbarians who were encroaching on its boundaries on every side.

Such a mixture of sense and weakness, of meanness and dignity, of prudent discretion and poverty of spirit, which last, in the European mode of viewing things, approached to cowardice, formed the leading traits of the character of Alexius Comnenus, at a period when the fate of Greece, and all that was left in that country of art and civilization, were trembling in the balance, and likely to be saved or lost according to the abilities of the Emperor for playing the very difficult game which was put into his hands.

These few leading circumstances will recall, to any one who is tolerably well read in history, the peculiarities of the period at which we have found a resting-place for the foundation of our story.

CHAPTER II

Othus. This superb successor
Of the earth's mistress, as thou vainly speakest,
Stands midst these ages as, on the wide ocean,
The last spared fragment of a spacious land,
That in some grand and awful ministration
Of mighty nature has engulfed been,
Doth lift aloft its dark and rocky cliffs
O'er the wild waste around, and sadly frowns
In lonely majesty.

Constantine Paleologus, Scene I.

OUR scene in the capital of the Eastern Empire opens at what is termed the Golden Gate of Constantinople; and it may be said in passing, that this splendid epithet is not so lightly bestowed as may be expected from the inflated language of the Greeks, which throws such an appearance of exaggeration about them, their buildings, and monuments.

The massive, and seemingly impregnable, walls with which Constantine surrounded the city were greatly improved and added to by Theodosius, called the Great. A triumphal arch, decorated with the architecture of a better, though already a degenerate, age, and serving, at the same time, as an useful entrance, introduced the stranger into the city. On the top, a statue of bronze represented Victory, the goddess who had inclined the scales of battle in favor of Theodosius; and, as the artist determined to be wealthy if he could not be tasteful, the gilded ornaments with which the inscriptions were set off readily led to the popular name of the gate. Figures carved in a distant and happier period of the art glanced from the walls, without assorting happily with the taste in which these were built. The more modern ornaments of the Golden Gate bore, at the period of our story, an aspect very different from those indicating the "conquest brought back to the city" and "the eternal peace," which the flattering inscriptions recorded as having been extorted by the sword of Theodosius. Four or five military engines, for throwing darts of the largest size, were placed upon the summit of the arch; and what had been originally designed as a specimen of architectural embellishment was now applied to the purposes of defense.

It was the hour of evening, and the cool and refreshing breeze from the sea inclined each passenger, whose business was not of a very urgent description, to loiter on his way, and cast a glance at the romantic gateway, and the various interesting objects of nature and art which the city of Constantinople * presented, as well to the inhabitants as to strangers.

One individual, however, seemed to indulge more wonder and curiosity than could have been expected from a native of the city, and looked upon the rarities around with a quick and startled eye, that marked an imagination awakened by sights that were new and strange. The appearance of this person bespoke a foreigner of military habits, who seemed, from his complexion, to have his birthplace far from the Grecian metropolis, whatever chance had at present brought him to the Golden Gate, or whatever place he filled in the Emperor's service.

This young man was about two-and-twenty years old, remarkably finely-formed and athletic—qualities well understood by the citizens of Constantinople, whose habits of frequenting the public games had taught them at least an acquaintance with the human person, and where, in the select of their own countrymen, they saw the handsomest specimens of the human race.

These were, however, not generally so tall as the stranger at the Golden Gate, while his piercing blue eyes, and the fair hair which descended from under a light helmet gaily ornamented with silver, bearing on its summit a crest resembling a dragon in the act of expanding its terrible jaws, intimated a Northern descent, to which the extreme purity of his complexion also bore witness. His beauty, however, though he was eminently distinguished both in features and in person, was not liable to the charge of effeminacy. From this it was rescued both by his strength and by the air of confidence and self-possession with which the youth seemed to regard the wonders around him, not indicating the stupid and helpless gaze of a mind equally inexperienced and incapable of receiving instruction, but expressing the bold intellect which at once understands the greater part of the information which it receives, and commands the spirit to toil in search of the meaning of that which it has not comprehended, or may fear it has misinterpreted. This look of awakened attention and intelligence gave interest to the young barbarian; and while the bystanders were amazed

* See Note 2.

that a savage from some unknown or remote corner of the universe should possess a noble countenance bespeaking a mind so elevated, they respected him for the composure with which he witnessed so many things, the fashion, the splendor, nay, the very use, of which must have been recently new to him.

The young man's personal equipments exhibited a singular mixture of splendor and effeminacy, and enabled the experienced spectators to ascertain his nation, and the capacity in which he served. We have already mentioned the fanciful and crested helmet which was a distinction of the foreigner, to which the reader must add in his imagination a small cuirass or breastplate of silver, so sparingly fashioned as obviously to afford little security to the broad chest, on which it rather hung like an ornament than covered as a buckler; nor, if a well-thrown dart or strongly-shod arrow should alight full on this rich piece of armor, was there much hope that it could protect the bosom which it partially shielded.

From betwixt the shoulders hung down over the back what had the appearance of a bearskin; but, when more closely examined, it was only a very skilful imitation of the spoils of the chase, being in reality a surcoat composed of strong shaggy silk, so woven as to exhibit, at a little distance, no inaccurate representation of a bear's hide. A light crooked sword, or scimitar, sheathed in a scabbard of gold and ivory, hung by the left side of the stranger, the ornamented hilt of which appeared much too small for the large-jointed hand of the young Hercules who was thus gaily attired. A dress, purple in color, and sitting close to the limbs, covered the body of the soldier to a little above the knee; from thence the knees and legs were bare to the calf, to which the reticulated strings of the sandals rose from the instep, the ligatures being there fixed by a golden coin of the reigning emperor, converted into a species of clasp for the purpose.

But a weapon which seemed more particularly adapted to the young barbarian's size, and incapable of being used by a man of less formidable limbs and sinews, was a battle-ax, the firm iron-guarded staff of which was formed of tough elm, strongly inlaid and defended with brass, while many a plate and ring were indented in the handle, to hold the wood and the steel parts together. The ax itself was composed of two blades, turning different ways, with a sharp steel spike projecting from between them. The steel part,

both spike and blade, was burnished as bright as a mirror ; and though its ponderous size must have been burdensome to one weaker than himself, yet the young soldier carried it as carelessly along as if it were but a feather's weight. It was, indeed, a skilfully constructed weapon, so well balanced, that it was much lighter in striking and in recovery than he who saw it in the hands of another could easily have believed.

The carrying arms of itself showed that the military man was a stranger. The native Greeks had that mark of a civilized people, that they never bore weapons during the time of peace, unless the wearer chanced to be numbered among those whose military profession and employment required them to be always in arms. Such soldiers by profession were easily distinguished from the peaceful citizens ; and it was with some evident show of fear, as well as dislike, that the passengers observed to each other that the stranger was a Varangian, an expression which intimated a barbarian of the imperial body-guard.

To supply the deficiency of valor among his own subjects, and to procure soldiers who should be personally dependent on the Emperor, the Greek sovereigns had been, for a great many years, in the custom of maintaining in their pay, as near their person as they could, the steady services of a select number of mercenaries in the capacity of body-guards, which were numerous enough, when their steady discipline and inflexible loyalty were taken in conjunction with their personal strength and indomitable courage, to defeat not only any traitorous attempt on the imperial person, but to quell open rebellions, unless such were supported by a great proportion of the military force. Their pay was therefore liberal ; their rank and established character for prowess gave them a degree of consideration among the people, whose reputation for valor had not for some ages stood high ; and if, as foreigners, and the members of a privileged body, the Varangians were sometimes employed in arbitrary and unpopular services, the natives were so apt to fear, while they disliked, them, that the hardy strangers disturbed themselves but little about the light in which they were regarded by the inhabitants of Constantinople. Their dress and accoutrements, while within the city, partook of the rich, or rather gaudy, costume which we have described, bearing only a sort of affected resemblance to that which the Varangians wore in their native forests. But the individuals of this select corps were, when their services were required beyond

the city, furnished with armor and weapons more resembling those which they were accustomed to wield in their own country, possessing much less of the splendor of war, and a far greater portion of its effective terrors; and thus they were summoned to take the field.

This body of Varangians (which term is, according to one interpretation, merely a general expression for barbarians) was, in an early age of the empire, formed of the roving and piratical inhabitants of the North, whom a love of adventure, the greatest perhaps that ever was indulged, and a contempt of danger, which never had a parallel in the history of human nature, drove forth upon the pathless ocean. "Piracy," says Gibbon, with his usual spirit, "was the exercise, the trade, the glory, and the virtue of the Scandinavian youth. Impatient of a bleak climate and narrow limits, they started from the banquet, grasped their arms, sounded their horn, ascended their vessels, and explored every coast that promised either spoil or settlement." *

The conquests made in France and Britain by these wild sea-kings, as they were called, have obscured the remembrance of other Northern champions, who, long before the time of Comnenus, made excursions as far as Constantinople, and witnessed with their own eyes the wealth and the weakness of the Grecian empire itself. Numbers found their way thither through the pathless wastes of Russia; others navigated the Mediterranean in their sea-serpents, as they termed their piratical vessels. The emperors, terrified at the appearance of these daring inhabitants of the frozen zone, had recourse to the usual policy of a rich and unwarlike people, bought with gold the service of their swords, and thus formed a corps of satellites more distinguished for valor than the famed Prætorian Bands of Rome, and, perhaps because fewer in number, unalterably loyal to their new princes.

But, at a later period of the empire, it began to be more difficult for the emperors to obtain recruits for their favorite and selected corps, the Northern nations having now in a great measure laid aside the piratical and roving habits which had driven their ancestors from the straits of Elsinore to those of Sestos and Abydos. The corps of the Varangians must therefore have died out, or have been filled up with less worthy materials had not the conquests made by the Normans in the far distant west sent to the aid of Comnenus a large body of

* *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. x., chapter lv. p. 221, 8vo edition.

the dispossessed inhabitants of the islands of Britain, and particularly of England, who furnished recruits to his chosen body-guard. These were, in fact, Anglo-Saxons; but, in the confused idea of geography received at the court of Constantinople, they were naturally enough called Anglo-Danes, as their native country was confounded with the Thule of the ancients, by which expression the archipelago of Zetland and Orkney is properly to be understood, though, according to the notions of the Greeks, it comprised either Denmark or Britain. The emigrants, however, spoke a language not very dissimilar to the original Varangians, and adopted the name the more readily, that it seemed to remind them of their unhappy fate, the appellation being in one sense capable of being interpreted as exiles. Excepting one or two chief commanders, whom the Emperor judged worthy of such high trust, the Varangians were officered by men of their own nation; and with so many privileges, being joined by many of their countrymen from time to time, as the crusades, pilgrimages, or discontent at home drove fresh supplies of the Anglo-Saxons, or Anglo-Danes, to the east, the Varangians subsisted in strength to the last days of the Greek empire, retaining their native language, along with the unblemished loyalty and unabated martial spirit which characterized their fathers.

This account of the Varangian Guard * is strictly historical and might be proved by reference to the Byzantine historians; most of whom, and also Villehardouin's account of the taking of the city of Constantinople by the Franks and Venetians, make repeated mention of this celebrated and singular body of Englishmen, forming a mercenary guard attendant on the person of the Greek emperors.

Having said enough to explain why an individual Varangian should be strolling about the Golden Gate, we may proceed in the story which we have commenced.

Let it not be thought extraordinary that this soldier of the life-guard should be looked upon with some degree of curiosity by the passing citizens. It must be supposed that, from their peculiar duties, they were not encouraged to hold frequent intercourse or communication with the inhabitants; and, besides that they had duties of police occasionally to exercise amongst them, which made them generally more dreaded than beloved, they were at the same time conscious that their high pay, splendid appointments, and immediate dependence on the emperor were subjects of envy to the

* See Note ?

other forces. They, therefore, kept much in the neighborhood of their own barracks, and were seldom seen straggling remote from them, unless they had a commission of government entrusted to their charge.

This being the case, it was natural that a people so curious as the Greeks should busy themselves in eyeing the stranger as he loitered in one spot, or wandered to and fro, like a man who either could not find some place which he was seeking, or had failed to meet some person with whom he had an appointment, for which the ingenuity of the passengers found a thousand different and inconsistent reasons. "A Varangian," said one citizen to another, "and upon duty—ahem ! Then I presume to say in your ear——"

"What do you imagine is his object ?" inquired the party to whom this information was addressed.

"Gods and goddesses ! do you think I can tell you ? But suppose that he is lurking here to hear what folk say of the Emperor," answered the *quidunc* of Constantinople.

"That is not likely," said the querist : "these Varangians do not speak our language, and are not extremely well fitted for spies, since few of them pretend to any intelligible notion of the Grecian tongue. It is not likely, I think, that the Emperor would employ as a spy a man who did not understand the language of the country."

"But if there are, as all men fancy," answered the politician, "persons among these barbarian soldiers who can speak almost all languages, you will admit that such are excellently qualified for seeing clearly around them, since they possess the talent of beholding and reporting, while no one has the slightest idea of suspecting them."

"It may well be," replied his companion ; "but, since we see so clearly the fox's foot and paws protruding from beneath the seeming sheep's fleece, or rather, by your leave, the *bear's* hide, yonder, had we not better be jogging homeward, ere it be pretended we have insulted a Varangian Guard ?"

This surmise of danger insinuated by the last speaker, who was a much older and more experienced politician than his friend, determined both on a hasty retreat. They adjusted their cloaks, caught hold of each other's arm, and, speaking fast and thick as they started new subjects of suspicion, they sped, close coupled together, towards their habitations in a different and distant quarter of the town.

In the meantime, the sunset was nigh over ; and the long shadows of the walls, bulwarks, and arches were projecting

from the westward in deeper and blacker shade. The Varangian seemed tired of the short and lingering circle in which he had now trodden for more than an hour, and in which he still loitered like an unliberated spirit, which cannot leave the haunted spot till licensed by the spell which has brought it hither. Even so the barbarian, casting an impatient glance to the sun, which was setting in a blaze of light behind a rich grove of cypress-trees, looked for some accommodation on the benches of stone which were placed under shadow of the triumphal arch of Theodosius, drew the ax, which was his principal weapon, close to his side, wrapped his cloak about him, and, though his dress was not in other respects a fit attire for slumber, any more than the place well selected for repose, yet in less than three minutes he was fast asleep. The irresistible impulse which induced him to seek for repose in a place very indifferently fitted for the purpose might be weariness consequent upon the military vigils which had proved a part of his duty on the preceding evening. At the same time, his spirit was so alive within him, even while he gave way to this transient fit of oblivion, that he remained almost awake even with shut eyes, and no hound ever seemed to sleep more lightly than our Anglo-Saxon at the Golden Gate of Constantinople.

And now the slumberer, as the loiterer had been before, was the subject of observation to the accidental passengers. Two men entered the porch in company. One was a somewhat slight-made but alert-looking man, by name Lysimachus, and by profession a designer. A roll of paper in his hand, with a little satchel containing a few chalks, or pencils, completed his stock-in-trade; and his acquaintance with the remains of ancient art gave him a power of talking on the subject which unfortunately bore more than due proportion to his talents of execution. His companion, a magnificent-looking man in form, and so far resembling the young barbarian, but more clownish and peasant-like in the expression of his features, was Stephanos the wrestler, well-known in the *palestra*.

"Stop here, my friend," said the artist, producing his pencils, "till I make a sketch for my youthful Hercules."

"I thought Hercules had been a Greek," said the wrestler. "This sleeping animal is a barbarian."

The tone intimated some offense, and the designer hastened to soothe the displeasure which he had thoughtlessly excited. Stephanos, known by the surname of Castor, who was highly distinguished for gymnastic exercises, was a sort

of patron to the little artist, and not unlikely by his own reputation to bring the talents of his friend into notice.

“Beauty and strength,” said the adroit artist, “are of no particular nation ; and may our muse never deign me her prize, but it is my greatest pleasure to compare them as existing in the uncultivated savage of the North and when they are found in the darling of an enlightened people, who has added the height of gymnastic skill to the most distinguished natural qualities, such as we can now only see in the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, or in our living model of the gymnastic champions of antiquity.”

“Nay, I acknowledge that the Varangian is a proper man,” said the athletic hero, softening his tone ; “but the poor savage hath not, perhaps in his lifetime, had a single drop of oil on his bosom. Hercules instituted the Isthmian games——”

“But, hold ! what sleeps he with, wrapt so close in his bearskin ?” said the artist. “Is it a club ?”

“Away—away, my friend !” cried Stephanos, as they looked closer on the sleeper. “Do you not know that is the instrument of their barbarous office ? They do not war with swords or lances, as if destined to attack men of flesh and blood, but with maces and axes, as if they were to hack limbs formed of stone and sinews of oak. I will wager my crown (of withered parsley) that he lies here to a restless distinguished commander who has offended the government ! He would not have been thus formidably armed otherwise. Away—away, good Lysimachus ; let us respect the slumbers of the bear.”

So saying, the champion of the *palestra* made off with less apparent confidence than his size and strength might have inspired.

Others, now thinly straggling, passed onward as the evening closed, and the shadows of the cypress-trees fell darker around. Two females of the lower rank cast their eyes on the sleeper. “Holy Maria !” said one, “if he does not put me in mind of the Eastern tale, how the genie brought a gallant young prince from his nuptial chamber in Egypt, and left him sleeping at the gate of Damascus. I will awake the poor lamb, lest he catch harm from the night dew.”

“Harm !” answered the older and crosser-looking woman. “Ay, such harm as the cold water of the Cydnus does to the wild swan. A lamb ! Ay, forsooth ! Why, he’s a wolf or a bear, at least a Varangian, and no modest matron would

exchange a word with such an unmannered barbarian. I'll tell you what one of these English Danes did to me——”

So saying, she drew on her companion, who followed with some reluctance, seeming to listen to her gabble, while she looked back upon the sleeper.

The total disappearance of the sun, and nearly at the same time the departure of the twilight, which lasts so short a time in that tropical region—one of the few advantages which a more temperate climate possesses over it being the longer continuance of that sweet and placid light—gave signal to the warders of the city to shut the folding leaves of the Golden Gate, leaving a wicket lightly bolted for the passage of those whom business might have detained too late without the walls, and indeed for all who chose to pay a small coin. The position and apparent insensibility of the Varangian did not escape those who had charge of the gate, of whom there was a strong guard which belonged to the ordinary Greek forces.

“By Castor and by Pollux,” said the centurion, for the Greeks swore by the ancient deities, although they no longer worshiped them, and preserved those military distinctions with which “the steady Roman’s shook the world,” although they were altogether degenerated from their original manners—“by Castor and Pollux, comrades, we cannot gather gold in this gate according as its legend tells us, yet it will be our fault if we cannot glean a goodly crop of silver; and though the golden age be the most ancient and honorable, yet in this degenerate time it is much if we see a glimpse of the inferior metal.”

“Unworthy are we to follow the noble centurion Harpax,” answered one of the soldiers of the watch, who showed the shaven head and the single tuft * of a Mussulman, “if we do not hold silver a sufficient cause to bestir ourselves, when there has been no gold to be had—as, by the faith of an honest man, I think we can hardly tell its color—whether out of the imperial treasury or obtained at the expense of individuals, for many long moons!”

“But this silver,” said the centurion, “thou shalt see with thine own eye, and hear it ring a knell in the purse which holds our common stock.”

“Which *did* hold it, as thou wouldst say, most valiant commander,” replied the inferior warder; “but what that purse holds now, save a few miserable oboli for purchasing

* One tuft is left on the shaven crown of the Moslem, for the angel to grasp by, when conveying him to Paradise.

certain pickled pot-herbs and salt fish, to relish our allowance of stummed wine, I cannot tell, but willingly give my share of the contents to the devil, if either purse or platter exhibits symptom of any age richer than the age of copper."

"I will replenish our treasury," said the centurion, "were our stock yet lower than it is. Stand up close by the wicket, my masters. Bethink you, we are the Imperial Guards, or the guards of the Imperial City, it is all one, and let us have no man rush past us on a sudden; and now that we are on our guard, I will unfold to you—— But stop," said the valiant centurion, "are we all here true brothers? Do all well understand the ancient and laudable customs of our watch—keeping all things secret which concern the profit and advantage of this our vigil, and aiding and abetting the common cause, without information or treachery?"

"You are strangely suspicious to-night," answered the sentinel. "Methinks we have stood by you without tale-telling in matters which were more weighty. Have you forgot the passage of the jeweler, which was neither the gold nor silver age; but if there were a diamond one——"

"Peace, good Ismail the Infidel," said the centurion—"for, I thank Heaven, we are of all religions, so it is to be hoped we must have the true one amongst us—peace, I say; it is unnecessary to prove thou canst keep new secrets by ripping up old ones. Come hither, look through the wicket to the stone bench on the shady side of the grand porch—tell me, old lad, what dost thou see there?"

"A man asleep," said Ismail. "By Heaven, I think, from what I can see by the moonlight, that it is one of those barbarians, one of those island dogs, whom the Emperor sets such store by!"

"And can thy fertile brain," said the centurion, "spin nothing out of his present situation tending towards our advantage?"

"Why, ay," said Ismail; "they have large pay, though they are not only barbarians, but pagan dogs, in comparison with us Moslems and Nazarenes. That fellow hath besotted himself with liquor, and hath not found his way home to his barracks in good time. He will be severely punished, unless we consent to admit him; and to prevail on us to do so, he must empty the contents of his girdle."

"That, at least—that, at least," answered the soldiers of the city watch, but carefully suppressing their voices, though they spoke in an eager tone.

"And is that all that you would make of such an oppor-

tunity?" said Harpax, scornfully. "No—no, comrades. If this outlandish animal indeed escape us, he must at least leave his fleece behind. See you not the gleams from his headpiece and his cuirass? I presume these betoken substantial silver, though it may be of the thinnest. There lies the silver mine I spoke of, ready to enrich the dexterous hands who shall labor it."

"But," said timidly a young Greek, a companion of their watch lately enlisted in the corps, and unacquainted with their habits, "still this barbarian, as you call him, is a soldier of the Emperor; and if we are convicted of depriving him of his arms, we shall be justly punished for a military crime."

"Hear to a new Lycurgus come to teach us our duty!" said the centurion. "Learn first, young man, that the metropolitan cohort never can commit a crime, and learn next, of course, that they can never be convicted of one. Suppose we found a straggling barbarian, a Varangian like this slumberer, perhaps a Frank, or some other of these foreigners bearing unpronounceable names, while they dishonor us by putting on the arms and apparel of the real Roman soldier, are we, placed to defend an important post, to admit a man so suspicious within our postern, when the event may probably be to betray both the Golden Gate and the hearts of gold who guard it—to have the one seized and the throats of the others handsomely cut?"

"Keep him outside the gate, then," replied the novice, "if you think him so dangerous. For my part, I should not fear him, were he deprived of that huge double-edged ax, which gleams from under his cloak, having a more deadly glare than the comet which astrologers prophesy such strange things of."

"Nay, then, we agree together," answered Harpax, "and you speak like a youth of modesty and sense; and I promise you the state will lose nothing in the despoiling of this same barbarian. Each of these savages hath a double set of accouterments, the one wrought with gold, silver, inlaid work, and ivory, as becomes their duties in the prince's household; the other fashioned of triple steel, strong, weighty, and irresistible. Now, in taking from this suspicious character his silver helmet and cuirass, you reduce him to his proper weapons, and you will see him start up in arms fit for duty."

"Yes," said the novice; "but I do not see that this reasoning will do more than warrant our stripping the Varangian

of his armor, to be afterwards heedfully returned to him on the morrow, if he prove a true man. How, I know not, but I had adopted some idea that it was to be confiscated for our joint behoof."

"Unquestionably," said Harpax; "for such has been the rule of our watch ever since the days of the excellent centurion Sisyphus, in whose time it first was determined that all contraband commodities, or suspicious weapons, or the like, which were brought into the city during the night-watch, should be uniformly forfeited to the use of the soldiery of the guard; and where the Emperor finds the goods or arms unjustly seized, I hope he is rich enough to make it up to the sufferer."

"But still—but still," said Sebastes of Mitylene, the young Greek aforesaid, "were the Emperor to discover——"

"Ass!" replied Harpax, "he cannot discover, if he had all the eyes of Argus's tail. Here are twelve of us, sworn, according to the rules of the watch, to abide in the same story. Here is a barbarian, who, if he remembers anything of the matter—which I greatly doubt, his choice of a lodging arguing his familiarity with the wine-pot—tells but a wild tale of losing his armor, which we, my masters (looking round to his companions), deny stoutly—I hope we have courage enough for that—and which party will be believed? The companions of the watch, surely!"

"Quite the contrary," said Sebastes. "I was born at a distance from hence; yet, even in the island of Mitylene, the rumor had reached me that the cavaliers of the city-guard of Constantinople were so accomplished in falsehood that the oath of a single barbarian would outweigh the Christian oath of the whole body, if Christian some of them are—for example, this dark man with a single tuft on his head."

"And if it were even so," said the centurion, with a gloomy and sinister look, "there is another way of making the transaction a safe one."

Sebastes, fixing his eye on his commander, moved his hand to the hilt of an Eastern poniard which he wore, as if to penetrate his exact meaning. The centurion nodded in acquiescence.

"Young as I am," said Sebastes, "I have been already a pirate five years at sea, and a robber three years now in the hills, and it is the first time I have seen or heard a man hesitate, in such a case, to take the only part which is worth a brave man's while to resort to in a pressing affair."

Harpax struck his hand into that of the soldier, as sharing his uncompromising sentiments ; but when he spoke it was in a tremulous voice.

“ How shall we deal with him ? ” said he to Sebastes, who, from the most raw recruit in the corps, had now risen to the highest place in his estimation.

“ Anyhow,” returned the islander ; “ I see bows here and shafts, and if no other person can use them——”

“ They are not,” said the centurion, “ the regular arms of our corps.”

“ The fitter you to guard the gates of a city,” said the young soldier with a horse-laugh, which had something insulting in it. “ Well—be it so. I can shoot like a Scythian,” he proceeded : “ not but with your head, one shaft shall crash among the splinters of his skull and his brains, the second shall quiver in his heart.”

“ Bravo, my noble comrade ! ” said Harpax, in a tone of affected rapture, always lowering his voice, however, as respecting the slumbers of the Varangian. “ Such were the robbers of ancient days, the Diomedes, Corynetes, Synnes, Seyrons, Procrustes, whom it required demigods to bring to what was miscalled justice, and whose compeers and fellows will remain masters of the continent and the Isles of Greece, until Hercules and Theseus shall again appear upon earth. Nevertheless, shoot not, my valiant Sebastes—draw not the bow, my invaluable Mitylenian ; you may wound and not kill.”

“ I am little wont to do so,” said Sebastes, again repeating the hoarse, chuckling, discordant laugh, which grated upon the ears of the centurion, though he could hardly tell the reason why it was so uncommonly unpleasant.

“ If I look not about me,” was his internal reflection, “ we shall have two centurions of the watch instead of one. This Mitylenian, or be he who the devil will, is a bow’s length beyond me. I must keep my eye on him.” He then spoke aloud, in a tone of authority. “ But come, young man, it is hard to discourage a young beginner. If you have been such a rover of wood and river as you tell us of, you know how to play the *sicarius* : there lies your object, drunk or asleep, we know not which—you will deal with him in either case.”

“ Will you give me no odds to stab a stupefied or drunken man, most noble centurion ? ” answered the Greek. “ You would perhaps love the commission yourself ? ” he continued, somewhat ironically.

“Do as you are directed, friend,” said Harpax, pointing to the turret staircase which led down from the battlement to the arched entrance underneath the porch.

“He has the true cat-like, stealthy-pace,” half-muttered the centurion, as his sentinel descended to do such a crime as he was posted there to prevent. “This cockerel’s comb must be cut, or he will become king of the roost. But let us see if his hand be as resolute as his tongue; then we will consider what term to give to the conclusion.”

As Harpax spoke between his teeth, and rather to himself than any of his companions, the Mitylenian emerged from under the archway, treading on tiptoe, yet swiftly, with an admirable mixture of silence and celerity. His poniard, drawn as he descended, gleamed in his hand, which was held a little behind the rest of his person, so as to conceal it. The assassin hovered less than an instant over the sleeper, as if to mark the interval between the ill-fated silver corslet and the body which it was designed to protect, when, at the instant the blow was rushing to its descent, the Varangian started up at once, arrested the armed hand of the assassin, by striking it upward with the head of his battle-ax; and, while he thus parried the intended stab, struck the Greek a blow heavier than Sebastes had ever learned at the *pancratation*, which left him scarce the power to cry “help” to his comrades on the battlements. They saw what had happened, however, and beheld the barbarian set his foot on their companion, and brandish high his formidable weapon, the whistling sound of which made the old arch ring ominously, while he paused an instant, with his weapon upheaved, ere he gave the finishing blow to his enemy. The warders made a bustle, as if some of them would descend to the assistance of Sebastes, without, however, appearing very eager to do so, when Harpax, in a rapid whisper, commanded them to stand fast.

“Each man to his place,” he said, “happen what may. Yonder comes a captain of the guard; the secret is our own, if the savage has killed the Mitylenian, as I well trust, for he stirs neither hand nor foot. But if he lives, my comrades, make hard your faces as flint; he is but one man, we are twelve. We know nothing of his purpose, save that he went to see wherefore the barbarian slept so near the post.”

While the centurion thus bruited his purpose in busy insinuation to the companions of his watch, the stately figure of a tall soldier, richly armed, and presenting a lofty crest,

which glistened as he stepped from the open moonlight into the shade of the vault, became visible beneath. A whisper passed among the warders on the top of the gate.

"Draw bolt, shut gate, come of the Mitylenian what will," said the centurion; "we are lost men if we own him. Here comes the chief of the Varangian axes, the Follower himself."

"Well, Hereward," said the officer who came last upon the scene, in a sort of *lingua franca*, generally used by the barbarians of the guard, "hast thou caught a night-hawk?"

"Ay, by St. George!" answered the soldier; "and yet, in my country, we would call him but a kite."

"What is he?" said the leader.

"He will tell you that himself," replied the Varangian, "when I take my grasp from his windpipe."

"Let him go, then," said the officer.

The Englishman did as he was commanded. But, escaping as soon as he felt himself at liberty, with an alertness which could scarce have been anticipated, the Mitylenian rushed out at the arch, and, availing himself of the complicated ornaments which had originally graced the exterior of the gateway, he fled around buttress and projection, closely pursued by the Varangian, who, cumbered with his armor, was hardly a match in the course for the light-footed Grecian, as he dodged his pursuer from one skulking-place to another. The officer laughed heartily as the two figures, like shadows appearing, and disappearing as suddenly, held rapid flight and chase around the arch of Theodoisus.

"By Hercules! it is Hector pursued round the walls of Ilion by Achilles," said the officer; "but my Pelides will scarce overtake the son of Priam. What, ho! goddess-born—son of the white-footed Thetis! But the allusion is lost on the poor savage. Halloo, Hereward! I say, stop—know thine own most barbarous name." These last words were muttered; then raising his voice, "Do not outrun thy wind, good Hereward. Thou mayst have more occasion for breath to-night."

"If it had been my leader's will," answered the Varangian, coming back in sulky mood, and breathing like one who had been at the top of his speed, "I would have had him as fast as ever greyhound held hare, ere I left off the chase. Were it not for this foolish armor, which encumbers without defending one, I would not have made two bounds without taking him by the throat."

"As well as it is," said the officer, who was, in fact, the

Acoulouthos, or Follower, so called because it was the duty of this highly-trusted officer of the Varangian Guards constantly to attend on the person of the Emperor. "But let us now see by what means we are to regain our entrance through the gate; for if, as I suspect, it was one of those warders who was willing to have played thee a trick, his companions may not let us enter willingly."

"And is it not," said the Varangian, "your valor's duty to probe this want of discipline to the bottom?"

"Hush thee here, my simple-minded savage! I have often told you, most ignorant Hereward, that the skulls of those who come from your cold and muddy Bœotia of the North are fitter to bear out twenty blows with a sledge-hammer than turn off one witty or ingenious idea. But follow me, Hereward, and although I am aware that showing the fine meshes of Grecian policy to the coarse eye of an unpractised barbarian like thee is much like casting pearls before swine, a thing forbidden in the Blessed Gospel, yet, as thou hast so good a heart and so trusty, as is scarce to be met with among my Varangians themselves, I care not if, while thou art in attendance on my person, I endeavor to indoctrinate thee in some of that policy by which I myself, the Follower, the chief of the Varangians, and therefore erected by their axes into the most valiant of the valiant, am content to guide myself, although every way qualified to bear me through the cross-currents of the court by main pull of oar and press of sail—a condescension in me, to do that by policy which no man in this imperial court, the chosen sphere of superior wits, could so well accomplish by open force as myself. What think'st thou, good savage?"

"I know," answered the Varangian, who walked about a step and a half behind his leader, like an orderly of the present day behind his officer's shoulder, "I should be sorry to trouble my head with what I could do by my hands, at once."

"Did I not say so?" replied the Follower, who had now for some minutes led the way from the Golden Gate, and was seen gliding along the outside of the moonlight walls, as if seeking an entrance elsewhere. "Lo, such is the stuff of what you call your head is made! Your hands and arms are perfect Achitophels compared to it. Harken to me, thou most ignorant of all animals—but, for that very reason, thou stoutest of confidants and bravest of soldiers—I will tell thee the very riddle of this night-work, and yet, even then, I doubt if thou canst understand me."

"It is my present duty to try to comprehend your valor," said the Varangian—"I would say your policy, since you condescend to expound it to me. As for your valor," he added, "I should be unlucky if I did not think I understand its length and breadth already."

The Greek general colored a little, but replied, with unaltered voice, "True, good Hereward. We have seen each other in battle."

Hereward here could not suppress a short cough, which, to those grammarians of the day who were skilful in applying the use of accents, would have implied no peculiar eulogium on his officer's military bravery. Indeed, during their whole intercourse, the conversation of the general, in spite of his tone of affected importance and superiority, displayed an obvious respect for his companion, as one who, in many points of action, might, if brought to the test, prove a more effective soldier than himself. On the other hand, when the powerful Northern warrior replied, although it was with all observance of discipline and duty, yet the discussion might sometimes resemble that between an ignorant macaroni officer, before the Duke of York's reformation of the British army, and a steady sergeant of the regiment in which they both served. There was a consciousness of superiority, disguised by external respect, and half admitted by the leader.

"You will grant me, my simple friend," continued the chief, in the same tone as before, "in order to lead thee by a short passage into the deepest principle of policy which pervades this same court of Constantinople, that the favor of the Emperor (here the officer raised his casque, and the soldier made a semblance of doing so also), who—be the place where he puts his foot sacred!—is the vivifying principle of the sphere in which we live, as the sun itself is that of humanity——"

"I have heard something like this said by our tribunes," said the Varangian.

"It is their duty so to instruct you," answered the leader; "and I trust that the priests also, in their sphere, forget not to teach my Varangians their constant service to their emperor."

"They do not omit it," replied the soldier, "though we of the exiles know our duty."

"God forbid I should doubt it," said the commander of the battle-axes. "All I mean is to make thee understand, my dear Hereward, that as there are, though perhaps such

do not exist in thy dark and gloomy climate, a race of insects which are born in the first rays of the morning and expire with those of sunset, thence called by us *ephemeræ*, as enduring one day only, such is the case of a favorite at court, while enjoying the smiles of the Most Sacred Emperor. And happy is he whose favor, rising as the person of the sovereign emerges from the level space which extends around the throne, displays itself in the first imperial blaze of glory, and who, keeping his post during the meridian splendor of the crown, has only the fate to disappear and die with the last beam of imperial brightness."

"Your valor," said the islander, "speaks higher language than my Northern wits are able to comprehend. Only, methinks, rather than part with life at the sunset, I would, since insect I must needs be, become a moth for two or three dark hours."

"Such is the sordid desire of the vulgar, Hereward," answered the Follower, with assumed superiority, "who are contented to enjoy life, lacking distinction; whereas we, on the other hand—we of choicer quality, who form the nearest and innermost circle around the Imperial Alexius, in which he himself forms the central point, are watchful, to woman's jealousy, of the distribution of his favors, and omit no opportunity, whether by leaguings with or against each other, to recommend ourselves individually to the peculiar light of his countenance."

"I think I comprehend what you mean," said the guardsman; "although as for living such a life of intrigue—but that matters not."

"It does indeed matter not, my good Hereward," said his officer, "and thou art lucky in having no appetite for the life I have described. Yet have I seen barbarians rise high in the empire, and if they have not altogether the flexibility—the malleability, as it is called—that happy ductility which can give way to circumstances, I have yet known those of barbaric tribes, especially if bred up at court from their youth, who joined to a limited portion of this flexible quality enough of a certain tough durability of temper, which, if it does not excel in availing itself of opportunity, has no contemptible talent at creating it. But letting comparisons pass, it follows, from this emulation of glory—that is, of royal favor—amongst the servants of the imperial and most sacred court, that each is desirous of distinguishing himself by showing to the Emperor, not only that he fully understands the duties of his own employments, but that he

is capable, in case of necessity, of discharging those of others."

"I understand," said the Saxon; "and thence it happens that the under-ministers, soldiers, and assistants of the great crown-officers are perpetually engaged, not in aiding each other, but in acting as spies on their neighbors' actions?"

"Even so," answered the commander; "it is but few days since I had a disagreeable instance of it. Every one, however dull in the intellect, hath understood this much, that the great Protospathaire,* which title thou knowest signifies the general-in-chief of the forces of the empire, hath me at hatred, because I am the leader of those redoubtable Varangians, who enjoy, and well deserve, privileges exempting them from the absolute command which he possesses over all other corps of the army—an authority which becomes Nicanor, notwithstanding the victorious sound of his name, nearly as well as a war-saddle would become a bullock."

"How!" said the Varangian, "does the Protospathaire pretend to any authority over the noble exiles! By the red dragon, under which we will live and die, we will obey no man alive but Alexius Comnenus himself, and our own officers!"

"Rightly and bravely resolved," said the leader; "but, my good Hereward, let not your just indignation hurry you so far as to name the Most Sacred Emperor without raising your hand to your casque, and adding the epithets of his lofty rank."

"I will raise my hand often enough and high enough," said the Norseman, "when the Emperor's service requires it."

"I dare be sworn thou wilt," said Achilles Tatius, the commander of the Varangian Imperial Body-Guard, who thought the time was unfavorable for distinguishing himself by insisting on that exact observance of etiquette which was one of his great pretensions to the name of a soldier. "Yet, were it not for the constant vigilance of your leader, my child, the noble Varangians would be trod down, in the common mass of the army, with the heathen cohorts of Huns, Scythians, or those turbaned infidels the renegade Turks; and even for this is your commander here in peril, because he vindicates his axmen as worthy of being prized above the paltry shafts of the Eastern tribes and the jave-

* Literally, the First Swordsman.

lins of the Moors, which are only fit to be playthings for children."

"You are exposed to no danger," said the soldier, closing up to Achilles in a confidential manner, "from which these axes can protect you."

"Do I not know it?" said Achilles. "But it is to your arm alone that the Follower of his Most Sacred Majesty now entrusts his safety."

"In aught that a soldier may do," answered Hereward; "make your own computation, and then reckon this single arm worth two against any man the Emperor has, not being of our own corps."

"Listen, my brave friend," continued Achilles. "This Nicanor was daring enough to throw a reproach on our noble corps, accusing them—gods and goddesses!—of plundering in the field, and, yet more sacrilegious, of drinking the precious wine which was prepared for his Most Sacred Majesty's own blessed consumption. I, the sacred person of the Emperor being present, proceeded, as thou mayest well believe——"

"To give him the lie in his audacious throat!" burst in the Varangian; "named a place of meeting somewhere in the vicinity, and called the attendance of your poor follower, Hereward of Hampton, who is your bond-slave for life long, for such an honor! I wish only you had told me to get my work-day arms; but, however, I have my battle-ax, and——" Here his companion seized a moment to break in, for he was somewhat abashed at the lively tone of the young soldier.

"Hush thee, my son," said Achilles Tatius—"speak low, my excellent Hereward. Thou mistakest this thing. With thee by my side, I would not, indeed, hesitate to meet five such as Nicanor; but such is not the law of this most hallowed empire, nor the sentiments of the three times illustrious prince who now rules it. Thou art debauched, my soldier, with the swaggering stories of the Franks, of whom we hear more and more every day."

"I would not willingly borrow anything from those whom you call Franks, and we Normans," answered the Varangian, in a disappointed, dogged tone.

"Why, listen, then," said the officer, as they proceeded on their walk—"listen to the reason of the thing, and consider whether such a custom can obtain, as that which they term the duello, in any country of civilization and common sense, to say nothing of one which is blessed with the domination

of the most rare Alexius Comnenus. Two great lords, or high officers, quarrel in the court, and before the reverend person of the Emperor. They dispute about a point of fact. Now, instead of each maintaining his own opinion, by argument or evidence, suppose they had adopted the custom of these barbarous Franks—‘Why, thou liest in thy throat,’ says the one; ‘And thou liest in thy very lungs,’ says another; and they measure forth the lists of battle in the next meadow. Each swears to the truth of his quarrel, though probably neither well knows precisely how the fact stands. One, perhaps the hardier, truer, and better man of the two, the Follower of the Emperor, and father of the Varangians—for death, my faithful follower, spares no man—lies dead on the ground, and the other comes back to predominate in the court, where, had the matter been inquired into by the rules of common sense and reason, the victor, as he is termed, would have been sent to the gallows. And yet this is the law of arms, as your fancy pleases to call it, friend Hereward!”

“May it please your valor,” answered the barbarian, “there is a show of sense in what you say; but you will sooner convince me that this blessed moonlight is the blackness of a wolf’s mouth than that I ought to hear myself called liar without cramming the epithet down the speaker’s throat with the spike of my battle-ax. The lie is to a man the same as a blow, and a blow degrades him into a slave and a beast of burden, if endured without retaliation.”

“Ay, there it is!” said Achilles; “could I but get you to lay aside that inborn barbarism, which leads you, otherwise the most disciplined soldiers who serve the Sacred Emperor, into such deadly quarrels and feuds——”

“Sir captain,” said the Varangian, in a sullen tone, “take my advice, and take the Varangians as you have them; for, believe my word that, if you could teach them to endure reproaches, bear the lie, or tolerate stripes, you would hardly find them, when their discipline is completed, worth the single day’s salt which they cost to his Holiness, if that be his title. I must tell you, moreover, valorous sir, that the Varangians will little thank their leader, who heard them called marauders, drunkards, and what not, and repelled not the charge on the spot.”

“Now, if I knew not the humors of my barbarians,” thought Tatius, in his own mind, “I should bring on myself a quarrel with these untamed islanders, who the Emperor thinks can be so easily kept in discipline. But I

will settle this sport presently." Accordingly, he addressed the Saxon in a soothing tone.

"My faithful soldier," he proceeded aloud, "we Romans, according to the custom of our ancestors, set as much glory on actually telling the truth as you do in resenting the imputation of falsehood; and I could not with honor return a charge of falsehood upon Nicanor, since what he said was substantially true."

"What! that we Varangians were plunderers, drunkards, and the like?" said Hereward, more impatient than before.

"No, surely, not in that broad sense," said Achilles; "but there was too much foundation for the legend."

"When and where?" asked the Anglo-Saxon.

"You remember," replied his leader, "the long march near Laodicea, where the Varangians beat off a cloud of Turks, and retook a train of the imperial baggage? You know what was done that day—how you quenched your thirst, I mean?"

"I have some reason to remember it," said Hereward of Hampton; "for we were half choked with dust, fatigue, and, which was worst of all, constantly fighting with our faces to the rear, when we found some firkins of wine in certain carriages which were broken down; down our throats it went, as if it had been the best ale in Southampton."

"Ah, unhappy!" said the Follower; "saw you not that the firkins were stamped with the thrice excellent grand butler's own inviolable seal, and set apart for the private use of his Imperial Majesty's most sacred lips?"

"By good St. George of Merry England, worth a dozen of your St. George of Cappadocia, I neither thought nor cared about the matter," answered Hereward. "And I know your valor drank a mighty draught yourself out of my head-piece; not this silver bauble, but my steel-cap, which is twice as ample. By the same token, that whereas before you were giving orders to fall back, you were a changed man when you had cleared your throat of the dust, and cried, 'Bide the other brunt, my brave and stout boys of Britain!'"

"Ay," said Achilles, "I know I am but too apt to be venturous in action. But you mistake, good Hereward: the wine I tasted in the extremity of martial fatigue was not that set apart for his Sacred Majesty's own peculiar mouth, but a secondary sort, preserved for the grand butler himself, of which, as one of the great officers of the house-

hold, I might right lawfully partake ; the chance was nevertheless sinfully unhappy."

"On my life," replied Hereward, "I cannot see the infelicity of drinking when we are dying of thirst."

"But cheer up, my noble comrade," said Achilles, after he had hurried over his own exculpation, and without noticing the Varangian's light estimation of the crime, "his Imperial Majesty, in his ineffable graciousness, imputes these ill-advised draughts as a crime to no one who partook of them. He rebuked the Protospathaire for fishing up this accusation, and said, when he had recalled the bustle and confusion of that toilsome day, "I thought myself well off amid that seven times heated furnace when we obtained a draught of the barley-wine drank by my poor Varangians ; and I drank their health, as well I might, since, had it not been for their services, I had drunk my last ; and well fare their hearts, though they quaffed my wine in return !" And with that he turned off, as one who said, "I have too much of this, being a finding of matter and ripping up of stories against Achilles Tatius and his gallant Varangians."

"Now, may God bless his honest heart for it !" said Hereward, with more downright heartiness than formal respect. "I'll drink to his health in what I put next to my lips that quenches thirst, whether it may be ale, wine, or ditch-water."

"Why, well said, but speak not above thy breath, and remember to put thy hand to thy forehead when naming, or even thinking of, the Emperor. Well, thou knowest, Hereward, that, having thus obtained the advantage, I knew that the moment of a repulsed attack is always that of a successful charge ; and so I brought against the Protospathaire, Nicanor, the robberies which have been committed at the Golden Gate, and other entrances of the city, where a merchant was but of late kidnapped and murdered, having on him certain jewels, the property of the Patriarch."

"Ay ! indeed ?" said the Varangian ; "and what said Alex — I mean the Most Sacred Emperor, when he heard such things said of the city warders, though he had himself given, as we say in our land, the fox the geese to keep ?"

"It may be he did," replied Achilles ; "but he is a sovereign of deep policy, and was resolved not to proceed against these treacherous warders, or their general, the Protospathaire, without decisive proof. His Sacred Majesty, therefore, charged me to obtain specific circumstantial proof by thy means."

“And that I would have managed in two minutes, had you not called me off the chase of yon cut-throat vagabond. But his Grace knows the word of a Varangian, and I can assure him that either lucre of my silver gaberdine, which they nickname a cuirass, or the hatred of my corps, would be sufficient to incite any of these knaves to cut the throat of a Varangian who appeared to be asleep. So we go, I suppose, captain, to bear evidence before the Emperor to this night’s work?”

“No, my active soldier hadst thou taken the runaway villain, my first act must have been to set him free again; and my present charge to you is, to forget that such an adventure has ever taken place.”

“Ha!” said the Varangian; “this is a change of policy indeed!”

“Why, yes, brave Hereward; ere I left the palace this night, the Patriarch made overtures of reconciliation betwixt me and the Protospathaire, which, as our agreement is of much consequence to the state, I could not very well reject, either as a good soldier or a good Christian. All offenses to my honor are to be in the fullest degree repaid, for which the Patriarch interposes his warrant. The Emperor, who will rather wink hard than see disagreements, loves better the matter should be slurred over thus.”

“And the reproaches upon the Varangians——” said Hereward.

“Shall be fully retracted and atoned for,” answered Achilles; “and a weighty donative in gold dealt among the corps of the Anglo-Danish axemen. Thou, my Hereward, mayst be distributor; and thus, if well managed, mayst plate thy battle-ax with gold.”

“I love my ax better as it is,” said the Varangian. “My father bore it against the robber Normans at Hastings. Steel instead of gold for my money.”

“Thou mayst make thy choice, Hereward,” answered his officer; “only, if thou art poor, say the fault was thine own.”

But here, in the course of their circuit round Constantinople, the officer and the soldier came to a very small wicket or sally-port, opening on the interior of a large and massive advanced work, which terminated an entrance to the city itself. Here the officer halted, and made his obedience, as a devotee who is about to enter a chapel of peculiar sanctity.

CHAPTER III

Here, youth, thy foot unbrace,
Here, youth, thy brow unbraid,
Each tribute that may grace
The threshold here be paid.
Walk with the stealthy pace
Which Nature teaches deer,
When, echoing in the chase,
The hunter's horn they hear.

The Court.

BEFORE entering, Achilles Tatius made various gesticulations, which were imitated roughly and awkwardly by the unpractised Varangian, whose service with his corps had been almost entirely in the field, his routine of duty not having, till very lately, called him to serve as one of the garrison of Constantinople. He was not, therefore, acquainted with the minute observances which the Greeks, who were the most formal and ceremonious soldiers and courtiers in the world, rendered not merely to the Greek emperor in person, but throughout the sphere which peculiarly partook of his influence.

Achilles, having gesticulated after his own fashion, at length touched the door with a rap, distinct at once and modest. This was thrice repeated, when the captain whispered to his attendant, "The interior!—for thy life, do as thou seest me do." At the same moment he started back, and stooping his head on his breast, with his hands over his eyes, as if to save them from being dazzled by an expected burst of light, awaited the answer to his summons. The Anglo-Dane, desirous to obey his leader, imitating him as near as he could, stood side by side in the posture, of Oriental humiliation. The little portal opened inwards, when no burst of light was seen, but four of the Varangians were made visible in the entrance, holding each his battle-ax, as if about to strike down the intruders who had disturbed the silence of their watch.

"Acoulouthos," said the leader, by way of password.

"Tatius and Acoulouthos," murmured the warders, as a countersign.

Each sentinel sunk his weapon.

Achilles then reared his stately crest, with a conscious dignity at making this display of court influence in the eyes of his soldiers. Hereward observed an undisturbed gravity, to the surprise of his officer, who marveled in his own mind how he could be such a barbarian as to regard with apathy a scene which had in his eyes the most impressive and peculiar awe. This indifference he imputed to the stupied insensibility of his companion.

They passed on between the sentinels, who wheeled backward in file, on each side of the portal, and gave the strangers entrance to a long narrow plank, stretched across the city moat, which was here drawn within the inclosure of an external rampart, projecting beyond the principal wall of the city.

“This,” he whispered to Hereward, “is called the Bridge of Peril, and it is said that it has been occasionally smeared with oil, or strewed with dried peas, and that the bodies of men, known to have been in company with the Emperor’s most sacred person, have been taken out of the Golden Horn,* into which the moat empties itself.”

“I would not have thought,” said the islander, rising his voice to its usual rough tone, “that Alexius Comnenus——”

“Hush, rash and regardless of your life!” said Achilles Tatius; “to awaken the daughter of the imperial arch † is to incur deep penalty at all times, but when a rash delinquent has disturbed her with reflections on his Most Sacred Highness the Emperor, death is a punishment far too light for the effrontery which has interrupted her blessed slumber. Ill hath been my fate, to have positive commands laid on me, enjoining me to bring into the sacred precincts a creature who hath no more of the salt of civilization in him than to keep his mortal frame from corruption, since of all mental culture he is totally incapable. Consider thyself, Hereward, and bethink thee what thou art,—by nature a poor barbarian—thy best boast that thou hast slain certain Mussulmans in thy sacred master’s quarrel; and here art thou admitted into the inviolable inclosure of the Blacquernal, and in the hearing not only of the royal daughter of the imperial arch, which means,” said the eloquent leader, “the echo of the sublime vaults, but—Heaven be our guide!—for what I know, within the natural hearing of the sacred ear itself!”

“Well, my captain,” replied the Varangian, “I cannot

* The harbor of Constantinople.

† The ‘daughter of the arch’ was a courtly expression for the echo, as we find explained by the courtly commander himself.

presume to speak my mind after the fashion of the place ; but I can easily suppose I am but ill qualified to converse in the presence of the court, nor do I mean therefore to say a word till I am spoken to, unless when I shall see no better company than ourselves. To be plain, I find difficulty in modeling my voice to a smother tone than nature has given it ; so, henceforth, my brave captain, I will be mute, unless when you give me a sign to speak."

"You will act wisely," said the captain. "Here be certain persons of high rank, nay, some that have been born in the purple itself, that will, Hereward—alas, for thee!—prepare to sound with the line of their courtly understanding the depths of thy barbarous and shallow conceit. Do not, therefore, then, join their graceful smiles with thy inhuman bursts of cachinnation, with which thou art wont to thunder forth when opening in chorus with thy messmates."

"I tell thee I will be silent," said the Varangian, moved somewhat beyond his mood. "If you trust my word, so ; if you think I am a jackdaw that must be speaking, whether in or out of place and purpose, I am contented to go back again, and therein we can end the matter."

Achilles, conscious perhaps that it was his best policy not to drive his subaltern to extremity, lowered his tone somewhat in reply to the uncourtly note of the soldier, as if allowing something for the rude manners of one whom he considered as not easily matched among the Varangians themselves for strength and valor—qualities which, in despite of Hereward's discourtesy, Achilles suspected in his heart were fully more valuable than all those nameless graces which a more courtly and accomplished soldier might possess.

The expert navigator of the intricacies of the imperial residence carried the Varangian through two or three small complicated courts, forming a part of the extensive palace of the Blacquernal,* and entered the building itself by a side-door, watched in like manner by a sentinel of the Varangian Guard, whom they passed on being recognized. In the next apartment was stationed the Court of Guard, where were certain soldiers of the same corps amusing themselves at games somewhat resembling the modern draughts and dice, while they seasoned their pastime with frequent applications to deep flagons of ale, which were furnished to them while passing away their hours of duty. Some glances passed

* This palace derived its name from the neighboring Blachernian gate and bridge.

between Hereward and his comrades, and he would have joined them, or at least spoke to them; for, since the adventure of the Mitylenian, Hereward had rather thought himself annoyed than distinguished by his moonlight ramble in the company of his commander, excepting always the short and interesting period during which he conceived they were on the way to fight a duel. Still, however negligent in the strict observance of the ceremonies of the sacred palace, the Varangians had, in their own way, rigid notions of calculating their military duty; in consequence of which, Hereward, without speaking to his companions, followed his leader through the guard-room, and one or two ante-chambers adjacent, the splendid and luxurious furniture of which convinced him that he could be nowhere else save in the sacred residence of his master the Emperor.

At length, having traversed passages and apartments with which the captain seemed familiar, and which he threaded with a stealthy, silent, and apparently a reverential, pace, as if, in his own inflated phrase, afraid to awaken the sounding echoes of those lofty and monumental halls, another species of inhabitants began to be visible. In different entrances, and in different apartments, the Northern soldier beheld those unfortunate slaves, chiefly of African descent, raised occasionally under the emperors of Greece to great power and honors, who, in that respect, imitated one of the most barbarous points of Oriental despotism. These slaves were differently occupied—some standing, as if on guard, at gates or in passages, with their drawn sabres in their hands; some were sitting in the Oriental fashion, on carpets, reposing themselves, or playing at various games, all of a character profoundly silent. Not a word passed between the guide of Hereward and the withered and deformed beings whom they thus encountered. The exchange of a glance with the principal soldier seemed all that was necessary to ensure both an uninterrupted passage.

After making their way through several apartments, empty or thus occupied, they at length entered one of black marble, or some other dark-colored stone, much loftier and longer than the rest. Side passages opened into it, so far as the islander could discern, descending from several portals in the wall; but as the oils and gums with which the lamps in these passages were fed diffused a dim vapor around, it was difficult to ascertain, from the imperfect light, either the shape of the hall or the style of its architecture. At the upper and lower ends of the chamber there was a stronger

and clearer light. It was when they were in the middle of this huge and long apartment that Achilles said to the soldier, in the sort of cautionary whisper which he appeared to have substituted in place of his natural voice since he had crossed the Bridge of Peril—

“Remain here till I return, and stir from this hall on no account.”

“To hear is to obey,” answered the Varangian, an expression of obedience which, like many other phrases and fashions, the empire, which still affected the name of Roman, had borrowed from the barbarians of the East. Achilles Tattius then hastened up the steps which led to one of the side-doors of the hall, which being slightly pressed, its noiseless hinge gave way and admitted him.

Left alone to amuse himself as he best could, within the limits permitted to him, the Varangian visited in succession both ends of the hall, where the objects were more visible than elsewhere. The lower end had in its center a small low-browed door of iron. Over it was displayed the Greek crucifix in bronze, and around and on every side the representation of shackles, fetterbolts, and the like were also executed in bronze, and disposed as appropriate ornaments over the entrance. The door of the dark archway was half open, and Hereward naturally looked in, the orders of his chief not prohibiting his satisfying his curiosity thus far. A dense red light, more like a distant spark than a lamp, affixed to the wall of what seemed a very narrow and winding stair, resembling in shape and size a draw-well, the verge of which opened on the threshold of the iron door, showed a descent which seemed to conduct to the infernal regions. The Varangian, however obtuse he might be considered by the quick-witted Greeks, had no difficulty in comprehending that a staircase having such a gloomy appearance, and the access to which was by a portal decorated in such a melancholy style of architecture, could only lead to the dungeons of the imperial palace, the size and complicated number of which were neither the least remarkable nor the least awe-imposing portion of the sacred edifice. Listening profoundly, he even thought he caught such accents as befit those graves of living men, the faint echoing of groans and sighs, sounding as it were from the deep abyss beneath. But in this respect his fancy probably filled up the sketch which his conjectures bodied out.

“I have done nothing,” he thought, “to merit being immured in one of these subterranean dens. Surely, though

my captain, Achilles Tatius, is, under favor, little better than an ass, he cannot be so false of word as to train me to prison under false pretexts ? I trow he shall first see for the last time how the English ax plays, if such is to be the sport of the evening. But let us see the upper end of this enormous vault ; it may bear a better omen."

Thus thinking, and not quite ruling the tramp of his armed footstep according to the ceremonies of the place, the large-limbed Saxon strode to the upper end of the black marble hall. The ornament of the portal here was a small altar, like those in the temples of the heathen deities, which projected above the center of the arch. On this altar smoked incense of some sort, the fumes of which rose curling in a thin cloud to the roof, and thence extending through the hall, enveloped in its column of smoke a singular emblem, of which the Varangian could make nothing. It was the representation of two human arms and hands, seeming to issue from the wall, having the palms extended and open, as about to confer some boon on those who approached the altar. These arms were formed of bronze, and, being placed farther back than the altar with its incense, were seen through the curling smoke by lamps so disposed as to illuminate the whole archway. "The meaning of this," thought the simple barbarian, "I should well know how to explain were these fists clenched, and were the hall dedicated to the *pancratation*, which we call boxing ; but as even these helpless Greeks use not their hands without their fingers being closed, by St. George, I can make out nothing of their meaning."

At this instant Achilles entered the black marble hall at the same door by which he had left it, and came up to his neophyte, as the Varangian might be termed.

"Come with me now, Hereward, for here approaches the thick of the onset. Now display the utmost courage that thou canst summon up, for, believe me, thy credit and name also depend on it."

"Fear nothing for either," said Hereward, "if the heart or hand of one man can bear him through the adventure by the help of a toy like this."

"Keep thy voice low and submissive, I have told thee a score of times," said the leader, "and lower thine ax, which, as I bethink me, thou hadst better leave in the outer apartment."

"With your leave, noble captain," replied Hereward, "I am unwilling to lay aside my bread-winner. I am one of

those awkward clowns who cannot behave seemly unless I have something to occupy my hands, and my faithful battle-ax comes most natural to me."

"Keep, it then; but remember thou dash it not about according to thy custom, nor bellow, nor shout, nor cry as in a battle-field; think of the sacred character of the place, which exaggerates riot into blasphemy, and remember the persons whom thou mayest chance to see, an offense to some of whom, it may be, ranks in the same sense with blasphemy against Heaven itself."

This lecture carried the tutor and the pupil so far as to the side-door, and thence inducted them into a species of ante-room, from which Achilles led his Varangian forward, until a pair of folding-doors, opening into what proved to be a principal apartment of the palace, exhibited to the rough-hewn native of the North a sight equally new and surprising.

It was an apartment of the palace of the Blacquernal, dedicated to the special service of the beloved daughter of the Emperor Alexius, the Princess Anna Comnena, known to our times by her literary talents, which record the history of her father's reign. She was seated, the queen and sovereign of a literary circle, such as an imperial princess *porphyroganita*, or born in the sacred purple chamber itself, could assemble in those days, and a glance around will enable us to form an idea of her guests, or companions.

The literary princess herself had the bright eyes, straight features, and comely and pleasing manners which all would have allowed to the Emperor's daughter, even if she could not have been, with severe truth, said to have possessed them. She was placed upon a small bench or sofa, the fair sex here not being permitted to recline, as was the fashion of the Roman ladies. A table before her was loaded with books, plants, herbs, and drawings. She sat on a slight elevation, and those who enjoyed the intimacy of the Princess, or to whom she wished to speak in particular, were allowed, during such sublime colloquy, to rest their knees on the little dais or elevated place where her chair found its station, in a posture half standing, half kneeling. Three other seats, of different heights, were placed on the dais and under the same canopy of state which overshadowed that of the Princess Anna.

The first, which strictly resembled her own chair in size and convenience, was one designed for her husband, Nicephorus Briennius. He was said to entertain or affect the

greatest respect for his wife's erudition, though the courtiers were of opinion he would have liked to absent himself from her evening parties more frequently than was particularly agreeable to the Princess Anna and her imperial parents. This was partly explained by the private tattle of the court, which averred that the Princess Anna Comnena had been more beautiful when she was less learned, and that, though still a fine woman, she had somewhat lost the charms of her person as she became enriched in her mind.

To atone for the lowly fashion of the seat of Nicephorus Briennius, it was placed as near to his princess as it could possibly be edged by the ushers, so that she might not lose one look of her handsome spouse, nor he the least particle of wisdom which might drop from the lips of his erudite consort.

Two other seats of honor, or rather thrones—for they had footstools placed for the support of the feet, rests for the arms, and embroidered pillows for the comfort of the back, not to mention the glories of the outspreading canopy—were destined for the imperial couple, who frequently attended their daughter's studies, which she prosecuted in public in the way we have intimated. On such occasions, the Empress Irene enjoyed the triumph peculiar to the mother of an accomplished daughter, while Alexius, as it might happen, sometimes listened with complacency to the rehearsal of his own exploits in the inflated language of the Princess, and sometimes mildly nodded over her dialogues upon the mysteries of philosophy with the Patriarch Zosimus and other sages.

All these four distinguished seats for the persons of the imperial family were occupied at the moment which we have described, excepting that which ought to have been filled by Nicephorus Briennius, the husband of the fair Anna Comnena. To his negligence and absence was perhaps owing the angry spot on the brow of his fair bride. Beside her on the platform were two white-robed nymphs of her household—female slaves, in a word—who reposed themselves on their knees on cushions, when their assistance was not wanted as a species of living book-desks, to support and extend the parchment rolls in which the Princess recorded her own wisdom, or from which she quoted that of others. One of these young maidens, called Astarte, was so distinguished as a calligrapher, or beautiful writer of various alphabets and languages, that she narrowly escaped being

sent as a present to the Caliph (who could neither read nor write), at a time when it was necessary to bribe him into peace. Violante, usually called the Muse, the other attendant of the Princess, a mistress of the vocal and instrumental art of music, was actually sent in a compliment to soothe the temper of Robert Guiscard, the Archduke of Apulia, who being aged and stone-deaf, and the girl under ten years old at the time, returned the valued present to the imperial donor, and with the selfishness which was one of that wily Norman's characteristics, desired to have some one sent him who could contribute to his pleasure, instead of a twangling, squalling infant.

Beneath these elevated seats there sat, or reposed on the floor of the hall, such favorites as were admitted. The Patriarch Zosimus, and one or two old men, were permitted the use of certain lowly stools, which were the only seats prepared for the learned members of the Princess's evening parties, as they would have been called in our days. As for the younger magnates, the honor of being permitted to join the imperial conversation was expected to render them far superior to the paltry accommodation of a joint-stool. Five or six courtiers, of different dress and ages, might compose the party, who either stood, or relieved their posture by kneeling, along the verge of an adorned fountain, which shed a mist of such very small rain as to dispel almost insensibly, cooling the fragrant breeze which breathed from the flowers and shrubs, that were so disposed as to send a waste of sweets around. One goodly old man, named Michael Agelastes, big, burly, and dressed like an ancient Cynic philosopher, was distinguished by assuming, in a great measure, the ragged garb and mad bearing of that sect, and by his inflexible practise of the strictest ceremonies exigible by the imperial family. He was known by an affectation of cynical principle and language, and of republican philosophy, strangely contradicted by his practical deference to the great. It was wonderful how long this man, now sixty, [seventy] years old and upwards, disdained to avail himself of the accustomed privilege of leaning or supporting his limbs, and with what regularity he maintained either the standing posture or that of absolute kneeling; but the first was so much his usual attitude, that he acquired among his court friends the name of Elephas, or the Elephant, because the ancients had an idea that the half-reasoning animal, as it is called, has joints incapable of kneeling down.

"Yet I have seen them kneel when I was in the country

of the Gymnosophists," said a person present on the evening of Hereward's introduction.

"To take up their master on their shoulders? so will ours," said the Patriarch Zosimus, with the slight sneer which was the nearest advance to a sarcasm that the etiquette of the Greek court permitted; for on all ordinary occasions it would not have offended the presence more surely literally to have drawn a poniard than to exchange a repartee in the imperial circle. Even the sarcasm, such as it was, would have been thought censurable by that ceremonious court in any but the Patriarch, to whose high rank some license was allowed.

Just as he had thus far offended decorum, Achilles Tatius and his soldier Hereward entered the apartment. The former bore him with even more than his usual degree of courtliness, as if to set his own good-breeding off by a comparison with the inexpert bearing of his follower; while, nevertheless, he had a secret pride in exhibiting, as one under his own immediate and distinct command, a man whom he was accustomed to consider as one of the finest soldiers in the army of Alexius, whether appearance or reality were to be considered.

Some astonishment followed the abrupt entrance of the newcomers. Achilles indeed glided into the presence with the easy and quiet extremity of respect which intimated his habitude in these regions. But Hereward started on his entrance, and, perceiving himself in company of the court, hastily strove to remedy his disorder. His commander, throwing round a scarce visible shrug of apology, made then a confidential and monitory sign to Hereward to mind his conduct. What he meant was, that he should doff his helmet and fall prostrate on the ground. But the Anglo-Saxon, unaccustomed to interpret obscure inferences, naturally thought of his military duties, and advanced in front of the Emperor, as when he rendered his military homage. He made reverence with his knee, half touched his cap, and then recovering and shouldering his ax, stood in advance of the imperial chair, as if on duty as a sentinel.

A gentle smile of surprise went round the circle as they gazed on the manly appearance, and somewhat unceremonious, but martial deportment of the Northern soldier. The various spectators around consulted the Emperor's face, not knowing whether they were to take the intrusive manner of the Varangian's entrance as matter of ill-breeding, and manifest their horror, or whether they ought rather to con-

sider the bearing of the life-guardsmen as indicating blunt and manly zeal, and therefore to be received with applause.

It was some little time ere the Emperor recovered himself sufficiently to strike a key-note, as was usual upon such occasions. Alexius Comnenus had been wrapt for a moment into some species of slumber, or at least absence of mind. Out of this he had been startled by the sudden appearance of the Varangian ; for, though he was accustomed to commit the outer guards of the palace to this trusty corps, yet the deformed blacks whom we have mentioned, and who sometimes rose to be ministers of state and commanders of armies, were, on all ordinary occasions, entrusted with the guard of the interior of the palace. Alexius, therefore, awakened from his slumber, and the military phrase of his daughter still ringing in his ears, as she was reading a description of the great historical work in which she had detailed the conflicts of his reign, felt somewhat unprepared for the entrance and military deportment of one of the Saxon guard, with whom he was accustomed to associate, in general, scenes of blows, danger, and death.

After a troubled glance around, his look rested on Achilles Tatius. "Why here," he said, "trusty Follower? why this soldier here at this time of night?" Here, of course, was the moment for modeling the visages *regis ad exemplum*; but, ere the Patriarch could frame his countenance into devout apprehension of danger, Achilles Tatius had spoken a word or two, which reminded Alexius's memory that the soldier had been brought there by his own special orders. "Oh, ay! true, good fellow," said he, smoothing his troubled brow; "we had forgot that passage among the cares of state." He then spoke to the Varangian with a countenance more frank, and a heartier accent, than he used to his courtiers; for, to a despotic monarch, a faithful life-guardsmen is a person of confidence, while an officer of high rank is always in some degree a subject of distrust. "Ha!" said he, "our worthy Anglo-Dane, how fares he?" This unceremonious salutation surprised all but him to whom it was addressed. Hereward answered, accompanying his words with a military obeisance which partook of heartiness rather than reverence, with a loud unsubtled voice, which startled the presence still more that the language was Saxon, which these foreigners occasionally used, "*Waes hael, Kaisar mir-rig und machtigh!*"—that is, "Be of good health, stout

and mighty Emperor." The Emperor, with a smile of intelligence, to show he could speak to his guards in their own foreign language, replied by the well-known counter-signal—" *Drinc hael!* "

Immediately a page brought a silver goblet of wine. The Emperor put his lips to it, though he scarce tasted the liquor, then commanded it to be handed to Hereward, and bade the soldier drink. The Saxon did not wait till he was desired a second time, but took off the contents without hesitation. A gentle smile, decorous as the presence required, passed over the assembly at a feat which, though by no means wonderful in a hyperborean, seemed prodigious in the estimation of the moderate Greeks. Alexius himself laughed more loudly than his courtiers thought might be becoming on their part, and mustering what few words of Varangian he possessed, which he eked out with Greek, demanded of his life-guardsmen—" Well, my bold Briton, or Edward, as men call thee, dost thou know the flavor of that wine ? "

" Yes," answered the Varangian, without change of countenance, " I tasted it once before at Laodicea——"

Here his officer, Achilles Tatius, became sensible that his soldier approached delicate ground, and in vain endeavored to gain his attention, in order that he might furtively convey to him a hint to be silent, or at least take heed what he said in such a presence. But the soldier, who, with proper military observance, continued to have his eye and attention fixed on the Emperor, as the prince whom he was bound to answer or to serve, saw none of the hints, which Achilles at length suffered to become so broad, that Zosimus and the Protospathaire exchanged expressive glances, as calling on each other to notice the by-play of the leader of the Varangians.

In the meanwhile, the dialogue between the Emperor and his soldier continued :—" How," said Alexius, " did this draught relish, compared with the former ? "

" There is fairer company here, my liege, than that of the Arabian archers," answered Hereward, with a look and bow of instinctive good-breeding. " Nevertheless, there lacks the flavor which the heat of the sun, the dust of the combat, with the fatigue of wielding such a weapon as this (advancing his ax) for eight hours together, give to a cup of rare wine."

" Another deficiency there might be," said Agelastes the Elephant, " provided I am pardoned hinting at it," he added,

with a look to the throne : “ it might be the smaller size of the cup compared with that at Laodicea.”

“ By Taranis, you say true,” answered the life-guardsman ; “ at Laodicea I used my helmet.”

“ Let us see the cups compared together, good friend,” said Agelastes, continuing his raillery, “ that we may be sure thou hast not swallowed the present goblet ; for I thought, from the manner of the draught, there was a chance of its going down with its contents.”

“ There are some things which I do not easily swallow,” answered the Varangian, in a calm and indifferent tone ; “ but they must come from a younger and more active man than you.”

The company again smiled to each other, as if to hint that the philosopher, though also parcel wit by profession, had the worst of the encounter.

The Emperor at the same time interfered—“ Nor did I send for thee hither, good fellow, to be baited by idle taunts.”

Here Agelastes shrunk back in the circle, as a hound that has been rebuked by the huntsman for babbling ; and the Princess Anna Comnena, who had indicated by her fair features a certain degree of impatience, at length spoke—“ Will it then please you, my imperial and much-beloved father, to inform those blessed with admission to the Muses’ temple for what it is that you have ordered this soldier to be this night admitted to a place so far above his rank in life ? Permit me to say, we ought not to waste, in frivolous and silly jests, the time which is sacred to the welfare of the empire, as every moment of your leisure must be.”

“ Our daughter speaks wisely,” said the Empress Irene, who, like most mothers who do not possess much talent themselves, and are not very capable of estimating it in others, was, nevertheless, a great admirer of her favorite daughter’s accomplishments, and ready to draw them out on all occasions. “ Permit me to remark, that in this divine and selected palace of the Muses, dedicated to the studies of our well-beloved and highly-gifted daughter, whose pen will preserve your reputation, our most imperial husband, till the desolation of the universe, and which enlivens and delights this society, the very flower of the wits of our sublime court—permit me to say, that we have, merely by admitting a single life-guardsman, given our conversation the character of that which distinguishes a barrack.”

Now the Emperor Alexius Comnenus had the same feel-

ing with many an honest man in ordinary life when his wife begins a long oration, especially as the Empress Irene did not always retain the observance consistent with his awful rule and right supremacy, although especially severe in exacting it from all others in reference to her lord. Therefore, though he had felt some pleasure in gaining a short release from the monotonous recitation of the Princess's history, he now saw the necessity of resuming it, or of listening to the matrimonial eloquence of the Empress. He sighed, therefore, as he said, "I crave your pardon, good our imperial spouse, and our daughter born in the purple chamber. I remember me, our most amiable and accomplished daughter, that last night you wished to know the particulars of the battle of Laodicea with the heathenish Arabs, whom Heaven confound. And for certain considerations which moved ourselves to add other inquiries to our own recollection, Achilles Tatius, our most trusty Follower, was commissioned to introduce into this place one of those soldiers under his command, being such a one whose courage and presence of mind could best enable him to remark what passed around him on that remarkable and bloody day. And this I suppose to be the man brought to us for that purpose."

"If I am permitted to speak and live," answered the Follower, "your Imperial Highness, with those divine Princesses, whose name is to us as those of blessed saints, have in your presence the flower of my Anglo-Danes, or whatsoever unbaptized name is given to my soldiers. He is, as I may say, a barbarian of barbarians; for although in birth and breeding unfit to soil with his feet the carpet of this precinct of accomplishment and eloquence, he is so brave, so trusty, so devotedly attached, and so unhesitatingly zealous, that——"

"Enough, good Follower," said the Emperor; "let us only know that he is cool and observant, not confused and fluttered during close battle, as we have sometimes observed in you and other great commanders, and, to speak truth, have even felt in our imperial self on extraordinary occasions; which difference in man's constitution is not owing to any inferiority of courage, but, in us, to a certain consciousness of the importance of our own safety to the welfare of the whole, and to a feeling of the number of duties which at once devolve on us. Speak then, and speak quickly, Tatius; for I discern that our dearest consort, and our thrice fortunate daughter born in the imperial chamber of purple, seem to wax somewhat impatient."

“Hereward,” answered Tatius, “is as composed and observant in battle as another in a festive dance. The dust of war is the breath of his nostrils ; and he will prove his worth in combat against any four others, Varangians excepted, who shall term themselves your Imperial Highness’s bravest servants.”

“Follower,” said the Emperor, with a displeased look and tone, “instead of instructing these poor, ignorant barbarians in the rules and civilization of our enlightened empire, you foster, by such boastful words, the idle pride and fury of their temper, which hurries them into brawls with the legions of other foreign countries, and even breeds quarrels among themselves.”

“If my mouth may be opened in the way of most humble excuse,” said the Follower, “I would presume to reply, that I but an hour hence [since] talked with this poor ignorant Anglo-Dane on the paternal care with which the Imperial Majesty of Greece regards the preservation of that concord which unites the followers of his standard, and how desirous he is to promote that harmony, more especially amongst the various nations who have the happiness to serve you, in spite of the bloodthirsty quarrels of the Franks and other Northern men, who are never free from civil broil. I think the poor youth’s understanding can bear witness to this much in my behalf.” He then looked towards Hereward, who gravely inclined his head in token of assent to what his captain said. His excuse thus ratified, Achilles proceeded in his apology more firmly. “What I have said even now was spoken without consideration ; for, instead of pretending that this Hereward would face four of your Imperial Highness’s servants, I ought to have said that he was willing to defy six of your Imperial Majesty’s most deadly *enemies*, and permit them to choose every circumstance of time, arms, and place of combat.”

“That hath a better sound,” said the Emperor ; “and in truth, for the information of my dearest daughter, who piously has undertaken to record the things which I have been the blessed means of doing for the empire, I earnestly wish that she should remember, that though the sword of Alexius hath not slept in its sheath, yet he hath never sought his own aggrandizement of fame at the price of bloodshed among his subjects.”

“I trust,” said Anna Comnena, “that, in my humble sketch of the life of the princely sire from whom I derive my existence, I have not forgot to notice his love of peace,

and care for the lives of his soldiery, and abhorrence of the bloody manners of the heretic Franks, as one of his most distinguishing characteristics."

Assuming then an attitude more commanding, as one who was about to claim the attention of the company, the Princess inclined her head gently around to the audience, and taking a roll of parchment from the fair amanuensis, which she had, in a most beautiful handwriting, engrossed to her mistress's dictation, Anna Comnena prepared to read its contents.

At this moment, the eyes of the Princess rested for an instant on the barbarian Hereward, to whom she deigned this greeting—"Valiant barbarian, of whom my fancy recalls some memory, as if in a dream, thou art now to hear a work which, if the author be put into comparison with the subject, might be likened to a portrait of Alexander, in executing which some inferior dauber has usurped the pencil of Apelles; but which essay, however it may appear unworthy of the subject in the eyes of many, must yet command some envy in those who candidly consider its contents, and the difficulty of portraying the great personage concerning whom it is written. Still, I pray thee, give thine attention to what I have now to read, since this account of the battle of Laodicea, the details thereof being principally derived from his Imperial Highness, my excellent father, from the altogether valiant Protospathaire, his invincible general, together with Achilles Tatius, the faithful Follower of our victorious Emperor, may nevertheless be in some circumstances inaccurate. For it is to be thought, that the high offices of those great commanders retained them at a distance from some particularly active parts of the fray, in order that they might have more cool and accurate opportunity to form a judgment upon the whole, and transmit their orders, without being disturbed by any thoughts of personal safety. Even so, brave barbarian, in the art of embroidery—marvel not that we are a proficient in that mechanical process, since it is patronized by Minerva, whose studies we affect to follow—we reserve to ourselves the superintendence of the entire web, and commit to our maidens and others the execution of particular parts. Thus, in the same manner, thou, valiant Varangian, being engaged in the very thickest of the affray before Laodicea, mayst point out to us, the unworthy historian of so renowned a war, those chances which befell where men fought hand to hand, and where the fate of war was decided by the edge of the sword. Therefore,

dread not, thou bravest of the ax-men to whom we owe that victory, and so many others, to correct any mistake or misapprehension which we may have been led into concerning the details of that glorious event."

"Madam," said the Varangian, "I shall attend with diligence to what your Highness may be pleased to read to me; although, as to presuming to blame the history of a princess born in the purple, far be such a presumption from me; still less would it become a barbaric Varangian to pass a judgment on the military conduct of the Emperor, by whom he is liberally paid, or of the commander, by whom he is well treated. Before an action, if our advice is required, it is ever faithfully tendered; but, according to my rough wit, our censure after the field is fought would be more invidious than useful. Touching the Protospathaire, if it be the duty of a general to absent himself from close action, I can safely say, or swear, were it necessary, that the invincible commander was never seen by me within a javelin's cast of aught that looked like danger."

This speech, boldly and bluntly delivered, had a general effect on the company present. The Emperor himself and Achilles Tatius looked like men who had got off from a danger better than they expected. The Protospathaire labored to conceal a movement of resentment. Agelastes whispered to the Patriarch, near whom he was placed, "The Northern battle-ax lacks neither point nor edge."

"Hush!" said Zosimus, "let us hear how this is to end: the Princess is about to speak."

CHAPTER IV

We heard the tecbir, so these Arabs call
Their shout of onset, when with loud acclaim
They challenged Heaven, as if demanding conquest.
The battle join'd, and, through the barb'rous herd,
"Fight—fight!" and "Paradise!" was all their cry.
The Siege of Damascus.

THE voice of the Northern soldier, although modified by feelings of respect to the Emperor, and even attachment to his captain, had more of a tone of blunt sincerity, nevertheless, than was usually heard by the sacred echoes of the imperial palace; and though the Princess Anna Comnena began to think that she had invoked the opinion of a severe judge, she was sensible, at the same time, by the deference of his manner, that his respect was of a character more real, and his applause, should she gain it, would prove more truly flattering, than the gilded assent of the whole court of her father. She gazed with some surprise and attention on Hereward, already described as a very handsome young man, and felt the natural desire to please which is easily created in the mind towards a fine person of the other sex. His attitude was easy and bold, but neither clownish nor uncourtly. His title of a barbarian placed him at once free from the forms of civilized life and the rules of artificial politeness. But his character for valor, and the noble self-confidence of his bearing, gave him a deeper interest than would have been acquired by a more studied and anxious address, or an excess of reverential awe.

In short, the Princess Anna Comnena, high in rank as she was, and born in the imperial purple, which she herself deemed the first of all attributes, felt herself, nevertheless, in preparing to resume the recitation of her history, more anxious to obtain the approbation of this rude soldier than that of all the rest of the courteous audience. She knew them well, it is true, and felt nowise solicitous about the applause which the daughter of the Emperor was sure to receive with full hands from those of the Grecian court to whom she might choose to communicate the productions of her father's daughter. But she had now a judge of a new

character, whose applause, if bestowed, must have something in it intrinsically real, since it could only be obtained by affecting his head or his heart.

It was perhaps under the influence of these feelings that the Princess was somewhat longer than usual in finding out the passage in the roll of history at which she proposed to commence. It was also noticed that she began her recitation with a diffidence and embarrassment surprising to the noble hearers, who had often seen her in full possession of her presence of mind before what they conceived a more distinguished, and even more critical, audience.

Neither were the circumstances of the Varangian such as rendered the scene indifferent to him. Anna Comnena had indeed attained her fifth luster, and that is a period after which Grecian beauty is understood to commence its decline. How long she had passed that critical period was a secret to all but the trusted ward-women of the purple chamber. Enough, that it was affirmed by the popular tongue, and seemed to be attested by that bent towards philosophy and literature, which is not supposed to be congenial to beauty in its earlier buds, to amount to one or two years more. She might be seven-and-twenty.

Still Anna Comnena was, or had very lately been, a beauty of the very first rank, and must be supposed to have still retained charms to captivate a barbarian of the North ; if, indeed, he himself was not careful to maintain an heedful recollection of the immeasurable distance between them. Indeed, even this recollection might hardly have saved Hereward from the charms of this enchantress, bold, free-born, and fearless as he was ; for, during that time of strange revolutions, there were many instances of successful generals sharing the couch of imperial princesses, whom perhaps they had themselves rendered widows, in order to make way for their own pretensions. But, besides the influence of other recollections, which the reader may learn hereafter, Hereward, though flattered by the unusual degree of attention which the Princess bestowed upon him, saw in her only the daughter of his Emperor and adopted liege lord, and the wife of a noble prince, whom reason and duty alike forbade him to think of in any other light.

It was after one or two preliminary efforts that the Princess Anna began her reading, with an uncertain voice, which gained strength and fortitude as she proceeded with the following passage from a well-known part of her history of Alexius Comnenus, but which unfortunately has not been

republished in the Byzantine historians. The narrative cannot, therefore, be otherwise than acceptable to the antiquarian reader; and the Author hopes to receive the thanks of the learned world for the recovery of a curious fragment, which, without his exertions, must probably have passed to the gulf of total oblivion.

The Retreat of Laodicea.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE GREEK OF THE PRINCESS
COMNENA'S HISTORY OF HER FATHER.

“The sun had betaken himself to his bed in the ocean, ashamed, it would seem, to see the immortal army of our Most Sacred Emperor Alexius surrounded by those barbarous hordes of unbelieving barbarians who, as described in our last chapter, had occupied the various passes both in front and rear of the Romans,* secured during the preceding night by the wily barbarians. Although, therefore, a triumphant course of advance had brought us to this point, it now became a serious and doubtful question whether our victorious eagles might be able to penetrate any farther into the country of the enemy, or even to retreat with safety into their own.

“The extensive acquaintance of the Emperor with military affairs, in which he exceeds most living princes, had induced him, on the preceding evening, to ascertain, with marvelous exactitude and foresight, the precise position of the enemy. In this most necessary service he employed certain light-armed barbarians, whose habits and discipline had been originally derived from the wilds of Syria; and, if I am required to speak according to the dictation of truth, seeing she ought always to sit upon the pen of a historian, I must needs say they were infidels like their enemies; faithfully attached, however, to the Roman service, and, as I believe, true slaves, of the Emperor, to whom they communicated the information required by him respecting the position of his dreaded opponent Jezdegerd. These men did not bring in their information till long after the hour when the Emperor usually betook himself to rest.

“Notwithstanding this derangement of his most sacred time, our imperial father, who had postponed the ceremony of disrobing, so important were the necessities of the mo-

* More properly termed the Greeks; but we follow the phraseology of the fair authoress.

ment, continued, until deep in the night, to hold a council of his wisest chiefs, men whose depth of judgment might have saved a sinking world, and who now consulted what was to be done under the pressure of the circumstances in which they were now placed. And so great was the urgency, that all ordinary observances of the household were set aside, since I have heard from those who witnessed the fact, that the royal bed was displayed in the very room where the council assembled, and that the sacred lamp, called the Light of the Council, and which always burns when the Emperor presides in person over the deliberations of his servants, was for that night—a thing unknown in our annals—fed with unperfumed oil !”

The fair speaker here threw her fine form into an attitude which expressed holy horror, and the hearers intimated their sympathy in the exciting cause by corresponding signs of interest ; as to which we need only say, that the sigh of Achilles Tatius was the most pathetic ; while the groan of Agelastes the Elephant was deepest and most tremendously bestial in its sound. Hereward seemed little moved, except by a slight motion of surprise at the wonder expressed by the others. The Princess, having allowed due time for the sympathy of her hearers to exhibit itself, proceeded as follows :—

“In this melancholy situation, when even the best-established and most sacred rites of the imperial household gave way to the necessity of a hasty provision for the morrow, the opinions of the counselors were different, according to their tempers and habits—a thing, by the way, which may be remarked as likely to happen among the best and wisest on such occasions of doubt and danger.

“I do not in this place put down the names and opinions of those whose counsels were proposed and rejected, herein paying respect to the secrecy and freedom of debate justly attached to the imperial cabinet. Enough it is to say, that some there were who advised a speedy attack upon the enemy, in the direction of our original advance. Others thought it was safer, and might be easier, to force our way to the rear, and retreat by the same course which had brought us hither ; nor must it be concealed that there were persons of unsuspected fidelity who proposed a third course, safer indeed than the others, but totally alien to the mind of our most magnanimous father. They recommended that a confidential slave, in company with a minister of the interior of our imperial palace, should be sent to the tent of Jezdegerd, in

order to ascertain upon what terms the barbarian would permit our triumphant father to retreat in safety at the head of his victorious army. On learning such opinion, our imperial father was heard to exclaim, "Sancta Sophia!" being the nearest approach to an adjuration which he has been known to permit himself, and was apparently about to say something violent both concerning the dishonor of the advice and the cowardice of those by whom it was preferred, when, recollecting the mutability of human things, and the misfortune of several of his Majesty's gracious predecessors, some of whom had been compelled to surrender their sacred persons to the infidels in the same region, his Imperial Majesty repressed his generous feelings, and only suffered his army counselors to understand his sentiments by a speech, in which he declared so desperate and so dishonorable a course would be the last which he would adopt even in the last extremity of danger. Thus did the judgment of this mighty prince at once reject counsel that seemed shameful to his arms, and thereby encourage the zeal of his troops, while privately he kept this postern in reserve, which in utmost need might serve for a safe, though not altogether, in less urgent circumstances, an honorable, retreat.

"When the discussion had reached this melancholy crisis, the renowned Achilles Tatius arrived with hopeful intelligence that he himself and some soldiers of his corps had discovered an opening on the left flank of our present encampment, by which making, indeed, a considerable circuit, but reaching, if we marched with vigor, the town of Laodicea, we might, by falling back on our resources, be in some measure in surety from the enemy.

"So soon as this ray of hope darted on the troubled mind of our gracious father, he proceeded to make such arrangements as might secure the full benefit of the advantage. His Imperial Highness would not permit the brave Varangians, whose battle-axes he accounted the flower of his imperial army, to take the advanced post of assailants on the present occasion. He repressed the love of battle by which these generous foreigners have been at all times distinguished, and directed that the Syrian forces in the army, who have been before mentioned, should be assembled with as little noise as possible in the vicinity of the deserted pass, with instructions to occupy it. The good genius of the empire suggested that, as their speech, arms, and appearance resembled those of the enemy, they might be permitted unopposed to take post in the defile with their light-armed forces, and thus secure it

for the passage of the rest of the army, of which he proposed that the Varangians, as immediately attached to his own sacred person, should form the vanguard. The well-known battalions termed the Immortals* came next, comprising the gross of the army, and forming the center and rear. Achilles Tatius, the faithful Follower of his royal master, although mortified that he was not permitted to assume the charge of the rear, which he had proposed for himself and his valiant troops, as the post of danger at the time, cheerfully acquiesced, nevertheless, in the arrangement proposed by the Emperor, as most fit to effect the imperial safety, and that of the army.

“The imperial orders, as they were sent instantly abroad, were in like manner executed with the readiest punctuality, the rather that they indicated a course of safety which had been almost despaired of even by the oldest soldiers. During the dead period of time, when, as the divine Homer tells us, gods and men are alike asleep, it was found that the vigilance and prudence of a single individual had provided safety for the whole Roman army. The pinnacles of the mountain passes were scarcely touched by the earliest beams of the dawn, when these beams were also reflected from the steel caps and spears of the Syrians, under the command of a captain named Monastras, who, with his tribe, had attached himself to the empire. The Emperor, at the head of his faithful Varangians, defiled through the passes, in order to gain that degree of advance on the road to the city of Laodicea which was desired, so as to avoid coming into collision with the barbarians.

“It was a goodly sight to see the dark mass of Northern warriors, who now led the van of the army, moving slowly and steadily through the defiles of the mountains, around the insulated rocks and precipices, and surmounting the gentler acclivities, like the course of a strong and mighty river; while the loose bands of archers and javelin-men, armed after the Eastern manner, were dispersed on the steep sides of the defiles, and might be compared to light foam upon the edge of the torrent. In the midst of the squadrons of the life-guard might be seen the proud war-horse of his Imperial Majesty, which pawed the earth indignantly, as if impatient at the delay which separated him from his august burden. The Emperor Alexius himself traveled in a litter, borne by eight strong African slaves, that he might rise perfectly refreshed if the army should be overtaken by the

* See Note 4.

enemy. The valiant Achilles Tatius rode near the couch of his master, that none of those luminous ideas by which our august sire so often decided the fate of battle might be lost for want of instant communication to those whose duty it was to execute them. I may also say that there were close to the litter of the Emperor three or four carriages of the same kind; one prepared for the Moon, as she may be termed, of the universe, the gracious Empress Irene. Among the others which might be mentioned was that which contained the authoress of this history, unworthy as she may be of distinction, save as the daughter of the eminent and sacred persons whom the narration chiefly concerns. In this manner the imperial army pressed on through the dangerous defiles, where their march was exposed to insults from the barbarians. They were happily cleared without any opposition. When we came to the descent of the pass which looks down on the city of Laodicea, the sagacity of the Emperor commanded the van—which, though the soldiers composing the same were heavily armed, had hitherto marched extremely fast—to halt, as well that they themselves might take some repose and refreshment as to give the rearward forces time to come up, and close various gaps which the rapid movement of those in front had occasioned in the line of march.

“The place chosen for this purpose was eminently beautiful, from the small and comparatively insignificant ridge of hills which melt irregularly down into the plains stretching between the pass which we occupied and Laodicea. The town was about one hundred stadia distant, and some of our more sanguine warriors pretended that they could already discern its towers and pinnacles glittering in the early beams of the sun, which had not as yet risen high into the horizon. A mountain torrent, which found its source at the foot of a huge rock that yawned to give it birth, as if struck by the rod of the prophet Moses, poured its liquid treasure down to the more level country, nourishing herbage, and even large trees, in its descent, until, at the distance of some four or five miles, the stream, at least in dry seasons, was lost amid heaps of sand and stones, which in the rainy season marked the strength and fury of its current.

“It was pleasant to see the attention of the Emperor to the comforts of the companions and guardians of his march. The trumpets from time to time gave license to various parties of the Varangians to lay down their arms, to eat the food which was distributed to them, and quench their thirst

at the pure stream which poured its bounties down the hill, or they might be seen to extend their bulky forms upon the turf around them. The Emperor, his most serene spouse, and the princesses and ladies were also served with breakfast, at the fountain formed by the small brook in its very birth, and which the reverent feelings of the soldiers had left unpolluted by vulgar touch, for the use of that family emphatically said to be born in the purple. Our beloved husband was also present on this occasion, and was among the first to detect one of the disasters of the day. For, although all the rest of the repast had been, by the dexterity of the officers of the imperial mouth, so arranged, even on so awful an occasion, as to exhibit little difference from the ordinary provisions of the household, yet, when his Imperial Highness called for wine, behold, not only was the sacred liquor dedicated to his own peculiar imperial use wholly exhausted or left behind, but, to use the language of Horace, not the vilest Sabine vintage could be procured; so that his Imperial Highness was glad to accept the offer of a rude Varangian, who proffered his modicum of decocted barley, which these barbarians prefer to the juice of the grape. The Emperor, nevertheless, accepted of this coarse tribute."

"Insert," said the Emperor, who had been hitherto either plunged in deep contemplation or in an incipient slumber—"insert, I say, these very words: 'And with the heat of the morning, and anxiety of so rapid a march, with a numerous enemy in his rear, the Emperor was so thirsty as never in his life to think beverage more delicious.'"

In obedience to her imperial father's orders, the Princess resigned the manuscript to the beautiful slave by whom it was written, repeating to the fair scribe the commanded addition, requiring her to note it as made by the express sacred command of the Emperor, and then proceeded thus: "More I had said here respecting the favorite liquor of your Imperial Highness's faithful Varangians; but your Highness having once graced it with a word of commendation, this *ail*, as they call it, doubtless because removing all disorders, which they term 'ailments,' becomes a theme too lofty for the discussion of any inferior person. Suffice it to say, that thus were we all pleasantly engaged, the ladies and slaves trying to find some amusement for the imperial ears; the soldiers, in a long line down the ravine, seen in different postures, some straggling to the watercourse, some keeping guard over the arms of their comrades, in which duty they relieved each other, while body after body of the remaining troops, under

command of the Protospathaire, and particularly those called Immortals, joined the main army as they came up. Those soldiers who were already exhausted were allowed to take a short repose, after which they were sent forward, with directions to advance steadily on the road to Laodicea; while their leader was instructed, so soon as he should open a free communication with that city, to send thither a command for reinforcements and refreshments, not forgetting fitting provision of the sacred wine for the imperial mouth. Accordingly, the Roman bands of Immortals and others had resumed their march, and held some way on their journey, it being the imperial pleasure that the Varangians, lately the vanguard, should now form the rear of the whole army, so as to bring off in safety the Syrian light troops, by whom the hilly pass was still occupied, when we heard upon the other side of this defile, which we had traversed with so much safety, the awful sound of the *lelies*, as the Arabs name their shout of onset, though in what language it is expressed it would be hard to say. Perchance some in this audience may enlighten my ignorance?"

"May I speak and live?" said the Acoulouthos Achilles, proud of his literary knowledge, the words are, *Alla illa Alla; Mohammed resoul Alla*.^{*} These, or something like them, contain the Arabs' profession of faith, which they always call out when they join battle; I have heard them many times."

"And so have I," said the Emperor; "and as thou didst, I warrant me, I have sometimes wished myself anywhere else than within hearing."

All the circle were alive to hear the answer of Achilles Tatius. He was too good a courtier, however, to make any imprudent reply. "It was my duty," he replied, "to desire to be as near your Imperial Highness as your faithful Follower ought, wherever you might wish yourself for the time."

Agelastes and Zosimus exchanged looks; and the Princess Anna Comneno proceeded in her recitation.

"The cause of these ominous sounds, which came in wild confusion up the rocky pass, was soon explained to us by a dozen cavaliers, to whom the task of bringing intelligence had been assigned."

"These informed us that the barbarians, whose host had been dispersed around the position in which we had encamped the preceding day, had not been enabled to get their forces together until our light troops were evacuating the

^{*}*i.e.* "God is God—Mahomet is the prophet of God."

post they had occupied for securing the retreat of our army. They were then drawing off from the tops of the hills into the pass itself, when, in despite of the rocky ground, they were charged furiously by Jezdegerd, at the head of a large body of his followers, which, after repeated exertions, he had at length brought to operate on the rear of the Syrians. Notwithstanding that the pass was unfavorable for cavalry, the personal exertions of the infidel chief made his followers advance with a degree of resolution unknown to the Syrians of the Roman army, who, finding themselves at a distance from their companions, formed the injurious idea that they were left there to be sacrificed, and thought of flight in various directions rather than of a combined and resolute resistance. The state of affairs, therefore, at the further end of the pass, was less favorable than we could wish, and those whose curiosity desired to see something which might be termed the rout of the rear of an army beheld the Syrians pursued from the hill-tops, overwhelmed, and individually cut down and made prisoners by the bands of caitiff Mussulmans.

“His Imperial Highness looked upon the scene of battle for a few minutes, and, much commoved at what he saw, was somewhat hasty in his directions to the Varangians to resume their arms, and precipitate their march towards Laodicea; whereupon one of those Northern soldiers said boldly, though in opposition to the Imperial command, ‘If we attempt to go hastily down this hill, our rear-guard will be confused, not only by our own hurry, but by these runaway scoundrels of Syrians, who in their headlong flight will not fail to mix themselves among our ranks. Let two hundred Varangians, who will live and die for the honor of England, abide in the very throat of this pass with me, while the rest escort the Emperor to this Laodicea, or whatever it is called. We may perish in our defense, but we shall die in our duty; and I have little doubt but we shall furnish such a meal as will stay the stomach of these yelping hounds from seeking any farther banquet this day.’

“My imperial father at once discovered the importance of this advice, though it made him wellnigh weep to see with what unshrinking fidelity these poor barbarians pressed to fill up the number of those who were to undertake this desperate duty, with what kindness they took leave of their comrades, and with what jovial shouts they followed their sovereign with their eyes as he proceeded on his march down the hill, leaving them behind to resist and perish. The

imperial eyes were filled with tears ; and I am not ashamed to confess that, amid the terror of the moment, the Empress, and I myself, forgot our rank in paying a similar tribute to these bold and self-devoted men.

“ We left their leader carefully arraying his handful of comrades in defence of the pass, where the middle path was occupied by their center, while their wings on either side were so disposed as to act upon the flanks of the enemy, should he rashly press upon such as appeared opposed to him in the road. We had not proceeded half-way towards the plain when a dreadful shout arose, in which the yells of the Arabs were mingled with the deep and more regular shout which these strangers usually repeat thrice, as well when bidding hail to their commanders and princes as when in the act of engaging in battle. Many a look was turned back by their comrades, and many a form was seen in the ranks which might have claimed the chisel of a sculptor, while the soldier hesitated whether to follow the line of his duty, which called him to march forward with his Emperor, or the impulse of courage, which prompted him to rush back to join his companions. Discipline, however, prevailed, and the main body marched on.

“ An hour had elapsed, during which we heard, from time to time, the noise of battle, when a mounted Varangian presented himself at the side of the Emperor’s litter. The horse was covered with foam, and had obviously, from his trappings, the fineness of his limbs, and the smallness of his joints, been the charger of some chief of the desert, which had fallen by the chance of battle into the possession of the Northern warrior. The broad ax which the Varangian bore was also stained with blood, and the paleness of death itself was upon his countenance. These marks of recent battle were held sufficient to excuse the irregularity of his salutation, while he exclaimed—‘ Noble prince, the Arabs are defeated, and you may pursue your march at more leisure.’

“ ‘ Where is Jezdegerd ? ’ said the Emperor, who had many reasons for dreading this celebrated chief.

“ ‘ Jezdegerd,’ continued the Varangian, ‘ is where brave men are who fall in their duty.’

“ ‘ And that is——’ said the Emperor, impatient to know distinctly the fate of so formidable an adversary.

“ ‘ Where I am now going,’ answered the faithful soldier, who dropped from his horse as he spoke, and expired at the feet of the litter-bearers.

“ The Emperor called to his attendants to see that the

body of this faithful retainer, to whom he destined an honorable sepulcher, was not left to the jackall or vulture ; and some of his brethren, the Anglo-Saxons, among whom he was a man of no mean repute, raised the body on their shoulders, and resumed their march with this additional incumbrance, prepared to fight for their precious burden, like the valiant Menelaus for the body of Patroclus."

The Princess Anna Comnena here naturally paused ; for, having attained what she probably considered as the rounding of a period, she was willing to gather an idea of the feelings of her audience. Indeed, but that she had been intent upon her own manuscript, the emotions of the foreign soldier must have more early attracted her attention. In the beginning of her recitation, he had retained the same attitude which he had at first assumed, stiff and rigid as a sentinel upon duty, and apparently remembering nothing, save that he was performing that duty in presence of the imperial court. As the narrative advanced, however, he appeared to take more interest in what was read. The anxious fears expressed by the various leaders in the midnight council he listened to with a smile of suppressed contempt, and he almost laughed at the praises bestowed upon the leader of his own corps, Achilles Tatius. Nor did even the name of the Emperor, though listened to respectfully, gain that applause for which his daughter fought so hard, and used so much exaggeration.

Hitherto the Varangian's countenance indicated very slightly any internal emotions ; but they appeared to take a deeper hold on his mind as she came to the description of the halt after the main army had cleared the pass, the unexpected advance of the Arabs, the retreat of the column which escorted the Emperor, and the account of the distant engagement. He lost, on hearing the narration of these events, the rigid and constrained look of a soldier, who listened to the history of his Emperor with the same feelings with which he would have mounted guard at his palace. His color began to come and go, his eyes to fill and to sparkle, his limbs to become more agitated than their owner seemed to assent to, and his whole appearance was changed into that of a listener highly interested by the recitation which he hears, and insensible, or forgetful, of whatever else is passing before him, as well as of the quality of those who are present.

As the historian proceeded, Hereward became less able to conceal his agitation ; and at the moment the Princess looked

round, his feelings became so acute that, forgetting where he was, he dropped his ponderous ax upon the floor, and, clasping his hands together, exclaimed, "My unfortunate brother!"

All were startled by the clang of the falling weapon, and several persons at once attempted to interfere, as called upon to explain a circumstance so unusual. Achilles Tatius made some small progress in a speech designed to apologize for the rough mode of venting his sorrows to which Hereward had given away, by assuring the eminent persons present that the poor uncultivated barbarian was actually younger brother to him who had commanded and fallen at the memorable defile. The Princess said nothing, but was evidently struck and affected, and not ill-pleased, perhaps, at having given rise to feelings of interest so flattering to her as an authoress. The others, each in their character, uttered incoherent words of what was meant to be consolation; for distress which flows from a natural cause generally attracts sympathy even from the most artificial characters. The voice of Alexius silenced all these imperfect speakers. "Hah, my brave soldier, Edward!" said the Emperor, "I must have been blind that I did not sooner recognize thee, as I think there is a memorandum entered respecting five hundred pieces of gold due from us to Edward the Varangian; we have it in our secret scroll of such liberalities for which we stand indebted to our servitors, nor shall the payment be longer deferred."

"Not to me, if it may please you, my liege," said the Anglo-Dame, hastily composing his countenance into its rough gravity of lineament, "lest it should be to one who can claim no interest in your imperial munificence. My name is Hereward; that of Edward is borne by three of my companions, all of them as likely as I to have deserved your Highness's reward for the faithful performance of their duty."

Many a sign was made by Tatius in order to guard his soldier against the folly of declining the liberality of the Emperor.

Agelastes spoke more plainly. "Young man," he said, "rejoice in an honor so unexpected, and answer henceforth to no other name save that of Edward, by which it hath pleased the light of the world, as it poured a ray upon thee, to distinguish thee from other barbarians. What is to thee the font-stone, or the priest officiating thereat, shouldst thou have derived from either any epithet different

from that by which it hath now pleased the Emperor to distinguish thee from the common mass of humanity, and by which proud distinction thou hast now a right to be known ever afterwards?"

"Hereward [Waltheoff] was the name of my father," said the soldier, who had now altogether recovered his composure. "I cannot abandon it while I honor his memory in death. Edward is the title of my comrade; I must not run the risk of usurping his interest."

"Peace all!" interrupted the Emperor. "If we have made a mistake, we are rich enough to right it; nor shall Hereward be the poorer, if an Edward shall be found to merit this gratuity."

"Your Highness may trust that to your affectionate consort," answered the Empress Irene.

"His Most Sacred Highness," said the Princess Anna Comnena, "is so avariciously desirous to do whatever is good and gracious, that he leaves no room even for his nearest connections to display generosity or munificence. Nevertheless, I, in my degree, will testify my gratitude to this brave man; for where his exploits are mentioned in this history I will cause to be recorded, 'This feat was done by Hereward the Anglo-Dane, whom it hath pleased his Imperial Majesty to call Edward.' Keep this, good youth," she continued, bestowing at the same time a ring of price, "in token that we will not forget our engagement."

Hereward accepted the token with a profound obeisance, and a discomposure which his station rendered not unbecoming. It was obvious to most persons present that the gratitude of the beautiful princess was expressed in a manner more acceptable to the youthful life-guardsmen than that of Alexius Comnenus. He took the ring with great demonstration of thankfulness. "Precious relic!" he said, as he saluted this pledge of esteem by pressing it to his lips; "we may not remain long together, but be assured," bending reverently to the Princess, "that death alone shall part us."

"Proceed, our princely daughter," said the Empress Irene; "you have done enough to show that valor is precious to her who can confer fame, whether it be found in a Roman or a barbarian."

The Princess resumed her narrative with some slight appearance of embarrassment.

"Our movement upon Laodicea was now resumed, and continued with good hopes on the part of those engaged in the march. Yet instinctively we could not help casting our

eyes to the rear, which had been so long the direction in which we feared attack. At length, to our surprise, a thick cloud of dust was visible on the descent of the hill, half-way betwixt us and the place at which we had halted. Some of the troops who composed our retreating body, particularly those in the rear, began to exclaim, "The Arabs—the Arabs!" and their march assumed a more precipitate character when they believed themselves pursued by the enemy. But the Varangian guards affirmed with one voice that the dust was raised by the remains of their own comrades, who, left in the defense of the pass, had marched off after having so valiantly maintained the station intrusted to them. They fortified their opinion by professional remarks that the cloud of dust was more concentrated than if raised by the Arab horse, and they even pretended to assert, from their knowledge of such cases, that the number of their comrades had been much diminished in the action. Some Syrian horsemen, despatched to reconnoiter the approaching body, brought intelligence corresponding with the opinion of the Varangians in every particular. The portion of the body guard had beaten back the Arabs, and their gallant leader had slain their chief Jezdegerd, in which service he was mortally wounded, as this history hath already mentioned. The survivors of the detachment, diminished by one half, were now on their march to join the Emperor, as fast as the incumbrance of bearing their wounded to a place of safety would permit.

"The Emperor Alexius, with one of those brilliant and benevolent ideas which mark his paternal character towards his soldiers, ordered all the litters, even that for his own most sacred use, to be instantly sent back to relieve the bold Varangians of the task of bearing the wounded. The shouts of the Varangians' gratitude may be more easily conceived than described, when they beheld the Emperor himself descend from his litter, like an ordinary cavalier, and assume his war-horse, at the same time that the Most Sacred Empress, as well as the authoress of this history, with other princesses born in the purple, mounted upon mules, in order to proceed upon the march, while their litters were unhesitatingly assigned for the accommodation of the wounded men. This was indeed a mark as well of military sagacity as of humanity; for the relief afforded to the bearers of the wounded enabled the survivors of those who had defended the defile at the fountain to join us sooner than would otherwise have been possible.

“It was an awful thing to see those men who had left us in the full splendor which military equipment gives to youth and strength again appearing in diminished numbers—their armor shattered, their shields full of arrows, their offensive weapons marked with blood, and they themselves exhibiting all the signs of desperate and recent battle. Nor was it less interesting to remark the meeting of the soldiers who had been engaged with the comrades whom they had rejoined. The Emperor, at the suggestion of the trusty Acoulouthos, permitted them a few moments to leave their ranks, and learn from each other the fate of the battle.

“As the two bands mingled, it seemed a meeting where grief and joy had a contest together. The most rugged of these barbarians—and I who saw it can bear witness to the fact—as he welcomed with a grasp of his strong hand some comrade whom he had given up for lost, had his large blue eyes filled with tears at hearing of the loss of some one whom he had hoped might have survived. Other veterans reviewed the standards which had been in the conflict, satisfied themselves that they had all been brought back in honor and safety, and counted the fresh arrow-shots with which they had been pierced, in addition to similar marks of former battles. All were loud in the praises of the brave young leader they had lost, nor were the acclamations less general in laud of him who had succeeded to the command, who brought up the party of his deceased brother, and whom,” said the Princess, in a few words which seemed apparently interpolated for the occasion, “I now assure of the high honor and estimation in which he is held by the author of this history—that is, I would say, by every member of the imperial family—for his gallant services in such an important crisis.”

Having hurried over her tribute to her friend the Varangian, in which emotions mingled that are not willingly expressed before so many hearers, Anna Comnena proceeded with composure in the part of her history which was less personal.

“We had not much time to make more observations on what passed among those brave soldiers; for, a few minutes having been allowed to their feelings, the trumpet sounded the advance towards Laodicea, and we soon beheld the town, now about four miles from us, in fields which were chiefly covered with trees. Apparently the garrison had already some notice of our approach, for carts and wains were seen advancing from the gates with refreshments, which the heat

of the day, the length of the march, and columns of dust, as well as the want of water, had rendered of the last necessity to us. The soldiers joyfully mended their pace in order to meet the sooner with the supplies of which they stood so much in need. But as the cup doth not carry in all cases the liquid treasure to the lips for which it was intended, however much it may be longed for, what was our mortification to behold a cloud of Arabs issue at full gallop from the wooded plain betwixt the Roman army and the city, and throw themselves upon the wagons, slaying the drivers, and making havoc and spoil of the contents! This, we afterwards learned, was a body of the enemy, headed by Varanes, equal in military fame among those infidels to Jezdegerd, his slain brother. When this chieftain saw that it was probable that the Varangians would succeed in their desperate defense of the pass, he put himself at the head of a large body of cavalry; and, as these infidels are mounted on horses unmatched either in speed or wind, performed a long circuit, traversed the stony ridge of hills at a more northerly defile, and placed himself in ambuscade in the wooded plain I have mentioned, with the hope of making an unexpected assault upon the Emperor and his army, at the very time when they might be supposed to reckon upon an undisputed retreat. This surprise would certainly have taken place, and it is not easy to say what might have been the consequence, had not the unexpected appearance of the train of wagons awakened the unbridled rapacity of the Arabs, in spite of their commander's prudence and attempts to restrain them. In this manner the proposed ambuscade was discovered.

“But Varanes, willing still to gain some advantage from the rapidity of his movements, assembled as many of his horsemen as could be collected from the spoil, and pushed forward towards the Romans, who had stopped short on their march at so unlooked-for an apparition. There was an uncertainty and wavering in our first ranks which made their hesitation known even to so poor a judge of military demeanor as myself. On the contrary, the Varangians joined in a unanimous cry of “*Bills*” *—that is, in their language, battle-axes—“to the front!” and the Emperor's most gracious will acceding to their valorous desire, they pressed forward from the rear to the head of the column. I can hardly say how this maneuver was executed, but it was

* Villehardouin says, “*Les Anglois et Danois mult bien combattoient avec leur haches.*”

doubtless by the wise directions of my most serene father, distinguished for his presence of mind upon such difficult occasions. It was, no doubt, much facilitated by the goodwill of the troops themselves; the Roman bands, called the Immortals, showing, as it seemed to me, no less desire to fall into the rear than did the Varangians to occupy the places which the Immortals left vacant in front. The maneuver was so happily executed that, before Varanes and his Arabs had arrived at the van of our troops, they found it occupied by the inflexible guard of Northern soldiers. I might have seen with my own eyes, and called upon them as sure evidences of that which chanced upon the occasion. But, to confess the truth, my eyes were little used to look upon such sights; for of Varane's charge I only beheld, as it were, a thick cloud of dust rapidly driven forward, through which were seen the glittering points of lances, and the waving plumes of turbaned cavaliers imperfectly visible. The *tecbir* was so loudly uttered, that I was scarcely aware that kettledrums and brazen cymbals were sounding in concert with it. But this wild and outrageous storm was met as effectually as if encountered by a rock.

“The Varangians, unshaken by the furious charge of the Arabs, received horse and rider with a shower of blows from their massive battle-axes, which the bravest of the enemy could not face, nor the strongest endure. The guards strengthened their ranks also, by the hindmost pressing so close upon those that went before, after the manner of the ancient Macedonians, that the fine-limbed, though slight, steeds of these Idumeans could not make the least inroad upon the Northern phalanx. The bravest men, the most gallant horses, fell in the first rank. The weighty, though short, horse javelins, flung from the rear ranks of the brave Varangians with good aim and sturdy arm, completed the confusion of the assailants, who turned their back in affright and fled from the field in total confusion.

“The enemy thus repulsed, we proceeded on our march, and only halted when we recovered our half-plundered wagons. Here, also, some invidious remarks were made by certain officers of the interior of the household, who had been on duty over the stores, and, having fled from their posts on the assault of the infidels, had only returned upon their being repulsed. These men, quick in malice, though slow in perilous service, reported that, on this occasion, the Varangians so far forgot their duty as to consume a part of the sacred wine reserved for the imperial lips alone. It would

be criminal to deny that this was a great and culpable oversight ; nevertheless, our imperial hero passed it over as a pardonable offense, remarking, in a jesting manner, that since he had drank the *ail*, as they termed it, of his trusty guard, the Varangians had acquired a right to quench the thirst and to relieve the fatigue which they had undergone that day in his defense, though they used for these purposes the sacred contents of the imperial cellar.

“ In the meantime, the cavalry of the army were despatched in pursuit of the fugitive Arabs ; and having succeeded in driving them behind the chain of hills which had so recently divided them from the Romans, the imperial arms might justly be considered as having obtained a complete and glorious victory.

“ We are now to mention the rejoicings of the citizens of Laodicea, who, having witnessed from their ramparts, with alternate fear and hope, the fluctuations of the battle, now descended to congratulate the imperial conqueror.”

Here the fair narrator was interrupted. The principal entrance of the apartment flew open, noiselessly indeed, but with both folding leaves at once, not as if to accommodate the entrance of an ordinary courtier, studying to create as little disturbance as possible, but as if there was entering a person who ranked so high as to make it indifferent how much attention was drawn to his motions. It could only be one born in the purple, or nearly allied to it, to whom such freedom was lawful ; and most of the guests, knowing who were likely to appear in that temple of the Muses, anticipated, from the degree of bustle, the arrival of Nicephorus Briennius, the son-in-law of Alexius Comnenus, the husband to the fair historian, and in the rank of Cæsar, which, however, did not at that period imply, as in early ages, the dignity of second person in the empire. The policy of Alexius had interposed more than one person of condition between the Cæsar and his original rights and rank, which had once been second to those only of the Emperor himself.

CHAPTER V

The storm increases : 'tis no sunny shower,
Foster'd in the moist breast of March or April,
Or such as parched summer cools his lip with.
Heaven's windows are flung wide ; the inmost deeps
Call in hoarse greeting one upon another ;
On comes the flood in all its foaming horrors,
And where's the dike shall stop it ? *

The Deluge, a Poem.

THE distinguished individual who entered was a noble Grecian, of stately presence, whose habit was adorned with every mark of dignity, saving those which Alexius had declared sacred to the Emperor's own person and that of the Sebastocrator, whom he had established as next in rank to the head of the empire. Nicephorus Briennius, who was in the bloom of youth, retained all the marks of that manly beauty which had made the match acceptable to Anna Comnena ; while political considerations, and the desire of attaching a powerful house as friendly adherents of the throne, recommended the union to the Emperor.

We have already hinted that the royal bride had, though in no great degree, the very doubtful advantage of years. Of her literary talents we have seen tokens. Yet it was not believed by those who best knew that, with the aid of those claims to respect, Anna Comnena was successful in possessing the unlimited attachment of her handsome husband. To treat her with apparent neglect, her connection with the crown rendered impossible ; while, on the other hand, the power of Nicephorus's family was too great to permit his being dictated to even by the Emperor himself. He was possessed of talents, as it was believed, calculated both for war and peace. His advice was, therefore, listened to, and his assistance required, so that he claimed complete liberty with respect to his own time, which he sometimes used with less regular attendance upon the temple of the Muses than the goddess of the place thought herself entitled to, or than the

* These lines were penned impromptu one wet afternoon in February, 1831, while taking refuge in the late Mr. Cadell's house, Edinburgh (*Laing*).

Empress Irene was disposed to exact on the part of her daughter. The good-humored Alexius observed a sort of neutrality in this matter, and kept it as much as possible from becoming visible to the public, conscious that it required the whole united strength of his family to maintain his place in so agitated an empire.

He pressed his son-in-law's hand, as Nicephorus, passing his father-in-law's seat, bent his knee in token of homage. The constrained manner of the Empress indicated a more cold reception of son-in-law, while the fair muse herself scarcely deigned to signify her attention to his arrival, when her handsome mate assumed the vacant seat by her side, which we have already made mention of.

There was an awkward pause, during which the imperial son-in-law, coldly received when he expected to be welcomed, attempted to enter into some light conversation with the fair slave Astarte, who knelt behind her mistress. This was interrupted by the Princess commanding her attendant to inclose the manuscript within its appropriate casket, and convey it with her own hands to the cabinet of Apollo, the usual scene of the Princess's studies, as the temple of the Muses was that commonly dedicated to her recitations.

The Emperor himself was the first to break an unpleasant silence. "Fair son-in-law," he said, "though it now wears something late in the night, you will do yourself wrong if you permit our Anna to send away that volume, with which this company have been so delectably entertained that they may well say that the desert hath produced roses, and the barren rocks have poured forth milk and honey, so agreeable is the narrative of a toilsome and dangerous campaign in the language of our daughter."

"The Cæsar," said the Empress, "seems to have little taste for such dainties as this family can produce. He hath of late repeatedly absented himself from this temple of the Muses, and found doubtless more agreeable conversation and amusement elsewhere."

"I trust, madam," said Nicephorus, "that my taste may vindicate me from the charge implied. But it is natural that our sacred father should be most delighted with the milk and honey which is produced for his own special use."

The Princess spoke in the tone of a handsome woman offended by her lover, and feeling the offense, yet not indisposed to a reconciliation.

"If," she said, "the deeds of Nicephorus Briennius are less frequently celebrated in that poor roll of parchment

than those of my illustrious father, he must do me the justice to remember that such was his own special request ; either proceeding from that modesty which is justly ascribed to him as serving to soften and adorn his other attributes, or because he with justice distrusts his wife's power to compose their eulogium."

"We will then summon back Astarte," said the Empress, "who cannot yet have carried her offering to the cabinet of Apollo."

"With your imperial pleasure," said Nicephorus, "it might incense the Pythian god were a deposit to be recalled of which he alone can fitly estimate the value. I came hither to speak with the Emperor upon pressing affairs of state, and not to hold a literary conversation with a company which I must needs say is something of a miscellaneous description, since I behold an ordinary life-guardsmen in the imperial circle."

"By the rood, son-in-law," said Alexius, "you do this gallant man wrong. He is the brother of that brave Anglo-Dane who secured the victory at Laodicea by his valiant conduct and death ; he himself is that Edmund—or Edward—or Hereward—to whom we are ever bound for securing the success of that victorious day. He was called into our presence, son-in-law, since it imports that you should know so much, to refresh the memory of my Follower, Achilles Tatius, as well as mine own, concerning some transactions of the day of which we had become in some degree oblivious."

"Truly, imperial sir," answered Briennius, "I grieve that, by having intruded on such important researches, I may have, in some degree, intercepted a portion of that light which is to illuminate future ages. Methinks that in a battlefield, fought under your imperial guidance and that of your great captains, your evidence might well supersede the testimony of such a man as this. Let me know," he added, turning haughtily to the Varangian, "what particular thou canst add, that is unnoticed in the Princess's narrative?"

The Varangian replied instantly, "Only that, when we made a halt at the fountain, the music that was there made by the ladies of the Emperor's household, and particularly by those two whom I now behold, was the most exquisite that ever reached my ears."

"Hah ! darrest thou to speak so audacious an opinion ?" exclaimed Nicephorus. "Is it for such as thou to suppose

for a moment that the music which the wife and daughter of the Emperor might condescend to make was intended to afford either matter of pleasure or of criticism to every plebeian barbarian who might hear them? Begone from this place! nor dare, on any pretext, again to appear before mine eyes—under allowance always of our imperial father's pleasure."

The Varangian bent his looks upon Achilles Tatius, as the person from whom he was to take his orders to stay or withdraw. But the Emperor himself took up the subject with considerable dignity.

"Son," he said, "we cannot permit this. On account of some love quarrel, as it would seem, betwixt you and our daughter, you allow yourself strangely to forget our imperial rank, and to order from our presence those whom we have pleased to call to attend us. This is neither right nor seemly, nor is it our pleasure that this same Hereward—or Edward—or whatever be his name—either leave us at this present moment, or do at any time hereafter regulate himself by any commands save our own, or those of our Follower, Achilles Tatius. And now, allowing this foolish affair, which I think was blown among us by the wind, to pass as it came, without further notice, we crave to know the grave matters of state which brought you to our presence at so late an hour. You look again at this Varangian. Withhold not your words, I pray you, on account of his presence; for he stands as high in our trust, and we are convinced with as good reason, as any counsellor who has been sworn our domestic servant."

"To hear is to obey," returned the Emperor's son-in-law, who saw that Alexius was somewhat moved, and knew that in such cases it was neither safe nor expedient to drive him to extremity. "What I have to say," continued he, "must so soon be public news, that it little matters who hears it; and yet the West, so full of strange changes, never sent to the Eastern half of the globe tidings so alarming as those I now come to tell your Imperial Highness. Europe, to borrow an expression from this lady, who honors me by calling me husband, seems loosened from its foundations and about to precipitate itself upon Asia——"

"So I did express myself," said the Princess Anna Comnena, "and, as I trust, not altogether unforcibly, when we first heard that the wild impulse of those restless barbarians of Europe had driven a tempest as of a thousand nations upon our western frontier, with the extravagant purpose, as they pretended, of possessing themselves of Syria, and the

holy places there marked as the sepulchres of prophets, the martyrdom of saints, and the great events detailed in the blessed Gospel. But that storm, by all accounts, hath burst and passed away, and we well hoped that the danger had gone with it. Devoutly shall we sorrow to find it otherwise."

"And otherwise we must expect to find it," said her husband. "It is very true, as reported to us, that a huge body of men of low rank, and little understanding, assumed arms at the instigation of a mad hermit, and took the road from Germany to Hungary, expecting miracles to be wrought in their favor, as when Israel was guided through the wilderness by a pillar of flame and a cloud. But no showers of manna or of quails relieved their necessities, or proclaimed them the chosen people of God. No waters gushed from the rock for their refreshment. They were enraged at their sufferings, and endeavored to obtain supplies by pillaging the country. The Hungarians, and other nations on our western frontiers, Christians, like themselves, did not hesitate to fall upon this disorderly rabble; and immense piles of bones in wild passes and unfrequented deserts attest the calamitous defeats which extirpated these unholy pilgrims."

"All this," said the Emperor, "we knew before; but what new evil now threatens, since we have already escaped so important a one?"

"Knew before!" said the Prince Nicephorus. "We knew nothing of our real danger before, save that a wild herd of animals, as brutal and as furious as wild bulls, threatened to bend their way to a pasture for which they had formed a fancy, and deluged the Grecian empire and its vicinity in their passage, expecting that Palestine, with its streams of milk and honey, once more awaited them, as God's predestined people. But so wild and disorderly an invasion had no terrors for a civilized nation like the Romans. The brute herd was terrified by our Greek fire; it was snared and shot down by the wild nations who, while they pretend to independence, cover our frontier as with a protecting fortification. The vile multitude has been consumed even by the very quality of the provisions thrown in their way—those wise means of resistance which were at once suggested by the paternal care of the Emperor and by his unfailing policy. Thus wisdom has played its part, and the bark over which the tempest had poured its thunder has escaped, notwithstanding all its violence. But the second storm, by which the former is so closely followed, is of a

new descent of these Western nations, more formidable than any which we or our fathers have yet seen. This consists not of the ignorant or of the fanatical, not of the base, the needy, and the improvident. Now, all that wide Europe possesses of what is wise and worthy, brave and noble, are united by the most religious vows in the same purpose."

"And what is that purpose? Speak plainly," said Alexius. "The destruction of our whole Roman empire, and the blotting out the very name of its chief from among the princes of the earth, among which it has long been predominant, can alone be an adequate motive for a confederacy such as thy speech infers."

"No such design is avowed," said Nicephorus; "and so many princes, wise men, and statesmen of eminence aim, it is pretended, at nothing else than the same extravagant purpose announced by the brute multitude who first appeared in these regions. Here, most gracious Emperor, is a scroll, in which you will find marked down a list of the various armies which, by different routes, are approaching the vicinity of the empire. Behold, Hugh of Vermandois, called from his dignity Hugh the Great, has set sail from the shores of Italy. Twenty knights have already announced their coming, sheathed in armor of steel, inlaid with gold, bearing this proud greeting: 'Let the Emperor of Greece and his lieutenants understand that Hugo Earl of Vermandois is approaching his territories. He is brother to the king of kings—the king of France,* namely—and is attended by the flower of the French nobility. He bears the blessed banner of St. Peter, entrusted to his victorious care by the holy successor of the apostle, and warns thee of all this, that thou mayest provide a reception suitable to his rank.'"

"Here are sounding words," said the Emperor; "but the wind which whistles loudest is not always most dangerous to the vessel. We know something of this nation of France, and have heard more. They are as petulant at least as they are valiant; we will flatter their vanity till we get time and opportunity for more effectual defense. Tush! if words can pay debt, there is no fear of our exchequer becoming insolvent. What follows here, Nicephorus? A list, I suppose, of the followers of this great count!"

"My liege, no," answered Nicephorus Briennius; "so many independent chiefs as your Imperial Highness sees in that memorial, so many independent European armies are

* See Note 5.

advancing by different routes towards the East, and announce the conquest of Palestine from the infidels as their common object."

"A dreadful enumeration," said the Emperor, as he pursued the list; "yet so far happy, that its very length assures us of the impossibility that so many princes can be seriously and consistently united in so wild a project. Thus already my eyes catch the well-known name of an old friend, our enemy—for such are the alternate chances of peace and war—Bohemond of Antioch. Is not he the son of the celebrated Robert of Apulia, so renowned among his countrymen, who raised himself to the rank of grand duke from a simple cavalier, and became sovereign of those of his warlike nation, both in Sicily and Italy? Did not the standards of the German Emperor, of the Roman Pontiff, nay, our own imperial banners, give way before him; until, equally a wily statesman and a brave warrior, he became the terror of Europe, from being a knight whose Norman castle would have been easily garrisoned by six cross-bows and as many lances? It is a dreadful family, a race of craft as well as power. But Bohemond, the son of old Robert, will follow his father's politics. He may talk of Palestine and of the interests of Christendom, but if I can make his interests the same with mine, he is not likely to be guided by any other object. So, then, with the knowledge I already possess of his wishes and projects, it may chance that Heaven sends us an ally in the guise of an enemy. Whom have we next? Godfrey * Duke of Bouillon—leading I see, a most formidable band from the banks of a huge river called the Rhine. What is this person's character?"

"As we hear," replied Nicephorus, "this Godfrey is one of the wisest, noblest and bravest of the leaders who have thus strangely put themselves in motion; and among a list of independent princes, as many in number as those who assembled for the siege of Troy, and followed, most of them, by subjects ten times more numerous, this Godfrey may be regarded as the Agamemmon. The princes and counts esteem him, because he is the foremost in the ranks of those whom they fantastically call knights, and also on account of the good faith and generosity which he practises in all his transactions. The clergy give him credit for the highest zeal for the doctrines of religion, and a corresponding re-

* Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, the great captain of the first Crusade, afterwards King of Jerusalem. See Gibbon or Mills, *passim*.

spect for the church and its dignitaries. Justice, liberality, and frankness have equally attached to this Godfrey the lower class of the people. His general attention to moral obligations is a pledge to them that his religion is real; and, gifted with so much that is excellent, he is already, although inferior in rank, birth, and power to many chiefs of the crusade, justly regarded as one of its principal leaders."

"Pity," said the Emperor, "that a character such as you describe this prince to be should be under the dominion of a fanaticism scarce worthy of Peter the Hermit, or the clownish multitude which he led, or of the very ass which he rode upon; when I am apt to think the wisest of the first multitude whom we beheld, seeing that it ran away towards Europe as soon as water and barley became scarce."

"Might I be permitted here to speak and yet live," said Agelastes, "I would remark, that the Patriarch himself made a similar retreat so soon as blows became plenty and food scarce."

"Thou hast hit it, Agelastes," said the Emperor; "but the question now is, whether an honorable and important principality could not be formed out of part of the provinces of the Lesser Asia, now laid waste by the Turks. Such a principality, methinks, with its various advantages of soil, climate, industrious inhabitants, and a healthy atmosphere, were well worth the morasses of Bouillon. It might be held as a dependence upon the sacred Roman empire, and garrisoned, as it were, by Godfrey and his victorious Franks would be a bulwark on that point to our just and sacred person. Ha! most holy Patriarch, would not such a prospect shake the most devout crusader's attachment to the burning sands of Palestine?"

"Especially," answered the Patriarch, "if the prince for such a rich 'theme'* was changed into a feudal appanage should be previously converted to the only true faith, as your Imperial Highness undoubtedly means."

"Certainly—most unquestionably," answered the Emperor, with a due affectation of gravity, notwithstanding he was internally conscious how often he had been compelled, by state necessities, to admit, not only Latin Christians, but Manichæans, and other heretics, nay Mohammedan barbarians, into the number of his subjects, and that without experiencing opposition from the scruples of the Patriarch. "Here I find," continued the Emperor, "such a numerous

* The provinces were called "themes."

list of princes and principalities in the act of approaching our boundaries as might well rival the armies of old, who were said to have drunk up rivers, exhausted realms, and trode down forests, in their wasteful advance." As he pronounced these words, a shade of paleness came over the imperial brow, similar to that which had already clothed in sadness most of his counsellors.

"This war of nations," said Nicephorus, "has also circumstances distinguishing it from every other, save that which his Imperial Highness hath waged in former times against those whom we are accustomed to call Franks. We must go forth against a people to whom the strife of combat is as the breath of their nostrils; who, rather than not be engaged in war, will do battle with their nearest neighbors, and challenge each other to mortal fight, as much in sport as we would defy a comrade to a chariot race. They are covered with an impenetrable armor of steel, defending them from blows of the lance and sword, and which the uncommon strength of their horses renders them able to support, though one of ours could as well bear Mount Olympus upon his loins. Their foot ranks carry a missile weapon unknown to us, termed an arblast, or cross-bow. It is not drawn with the right hand, like the bow of other nations, but by placing the feet upon the weapon itself, and pulling with the whole force of the body; and it despatches arrows called bolts, of hard wood pointed with iron, which the strength of the bow can send through the strongest breast-plates, and even through stone walls, where not of uncommon thickness."

"Enough," said the Emperor; "we have seen with our own eyes the lances of Frankish knights and the cross-bows of their infantry. If Heaven has allotted them a degree of bravery which to other nations seems wellnigh preternatural, the Divine will has given to the Greek councils that wisdom which it hath refused to barbarians—the art of achieving conquest by wisdom rather than brute force, obtaining by our skill in treaty advantages which victory itself could not have procured. If we have not the use of that dreadful weapon which our son-in-law terms the cross-bow, Heaven, in its favor, has concealed from these Western barbarians the composition and use of the Greek fire—well so called, since by Grecian hands alone it is prepared, and by such only can its lightnings be darted upon the astonished foe." The Emperor paused and looked around him; and although the faces of his counselors still looked blank,

he boldly proceeded: "But to return yet again to this black scroll, containing the names of those nations who approach our frontier, here occur more than one with which, methinks, old memory should make us familiar, though our recollections are distant and confused. It becomes us to know who these men are, that we may avail ourselves of those feuds and quarrels among them which, being blown into life, may happily divert them from the prosecution of this extraordinary attempt in which they are now united. Here is, for example, one Robert, styled Duke of Normandy, who commands a goodly band of counts, with which title we are but too well acquainted; of 'earls,' a word totally strange to us, but apparently some barbaric title of honor; and of knights, whose names are compounded, as we think, chiefly of the French language, but also of another jargon, which we are not ourselves competent to understand. To you, most reverend and most learned Patriarch, we may fittest apply for information on this subject."

"The duties of my station," replied the Patriarch Zosimus, "have withheld my riper years from studying the history of distant realms; but the wise Agelastes, who hath read as many volumes as would fill the shelves of the famous Alexandrian library, can no doubt satisfy your Imperial Majesty's inquiries."

Agelastes erected himself on those enduring legs which had procured him the surname of Elephant, and began a reply to the inquiries of the Emperor rather remarkable for readiness than accuracy. "I have read," said he, "in that brilliant mirror which reflects the time of our fathers, the volumes of the learned Procopius, that the people separately called Normans and Angles are in truth the same race, and that Normandy, sometimes so called, is in fact a part of a district of Gaul. Beyond, and nearly opposite to it, but separated by an arm of the sea, lies a ghostly region, on which clouds and tempests forever rest, and which is well known to its continental neighbors as the abode to which departed spirits are sent after this life. On one side of the strait dwell a few fishermen, men possessed of a strange charter, and enjoying singular privileges, in consideration of their being the living ferrymen who, performing the office of the heathen Charon, carry the spirits of the departed to the island which is their residence after death. At the dead of night these fishermen are, in rotation, summoned to perform the duty by which they seem to hold the permission to reside on this strange coast. A knock is heard

at the door of his cottage who holds the turn of this singular service, sounded by no mortal hand. A whispering, as of a decaying breeze, summons the ferryman to his duty. He hastens to his bark on the sea-shore, and has no sooner launched it than he perceives its hull sink sensibly in the water, so as to express the weight of the dead with whom it is filled. No form is seen, and though voices are heard, yet the accents are undistinguishable, as of one who speaks in his sleep. Thus he traverses the strait between the continent and the island, impressed with the mysterious awe which affects the living when they are conscious of the presence of the dead. They arrive upon the opposite coast, where the cliffs of white chalk form a strange contrast with the eternal darkness of the atmosphere. They stop at a landing-place appointed, but disembark not, for the land is never trodden by earthly feet. Here the passage-boat is gradually lightened of its unearthly inmates, who wander forth in the way appointed to them, while the mariners slowly return to their own side of the strait, having performed for the time this singular service, by which they hold their fishing-huts and their possessions on that strange coast."

Here he ceased ; and the Emperor replied—" If this legend be actually told us by Procopius, most learned Agelastes, it shows that that celebrated historian came more near the heathen than the Christian belief respecting the future state. In truth, this is little more than the old fable of the infernal Styx. Procopius, we believe, lived before the decay of heathenism, and, as we would gladly disbelieve much which he hath told us respecting our ancestor and predecessor Justinian, so we will not pay him much credit in future in point of geographical knowledge. Meanwhile, what ails thee, Achilles Tatius, and why dost thou whisper with that soldier ? "

" My head," answered Achilles Tatius, " is at your imperial command, prompt to pay for the unbecoming trespass of my tongue. I did but ask of this Hereward here what he knew of this matter ; for I have heard my Varangians repeatedly call themselves Anglo-Danes, Normans, Britons, or some other barbaric epithet, and I am sure that one or other, or it may be all, of these barbarous sounds at different times serve to designate the birthplace of these exiles, too happy in being banished from the darkness of barbarism to the luminous vicinity of your imperial presence."

“Speak, then, Varangian, in the name of Heaven,” said the Emperor, “and let us know whether we are to look for friends or enemies in those men of Normandy who are now approaching our frontier. Speak with courage, man; and if thou apprehendest danger, remember thou servest a prince well qualified to protect thee.”

“Since I am at liberty to speak,” answered the life-guardsmen, “although my knowledge of the Greek language, which you term the Roman, is but slight, I trust it is enough to demand of his Imperial Highness, in place of all pay, donative, or gift whatsoever, since he has been pleased to talk of designing such for me, that he would place me in the first line of battle which shall be formed against these same Normans and their Duke Robert; and if he pleases to allow me the aid of such Varangians as, for love of me, or hatred of their ancient tyrants, may be disposed to join their arms to mine, I have little doubt so to settle our long accounts with these men, that the Grecian eagles and wolves shall do them the last office, by tearing the flesh from their bones.”

“What dreadful feud is this, my soldier,” said the Emperor, “that after so many years still drives thee to such extremities when the very name of Normandy is mentioned?”

“Your Imperial Highness shall be judge,” said the Varangian. “My fathers, and those of most, though not all, of the corps to whom I belong, are descended from a valiant race who dwelt in the north of Germany, called Anglo-Saxons. Nobody, save a priest possessed of the art of consulting ancient chronicles, can even guess how long it is since they came to the island of Britain, then distracted with civil war. They came, however, on the petition of the natives of the island, for the aid of the Angles was requested by the southern inhabitants. Provinces were granted in recompense of the aid thus liberally afforded, and the greater proportion of the island became, by degrees, the property of the Anglo-Saxons, who occupied it at first as several principalities, and latterly as one kingdom, speaking the language, and observing the laws, of most of those who now form your imperial body-guard of Varangians, or exiles. In process of time, the Northmen became known to the people of the more southern climates. They were so called from their coming from the distant regions of the Baltic Sea—an immense ocean, sometimes frozen with ice as hard as the cliffs of Mount Caucasus. They came

seeking milder regions than nature had assigned them at home; and the climate of France being delightful, and its people slow in battle, they extorted from them the grant of a large province, which was, from the name of the new settlers, called Normandy, though I have heard my father say that was not its proper appellation. They settled there under a duke, who acknowledged the superior authority of the king of France, that is to say, obeying him when it suited his convenience so to do.

“Now it chanced many years since, while these two nations of Normans and Anglo-Saxons were quietly residing upon different sides of the salt-water channel which divides France from England, that William, Duke of Normandy, suddenly levied a large army, came over to Kent, which is on the opposite side of the channel, and there defeated, in a great battle, Harold, who was at that time king of the Anglo-Saxons. It is but grief to tell what followed. Battles have been fought in old times that have had dreadful results, which years, nevertheless, could wash away; but at Hastings—O wo’s me!—the banner of my country fell, never again to be raised up. Oppression has driven her wheel over us. All that was valiant amongst us have left the land; and of Englishmen—for such is our proper designation—no one remains in England save as the thrall of the invaders. Many men of Danish descent, who had found their way on different occasions to England, were blended in the common calamity. All was laid desolate by the command of the victors. My father’s home lies now an undistinguished ruin, amid an extensive forest, composed out of what were formerly fair fields and domestic pastures, where a manly race derived nourishment by cultivating a friendly soil. The fire has destroyed the church where sleep the fathers of my race; and I, the last of their line, am a wanderer in other climates, a fighter of the battles of others, the servant of a foreign, though a kind, master, in a word, one of the banished—a Varangian.”

“Happier in that station,” said Achilles Tatius, “than in all the barbaric simplicity which your forefathers prized so highly, since you are now under the cheering influence of that smile which is the life of the world.”

“It avails not talking of this,” said the Varangian, with a cold gesture.

“These Normans,” said the Emperor, “are then the people by whom the celebrated island of Britain is now conquered and governed?”

"It is but too true," answered the Varangian.

"They are, then, a brave and warlike people?" said Alexius.

"It would be base and false to say otherwise of an enemy," said Hereward. "Wrong have they done me, and a wrong never to be atoned; but to speak falsehood of them were but a woman's vengeance. Mortal enemies as they are to me, and mingling with all my recollections as that which is hateful and odious, yet were the troops of Europe mustered, as it seems they are likely to be, no nation or tribe dared in gallantry claim the advance of the haughty Norman."

"And this Duke Robert, who is he?"

"That," answered the Varangian, "I cannot so well explain. He is the son—the eldest son, as men say, of the tyrant William, who subdued England when I hardly existed, or was a child in the cradle. That William, the victor of Hastings, is now dead, we are assured by concurring testimony; but while it seems his eldest son Duke Robert has become his heir to the duchy of Normandy, some other of his children have been so fortunate as to acquire the throne of England—unless, indeed, like the petty farm of some obscure yeoman, the fair kingdom has been divided among the tyrant's issue."

"Concerning this," said the Emperor, "we have heard something, which we shall try to reconcile with the soldier's narrative at leisure, holding the words of this honest Varangian as positive proof, in whatsoever he avers from his own knowledge. And now, my grave and worthy counselors, we must close this evening's service in the temple of the Muses, this distressing news, brought us by our dearest son-in-law, the Cæsar, having induced us to prolong our worship of these learned goddesses deeper into the night than is consistent with the health of our beloved wife and daughter; while, to ourselves, this intelligence brings subject for grave deliberation."

The courtiers exhausted their ingenuity in forming the most ingenious prayers that all evil consequences should be averted which could attend this excessive vigilance.

Nicephorus and his fair bride spoke together as a pair equally desirous to close an accidental breach between them. "Some things thou hast said, my Cæsar," observed the lady, "in detailing this dreadful intelligence, as elegantly turned as if the nine goddesses, to whom this temple is dedicated, had lent each her aid to the sense and expression."

"I need none of their assistance," answered Nicephorus,

“since I possess a muse of my own, in whose genius are included all those attributes which the heathens vainly ascribed to the nine deities of Parnassus.”

“It is well,” said the fair historian, retiring by the assistance of her husband’s arm ; “but if you will load your wife with praises far beyond her merits, you must lend her your arm to support her under the weighty burden you have been pleased to impose.” The council parted when the imperial persons had retired, and most of them sought to indemnify themselves in more free, though less dignified, circles for the constraint which they had practised in the temple of the Muses.

CHAPTER VI

Vain man : thou mayst esteem thy love as fair
As fond hyperboles suffice to raise.
She may be all that's matchless in her person,
And all-divine in soul to match her body ;
But take this from me—thou shalt never call her
Superior to her sex, while *one* survives,
And I am her true votary.

Old Play.

ACHILLES TATIUS, with his faithful Varangian close by his shoulder, melted from the dispersing assembly silently and almost invisibly, as snow is dissolved from its Alpine abodes as the days become more genial. No lordly step or clash of armor betokened the retreat of the military persons. The very idea of the necessity of guards was not ostentatiously brought forward, because, so near the presence of the Emperor, the emanation supposed to flit around that divinity of earthly sovereigns had credit for rendering it impassive and unassailable. Thus the oldest and most skillful courtiers, among whom our friend Agelastes was not to be forgotten, were of opinion that, although the Emperor employed the ministry of the Varangians and other guards, it was rather for form's sake than from any danger of the commission of a crime of a kind so heinous that it was the fashion to account it almost impossible. And this doctrine, of the rare occurrence of such a crime, was repeated from month to month in those very chambers where it had oftener than once been perpetrated, and sometimes by the very persons who monthly laid schemes for carrying some dark conspiracy against the reigning emperor into positive execution.

At length the captain of the life-guardsmen and his faithful attendant found themselves on the outside of the Blacquernal Palace. The passage which Achilles found for their exit was closed by a postern which a single Varangian shut behind them, drawing, at the same time, bolt and bar with an ill-omened and jarring sound. Looking back at the mass of turrets, battlements, and spires out of which they had at length emerged, Hereward could not but feel his heart

lighten to find himself once more under the deep blue of a Grecian heaven, where the planets were burning with unusual luster. He sighed and rubbed his hands with pleasure, like a man newly restored to liberty. He even spoke to his leader, contrary to his custom unless addressed. "Methinks the air of yonder halls, valorous captain, carries with it a perfume which, though it may be well termed sweet, is so suffocating as to be more suitable to sepulchrous chambers than to the dwellings of men. Happy I am that I am free, as I trust, from its influences."

"Be happy, then," said Achilles Tatius, "since thy vile, cloddish spirit feels suffocation rather than refreshment in gales which, instead of causing death, might recall the dead themselves to life. Yet this I will say for thee, Hereward, that, born a barbarian within the narrow circle of a savage's desires and pleasures, and having no idea of life save what thou derivatest from such vile and base connections, thou art, nevertheless, designed by nature for better things, and hast this day sustained a trial in which, I fear me, not even one of mine own noble corps, frozen as they are into lumps of unfashioned barbarity, could have equalled thy bearing. And speak now in true faith, hast not thou been rewarded?"

"That will I never deny," said the Varangian. "The pleasure of knowing, twenty-four hours perhaps before my comrades, that the Normans are coming hither to afford us a full revenge of the bloody day of Hastings is a lordly recompense for the task of spending some hours in hearing the lengthened chat of a lady, who has written about she knows not what, and the flattering commentaries of the bystanders, who pretended to give her an account of what they did not themselves stop to witness."

"Hereward, my good youth," said Achilles Tatius, "thou ravest, and I think I should do well to place thee under the custody of some person of skill. Too much hardihood, my valiant soldier, is in soberness allied to overdaring. It was only natural that thou shouldst feel a becoming pride in thy late position; yet, let it but taint thee with vanity, and the effect will be little short of madness. Why, thou hast looked boldly in the face of a princess born in the purple, before whom my own eyes, though well used to such spectacles, are never raised beyond the foldings of her veil."

"So be it, in the name of Heaven!" replied Hereward. "Nevertheless, handsome faces were made to look upon, and the eyes of young men to see withal."

"If such be their final end," said Achilles, "never did

thine, I will freely suppose, find a richer apology for the somewhat overbold license which thou tookest in thy gaze upon the Princess this evening."

"Good leader, or Follower, whichever is your favorite title," said the Anglo-Briton, "drive not to extremity a plain man, who desires to hold his duty in all honor to the imperial family. The Princess, wife of the Cæsar, and born, you tell me, of a purple color, has now inherited, notwithstanding, the features of a most lovely woman. She hath composed a history, of which I presume not to form a judgment, since I cannot understand it; she sings like an angel; and to conclude, after the fashion of the knights of this day—though I deal not ordinarily with their language—I would say cheerfully that I am ready to place myself in lists against any one whomsoever who dares detract from the beauty of the imperial Anna Comnena's person, or from the virtues of her mind. Having said this, my noble captain, we have said all that it is competent for you to inquire into or for me to answer. That there are handsomer women than the Princess is unquestionable; and I question it the less, that I have myself seen a person whom I think far her superior; and with that let us close the dialogue."

"Thy beauty, thou unparalleled fool," said Achilles, "must, I ween, be the daughter of the large-bodied Northern boor, living next door to him upon whose farm was brought up the person of an ass, curst with such intolerable want of judgment."

"You may say your pleasure, captain," replied Hereward; "because it is the safer for us both that thou canst not on such a topic either offend me, who hold thy judgment as light as thou canst esteem mine, or speak any derogation of a person whom you never saw, but whom, if you had seen, perchance I might not so patiently have brooked any reflections upon, even at the hands of a military superior."

Achilles Tatius had a good deal of the penetration necessary for one in his situation. He never provoked to extremity the daring spirits whom he commanded, and never used any freedom with them beyond the extent that he knew their patience could bear. Hereward was a favorite soldier, and had, in that respect at least, a sincere liking and regard for his commander; when, therefore, the Follower, instead of resenting his petulance, good-humoredly apologized for having hurt his feelings, the momentary displeasure between them was at an end: the officer at once reassumed his superiority, and the soldier sunk back with a deep sigh, given to

some period which was long past, into his wonted silence and reserve. Indeed, the Follower had another and further design upon Hereward, of which he was as yet unwilling to do more than give a distant hint.

After a long pause, during which they approached the barracks, a gloomy fortified building constructed for the residence of their corps, the captain motioned his soldier to draw close up to his side, and proceeded to ask him, in a confidential tone—"Hereward, my friend, although it is scarce to be supposed that in the presence of the imperial family thou shouldst mark any one who did not partake of their blood, or rather, as Homer has it, who did not participate of the divine *ichor*, which, in their sacred persons, supplies the place of that vulgar fluid, yet, during so long an audience, thou mightest possibly, from his uncourtly person and attire, have distinguished Agelastes, whom we courtiers call the Elephant, from his strict observation of the rule which forbids any one to sit down or rest in the imperial presence?"

"I think," replied the soldier, "I marked the man you mean: his age was some seventy [sixty] and upwards—a big, burly person; and the baldness which reached to the top of his head was well atoned for by a white beard of prodigious size, which descended in waving curls over his breast, and reached to the towel with which his loins were girded, instead of the silken sash used by other persons of rank."

"Most accurately marked, my Varangian," said the officer. "What else didst thou note about this person?"

"His cloak was in its texture as coarse as that of the meanest of the people, but it was strictly clean, as if it had been the intention of the wearer to exhibit poverty, or carelessness and contempt of dress, avoiding, at the same time, every particular which implied anything negligent, sordid, or disgusting."

"By St. Sophia," said the officer, "thou astonishest me! The prophet Balaam was not more surprised when his ass turned round her head and spoke to him. And what else didst thou note concerning this man? I see those who meet thee must beware of thy observation as well as of thy battle-ax."

"If it please your valor," answered the soldier, "we English have eyes as well as hands; but it is only when discharging our duty that we permit our tongues to dwell on what we have observed. I noted but little of this man's conversation; but from what I heard, it seemed he was not unwill-

ing to play what we call the jester, or jack-pudding, in the conversation—a character which, considering the man's age and physiognomy, is not, I should be tempted to say, natural, but assumed for some purpose of deeper import."

"Hereward," answered his officer, "thou hast spoken like an angel sent down to examine men's bosoms: that man, Agelastes, is a contradiction such as earth has seldom witnessed. Possessing all that wisdom which in former times united the sages of this nation with the gods themselves, Agelastes has the same cunning as the elder Brutus, who disguised his talents under the semblance of an idle jester. He appears to seek no office—he desires no consideration—he pays suit at court only when positively required to do so; yet what shall I say, my soldier, concerning the cause of an influence gained without apparent effort, and extending almost into the very thoughts of men, who appear to act as he would desire, without his soliciting them to that purpose? Men say strange things concerning the extent of his communications with other beings, whom our fathers worshiped with prayer and sacrifice. I am determined, however, to know the road by which he climbs so high and so easily towards the point to which all men aspire at court, and it will go hard but he shall either share his ladder with me or I will strike its support from under him. Thee, Hereward, I have chosen to assist me in this matter, as the knights among these Frankish infidels select, when going upon an adventure, a sturdy squire, or inferior attendant, to share the dangers and the recompense; and this I am moved to, as much by the shrewdness thou hast this night manifested as by the courage which thou mayst boast, in common with, or rather beyond, thy companions."

"I am obliged, and I thank your valor," replied the Varangian, more coldly perhaps than his officer expected; "I am ready, as is my duty, to serve you in anything consistent with God and the Emperor's claims upon my service. I would only say that, as a sworn inferior soldier, I will do nothing contrary to the laws of the empire, and, as a sincere though ignorant Christian, I will have nothing to do with the gods of the heathens, save to defy them in the name and strength of the holy saints."

"Idiot!" said Achilles Tatius, "dost thou think that I, already possessed of one of the first dignities of the empire, could meditate anything contrary to the interests of Alexius Comnenus? or, what would be scarce more atrocious, that I, the chosen friend and ally of the reverend Patriarch Zosimus,

should meddle with anything bearing a relation, however remote, to heresy or idolatry?"

"Truly," answered the Varangian, "no one would be more surprised or grieved than I should; but when we walk in a labyrinth we must assume and announce that we have a steady and forward purpose, which is one mode at least of keeping a straight path. The people of this country have so many ways of saying the same thing that one can hardly know at last what is their real meaning. We English, on the other hand, can only express ourselves in one set of words, but it is one out of which all the ingenuity of the world could not extract a double meaning."

"'Tis well," said his officer; "to-morrow we will talk more of this, for which purpose thou wilt come to my quarters a little after sunset. And hark thee, to-morrow, while the sun is in heaven, shall be thine own, either to sport thyself or to repose. Employ thy time in the latter, by my advice, since to-morrow night, like the present, may find us both watchers."

So saying, they entered the barracks, where they parted company—the commander of the life-guards taking his way to a splendid set of apartments which belonged to him in that capacity, and the Anglo-Saxon seeking his more humble accommodations as a subaltern officer of the same corps.

CHAPTER VI.

Such forces met not, nor so vast a camp,
When Agrican, with all his Northern powers,
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphron, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
His daughter, sought by many prowess'd knights,
Both paynim and the peers of Charlemagne.

Paradise Regained.

EARLY on the morning of the day following that which we have commemorated, the imperial council was assembled, where the number of general officers with sounding titles disguised under a thin veil the real weakness of the Grecian empire. The commanders were numerous, and the distinctions of their rank minute, but the soldiers were very few in comparison.

The offices formerly filled by prefects, prætors and questors were now held by persons who had gradually risen into the authority of those officers, and who, though designated from their domestic duties about the Emperor, yet, from that very circumstance, possessed what, in that despotic court, was the most effectual source of power. A long train of officers entered the great hall of the Castle of Blacquernal, and proceeded so far together as their different grades admitted, while in each chamber through which they passed in succession a certain number of the train, whose rank permitted them to advance no farther, remained behind the others. Thus, when the interior cabinet of audience was gained, which was not until their passage through ten ante-rooms, five persons only found themselves in the presence of the Emperor in this innermost and most sacred recess of royalty, decorated by all the splendor of the period.

The Emperor Alexius sat upon a stately throne, rich with barbaric gems and gold, and flanked on either hand, in imitation probably of Solomon's magnificence, with the form of a couchant lion in the same precious metal. Not to dwell upon other marks of splendor, a tree, whose trunk seemed also of gold, shot up behind the throne, which it over-

canopied with its branches. Amid the boughs were birds of various kinds, curiously wrought and enameled, and fruit composed of precious stones seemed to glisten among the leaves. Five officers alone, the highest in the state, had the privilege of entering this sacred recess when the Emperor held council. These were the Grand Domestic, who might be termed of rank with a modern prime minister; the Logothete, or chancellor; the Protospathaire, or commander of the guards, already mentioned; the Acolyte, or Follower, and leader of the Varangians; and the Patriarch.

The doors of this secret apartment and the adjacent antechamber were guarded by six deformed Nubian slaves, whose writhen and withered countenances formed a hideous contrast with their snow-white dresses and splendid equipment. They were mutes, a species of wretches borrowed from the despotism of the East, that they might be unable to proclaim the deeds of tyranny of which they were the unscrupulous agents. They were generally held in a kind of horror rather than compassion, for men considered that slaves of this sort had a malignant pleasure in avenging upon others the irreparable wrongs which had severed themselves from humanity.

It was a general custom, though, like many other usages of the Greeks, it would be held childish in modern times that, by means of machinery easily conceived, the lions, at the entrance of a stranger, were made, as it were, to rouse themselves and roar, after which a wind seemed to rustle the foliage of the tree, the birds hopped from branch to branch, pecked the fruit, and appeared to fill the chamber with their caroling. This display had alarmed many an ignorant foreign ambassador, and even the Grecian counselors themselves were expected to display the same sensations of fear, succeeded by surprise, when they heard the roar of the lions, followed by the concert of the birds, although perhaps it was for the fiftieth time. On this occasion, as a proof of the urgency of the present meeting of the council, these ceremonies were entirely omitted.

The speech of the Emperor himself seemed to supply by its commencement the bellowing of the lions, while it ended in a strain more resembling the warbling of the birds.

In his first sentences he treated of the audacity and unheard-of boldness of the millions of Franks, who, under the pretense of wresting Palestine from the infidels, had ventured to invade the sacred territories of the empire. He threatened them with such chastisement as his innumerable forces and officers would, he affirmed, find it easy to inflict. To

all this the audience, and especially the military officers, gave symptoms of ready assent.

Alexius, however, did not long persist in the warlike intentions which he at first avowed. The Franks, he at length seemed to reflect, were, in profession, Christians. They might possibly be serious in their pretext of a crusade, in which case their motives claimed a degree of indulgence, and, although erring, a certain portion of respect. Their numbers also were great, and their valor could not be despised by those who had seen them fight at Durazzo* and elsewhere. They might also, by permission of Supreme Providence, be in the long run the instruments of advantage to the most sacred empire, though they approached it with so little ceremony. He had, therefore, mingling the virtues of prudence, humanity and generosity with that valor which must always burn in the heart of an Emperor, formed a plan, which he was about to submit to their consideration, for present execution ; and, in the first place, he requested of the Grand Domestic to let him know what forces he might count upon on the western side of the Bosphorus.

“Innumerable are the forces of the empire as the stars in heaven, or the sand on the seashore,” answered the Grand Domestic.

“That is a goodly answer,” said the Emperor, “provided there were strangers present at this conference ; but, since we hold consultation in private, it is necessary that I know precisely to what number that army amounts which I have to rely upon. Reserve your eloquence till some fitter time, and let me know what you, at this present moment, mean by the word ‘innumerable.’”

The Grand Domestic paused, and hesitated for a short space ; but, as he became aware that the moment was one in which the Emperor could not be trifled with, for Alexius Comnenus was at times dangerous, he answered thus, but not without hesitation—“Imperial master and lord, none better knows that such an answer cannot be hastily made, if it is at the same time to be correct in its results. The number of the imperial host betwixt this city and the western frontier of the empire, deducing those absent upon furlough, cannot be counted upon as amounting to more than twenty-five thousand men, or thirty thousand at most.

Alexius struck his forehead with his hand ; and the coun-

* For the battle of Durazzo, Oct. 1081, in which Alexius was defeated with great slaughter by Robert Guiscard, and escaped only by the swiftness of his horse, see Gibbon, ch. lvi.

selors, seeing him give way to such violent expressions of grief and surprise, began to enter into discussions which they would otherwise have reserved for a fitter place and time.

“By the trust your Highness reposes in me,” said the Logothete, “there has been drawn from your Highness’s coffers during the last year gold enough to pay double the number of the armed warriors whom the Grand Domestic now mentions.”

“Your Imperial Highness,” retorted the impeached minister, with no small animation, “will at once remember the stationary garrisons, in addition to the movable troops, for which this figure-caster makes no allowance.”

“Peace, both of you !” said Alexius, composing himself hastily ; “our actual numbers are in truth less than we counted on, but let us not by wrangling augment the difficulties of the time. Let those troops be dispersed in valleys, in passes, behind ridges of hills, and in difficult ground, where a little art being used in the position can make few men supply the appearance of numbers, between this city and the western frontier of the empire. While this disposal is made, we will continue to adjust with these crusaders, as they call themselves, the terms on which we will consent to let them pass through our dominions ; nor are we without hope of negotiating with them, so as to gain great advantage to our kingdom. We will insist that they pass through our country only by armies of perhaps fifty thousand at once, whom we will successively transport into Asia, so that no greater number shall, by assembling beneath our walls, ever endanger the safety of the metropolis of the world.

“On their way towards the banks of the Bosphorus, we will supply them with provisions, if they march peaceably and in order ; and if any straggle from their standards, or insult the country by marauding, we suppose our valiant peasants will not hesitate to repress their excesses, and that without our giving positive orders, since he would not willingly be charged with anything like a breach of engagement. We suppose, also, that the Scythians, Arabs, Syrians, and other mercenaries in our service will not suffer our subjects to be overpowered in their own just defense ; as, besides that there is no justice in stripping our own country of provisions, in order to feed strangers, we will not be surprised, nor unpardonably displeased, to learn that, of the ostensible quantity of flour, some sacks should be found filled with chalk, or lime, or some such substance. It is, indeed, truly wonderful what the stomach of a Frank will digest comfort-

ably. Their guides, also, whom you shall choose with reference to such duty, will take care to conduct the crusaders by difficult and circuitous routes ; which will be doing them a real service, by inuring them to the hardships of the country and climate, which they would otherwise have to face without seasoning.

“ In the mean time, in your intercourse with their chiefs, whom they call counts, each of whom thinks himself as great as an emperor, you will take care to give no offense to their natural presumption, and omit no opportunity of informing them of the wealth and bounty of our government. Sums of money may be even given to persons of note, and largesses of less avail to those under them. You, our Logothete, will take good order for this, and you, our Grand Domestic, will take care that such soldiers as may cut off detached parties of the Franks shall be presented, if possible, in savage dress, and under the show of infidels. In commending these injunctions to your care, I propose that the crusaders, having found the value of our friendship, and also in some sort the danger of our enmity, those whom we shall safely transport to Asia shall be, however unwieldy, still a smaller and more compact body, whom we may deal with in all Christian prudence. Thus, by using fair words to one, threats to another, gold to the avaricious, power to the ambitious, and reasons to those that are capable of listening to them, we doubt not but to prevail upon those Franks, met as they are from a thousand points, and enemies of each other, to acknowledge us as their common superior, rather than choose a leader among themselves, when they are made aware of the great fact that every village in Palestine, from Dan to Beersheba, is the original property of the sacred Roman empire, and that whatever Christian goes to war for their recovery must go as our subject, and hold any conquest which he may make as our vassal. Vice and virtue, sense and folly, ambition and disinterested devotion, will alike recommend to the survivors of these singular-minded men to become the feudatories of the empire, not its foe, and the shield, not the enemy, of your paternal Emperor.”

There was a general inclination of the head among the courtiers, with the Eastern exclamation of, “ Long live the Emperor ! ”

When the murmur of this applausive exclamation had subsided, Alexius proceeded—“ Once more, I say that my faithful Grand Domestic, and those who act under him will take care to commit the execution of such part of these

orders as may seem aggressive to troops of foreign appearance and language, which, I grieve to say, are more numerous in our imperial army than our natural born and orthodox subjects."

The Patriarch here interposed his opinion. "There is a consolation," he said, "in the thought that the genuine Romans in the imperial army are but few, since a trade so bloody as war is most fitly prosecuted by those whose doctrines, as well as their doings, on earth merit eternal condemnation in the next world."

"Reverend Patriarch," said the Emperor, "we would not willingly hold, with the wild infidels, that Paradise is to be gained by the saber; nevertheless, we would hope that a Roman dying in battle for his religion and his Emperor may find as good hope of acceptance, after the mortal pang is over, as a man who dies in peace, and with unbloodied hand."

"It is enough for me to say," resumed the Patriarch, "that the church's doctrine is not so indulgent; she is herself peaceful, and her promises of favor are for those who have been men of peace. Yet think not I bar the gates of Heaven against a soldier, as such, if believing all the doctrines of our church, and complying with all our observances; far less would I condemn your Imperial Majesty's wise precautions, both for diminishing the power and thinning the ranks of those Latin heretics, who come hither to despoil us, and plunder perhaps both church and temple, under the vain pretext that Heaven would permit them, stained with so many heresies, to reconquer that Holy Land which true orthodox Christians, your Majesty's sacred predecessors, have not been enabled to retain from the infidel. And well I trust that no settlement made under the Latins will be permitted by your Majesty to establish itself in which the cross shall not be elevated with limbs of the same length, instead of that irregular and most damnable error which prolongs, in Western churches, the nether limb of that most holy emblem."

"Reverend Patriarch," answered the Emperor, "do not deem that we think lightly of your weighty scruples; but the question is now, not in what manner we may convert these Latin heretics to the true faith, but how we may avoid being overrun by their myriads, which resemble those of the locusts by which their approach was preceded and intimated."

"Your Majesty," said the Patriarch, "will act with your

usual wisdom ; for my part, I have only stated my doubts, that I may save my own soul alive."

"Our construction," said the Emperor, "does your sentiments no wrong, most reverend Patriarch ; and you," addressing himself to the other counselors, "will attend to these separate charges given out for directing the execution of the commands which have been generally intimated to you. They are written out in the sacred ink, and our sacred subscription is duly marked with the fitting tinge of green and purple. Let them, therefore, be strictly obeyed. Ourselves will assume the command of such of the Immortal Bands as remain in the city, and join to them the cohorts of our faithful Varangians. At the head of these troops we will await the arrival of these strangers under the walls of the city, and, avoiding combat while our policy can postpone it, we will be ready, in case of the worst, to take whatsoever chance it shall please the Almighty to send us."

Here the council broke up, and the different chiefs began to exert themselves in the execution of their various instructions, civil and military, secret or public, favorable or hostile to the crusaders. The peculiar genius of the Grecian people was seen upon this occasion. Their loud and boastful talking corresponded with the ideas which the Emperor wished to enforce upon the crusaders concerning the extent of his power and resources. Nor is it to be disguised that the wily selfishness of most of those in the service of Alexius endeavored to find some indirect way of applying the imperial instruction so as might best suit their own private ends.

Meantime, the news had gone abroad in Constantinople of the arrival of the huge miscellaneous army of the West upon the limits of the Grecian empire, and of their purpose to pass to Palestine. A thousand reports magnified, if that was possible, an event so wonderful. Some said that their ultimate view was the conquest of Arabia, the destruction of the Prophet's tomb, and the conversion of his green banner into a horse-cloth for the king of France's brother. Others supposed that the ruin and sack of Constantinople was the real object of the war. A third class thought it was in order to compel the Patriarch to submit himself to the Pope, adopt the Latin form of the cross, and put an end to the schism.

The Varangians enjoyed an addition to this wonderful news, seasoned as it everywhere was with something peculiarly suited to the prejudices of the hearers. It was

gathered originally from what our friend Hereward, who was one of their inferior officers, called sergeants or constables, had suffered to transpire of what he had heard the preceding evening. Considering that the fact must be soon matter of notoriety, he had no hesitation to give his comrades to understand that a Norman army was coming hither under Duke Robert, the son of the far-famed William the Conqueror, and with hostile intentions, he concluded, against them in particular. Like all other men in peculiar circumstances, the Varangians adopted an explanation applicable to their own condition. These Normans, who hated the Saxon nation, and had done so much to dishonor and oppress them, were now following them, they supposed, to the foreign capital where they had found refuge, with the purpose of making war on the bountiful prince who protected their sad remnant. Under this belief, many a deep oath was sworn in Norse and Anglo-Saxon, that their keen battle-axes should avenge the slaughter of Hastings, and many a pledge, both in wine and ale, was quaffed, who should most deeply resent and most effectually revenge the wrongs which the Anglo-Saxons of England had received at the hand of their oppressors.

Hereward, the author of this intelligence, began soon to be sorry that he had ever suffered it to escape him, so closely was he cross-examined concerning its precise import, by the inquiries of his comrades, from whom he thought himself obliged to keep concealed the adventures of the preceding evening, and the place in which he had gained his information.

About noon, when he was effectually tired with returning the same answer to the same questions, and evading similar others which were repeatedly put to him, the sound of trumpets announced the presence of the Acolyte Achilles Tatius, who came immediately, it was industriously whispered, from the sacred interior, with news of the immediate approach of war.

The Varangians and the Roman bands called Immortal, it was said, were to form a camp under the city, in order to be prompt to defend it at the shortest notice. This put the whole barracks into commotion, each man making the necessary provision for the approaching campaign. The noise was chiefly that of joyful bustle and acclamation; and it was so general, that Hereward, whose rank permitted him to commit to a page, or esquire, the task of preparing his equipments, took the opportunity to leave the barracks, in

order to seek some distant place apart from his comrades, and enjoy his solitary reflections upon the singular connection into which he had been drawn, and his direct communication with the imperial family.

Passing through the narrow streets, then deserted on account of the heat of the sun, he reached at length one of those broad terraces which, descending, as it were by steps, upon the margin of the Bosphorus, formed one of the most splendid walks in the universe, and still, it is believed, preserved as a public promenade for the pleasure of the Turks, as formerly for that of the Christians. These graduated terraces were planted with many trees, among which the cypress, as usual, was most generally cultivated. Here bands of the inhabitants were to be seen—some passing to and fro, with business and anxiety in their faces; some standing still in groups, as if discussing the strange and weighty tidings of the day; and some, with the indolent carelessness of an Eastern climate, eating their noontide refreshment in the shade, and spending their time as if their sole object was to make much of the day as it passed, and let the cares of to-morrow answer for themselves.

While the Varangian, afraid of meeting some acquaintance in this concourse, which would have been inconsistent with the desire of seclusion which had brought him thither, descended or passed from one terrace to another, all marked him with looks of curiosity and inquiry, considering him to be one who, from his arms and connection with the court, must necessarily know more than others concerning the singular invasion by numerous enemies, and from various quarters, which was the news of the day. None, however, had the hardihood to address the soldier of the guard, though all looked at him with uncommon interest. He walked from the lighter to the darker alleys, from the more closed to the more open terraces, without interruption from any one, yet not without a feeling that he must not consider himself as alone.

The desire that he felt to be solitary rendered him at last somewhat watchful, so that he became sensible that he was dogged by a black slave, a personage not so unfrequent in the streets of Constantinople as to excite any particular notice. His attention, however, being at length fixed on this individual, he began to be desirous to escape his observation; and the change of place which he had at first adopted to avoid society in general he had now recourse to, in order to rid himself of this distant, though apparently

watchful, attendant. Still, however, though he by change of place had lost sight of the negro for a few minutes, it was not long ere he again discovered him, at a distance too far for a companion, but near enough to serve all the purposes of a spy. Displeased at this, the Varangian turned short in his walk, and, choosing a spot where none was in sight but the object of his resentment, walked suddenly up to him, and demanded wherefore, and by whose orders, he presumed to dog his footsteps. The negro answered in a jargon as bad as that in which he was addressed, though of a different kind, "that he had orders to remark whither he went."

"Orders from whom?" said the Varangian.

"From my master and yours," answered the negro, boldly.

"Thou infidel villain!" exclaimed the angry soldier, "when was it that we became fellow-servants, and who is it that thou darest to call my master?"

"One who is master of the world," said the slave, "since he commands his own passions."

"I shall scarce command mine," said the Varangian, "if thou repliest to my earnest questions with thine affected quirks of philosophy. Once more, what dost thou want with me? and why hast thou the boldness to watch me?"

"I have told thee already," said the slave, "that I do my master's commands."

"But I must know who thy master is," said Hereward.

"He must tell thee that himself," replied the negro: "he trusts not a poor slave like me with the purpose of the errands on which he sends me."

"He has left thee a tongue, however," said the Varangian, "which some of thy countrymen would, I think, be glad to possess. Do not provoke me to abridge it by refusing me the information which I have a right to demand."

The black meditated, as it seemed from the grin on his face, further evasions, when Hereward cut them short by raising the staff of his battle-ax. "Put me not," he said, "to dishonor myself by striking thee with this weapon, calculated for a use so much more noble."

"I may not do so, valiant sir," said the negro, laying aside an impudent, half-gibing tone which he had hitherto made use of, and betraying personal fear in his manner. "If you beat the poor slave to death, you cannot learn what his master hath forbid him to tell. A short walk will save your honor the stain, and yourself the trouble, of beating what

cannot resist, and me the pain of enduring what I can neither retaliate nor avoid."

"Lead on, then," said the Varangian. "Be assured thou shalt not fool me by thy fair words, and I will know the person who is impudent enough to assume the right of watching my motions."

The black walked on with a species of leer peculiar to his physiognomy, which might be construed as expressive either of malice or of mere humor. The Varangian followed him with some suspicion, for it happened that he had had little intercourse with the unhappy race of Africa, and had not totally overcome the feeling of surprise with which he had at first regarded them when he arrived a stranger from the North. So often did this man look back upon him during their walk, and with so penetrating and observing a cast of countenance, that Hereward felt irresistibly renewed in his mind the English prejudices which assigned to the demons the sable color and distorted cast of visage of his conductor. The scene into which he was guided strengthened an association which was not of itself unlikely to occur to the ignorant and martial islander.

The negro led the way from the splendid terraced walks which we have described to a path descending to the seashore, when a place appeared which, far from being trimmed, like other parts of the coast, into walks or embankments, seemed, on the contrary, abandoned to neglect, and was covered with the moldering ruins of antiquity, where these had not been overgrown by the luxuriant vegetation of the climate. These fragments of building, occupying a sort of recess of the bay, were hidden by steep banks on each side, and although, in fact, they formed part of the city, yet they were not seen from any part of it, and, embosomed in the manner we have described, did not in turn command any view of the churches, palaces, towers, and fortifications amongst which they lay. The sight of this solitary, and apparently deserted, spot, encumbered with ruins and overgrown with cypress and other trees, situated as it was in the midst of a populous city, had something in it impressive and awful to the imagination. The ruins were of an ancient date, and in the style of a foreign people. The gigantic remains of a portico, the mutilated fragments of statues of great size, but executed in a taste and attitude so narrow and barbaric as to seem perfectly the reverse of the Grecian, and the half-defaced hieroglyphics which could be traced on some part of the decayed sculpture, corrobo-

rated the popular account of their origin, which we shall briefly detail.

According to tradition, this had been a temple dedicated to the Egyptian goddess Cybele, built while the Roman empire was yet heathen, and while Constantinople was still called by the name of Byzantium. It is well known that the superstition of the Egyptians—vulgarly gross in its literal meaning as well as in its mystical interpretation, and peculiarly the foundation of many wild doctrines—was disowned by the principles of general toleration, and the system of polytheism received by Rome, and was excluded by repeated laws from the respect paid by the empire to almost every other religion, however extravagant or absurd. Nevertheless, these Egyptian rites had charms for the curious and the superstitious, and had, after long opposition, obtained a footing in the empire.

Still, although tolerated, the Egyptian priests were rather considered as sorcerers than as pontiffs, and their whole ritual had a nearer relation to magic, in popular estimation, than to any regular system of devotion.

Stained with these accusations, even among the heathen themselves, the worship of Egypt was held in more mortal abhorrence by the Christians than the other and more rational kinds of heathen devotion—that is, if any at all had a right to be termed so. The brutal worship of Apis and Cybele was regarded not only as a pretext for obscene and profligate pleasures, but as having a direct tendency to open and encourage a dangerous commerce with evil spirits, who were supposed to take upon themselves, at these unhallowed altars, the names and characters of these foul deities. Not only, therefore, the temple of Cybele, with its gigantic portico, its huge and inelegant statues, and its fantastic hieroglyphics, was thrown down and defaced when the empire was converted to the Christian faith, but the very ground on which it stood was considered as polluted and unhallowed; and no emperor having yet occupied the site with a Christian church, the place still remained neglected and deserted, as we have described it.

The Varangian Hereward was perfectly acquainted with the evil reputation of the place; and when the negro seemed disposed to advance into the interior of the ruins, he hesitated, and addressed his guide thus: “Hark thee, my black friend, these huge fantastic images, some having dogs’ heads, some cows’ heads, and some no heads at all, are not held reverently in popular estimation. Your own color, also,

my comrade, is greatly too like that of Satan himself to render you an unsuspecting companion amid ruins in which the false spirit, it is said, daily walks his rounds. Midnight and noon are the times, it is rumored, of his appearance. I will go no farther with you, unless you assign me a fit reason for so doing."

"In making so childish a proposal," said the negro, "you take from me, in effect, all desire to guide you to my master. I thought I spoke to a man of invincible courage, and of that good sense upon which courage is best founded. But your valor only emboldens you to beat a black slave, who has neither strength nor title to resist you; and your courage is not enough to enable you to look without trembling on the dark side of a wall, even when the sun is in the heaven."

"Thou art insolent," said Hereward, raising his ax.

"And thou art foolish," said the negro, "to attempt to prove thy manhood and thy wisdom by the very mode which gives reason for calling them both in question. I have already said there can be little valor in beating a wretch like me; and no man, surely, who wishes to discover his way would begin by chasing away his guide."

"I follow thee," said Hereward, stung with the insinuation of cowardice; "but if thou leadest me into a snare, thy free talk shall not save thy bones, if a thousand of thy complexion from earth or hell were standing ready to back thee."

"Thou objectest sorely to my complexion," said the negro; "how knowest thou that it is, in fact, a thing to be counted and acted upon as matter of reality? Thine own eyes daily apprise thee that the color of the sky nightly changes from bright to black, yet thou knowest that this is by no means owing to any habitual color of the heavens themselves. The same change that takes place in the hue of the heavens has existence in the tinge of the deep sea. How canst thou tell but what the difference of my color from thine own may be owing to some deceptious change of a similar nature—not real in itself, but only creating an apparent reality?"

"Thou mayest have painted thyself, no doubt," answered the Varangian, upon reflection, "and thy blackness, therefore, may be only apparent; but I think thy old friend himself could hardly have presented these grinning lips, with the white teeth and flattened nose, so much to the life, unless that peculiarity of Nubian physiognomy, as they call it, had accurately and really an existence; and, to save thee

some trouble, my dark friend, I will tell thee that, though thou speakest to an uneducated Varangian, I am not entirely unskilled in the Grecian art of making subtle words pass upon the hearers instead of reason."

"Ay?" said the negro, doubtfully, and somewhat surprised; "and may the slave Diogenes—for so my master has christened me—inquire into the means by which you reached knowledge so unusual?"

"It is soon told," replied Hereward. "My countryman, Witikind, being a constable of our bands, retired from active service, and spent the end of a long life in this city of Constantinople. Being past all toils of battle, either those of reality, as you word it, or the pomp and fatigue of the exercising ground, the poor old man, in despair of something to pass his time, attended the lectures of the philosophers."

"And what did he learn there?" said the negro; "for a barbarian grown gray under the helmet, was not, as I think, a very hopeful student in our schools."

"As much, though, I should think, as a menial slave, which I understand to be thy condition," replied the soldier. "But I have understood from him that the masters of this idle science make it their business to substitute, in their argumentations, mere words instead of ideas; and as they never agree upon the precise meaning of the former, their disputes can never arrive at a fair or settled conclusion, since they do not agree in the language in which they express them. Their theories, as they call them, are built on the sand, and the wind and tide shall prevail against them."

"Say so to my master," answered the black, in a serious tone.

"I will," said the Varangian; "and he shall know me as an ignorant soldier, having but few ideas, and those only concerning my religion and my military duty. But out of these opinions I will neither be beaten by a battery of sophisms nor cheated by the arts or the terrors of the friends of heathenism, either in this world or the next."

"You may speak your mind to him, then, yourself," said Diogenes. He stepped to one side, as if to make way for the Varangian, to whom he motioned to go forward.

Hereward advanced accordingly, by a half-worn and almost imperceptible path leading through the long rough grass, and, turning round a half-demolished shrine, which exhibited the remains of Apis, the bovine deity, he came immediately in front of the philosopher, Agelastes, who, sitting among the ruins, reposed his limbs on the grass.

CHAPTER VIII

Through the vain webs which puzzle sophists' skill,
Plain sense and honest meaning work their way ;
So sink the varying clouds upon the hill,
When the clear dawning brightens into day.

DR. WATTS.

THE old man rose from the ground with alacrity, as Hereward approached. "My bold Varangian," he said, "thou who valuest men and things not according to the false estimate ascribed to them in this world, but to their real importance and actual value, thou art welcome, whatever has brought thee hither—thou art welcome to a place where it is held the best business of philosophy to strip man of his borrowed ornaments, and reduce him to the just value of his own attributes of body and mind, singly considered."

"You are a courtier, sir," said the Saxon, "and, as a permitted companion of the Emperor's Highness, you must be aware that there are twenty times more ceremonies than such a man as I can be acquainted with for regulating the different ranks in society; while a plain man like myself may be well excused from pushing himself into the company of those above him, where he does not exactly know how he should comport himself."

"True," said the philosopher; "but a man like yourself, noble Hereward, merits more consideration in the eyes of a real philosopher than a thousand of those mere insects whom the smiles of a court call into life, and whom its frowns reduce to annihilation."

"You are yourself, grave sir, a follower of the court," said Hereward.

"And a most punctilious one," said Agelastes. "There is not, I trust, a subject in the Empire who knows better the ten thousand punctilios exigible from those of different ranks, and due to different authorities. The man is yet to be born who has seen me take advantage of any more commodious posture than that of standing in presence of the royal family. But though I use those false scales in society, and so far conform to its errors my real judgment is of a

more grave character, and more worthy of man, as said to be formed in the image of his Creator."

"There can be small occasion," said the Varangian, "to exercise your judgment in any respect upon me, nor am I desirous that any one should think of me otherwise than I am—a poor exile, namely, who endeavors to fix his faith upon Heaven, and to perform his duty to the world he lives in, and to the prince in whose service he is engaged. And now, grave sir, permit me to ask whether this meeting is by your desire, and for what is its purpose? An African slave, whom I met in the public walks, and who calls himself Diogenes, tells me that you desired to speak with me; he hath somewhat the humor of the old scoffer, and so he may have lied. If so, I will even forgive him the beating which I owe his assurance, and make my excuse at the same time for having broken in upon your retirement, which I am totally unfit to share."

"Diogenes has not played you false," answered Agelastes; "he has his humors, as you remarked even now, and with these some qualities also that put him upon a level with those of fairer complexion and better features."

"And for what," said the Varangian, "have you so employed him? Can your wisdom possibly entertain a wish to converse with me?"

"I am an observer of nature and of humanity," answered the philosopher; "is it not natural that I should tire of those beings who are formed entirely upon artifice, and long to see something more fresh from the hand of nature?"

"You see not that in me," said the Varangian: "the rigor of military discipline, the camp, the centurion, the armor frame a man's sentiments and limbs to them, as the sea-crab is framed to its shell. See one of us, and you see us all."

"Permit me to doubt that," said Agelastes, "and to suppose that, in Hereward, the son of Waltheoff, I see an extraordinary man, although he himself may be ignorant, owing to his modesty, of the rarity of his own good qualities."

"The son of Waltheoff!" answered the Varangian, somewhat startled. "Do you know my father's name?"

"Be not surprised," answered the philosopher, "at my possessing so simple a piece of information. It has cost me but little trouble to attain it, yet I would gladly hope that the labor I have taken in that matter may convince you of my real desire to call you friend."

"It was indeed an unusual compliment," said Hereward,

“that a man of your knowledge and station should be at the trouble to inquire among the Varangian cohorts concerning the descent of one of their constables. I scarcely think that my commander, the Acolyte himself, would think such knowledge worthy of being collected or preserved.”

“Greater men than he,” said Agelastes, “certainly would not—— You know one in high office who thinks the names of his most faithful soldiers of less moment than those of his hunting dogs or his hawks, and would willingly save himself the trouble of calling them otherwise than by a whistle.”

“I may not hear this,” answered the Varangian.

“I would not offend you,” said the philosopher, “I would not even shake your good opinion of the person I allude to; yet it surprises me that such should be entertained by one of your great qualities.”

“A truce with this, grave sir, which is in fact trifling in a person of your character and appearance,” answered the Anglo-Saxon. “I am like the rocks of my country: the fierce winds cannot shake me, the soft rains cannot melt me, flattery and loud words are alike lost upon me.”

“And it is even for that inflexibility of mind,” replied Agelastes, “that steady contempt of everything that approaches thee, save in the light of a duty, that I demand, almost like a beggar, that personal acquaintance which thou refusest like a churl.”

“Pardon me,” said Hereward, “if I doubt this. Whatever stories you may have picked up concerning me, not unexaggerated probably—since the Greeks do not keep the privilege of boasting so entirely to themselves but the Varangians have learned a little of it—you can have heard nothing of me which can authorize your using your present language, excepting in jest.”

“You mistake, my son,” said Agelastes; “believe me not a person to mix in the idle talk respecting you with your comrades at the ale-cup. Such as I am, I can strike on this broken image of Anubis (here he touched a gigantic fragment of a statue by his side), and bid the spirit who long prompted the oracle descend and once more reanimate the trembling mass. We that are initiated enjoy high privileges: we stamp upon those ruined vaults, and the echo which dwells there answers to our demand. Do not think that, although I crave thy friendship, I need therefore supplicate thee for information either respecting thyself or others.”

"Your words are wonderful," said the Anglo-Saxon; 'but by such promising words I have heard that many souls have been seduced from the path of Heaven. My grandsire, Kenelm, was wont to say that the fair words of the heathen philosophy were more hurtful to the Christian faith than the menaces of the heathen tyrants."

"I knew him," said Agelastes. "What avails it whether it was in the body or in the spirit? He was converted from the faith of Woden by a noble monk, and died a priest at the shrine of St. Augustine."*

"True," said Hereward—"all this is certain, and I am the rather bound to remember his words now that he is dead and gone. When I hardly knew his meaning, he bid me beware of the doctrine which causeth to err, which is taught by false prophets, who attest their doctrine by unreal miracles."

"This," said Agelastes, "is mere superstition. Thy grandsire was a good and excellent man, but narrow-minded, like other priests; and, deceived by their example, he wished but to open a small wicket in the gate of truth, and admit the world only on that limited scale. Seest thou, Hereward, thy grandsire and most men of religion would fain narrow our intellect to the consideration of such parts of the immaterial world as are essential to our moral guidance here and our final salvation hereafter; but it is not the less true that man has liberty, provided he has wisdom and courage, to form intimacies with beings more powerful than himself, who can defy the bounds of space by which he is circumscribed, and overcome, by their metaphysical powers, difficulties which, to the timid and unlearned, may appear wild and impossible."

"You talk of a folly," answered Hereward, "at which childhood gapes and manhood smiles."

"On the contrary," said the sage, "I talk of a longing wish which every man feels at the bottom of his heart to hold communication with beings more powerful than himself, and who are not naturally accessible to our organs. Believe me, Hereward, so ardent and universal an aspiration had not existed in our bosoms had there not also been means, if steadily and wisely sought, of attaining its accomplishment. I will appeal to thine own heart, and prove to thee, even by a single word, that what I say is truth. Thy thoughts are even now upon a being long absent or dead, and with the name of BERTHA a thousand emotions rush to

*At Canterbury.

thy heart, which in thy ignorance thou hadst esteemed furled up forever, like spoils of the dead hung above a tombstone ! Thou startest and changest thy color : I joy to see by these signs that the firmness and indomitable courage which men ascribe to thee have left the avenues of the heart as free as ever to kindly and to generous affections, while they have barred them against those of fear, uncertainty, and all the caitiff tribe of meaner sensations. I have proffered to esteem thee, and I have no hesitation in proving it. I will tell thee, if thou desirest to know it, the fate of that very Bertha whose memory thou hast cherished in thy breast in spite of thee, amidst the toil of the day and the repose of the night, in the battle and in the truce, when sporting with thy companions in fields of exercise, or attempting to prosecute the study of Greek learning, in which, if thou wouldst advance, I can teach it by a short road."

While Agelastes thus spoke, the Varangian in some degree recovered his composure, and made answer, though his voice was somewhat tremulous—"Who thou art, I know not ; what thou wouldst with me, I cannot tell ; by what means thou hast gathered intelligence of such consequence to me, and of so little to another, I have no conception ; but this I know, that by intention or accident thou hast pronounced a name which agitates my heart to its deepest recesses ; yet am I a Christian and Varangian, and neither to my God nor to my adopted prince will I willingly stagger in my faith. What is to be wrought by idols or by false deities must be a treason to the real divinity. Nor is it less certain that thou hast let glance some arrows, though the rules of thy allegiance strictly forbid it, at the Emperor himself. Henceforward, therefore, I refuse to communicate with thee, be it for weal or wo. I am the Emperor's waged soldier, and although I affect not the nice precisions of respect and obedience which are exacted in so many various cases and by so many various rules, yet I am his defense, and my battle-ax is his body-guard."

"No one doubts it," said the philosopher. "But art not thou also bound to a nearer dependence upon the great Acolyte, Achilles Tatius ?"

"No. He is my general, according to the rules of our service," answered the Varangian ; "to me he has always shown himself a kind and good-natured man, and, his dues of rank apart, I may say has deported himself as a friend rather than a commander. He is, however, my master's servant as well as I am ; nor do I hold the difference of great

amount which the word of a man can give or take away at pleasure."

"It is nobly spoken," said Agelastes; "and you yourself are surely entitled to stand erect before one whom you supersede in courage and in the art of war."

"Pardon me," returned the Briton, "if I decline the attributed compliment, as what in no respect belongs to me. The Emperor chooses his own officers, in respect of their power of serving him as he desires to be served. In this it is likely I might fail; I have said already I owe my Emperor my obedience, my duty, and my service, nor does it seem to me necessary to carry our explanation farther."

"Singular man!" said Agelastes; "is there nothing that can move thee but things that are foreign to thyself? The name of thy Emperor and thy commander are no spell upon thee, and even that of the object thou hast loved——"

Here the Varangian interrupted him.

"I have thought," he said, "upon the words thou hast spoken—thou hast found the means to shake my heart-strings, but not to unsettle my principles. I will hold no converse with thee on a matter in which thou canst not have interest. Necromancers, it is said, perform their spells by means of the epithets of the Holiest; no marvel, then, should they use the names of the purest of His creation to serve their unhallowed purposes. I will none of such struckling, disgraceful to the dead perhaps as to the living. Whatever has been thy purpose, old man—for think not thy strange words have passed unnoticed—be thou assured I bear that in my heart which defies alike the seduction of men and of fiends."

With this the soldier turned and left the ruined temple, after a slight inclination of his head to the philosopher.

Agelastes, after the departure of the soldier, remained alone, apparently absorbed in meditation, until he was suddenly disturbed by the entrance into the ruins of Achilles Tatius. The leader of the Varangians spoke not until he had time to form some result from the philosopher's features. He then said, "Thou remainest, sage Agelastes, confident in the purpose of which we have lately spoke together?"

"I do," said Agelastes, with gravity and firmness.

"But," replied Achilles Tatius, "thou has not gained to our side that proselyte whose coolness and courage would serve us better in our hour of need than the service of a thousand cold-hearted slaves?"

"I have not succeeded," answered the philosopher.

“And thou dost not blush to own it?” said the imperial officer in reply. “Thou, the wisest of those who yet pretend to Grecian wisdom, the most powerful of those who still assert the skill by words, signs, names, periapts, and spells to exceed the sphere to which thy faculties belong, hast been foiled in thy trade of persuasion, like an infant worsted in debate with its domestic tutor? Out upon thee, that thou canst not sustain in argument the character which thou wouldst so fain assume to thyself!”

“Peace!” said the Grecian. “I have as yet gained nothing, it is true, over this obstinate and inflexible man; but, Achilles Tatius, neither have I lost. We both stand where yesterday we did, with this advantage on my side, that I have suggested to him such an object of interest as he shall never be able to expel from his mind, until he hath had recourse to me to obtain farther knowledge concerning it. And now let this singular person remain for a time unmentioned; yet trust me, though flattery, avarice, and ambition may fail to gain him, a bait nevertheless remains that shall make him as completely our own as any that is bound within our mystic and inviolable contract. Tell me, then, how go on the affairs of the empire? Does this tide of Latin warriors, so strangely set aflowing, still rush on to the banks of the Bosphorus? and does Alexius still entertain hopes to diminish and divide the strength of numbers which he could in vain hope to defy?”

“Something further of intelligence has been gained, even within a very few hours,” answered Achilles Tatius. “Bohemond came to the city with some six or eight light horse, and in a species of disguise. Considering how often he had been the Emperor’s enemy, his project was a perilous one. But when is it that these Franks draw back on account of danger? The Emperor perceived at once that the Count was come to see what he might obtain by presenting himself as the very first object of his liberality, and by offering his assistance as mediator with Godfrey of Bouillon and the other princes of the crusade.”

“It is a species of policy,” answered the sage, “for which he would receive full credit from the Emperor.”

Achilles Tatius proceeded—“Count Bohemond was discovered to the imperial court as if it were by mere accident, and he was welcomed with marks of favor and splendor which had never been even mentioned as being fit for any one of the Frankish race. There was no word of ancient enmity or former wars, no mention of Bohemond as the an-

cient usurper of Antioch, and the encroacher upon the empire. But thanks to Heaven were returned on all sides, which had sent a faithful ally to the imperial assistance at a moment of such imminent peril."

"And what said Bohemond?" inquired the philosopher.

"Little or nothing," said the captain of the Varangians, "until, as I learned from the domestic slave Narses, a large sum of gold had been abandoned to him. Considerable districts were afterwards agreed to be ceded to him, and other advantages granted, on condition he should stand on this occasion the steady friend of the empire and its master. Such was the Emperor's munificence towards the greedy barbarian, that a chamber in the palace was, by chance, as it were, left exposed to his view, containing large quantities of manufactured silks, of jewelers' work, of gold and silver, and other articles of great value. When the rapacious Frank could not forbear some expressions of admiration, he was assured that the contents of the treasure-chamber were his own, provided he valued them as showing forth the warmth and sincerity of his imperial ally towards his friends; and these precious articles were accordingly conveyed to the tent of the Norman leader. By such measures the Emperor must make himself master of Bohemond, both body and soul; for the Franks themselves say it is strange to see a man of undaunted bravery and towering ambition so infected, nevertheless, with avarice, which they term a mean and unnatural vice."

"Bohemond," said Agelastes, "is then the Emperor's for life and death—always, that is, till the recollection of the royal munificence be effaced by a greater gratuity. Alexius, proud as he naturally is of his management with this important chieftain, will no doubt expect to prevail by his counsels on most of the other crusaders, and even on Godfrey of Bouillon himself, to take an oath of submission and fidelity to the Emperor, which, were it not for the sacred nature of their warfare, the meanest gentleman among them would not submit to, were it to be lord of a province. There, then, we rest. A few days must determine what we have to do. An earlier discovery would be destruction."

"We meet not, then, to-night?" said the Acolyte.

"No," replied the sage; "unless we are summoned to that foolish stage-play or recitation; and then we meet as play things in the hand of a silly woman, the spoiled child of a weak-minded parent."

Tatius then took his leave of the philosopher, and, as if

fearful of being seen in each other's company, they left their solitary place of meeting by different routes. The Varangian, Hereward, received, shortly after, a summons from his superior, who acquainted him that he should not, as formerly intimated, require his attendance that evening.

Achilles then paused, and added—"Thou hast something on thy lips thou wouldst say to me, which, nevertheless, hesitates to break forth."

"It is only this," answered the soldier: "I have had an interview with the man called Agelastes, and he seems something so different from what he appeared when we last spoke of him, that I cannot forbear mentioning to you what I have seen. He is not an insignificant trifler, whose object it is to raise a laugh at his own expense or that of any other. He is a deep-thinking and far-reaching man, who, for some reason or other, is desirous of forming friends, and drawing a party to himself. Your own wisdom will teach you to beware of him."

"Thou art an honest fellow, my poor Hereward," said Achilles Tatius, with an affectation of good-natured contempt. "Such men as Agelastes do often frame their severest jests in the shape of formal gravity: they will pretend to possess the most unbounded power over elements and elemental spirits, they will make themselves masters of the names and anecdotes best known to those whom they make their sport; and any one who shall listen to them shall, in the words of the divine Homer, only expose himself to a flood of inextinguishable laughter. I have often known him select one of the rawest and most ignorant persons in presence, and to him, for the amusement of the rest, he has pretended to cause the absent to appear, the distant to draw near, and the dead themselves to burst the cerements of the grave. Take care, Hereward, that his arts make not a stain on the credit of one of my bravest Varangians."

"There is no danger," answered Hereward. "I shall not be fond of being often with this man. If he jests upon one subject which he hath mentioned to me, I shall be but too likely to teach him seriousness after a rough manner. And if he is serious in his pretensions in such mystical matters, we should, according to the faith of my grandfather, Kenelm, do insult to the deceased, whose name is taken in the mouth of a soothsayer or impious enchanter. I will not, therefore, again go near this Agelastes, be he wizard or be he impostor."

"You apprehend me not," said the Acolyte, hastily—"you mistake my meaning. He is a man from whom, if

he pleases to converse with such as you, you may derive much knowledge, keeping out of the reach of those pretended secret arts, which he will only use to turn thee into ridicule." With these words, which he himself would perhaps have felt it difficult to reconcile, the leader and his follower parted.

CHAPTER IX

Between the foaming jaws of the white torrent
The skilful artist draws a sudden mound ;
By level long he subdivides their strength,
Stealing the waters from their rocky bed,
First to diminish what he means to conquer ;
Then, from the residue he forms a road,
Easy to keep, and painful to desert,
And guiding to the end the planner aim'd at.

The Engineer.

It would have been easy for Alexius, by a course of avowed suspicion, or any false step in the manner of receiving this tumultuary invasion of the European nations, to have blown into a flame the numerous but smothered grievances under which they labored ; and a similiar catastrophe would not have been less certain, had he at once abandoned all thoughts of resistance, and placed his hope of safety in surrendering to the multitudes of the West whatsoever they accounted worth taking. The Emperor chose a middle course ; and, unquestionably, in the weakness of the Greek empire, it was the only one which would have given him at once safety and a great degree of consequence in the eyes of the Frank invaders, and those of his own subjects. The means with which he acted were of various kinds, and, rather from policy than inclination, were often stained with falsehood or meanness ; therefore it follows that the measures of the Emperor resembled those of the snake, who twines himself through the grass, with the purpose of stinging insidiously those whom he fears to approach with the step of the bold and generous lion. We are not, however, writing the history of the crusades, and what we have already said of the Emperor's precautions on the first appearance of Godfrey of Bouillon and his associates may suffice for the elucidation of our story.

About four weeks had now passed over, marked by quarrels and reconcilements between the crusaders and the Grecians of the empire. The former were, as Alexius's policy dictated, occasionally and individually received with

extreme honor, and their leaders loaded with respect and favor ; while, from time to time, such bodies of them as sought distant or circuitous routes to the capital were intercepted and cut to pieces by light-armed troops, who easily passed upon their ignorant opponents for Turks, Scythians, or other infidels, and sometimes were actually such, but in the service of the Grecian monarch. Often, too, it happened that, while the more powerful chiefs of the crusade were feasted by the Emperor and his ministers with the richest delicacies, and their thirst slaked with iced wines, their followers were left at a distance, where, intentionally supplied with adulterated flour, tainted provisions, and bad water, they contracted diseases, and died in great numbers, without having once seen a foot of the Holy Land, for the recovery of which they had abandoned their peace, their competence, and their native country. These aggressions did not pass without complaint. Many of the crusading chiefs impugned the fidelity of their allies, exposed the losses sustained by their armies as evils voluntarily inflicted on them by the Greeks, and on more than one occasion the two nations stood opposed to each other on such terms that a general war seemed to be inevitable.

Alexius, however, though obliged to have recourse to every finesse, still kept his ground, and made peace with the most powerful chiefs, under one pretense or other. The actual losses of the crusaders by the sword he imputed to their own aggressions ; their misguidance, to accident and to wilfulness ; the effects produced on them by the adulterated provisions, to the vehemence of their own appetite for raw fruits and unripened wines. In short, there was no disaster of any kind whatsoever which could possibly befall the unhappy pilgrims but the Emperor stood prepared to prove that it was the natural consequence of their own violence, wilfulness of conduct, or hostile precipitancy.

The chiefs, who were not ignorant of their strength, would not, it was likely, have tamely suffered injuries from a power so inferior to their own, were it not that they had formed extravagant ideas of the wealth of the Eastern empire, which Alexius seemed willing to share with them with an excess of bounty as new to the leaders as the rich productions of the East were tempting to their followers.

The French nobles would perhaps have been the most difficult to be brought into order when differences arose, but an accident, which the Emperor might have termed providential, reduced the high-spirited Count of Ver-

mandois to the situation of a suppliant, when he expected to hold that of a dictator. A fierce tempest surprised his fleet after he set sail from Italy, and he was finally driven on the coast of Greece. Many ships were destroyed, and those troops who got ashore were so much distressed that they were obliged to surrender themselves to the lieutenants of Alexius. So that the Count of Vermandois, so haughty in his bearing when he first embarked, was sent to the court of Constantinople not as a prince, but as a prisoner. In this case, the Emperor instantly set the soldiers at liberty, and loaded them with presents.*

Grateful, therefore, for attentions in which Alexius was unremitting, Count Hugh was, by gratitude as well as interest, inclined to join the opinion of those who, for other reasons, desired the subsistence of peace betwixt the crusaders and the empire of Greece. A better principle determined the celebrated Godfrey, Raymond of Tholouse, and some others, in whom devotion was something more than a mere burst of fanaticism. These princes considered with what scandal their whole journey must be stained, if the first of their exploits should be a war upon the Grecian empire, which might justly be called the barrier of Christendom. If it was weak and at the same time rich—if at the same time it invited rapine and was unable to protect itself against it—it was the more their interest and duty, as Christian soldiers, to protect a Christian state whose existence was of so much consequence to the common cause, even when it could not defend itself. It was the wish of these frank-hearted men to receive the Emperor's professions of friendship with such sincere returns of amity, to return his kindness with so much usury, as to convince him that their purpose towards him was in every respect fair and honorable, and that it would be his interest to abstain from every injurious treatment which might induce or compel them to alter their measures towards him.

It was with this accommodating spirit towards Alexius, which, for many different and complicated reasons, had now aminated most of the crusaders, that the chiefs consented to a measure which, in other circumstances, they would probably have refused, as undue to the Greeks and dishonorable to themselves. This was the famous resolution that, before crossing the Bosphorus to go in quest of that Palestine which they had vowed to regain, each chief of crusaders would acknowledge individually the Grecian Em-

* See Miles's *History of the Crusades*, vol. i. [chap. iii.] p. 96.

peror, originally lord paramount of all these regions, as their liege lord and suzerain.

The Emperor Alexius, with trembling joy, beheld the crusaders approach a conclusion to which he had hoped to bribe them rather by interested means than by reasoning, although much might be said why provinces reconquered from the Turks or Saracens should, if recovered from the infidel, become again a part of the Grecian empire, from which they had been rent without any pretense save that of violence.

Though fearful, and almost despairing, of being able to manage the rude and discordant army of haughty chiefs, who were wholly independent of each other, Alexius failed not, with eagerness and dexterity, to seize upon the admission of Godfrey and his compeers, that the Emperor was entitled to the allegiance of all who should war on Palestine, and natural lord paramount of all the conquests which should be made in the course of the expedition. He was resolved to make this ceremony so public, and to interest men's minds in it by such a display of the imperial pomp and munificence, that it should not either pass unknown or be readily forgotten.

An extensive terrace, one of the numerous spaces which extend along the coast of the Propontis, was chosen for the site of the magnificent ceremony. Here was placed an elevated and august throne, calculated for the use of the Emperor alone. On this occasion, by suffering no other seats within view of the pageant, the Greeks endeavored to secure a point of ceremony peculiarly dear to their vanity, namely, that none of that presence, save the Emperor himself, should be seated. Around the throne of Alexius Comnenus were placed in order, but standing, the various dignitaries of his splendid court, in their different ranks, from the Protosebastos and the Caesar to the Patriarch, splendid in his ecclesiastic robes, and to Agelastes, who, in his simple habit, gave also the necessary attendance. Behind and around the splendid display of the Emperor's court were drawn many dark circles of the exiled Anglo-Saxons. These, by their own desire, were not, on that memorable day, accoutered in the silver corslets which were the fashion of an idle court, but sheathed in mail and plate. They desired, they said, to be known as warriors to warriors. This was the more readily granted, as there was no knowing what trifle might infringe a truce between parties so inflammable as were now assembled.

Beyond the Varangians, in much greater numbers, were drawn up the bands of Grecians, or Romans, then known by the title of Immortals, which had been borrowed by the Romans originally from the empire of Persia. The stately forms, lofty crests, and splendid apparel of these guards would have given the foreign princes present a higher idea of their military prowess, had there not occurred in their ranks a frequent indication of loquacity and of motion, forming a strong contrast to the steady composure and death-like silence with which the well-trained Varangians stood in the parade, like statues made of iron.

The reader must then conceive this throne in all the pomp of Oriental greatness, surrounded by the foreign and Roman troops of the empire, and closed on the rear by clouds of light horse, who shifted their places repeatedly, so as to convey an idea of their multitude, without affording the exact means of estimating it. Through the dust which they raised by these evolutions might be seen banners and standards, among which could be discovered, by glances, the celebrated LABARUM,* the pledge of conquest to the imperial banners, but whose sacred efficacy had somewhat failed of late days. The rude soldiers of the West, who viewed the Grecian army, maintained that the standards which were exhibited in front of their line were at least sufficient for the array of ten times the number of soldiers.

Far on the right, the appearance of a very large body of European cavalry drawn up on the sea-shore intimated the presence of the crusaders. So great was the desire to follow the example of the chief princes, dukes, and counts, in making the proposed fealty, that the number of independent knights and nobles who were to perform this service seemed very great when collected together for that purpose; for every crusader who possessed a tower and led six lances would have thought himself abridged of his dignity if he had not been called to acknowledge the Grecian Emperor, and hold the lands he should conquer of his throne, as well as Godfrey of Bouillon, or Hugh the Great, Count of Vermandois. And yet, with strange inconsistency, though they pressed to fulfil the homage as that which was paid by greater persons than themselves, they seemed, at the very same time, desirous to find some mode of intimating that the homage which they rendered they felt as an idle degradation, and in fact held the whole show as a mere piece of mockery.

* See Note 6.

The order of the procession had been thus settled :—The crusaders, or, as the Grecians called them, the “counts”—that being the most common title among them—were to advance from the left of their body, and, passing the Emperor one by one, were apprised that, in passing, each was to render to him, in as few words as possible, the homage which had been previously agreed on. Godfrey of Bouillon, his brother Baldwin, Bohemond of Antioch, and several other crusaders of eminence, were the first to perform the ceremony, alighting when their own part was performed, and remaining in attendance by the Emperor’s chair, to prevent, by the awe of their presence, any of their numerous associates from being guilty of petulance or presumption during the solemnity. Other crusaders of less degree retained their station near the Emperor, when they had once gained it, out of mere curiosity, or to show that they were as much at liberty to do so as the greater commanders who assumed that privilege.

Thus two great bodies of troops, Grecian and European, paused at some distance from each other on the banks of the Bosphorus canal, differing in language, arms, and appearance. The small troops of horse which from time to time issued forth from these bodies resembled the flashes of lightning passing from one thunder-cloud to another, which communicate to each other by such emissaries their overcharged contents. After some halt on the margin of the Bosphorus, the Franks who had performed homage straggled irregularly forward to a quay on the shore, where innumerable galleys and smaller vessels, provided for the purpose, lay with sails and oars prepared to waft the warlike pilgrims across the passage, and place them on that Asia which they longed so passionately to visit, and from which but few of them were likely to return. The gay appearance of the vessels which were to receive them, the readiness with which they were supplied with refreshments, the narrowness of the strait they had to cross, the near approach of that active service which they had vowed and longed to discharge, put the warriors into gay spirits, and songs and music bore chorus to the departing oars.

While such was the temper of the crusaders, the Grecian Emperor did his best through the whole ceremonial to impress on the armed multitude the highest ideas of his own grandeur, and the importance of the occasion which had brought them together. This was readily admitted by the higher chiefs—some because their vanity had been propiti-

ated, some because their avarice had been gratified, some because their ambition had been inflamed, and a few—a very few, because to remain friends with Alexius was the most probable means of advancing the purposes of their expedition. Accordingly, the great lords, from these various motives, practised a humility which perhaps they were far from feeling, and carefully abstained from all which might seem like irreverence at the solemn festival of the Grecians. But there were very many of a different temper.

Of the great number of counts, lords, and knights under whose variety of banners the crusaders were led to the walls of Constantinople, many were too insignificant to be bribed to this distasteful measure of homage; and these, though they felt it dangerous to oppose resistance, yet mixed their submission with taunts, ridicule, and such contraventions of decorum as plainly intimated that they entertained resentment and scorn at the step they were about to take, and esteemed it as proclaiming themselves vassals to a prince heretic in his faith, limited in the exercise of his boasted power, their enemy when he dared show himself such, and the friend of those only among their number who were able to compel him to be so, and who, though to them an obsequious ally, was to the others, when occasion offered, an insidious and murderous enemy.

The nobles of Frankish origin and descent were chiefly remarkable for their presumptuous contempt of every other nation engaged in the crusade, as well as for their dauntless bravery, and for the scorn with which they regarded the power and authority of the Greek empire. It was a common saying among them that, if the skies should fall, the French crusaders alone were able to hold them up with their lances. The same bold and arrogant disposition showed itself in occasional quarrels with their unwilling hosts, in which the Greeks, notwithstanding all their art, were often worsted; so that Alexius was determined, at all events, to get rid of these intractable and fiery allies, by ferrying them over the Bosphorus with all manner of diligence. To do this with safety, he availed himself of the presence of the Count of Vermandois, Godfrey of Bouillon, and other chiefs of great influence, to keep in order the lesser Frankish knights, who were so numerous and unruly.*

Struggling with his feelings of offended pride, tempered by a prudent degree of apprehension, the Emperor endeavored to receive with complacence a homage tendered in

* See Mills, vol. i. chap. iii.

mockery. An incident shortly took place of a character highly descriptive of the nations brought together in so extraordinary a manner, and with such different feelings and sentiments. Several bands of French had passed, in a sort of procession, the throne of the Emperor, and rendered, with some appearance of gravity, the usual homage. On this occasion they bent their knees to Alexius, placed their hands within his, and in that posture paid the ceremonies of feudal fealty. But when it came to the turn of Bohemond of Antioch, already mentioned, to render this fealty, the Emperor, desirous to show every species of honor to this wily person, his former enemy, and now apparently his ally, advanced two or three paces towards the seaside, where the boats lay as if in readiness for his use.

The distance to which the Emperor moved was very small, and it was assumed as a piece of deference to Bohemond; but it became the means of exposing Alexius himself to a cutting affront, which his guards and subjects felt deeply, as an intentional humiliation. A half-score of horsemen, attendants of the Frankish count who was next to perform the homage, with their lord at the head, set off at full gallop from the right flank of the French squadrons, and arriving before the throne, which was yet empty, they at once halted. The rider at the head of the band was a strong, herculean figure, with a decided and stern countenance, though extremely handsome, looking out from thick black curls. His head was surmounted with a barret cap, while his hands, limbs, and feet were covered with garments of chamois leather, over which he in general wore the ponderous and complete armor of his country. This, however, he had laid aside for personal convenience, though in doing so he evinced a total neglect of the ceremonial which marked so important a meeting. He waited not a moment for the Emperor's return, nor regarded the impropriety of obliging Alexius to hurry his steps back to his throne, but sprung from his gigantic horse, and threw the reins loose, which were instantly seized by one of the attendant pages. Without a moment's hesitation, the Frank seated himself in the vacant throne of the Emperor, and extending his half-armed and robust figure on the golden cushions which were destined for Alexius, he indolently began to caress a large wolf-hound which had followed him, and which, feeling itself as much at ease as its master, reposed its grim form on the carpets of silk and gold damask which tapestried the imperial footstool. The very hound stretched itself with a

bold, ferocious insolence, and seemed to regard no one with respect save the stern knight whom it called master.

The Emperor, turning back from the short space which, as a special mark of favor, he had accompanied Bohemond, beheld with astonishment his seat occupied by this insolent Frank. The bands of the half-savage Varangians who were stationed around would not have hesitated an instant in avenging the insult, by prostrating the violator of their master's throne even in this act of his contempt had they not been restrained by Achilles Tatius and other officers, who were uncertain what the Emperor would do, and somewhat timorous of taking a resolution for themselves.

Meanwhile, the unceremonious knight spoke aloud, in a speech which, though provincial, might be understood by all to whom the French language was known, while even those who understood it not gathered its interpretation from his tone and manner. "What churl is this," he said, "who has remained sitting stationary like a block of wood or the fragment of a rock, when so many noble knights, the flower of chivalry and muster of gallantry, stand uncovered around among the thrice conquered Varangians?"

A deep, clear accent replied, as if from the bottom of the earth, so like it was to the accents of some being from the other world—"If the Normans desire battle of the Varangians, they will meet them in the lists man to man, without the poor boast of insulting the Emperor of Greece, who is well known to fight only by the battle-axes of his guard."

The astonishment was so great when this answer was heard as to affect even the knight whose insult upon the Emperor had occasioned it; and amid the efforts of Achilles to retain his soldiers within the bounds of subordination and silence, a loud murmur seemed to intimate that they would not long remain so. Bohemond returned through the press with a celerity which did not so well suit the dignity of Alexius, and catching the crusader by the arm, he, something between fair means and a gentle degree of force, obliged him to leave the chair of the Emperor, in which he had placed himself so boldly.

"How is it," said Bohemond, "noble Count of Paris? Is there one of this great assembly who can see with patience that your name, so widely renowned for valor, is now to be quoted in an idle brawl with hirelings, whose utmost boast it is to bear a mercenary battle-ax in the ranks of the Emperor's guards? For shame—for shame; do not, for the discredit of Norman chivalry, let it be so!"

"I know not," said the crusader, rising reluctantly. "I am not nice in choosing the degree of my adversary, when he bears himself like one who is willing and forward in battle. I am good-natured, I tell thee, Count Bohemond; and Turk or Tartar, or wandering Anglo-Saxon, who only escapes from the chain of the Normans to become the slave of the Greek, is equally welcome to whet his blade clean against my armor, if he desires to achieve such an honorable office."

The Emperor had heard what passed—had heard it with indignation, mixed with fear; for he imagined the whole scheme of his policy was about to be overturned at once by a premeditated plan of personal affront, and probably an assault upon his person. He was about to call to arms, when, casting his eyes on the right flank of the crusaders, he saw that all remained quiet after the Frank baron had transferred himself from thence. He therefore instantly resolved to let the insult pass, as one of the rough pleasantries of the Franks, since the advance of more troops did not give any symptom of an actual onset.

Resolving on his line of conduct with the quickness of thought, he glided back to his canopy and stood beside his throne, of which, however, he chose not instantly to take possession, lest he should give the insolent stranger some ground for renewing and persisting in a competition for it.

"What bold vavasour is this," said he to Count Baldwin, "whom, as is apparent from his dignity, I ought to have received seated upon my throne, and who thinks proper thus to vindicate his rank?"

"He is reckoned one of the bravest men in our host," answered Baldwin, "though the brave are as numerous there as the sands of the sea. He will himself tell you his name and rank."

Alexius looked at the vavasour. He saw nothing in his large, well-formed-features, lighted by a wild touch of enthusiasm which spoke in his quick eye, that intimated premeditated insult, and was induced to suppose that what had occurred, so contrary to the form and ceremonial of the Grecian court, was neither an intentional affront nor designed as the means of introducing a quarrel. He therefore spoke with comparative ease when he addressed the stranger thus—"We know not by what dignified name to salute you; but we are aware, from Count Baldwin's information, that we are honored in having in our presence one of the bravest knights whom a sense of the wrongs done to the Holy Land

has brought thus far on his way to Palestine, to free it from its bondage."

"If you mean to ask my name," answered the European knight, "any one of these pilgrims can readily satisfy you, and more gracefully than I can myself, since we used to say in our country that many a fierce quarrel is prevented from being fought out by an untimely disclosure of names, when men, who might have fought with the fear of God before their eyes, must, when their names are manifested, recognize each other as spiritual allies, by baptism, gossipred, or some such irresistible bond of friendship; whereas, had they fought first, and told their names afterwards, they could have had some assurance of each other's valor, and have been able to view their relationship as an honor to both."

"Still," said the Emperor, "methinks I would know if you, who, in this extraordinary press of knights, seem to assert a precedence to yourself, claim the dignity due to a king or prince?"

"How speak you that?" said the Frank, with a brow somewhat overclouded; "do you feel that I have not left you unjustled by my advance to these squadrons of yours?"

Alexius hastened to answer, that he felt no particular desire to connect the count with an affront or offense; observing that, in the extreme necessity of the empire, it was no time for him, who was at the helm, to engage in idle or unnecessary quarrels.

The Frankish knight heard him, and answered drily—"Since such are your sentiments, I wonder that you have ever resided long enough within the hearing of the French language to learn to speak it as you do. I would have thought some of the sentiments of the chivalry of the nation, since you are neither a monk nor a woman, would, at the same time with the words of the dialect, have found their way into your heart."

"Hush, sir count," said Bohemond, who remained by the Emperor to avert the threatening quarrel. "It is surely requisite to answer the Emperor with civility; and those who are impatient for warfare will have infidels enough to wage it with. He only demanded your name and lineage, which you of all men can have least objection to disclose."

"I know not if it will interest this prince, or emperor, as you term him," answered the Frank count; "but all the account I can give of myself is this: In the midst of one of the vast forests which occupy the center of France, my native country, there stands a chapel, sunk so low into the

ground that it seems as if it were become decrepid by its own great age. The image of the Holy Virgin who presides over its altar is called by all men Our Lady of the Broken Lances, and is accounted through the whole kingdom the most celebrated for military adventures. Four beaten roads, each leading from an opposite point in the compass, meet before the principal door of the chapel ; and ever and anon, as a good knight arrives at this place, he passes in to the performance of his devotions in the chapel, having first sounded his horn three times, till ash and oak-tree quiver and ring. Having then kneeled down to his devotions, he seldom arises from the mass of Her of the Broken Lances but there is attending on his leisure some adventurous knight ready to satisfy the new-comer's desire of battle. This station have I held for a month and more against all comers, and all gave me fair thanks for the knightly manner of quitting myself towards them, except one, who had the evil hap to fall from his horse, and did break his neck and another, who was struck through the body, so that the lance came out behind his back about a cloth-yard, all dripping with blood. Allowing for such accidents, which cannot easily be avoided, my opponents parted with me with fair acknowledgment of the grace I had done them."

"I conceive, sir knight," said the Emperor, "that a form like yours, animated by the courage you display, is likely to find few equals even among your adventurous countrymen ; far less among men who are taught that to cast away their lives in a senseless quarrel among themselves is to throw away, like a boy, the gift of Providence."

"You are welcome to your opinion," said the Frank, somewhat contemptuously ; "yet I assure you, if you doubt that our gallant strife was unmixed with sullenness and anger, and that we hunt not the hart or the boar with merrier hearts in the evening than we discharge our task of chivalry by the morn had arisen, before the portal of the old chapel, you do us foul injustice."

"With the Turks you will not enjoy this amiable exchange of courtesies," answered Alexius. "Wherefore I would advise you neither to stray far into the van nor into the rear, but to abide by the standard, where the best infidels make their efforts, and the best knights are required to repel them."

"By Our Lady of the Broken Lances," said the crusader, "I would not that the Turks were more courteous than they are Christian, and am well pleased that unbeliever and

heathen hound are a proper description for the best of them, as being traitor alike to their God and to the laws of chivalry ; and devoutly do I trust that I shall meet with them in the front rank of our army, beside our standard, or elsewhere, and have an open field to do my devoir against them, both as the enemies of Our Lady and the holy saints and as, by their evil customs, more expressly my own. Meanwhile, you have time to seat yourself and receive my homage, and I will be bound to you for despatching this foolish ceremony with as little waste and delay of time as the occasion will permit."

The Emperor hastily seated himself, and received into his the sinewy hands of the crusader, who made the acknowledgment of his homage, and was then guided off by Count Baldwin, who walked with the stranger to the ships, and then, apparently well pleased at seeing him in the course of going on board, returned back to the side of the Emperor.

"What is the name," said the Emperor, "of that singular and assuming man?"

"It is Robert, Count of Paris," answered Baldwin, "accounted one of the bravest peers who stands around the throne of France."

After a moment's recollection, Alexius Comnenus issued orders that the ceremonial of the day should be discontinued, afraid, perhaps, lest the rough and careless humor of the strangers should produce some new quarrel. The crusaders were led, nothing loth, back to palaces in which they had already been hospitably received, and readily resumed the interrupted feast from which they had been called to pay their homage. The trumpets of the various leaders blew the recall of the few troops of an ordinary character who were attendant, together with the host of knights and leaders, who, pleased with the indulgences provided for them, and obscurely foreseeing that the passage of the Bosphorus would be the commencement of their actual suffering, rejoiced in being called to the hither side.

It was not probably intended, but the hero, as he might be styled, of the tumultuous day, Count Robert of Paris, who was already on his road to embarkation on the strait, was disturbed in his purpose by the sound of recall which was echoed around ; nor could Bohemond, Godfrey, or any who took upon him to explain the signal, alter his resolution of returning to Constantinople. He laughed to scorn the threatened displeasure of the Emperor, and seemed to think there would be a peculiar pleasure in braving Alexius

at his own board, or, at least, that nothing could be more indifferent than whether he gave offense or not.

To Godfrey of Bouillon, to whom he showed some respect, he was still far from paying deference; and that sagacious prince, having used every argument which might shake his purpose of returning to the imperial city, to the very point of making it a quarrel with him in person, at length abandoned him to his own discretion, and pointed him out to the Count of Tholouse, as he passed, as a wild knight-errant, incapable of being influenced by anything save his own wayward fancy. "He brings not five hundred men to the crusade," said Godfrey; "and I dare be sworn, that even in this, the very outset of the undertaking, he knows not where these five hundred men are, and how their wants are provided for. There is an eternal trumpet in his ear sounding to assault, nor has he room or time to hear a milder or more rational signal. See how he strolls along yonder, the very emblem of an idle schoolboy, broke out of the school-bounds upon a holyday, half animated by curiosity and half by love of mischief."

"And," said Raymond, Count of Tholouse, "with resolution sufficient to support the desperate purpose of the whole army of devoted crusaders. And yet so passionate a Rodomont is Count Robert, that he would rather risk the success of the whole expedition than omit an opportunity of meeting a worthy antagonist *en champ clos*, or lose, as he terms it, a chance of worshipping Our Lady of the Broken Lances. Who are yon with whom he has now met, and who are apparently walking, or rather strolling, in the same way with him, back to Constantinople?"

"An armed knight, brilliantly equipped, yet of something less than knightly stature," answered Godfrey. "It is, I suppose, the celebrated lady who won Robert's heart in the lists of battle, by bravery and valor equal to his own; and the pilgrim form in the long vestments may be their daughter or niece."

"A singular spectacle, worthy knight," said the Count of Tholouse, "do our days present to us, to which we have had nothing similiar since Gaita,* wife of Robert Guiscard, first took upon her to distinguish herself by manly deeds of emprise, and rival her husband, as well in the front of battle as at the dancing-room or banquet."

"Such is the custom of this pair, most noble knight," answered another crusader, who had joined them, "and

* See Note 7.

Heaven pity the poor man who has no power to keep domestic peace by an appeal to the stronger hand !”

“ Well,” replied Raymond, “ if it be rather a mortifying reflection that the lady of our love is far past the bloom of youth, it is a consolation that she is too old-fashioned to beat us, when we return back with no more of youth or manhood than a long crusade has left. But come, follow on the road to Constantinople, and in the rear of this most doughty knight.”

CHAPTER X

These were wild times—the antipodes of ours :
Ladies were there, who oftener saw themselves
In the broad luster of a foeman's shield
Than in a mirror, and who rather sought
To match themselves in battle than in dalliance
To meet a lover's onset. But though Nature
Was outraged thus, she was not overcome.

Feudal Times.

BRENHILDA, Countess of Paris, was one of those stalwart dames who willingly hazarded themselves in the front of battle, which, during the first crusade, was as common as it was possible for a very unnatural custom to be, and in fact, gave the real instances of the Marphisas and Bradamantes, whom the writers of romance delighted to paint, assigning them sometimes the advantage of invulnerable armor, or a spear whose thrust did not admit of being resisted, in order to soften the improbability of the weaker sex being frequently victorious over the male part of the creation.

But the spell of Brenhilda was of a more simple nature, and rested chiefly in her great beauty.

From a girl, she despised the pursuits of her sex ; and they who ventured to become suitors for the hand of the young Lady of Aspramonte, to which warlike fief she had succeeded, and which perhaps encouraged her in her fancy, received for answer, that they must first merit it by their good behavior in the lists. The father of Brenhilda was dead ; her mother was of a gentle temper, and easily kept under management by the young lady herself.

Brenhilda's numerous suitors readily agreed to terms which were too much according to the manners of the age to be disputed. A tournament was held at the Castle of Aspramonte, in which one half of the gallant assembly rolled headlong before their successful rivals, and withdrew from the lists mortified and disappointed. The successful party among the suitors were expected to be summoned to joust among themselves. But they were surprised at being made acquainted with the lady's further will. She aspired to wear armor herself, to wield a lance, and back a steed, and prayed the knights that they would permit a lady,

whom they professed to honor so highly, to mingle in their games of chivalry. The young knights courteously received their young mistress in the lists, and smiled at the idea of her holding them triumphantly against so many gallant champions of the other sex. But the vassals and old servants of the count, her father, smiled to each other, and intimated a different result than the gallants anticipated. The knights who encountered the fair Brenhilda were one by one stretched on the sand ; nor was it to be denied that the situation of tilting with one of the handsomest women of the time was an extremely embarrassing one. Each youth was bent to withhold his charge in full volley, to cause his steed to swerve at the full shock, or in some other way to flinch from doing the utmost which was necessary to gain the victory, lest, in so gaining it, he might cause irreparable injury to the beautiful opponent he tilted with. But the Lady of Aspramonte was not one who could be conquered by less than the exertion of the whole strength and talents of the victor. The defeated suitors departed from the lists the more mortified at their discomfiture, because Robert of Paris arrived at sunset, and, understanding what was going forward, sent his name to the barriers, as that of a knight who would willingly forego the reward of the tournament, in case he had the fortune to gain it, declaring that neither lands nor ladies' charms were what he came thither to seek. Brenhilda, piqued and mortified, chose a new lance, mounted her best steed, and advanced into the lists as one determined to avenge upon the new assailant's brow the slight of her charms which he seemed to express. But whether her displeasure had somewhat interfered with her usual skill, or whether she had, like others of her sex, felt a partiality towards one whose heart was not particularly set upon gaining hers, or whether, as is often said on such occasions, her fated hour was come, so it was that Count Robert tilted with his usual address and good fortune. Brenhilda of Aspramonte was unhorsed and unhelmed, and stretched on the earth, and the beautiful face, which faded from very red to deadly pale before the eyes of the victor, produced its natural effect in raising the value of his conquest. He would, in conformity with his resolution, have left the castle, after having mortified the vanity of the lady ; but her mother opportunely interposed, and, when she had satisfied herself that no serious injury had been sustained by the young heiress, she returned her thanks to the stranger knight who had taught her daughter a lesson,

which, she trusted, she would not easily forget. Thus tempted to do what he secretly wished, Count Robert gave ear to those sentiments which naturally whispered to him to be in no hurry to withdraw.

He was of the blood of Charlemagne, and, what was still of more consequence in the young lady's eyes, one of the most renowned of Norman knights in that jousting day. After a residence of ten days in the Castle of Aspramonte, the bride and bridegroom set out, for such was Count Robert's will, with a competent train, to Our Lady of the Broken Lances, where it pleased him to be wedded. Two knights, who were waiting to do battle, as was the custom of the place, were rather disappointed at the nature of the cavalcade, which seemed to interrupt their purpose. But greatly were they surprised when they received a cartel from the betrothed couple, offering to substitute their own persons in the room of other antagonists, and congratulating themselves in commencing their married life in a manner so consistent with that which they had hitherto led. They were victorious as usual; and the only persons having occasion to rue the complaisance of the Count and his bride were the two strangers, one of whom broke an arm in the rencontre and the other dislocated a collar-bone.

Count Robert's course of knight-errantry did not seem to be in the least intermitted by his marriage; on the contrary, when he was called upon to support his renown, his wife was often known also in military exploits, nor was she inferior to him in thirst after fame. They both assumed the cross at the same time, that being then the predominating folly in Europe.

The Countess Brenhilda was now above six-and-twenty years old, with as much beauty as can well fall to the share of an amazon. A figure of the largest feminine size was surmounted by a noble countenance, to which even repeated warlike toils had not given more than a sunny hue, relieved by the dazzling whiteness of such parts of her face as were not usually displayed.

As Alexius gave orders that his retinue should return to Constantinople, he spoke in private to the Follower, Achilles Tatius. The satrap answered with a submissive bend of the head, and separated with a few attendants from the main body of the Emperor's train. The principal road to the city was, of course, filled with the troops, and with the numerous crowds of spectators, all of whom were inconvenienced in some degree by the dust and heat of the weather.

Count Robert of Paris had embarked his horses on board of ship, and all his retinue, except an old squire or valet of his own and an attendant of his wife. He felt himself more incommoded in this crowd than he desired, especially as his wife shared it with him, and began to look among the scattered trees which fringed the shores down almost to the tide-mark, to see if he could discern any by-path which might carry them more circuitously, but more pleasantly, to the city, and afford them at the same time, what was their principal object in the East, strange sights or adventures of chivalry. A broad and beaten path seemed to promise them all the enjoyment which shade could give in a warm climate. The ground through which it wound its way was beautifully broken by the appearance of temples, churches, and kiosks, and here and there a fountain distributed its silver produce, like a benevolent individual, who, self-denying to himself, is liberal to all others who are in necessity. The distant sound of the martial music still regaled their way; and, at the same time, as it detained the populace on the highroad, prevented the strangers from becoming incommoded with fellow-travelers.

Rejoicing in the abated heat of the day, wondering, at the same time, at the various kinds of architecture, the strange features of the landscape, or accidental touches of manners exhibited by those who met or passed them upon their journey, they strolled easily onwards. One figure particularly caught the attention of the Countess Brenhilda. This was an old man of great stature, engaged, apparently, so deeply with the roll of parchment which he held in his hand, that he paid no attention to the objects which were passing around him. Deep thought appeared to reign on his brow, and his eye was of that piercing kind which seems designed to search and winnow the frivolous from the edifying part of human discussion, and limit its inquiry to the last. Raising his eyes slowly from the parchment on which he had been gazing, the look of Agelastes—for it was the sage himself—encountered those of Count Robert and his lady, and addressing them with the kindly epithet of “my children,” he asked if they had missed their road, or whether there was anything in which he could do them any pleasure.

“We are strangers, father,” was the answer, “from a distant country, and belonging to the army which has passed hither upon pilgrimage; one object brings us here in common, we hope, with all that host. We desire to pay our devotions where the great ransom was paid for us, and to

free, by our good swords, enslaved Palestine from the usurpation and tyranny of the infidel. When we have said this, we have announced our highest human motive. Yet Robert of Paris and his Countess would not willingly set their foot on a land save what should resound its echo. They have not been accustomed to move in silence upon the face of the earth, and they would purchase an eternal life of fame, though it were at the price of mortal existence."

"You seek, then, to barter safety for fame," said Agelastes, "though you may, perchance, throw death into the scale by which you hope to gain it?"

"Assuredly," said Count Robert; "nor is there one wearing such a belt as this to whom such a thought is stranger."

"And, as I understand," said Agelastes, "your lady shares with your honorable self in these valorous resolutions? Can this be?"

"You may undervalue my female courage, father, if such is your will," said the Countess; "but I speak in presence of a witness who can attest the truth when I say, that a man of half your years had not doubted the truth with impunity."

"Nay, Heaven protect me from the lightning of your eyes," said Agelastes, "whether in anger or in scorn. I bear an ægis about myself against what I should else have feared. But age, with its incapacities, brings also its apologies. Perhaps, indeed, it is one like me whom you seek to find, and in that case I should be happy to render to you such services as it is my duty to offer to all worthy knights."

"I have already said," replied Count Robert, "that, after the accomplishment of my vow"—he looked upwards and crossed himself—"there is nothing on earth to which I am more bound than to celebrate my name in arms as becomes a valiant cavalier. When men die obscurely, they die forever. Had my ancestor Charles never left the paltry banks of the Saale, he had not now been much better known than any vine-dresser who wielded his pruning-hook in the same territories. But he bore him like a brave man, and his name is deathless in the memory of the worthy."

"Young man," said the old Grecian, "although it is but seldom that such as you, whom I was made to serve and to value, visit this country, it is not the less true that I am well qualified to serve you in the matter which you have so much at heart. My acquaintance with nature has been so perfect and so long, that, during its continuance, she has disappeared, and another world has been spread before me,

in which she has but little to do. Thus the curious stores which I have assembled are beyond the researches of other men, and not to be laid before those whose deeds of valor are to be bounded by the ordinary probabilities of every-day nature. No romancer of your romantic country ever devised such extraordinary adventures out of his own imagination, and to feed the idle wonder of those who sat listening around, as those which I know, not of idle invention, but of real positive existence, with the means of achieving and accomplishing the conditions of each adventure."

"If such be your real profession," said the French Count, "you have met one of those whom you chiefly search for; nor will my Countess and I stir farther upon our road until you have pointed out to us some one of those adventures which it is the business of errant-knights to be industrious in seeking out."

So saying, he sat down by the side of the old man; and his lady, with a degree of reverence which had something in it almost diverting, followed his example.

"We have fallen right, Brenhilda," said Count Robert; "our guardian angel has watched his charge carefully. Here have we come among an ignorant set of pedants, chattering their absurd language, and holding more important the least look that a cowardly emperor can give than the best blow that a good knight can deal. Believe me, I was well-nigh thinking that we had done ill to take the cross—God forgive such an impious doubt! Yet here, when we were even despairing to find the road to fame, we have met with one of those excellent men whom the knights of yore were wont to find sitting by springs, by crosses, and by altars, ready to direct the wandering knight where fame was to be found. Disturb him not, my Brenhilda," said the Count, "but let him recall to himself his stories of the ancient time, and thou shalt see he will enrich us with the treasures of his information."

"If," replied Agelastes, after some pause, "I have waited for a longer term than human life is granted to most men, I shall still be overpaid by dedicating what remains of existence to the service of a pair so devoted to chivalry. What first occurs to me is a story of our Greek country, so famous in adventures, and which I shall briefly detail to you:—

"Afar hence, in our renowned Grecian Archipelago, amid storms and whirlpools, rocks which, changing their character, appear to precipitate themselves against each other, and billows that are never in a pacific state, lies the rich island

of Zulichium, inhabited, notwithstanding its wealth, by a very few natives, who live only upon the sea-coast. The inland part of the island is one immense mountain, or pile of mountains, amongst which, those who dare approach near enough may, we are assured, discern the moss-grown and antiquated towers and pinnacles of a stately but ruinous castle, the habitation of the sovereign of the island, in which she has been enchanted for a great many years.

“A bold knight, who came upon a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, made a vow to deliver this unhappy victim of pain and sorcery, feeling, with justice, vehemently offended that the fiends of darkness should exercise any authority near the Holy Land, which might be termed the very fountain of light. Two of the oldest inhabitants of the island undertook to guide him as near to the main gate as they durst, nor did they approach it more closely than the length of a bow-shot. Here, then, abandoned to himself, the brave Frank set forth upon his enterprise, with a stout heart, and Heaven alone to friend. The fabric which he approached showed, by its gigantic size and splendor of outline, the power and wealth of the potentate who had erected it. The brazen gates unfolded themselves as if with hope and pleasure; and ærial voices swept around the spires and turrets, congratulating the genius of the place, it might be, upon the expected approach of its deliverer.

“The knight passed on, not unmoved with wonder, though untainted by fear; and the Gothic splendors which he saw were of a kind highly to exalt his idea of the beauty of the mistress for whom a prison-house had been so richly decorated. Guards there were in Eastern dress and arms, upon bulwark and buttress, in readiness, it appeared, to bend their bows; but the warriors were motionless and silent, and took no more notice of the armed step of the knight than if a monk or hermit had approached their guarded post. They were living, and yet, as to all power and sense, they might be considered among the dead. If there was truth in the old tradition, the sun had shone and the rain had fallen upon them for more than four hundred changing seasons, without their being sensible of the genial warmth of the one or the coldness of the other. Like the Israelites in the desert, their shoes had not decayed, nor their vestments waxed old. As Time left them, so and without alteration was he again to find them.” The philosopher began now to recall what he had heard of the cause of their enchantment.

“The sage to whom this potent charm is imputed was one

of the Magi who followed the tenets of Zoroaster. He had come to the court of this youthful princess, who received him with every attention which gratified vanity could dictate, so that in a short time her awe of this grave personage was lost in the sense of ascendancy which her beauty gave her over him. It was no difficult matter—in fact it happens every day—for the beautiful woman to lull the wise man into what is not unaptly called a fool's paradise. The sage was induced to attempt feats of youth which his years rendered ridiculous : he could command the elements, but the common course of nature was beyond his power. When, therefore, he exerted his magic strength, the mountains bent and the seas receded ; but when the philosopher attempted to lead forth the Princess of Zulichium in the youthful dance, youths and maidens turned their heads aside lest they should make too manifest the ludicrous ideas with which they were impressed.

“Unhappily, as the aged, even the wisest of them, will forget themselves, so the young naturally enter into an alliance to spy out, ridicule, and enjoy their foibles. Many were the glances which the Princess sent among her retinue, intimating the nature of the amusement which she received from the attentions of her formidable lover. In process of time, she lost her caution, and a glance was detected, expressing to the old man the ridicule and contempt in which he had been all along held by the object of his affections. Earth has no passion so bitter as love converted to hatred ; and while the sage bitterly regretted what he had done, he did not the less resent the light-hearted folly of the Princess by whom he had been duped.

“If, however, he was angry, he possessed the art to conceal it. Not a word, not a look expressed the bitter disappointment which he had received. A shade of melancholy, or rather gloom, upon his brow alone intimated the coming storm. The Princess became somewhat alarmed ; she was, besides, extremely good-natured, nor had her intentions of leading the old man into what would render him ridiculous been so accurately planned with malice prepense as they were the effect of accident and chance. She saw the pain which he suffered, and thought to end it by going up to him, when about to retire, and kindly wishing him good-night.

“‘You say well, daughter,’ said the sage, ‘good night ; but who, of the numbers who hear me, shall say good morning ?’

“The speech drew little attention, although two or three persons to whom the character of the sage was known fled

from the island that very night, and by their report made known the circumstances attending the first infliction of this extraordinary spell on those who remained within the castle. A sleep like that of death fell upon them, and was not removed. Most of the inhabitants left the island ; the few who remained were cautious how they approached the castle, and watched until some bold adventurer should bring that happy awakening which the speech of the sorcerer seemed in some degree to intimate.

“ Never seemed there a fairer opportunity for that awakening to take place than when the proud step of Artavan de Hautlieu was placed upon those enchanted courts. On the left lay the palace and the donjon keep ; but the right, more attractive, seemed to invite to the apartment of the women. At a side door reclined on a couch two guards of the harem, with their naked swords grasped in their hands, and features fiendishly contorted between sleep and dissolution seemed to menace death to any who should venture to approach. This threat deterred not Artavan de Hautlieu. He approached the entrance, when the doors, like those of the great entrance to the castle, made themselves instantly accessible to him. A guard-room of the same effeminate soldiers received him, nor could the strictest examination have discovered to him whether it was sleep or death which arrested the eyes that seemed to look upon and prohibit his advance. Unheeding the presence of these ghostly sentinels, Artavan pressed forward into an inner apartment, where female slaves of the most distinguished beauty were visible in the attitude of those who had already assumed their dress for the night. There was much in this scene which might have arrested so young a pilgrim as Artavan of Hautlieu ; but his heart was fixed upon achieving the freedom of the beautiful Princess, nor did he suffer himself to be withdrawn from that object by any inferior consideration. He passed on, therefore, to a little ivory door, which, after a moment's pause, as if in maidenly hesitation, gave way like the rest, and yielded access to the sleeping apartment of the Princess herself. A soft light, resembling that of evening, penetrated into a chamber where everything seemed contrived to exalt the luxury of slumber. The heaps of cushions which formed a stately bed seemed rather to be touched than impressed by the form of a nymph of fifteen, the renowned Princess of Zulichium.”

“ Without interrupting you, good father,” said the Countess Brenhilda, “ it seems to me that we can comprehend

the picture of a woman asleep without much dilating upon it, and that such a subject is little recommended either by our age or by yours."

"Pardon me, noble lady," answered Agelastes, "the most approved part of my story has ever been this passage, and while I now suppress it in obedience to your command, bear notice, I pray you, that I sacrifice the most beautiful part of the tale."

"Brenhilda," added the Count, "I am surprised you think of interrupting a story which has hitherto proceeded with so much fire: the telling of a few words more or less will surely have a much greater influence upon the sense of the narrative than such an addition can possibly possess over our sentiments of action."

"As you will," said his lady, throwing herself carelessly back upon the seat; "but methinks the worthy father protracts this discourse till it becomes of a nature more trifling than interesting."

"Brenhilda," said the Count, "this is the first time I have remarked in you a woman's weakness."

"I may as well say, Count Robert, that it is the first time," answered Brenhilda, "that you have shown to me the inconstancy of your sex."

"Gods and goddesses," said the philosopher, "was ever known a quarrel more absurdly founded! The Countess is jealous of one whom her husband probably never will see, nor is there any prospect that the Princess of Zulichium will be hereafter better known to the modern world than if the curtain hung before her tomb."

"Proceed," said Count Robert of Paris; "if Sir Artavan of Hautlieu has not accomplished the enfranchisement of the Princess of Zulichium, I make a vow to Our Lady of the Broken Lances——"

"Remember," said his lady, interfering, "that you are already under a vow to free the Sepulcher of God; and to that, methinks, all lighter engagements might give place."

"Well, lady—well," said Count Robert, but half satisfied with this interference, "I will not engage myself, you may be assured, on any adventure which may claim precedence of the enterprise of the Holy Sepulcher, to which we are all bound."

"Alas!" said Agelastes, "the distance of Zulichium from the speediest route to the sepulcher is so small, that——"

"Worthy father," said the Countess, "we will, if it pleases you, hear your tale to an end, and then determine what we

will do. We Norman ladies, descendants of the old Germans, claim a voice with our lords in the council which precedes the battle, nor has our assistance in the conflict been deemed altogether useless."

The tone in which this was spoken conveyed an awkward innuendo to the philosopher, who began to foresee that the guidance of the Norman knight would be more difficult than he had foreseen, while his consort remained by his side. He took up, therefore, his oratory on somewhat a lower key than before, and avoided those warm descriptions which had given such offense to the Countess Brenhilda.

"Sir Artavan de Hautlieu, says the story, considered in what way he should accost the sleeping damsel, when it occurred to him in what manner the charm would be most likely to be reversed. I am in your judgment, fair lady, if he judged wrong in resolving that the method of his address should be a kiss upon the lips."

The color of Brenhilda was somewhat heightened, but she did not deem the observation worthy of notice.

"Never had so innocent an action," continued the philosopher, "an effect more horrible. The delightful light of a summer evening was instantly changed into a strange lurid hue, which, infected with sulphur, seemed to breathe suffocation through the apartment. The rich hangings and splendid furniture of the chamber, the very walls themselves, were changed into huge stones tossed together at random, like the inside of a wild beast's den; nor was the den without an inhabitant. The beautiful and innocent lips to which Artavan de Hautlieu had approached his own were now changed into the hideous and bizarre form and bestial aspect of a fiery dragon. A moment she hovered upon the wing, and it is said, had Sir Artavan found courage to repeat his salute three times, he would then have remained master of all the wealth and of the disenchanted Princess. But the opportunity was lost, and the dragon, or the creature who seemed such, sailed out at a side window upon its broad pennons, uttering loud wails of disappointment."

Here ended the story of Agelastes. "The Princess," he said, "is still supposed to abide her doom in the Island of Zulichium, and several knights have undertaken the adventure; but I know not whether it was the fear of saluting the sleeping maiden, or that of approaching the dragon into which she was transformed, but so it is, the spell remains unachieved. I know the way, and if you say the word, you may be to-morrow on the road to the castle of enchantment."

The Countess heard this proposal with the deepest anxiety, for she knew that she might, by opposition, determine her husband irrevocably upon following out the enterprise. She stood therefore with a timid and bashful look, strange in a person whose bearing was generally so dauntless, and prudently left it to the uninfluenced mind of Count Robert to form the resolution which should best please him.

“Brenhilda,” he said, taking her hand, “fame and honor are dear to thy husband as ever they were to knight who buckled a brand upon his side. Thou hast done, perhaps, I may say, for me what I might in vain have looked for from ladies of thy condition ; and therefore thou mayest well expect a casting voice in such points of deliberation. Why dost thou wander by the side of a foreign and unhealthy shore, instead of the banks of the lovely Seine ? Why dost thou wear a dress unusual to thy sex ? Why dost thou seek death, and think it little, in comparison of shame ? Why ? but that the Count of Paris may have a bride worthy of him. Dost thou think that this affection is thrown away ? No, by the saints ! Thy knight repays it as he best ought, and sacrifices to thee every thought which thy affection may less than entirely approve.”

Poor Brenhilda, confused as she was by the various emotions with which she was agitated, now in vain endeavored to maintain the heroic deportment which her character as an amazon required from her. She attempted to assume the proud and lofty look which was properly her own, but, failing in the effort, she threw herself into the Count’s arms, hung round his neck, and wept like a village maiden whose true love is pressed for the wars. Her husband, a little ashamed, while he was much moved, by this burst of affection in one to whose character it seemed an unusual attribute, was, at the same time, pleased and proud that he could have awakened an affection so genuine and so gentle in a soul so high-spirited and so unbending.

“Not thus,” he said, “my Brenhilda ! I would not have it thus, either for thine own sake or for mine. Do not let this wise old man suppose that thy heart is made of the malleable stuff which forms that of other maidens ; and apologize to him, as may well become thee, for having prevented my undertaking the adventure of Zulichium, which he recommends.”

It was not easy for Brenhilda to recover herself, after having afforded so notable an instance how nature can vindicate her rights, with whatever rigor she may have been

disciplined and tyrannized over. With a look of ineffable affection, she disjoined herself from her husband, still keeping hold of his hand, and turning to the old man with a countenance in which the half-effaced tears were succeeded by smiles of pleasure and of modesty, she spoke to Agelastes as she would to a person whom she respected, and towards whom she had some offense to atone. "Father," she said, respectfully, "be not angry with me that I should have been an obstacle to one of the best knights that ever spurred steed undertaking the enterprise of thine enchanted Princess; but the truth is that, in our land, where knighthood and religion agree in permitting only one lady love, and one lady wife, we do not quite so willingly see our husbands run into danger, especially of that kind where lonely ladies are the parties relieved—and—and kisses are the ransom paid. I have as much confidence in my Robert's fidelity as a lady can have in a loving knight, but still——"

"Lovely lady," said Agelastes, who, notwithstanding his highly artificial character, could not help being moved by the simple and sincere affection of the handsome young pair, "you have done no evil. The state of the Princess is no worse than it was, and there cannot be a doubt that the knight fated to relieve her will appear at the destined period."

The Countess smiled sadly, and shook her head. "You do not know," she said, "how powerful is the aid of which I have unhappily deprived this unfortunate lady, by a jealousy which I now feel to have been alike paltry and unworthy; and, such is my regret, that I could find in my heart to retract my opposition to Count Robert's undertaking this adventure." She looked at her husband with some anxiety, as one that had made an offer she would not willingly see accepted, and did not recover her courage until he said decidedly, "Brenhilda, that may not be."

"And why, then, may not Brenhilda herself take the adventure," continued the Countess, "since she can neither fear the charms of the Princess nor the terrors of the dragon?"

"Lady," said Agelastes, "The Princess must be awakened by the kiss of love, and not by that of friendship."

"A sufficient reason," said the Countess, smiling, "why a lady may not wish her lord to go forth upon an adventure of which the conditions are so regulated."

"Noble minstrel, or herald, or by whatever name this country calls you," said Count Robert, "accept a small remuneration for an hour pleasantly spent, though spent,

unhappily, in vain. I should make some apology for the meanness of my offering, but French knights, you may have occasion to know, are more full of fame than of wealth."

"Not for that, noble sir," replied Agelastes, "would I refuse your munificence: a besant from your worthy hand or that of your noble-minded lady were centupled in its value by the eminence of the persons from whom it came. I would hang it round my neck by a string of pearls, and when I came into the presence of knights and of ladies I would proclaim that this addition to my achievement of armorial distinction was bestowed by the renowned Count Robert of Paris and his unequaled lady." The knight and the countess looked on each other, and the lady, taking from her finger a ring of pure gold, prayed the old man to accept of it as a mark of her esteem and her husband's. "With one other condition," said the philosopher, "which I trust you will not find altogether unsatisfactory. I have, on the way to the city by the most pleasant road, a small kiosk, or hermitage, where I sometimes receive my friends, who, I venture to say, are among the most respectable personages of this empire. Two or three of these will probably honor my residence to-day, and partake of the provision it affords. Could I add to these the company of the noble Count and Countess of Paris, I should deem my poor habitation honored forever."

"How say you, my noble wife?" said the Count. "The company of a minstrel befits the highest birth, honors the highest rank, and adds to the greatest achievements; and the invitation does us too much credit to be rejected."

"It grows somewhat late," said the Countess; "but we came not here to shun a sinking sun or a darkening sky, and I feel it my duty, as well as my satisfaction, to place at the command of the good father every pleasure which it is in my power to offer to him, for having been the means of your neglecting his advice."

"The path is so short," said Agelastes, "that we had better keep our present mode of traveling, if the lady should not want the assistance of horses."

"No horses on my account," said the Lady Brenhilda. "My waiting-woman, Agatha, has what necessaries I may require; and, for the rest, no knight ever traveled so little embarrassed with baggage as my husband."

Agelastes, therefore, led the way through the deepening wood, which was freshened by the cooler breath of evening, and his guests accompanied him.

CHAPTER XI

Without, a ruin, broken, tangled, cumbrous,
Within, it was a little paradise,
Where taste had made her dwelling. Statuary,
First-born of human art, molded her images,
And bade men mark and worship.

Anonymous.

THE Count of Paris and his lady attended the old man, whose advanced age, his excellence in the use of the French language, which he spoke to admiration—above all his skill in applying it to poetical and romantic subjects, which was essential to what was then termed history and *belles-lettres*—drew from the noble hearers a degree of applause which, as Agelastes had seldom been vain enough to consider as his due, so, on the part of the Knight of Paris and his lady, had it been but rarely conferred.

They had walked for some time by a path which sometimes seemed to hide itself among the woods that came down to the shore of the Propontis, sometimes emerged from concealment, and skirted the open margin of the strait, while at every turn it seemed guided by the desire to select a choice and contrast of beauty. Variety of scenes and manners enlivened, from their novelty, the landscape to the pilgrims. By the sea-shore, nymphs were seen dancing and shepherds piping, or beating the tambourine to their steps, as represented in some groups of ancient statuary. The very faces had a singular resemblance to the antique. If old, their long robes, their attitudes, and magnificent heads, presented the ideas which distinguish prophets and saints; while on the other hand, the features of the young recalled the expressive countenances of the heroes of antiquity, and the charms of those lovely females by whom their deeds were inspired.

But the race of the Greeks was no longer to be seen, even in its native country, unmixed, or in absolute purity; on the contrary, they saw groups of persons with features which argued a different descent.

In a retiring bosom of the shore, which was traversed by the path, the rocks, receding from the beach, rounded off a spacious portion of level sand, and, in some degree, enclosed

it. A party of heathen Scythians whom they beheld, presented the deformed features of the demons they were said to worship—flat noses with expanded nostrils, which seemed to admit the sight to their very brain ; faces which extended rather in breadth than length, with strange unintellectual eyes placed in the extremity ; figures short and dwarfish, yet garnished with legs and arms of astonishing sinewy strength, disproportioned to their bodies. As the travelers passed, the savages held a species of tournament, as the Count termed it. In this they exercised themselves by darting at each other long reeds, or canes, balanced for the purpose, which in this rude sport, they threw with such force as not unfrequently to strike each other from their steeds, and otherwise to cause serious damage. Some of the combatants being, for the time, out of the play, devoured with greedy looks the beauty of the Countess, and eyed her in such a manner that she said to Count Robert—“I have never known fear, my husband, nor is it for me to acknowledge it now ; but if disgust be an ingredient of it, these misformed brutes are qualified to inspire it.”

“What, ho, sir knight !” exclaimed one of the infidels, “Your wife, or your lady-love, has committed a fault against the privileges of the imperial Scythians, and not small will be the penalty she has incurred. You may go your way as fast as you will out of this place, which is, for the present, our hippodrome or atmeidan, call it which you will, as you prize the Roman or the Saracen language ; but for your wife, if the sacrament has united you, believe my word, that she parts not so soon nor so easy.”

“Scoundrel heathen,” said the Christian knight, “dost thou hold that language to a peer of France ?”

Agelastes here interposed, and, using the sounding language of a Grecian courtier, reminded the Scythian (mercenary soldiers, as they seemed, of the empire) that all violence against the European pilgrims was, by the imperial orders, strictly prohibited under pain of death.

“I know better,” said the exulting savage, shaking one or two javelins with broad steel heads and wings of the eagle’s feather, which last were dabbled in blood. “Ask the wings of my javelin,” he said, “in whose heart’s blood these feathers have been dyed. They shall reply to you that, if Alexius Comnenus be the friend of the European pilgrims, it is only while he looks upon them ; and we are too exemplary soldiers to serve our emperor otherwise than he wishes to be served.”

"Peace Toxartis," said the philosopher, "thou beliest thine emperor."

"Peace thou!" said Toxartis, "or I will do a deed that misbecomes a soldier, and rid the world of a prating old man."

So saying he put forth his hand to take hold of the Countess's veil. With the readiness which frequent use had given to the warlike lady, she withdrew herself from the heathen's grasp, and with her trenchant sword dealt him so sufficient a blow, that Toxartis fell lifeless on the plain. The Count leaped on the fallen leader's steed, and crying his war-cry, "Son of Charlemagne to the rescue!" he rode amid the rout of heathen cavaliers with a battle-ax, which he found at the saddle-bow of the deceased chieftain, and wielding it with remorseless dexterity, he soon slew or wounded, or compelled to flight, the objects of his resentment; nor were there any of them who abode an instant to support the boast which they had made.

"The despicable churls!" said the Countess to Agelastes; "It irks me that a drop of such coward blood should stain the hands of a noble knight. They call their exercise a tournament, although in their whole exertions every blow is aimed behind the back, and not one has the courage to throw his windlestraw, while he perceives that of another pointed against himself."

"Such is their custom," said Agelastes; "not perhaps so much from cowardice as from habit, in exercising before his Imperial Majesty. I have seen that Toxartis literally turn his back upon the mark when he bent his bow in full career, and when in the act of galloping the farthest from his object, he pierced it through the very center with a broad arrow."

"A force of such soldiers," said Count Robert, who had now rejoined his friends, "could not, methinks, be very formidable where there was but an ounce of genuine courage in the assailants."

"Meantime, let us pass on to my kiosk," said Agelastes, "lest the fugitives find friends to encourage them in thoughts of revenge."

"Such friends," said Count Robert, "methinks the insolent heathens ought not to find in any land which calls itself Christian; and if I survive the conquest of the Holy Sepulcher, I shall make it my first business to inquire by what right your emperor retains in his service a band of paynim and unmannerly cut-throats, who dare offer injury upon the highway, which ought to be sacred to the peace of God and the king, and to noble ladies and inoffensive pilgrims. It is

one of a list of many questions which, my vow accomplished, I will not fail to put to him—ay, and expecting an answer as they say, prompt and categorical.”

“You shall gain no answer from me, though,” said Agelastes to himself. “Your demands, sir knight, are over-peremptory, and imposed under too rigid conditions, to be replied to by those who can evade them.”

He changed the conversation, accordingly, with easy dexterity; and they had not proceeded much farther before they reached a spot, the natural beauties of which called forth the admiration of his foreign companions. A copious brook, gushing out of the woodland, descended to the sea with no small noise and tumult; and, as if disdaining a quieter course, which it might have gained by a little circuit to the right, it took the readiest road to the ocean, plunging over the face of a lofty and barren precipice which overhung the seashore, and from thence led its little tribute, with as much noise as if it had the stream of a full river to boast of, to the waters of the Hellespont.

The rock, we have said, was bare, unless in so far as it was clothed with the foaming waters of the cataract; but the banks on each side were covered with plane-trees, walnut-trees, cypresses, and other kinds of large timber proper to the East. The fall of water, always agreeable in a warm climate, and generally produced by artificial means, was here natural, and had been chosen, something like the Sibyl's temple at Tivoli, for the seat of a goddess to whom the invention of polytheism had assigned a sovereignty over the department around. The shrine was small and circular, like many of the lesser temples of the rustic deities, and inclosed by the wall of an outer court. After its desecration it had probably been converted into a luxurious summer retreat by Agelastes, or some Epicurean philosopher. As the building, itself of a light, airy and fantastic character, was dimly seen through the branches and foliage on the edge of the rock, so the mode by which it was accessible was not at first apparent amongst the mist of the cascade. A pathway, a good deal hidden by vegetation, ascended by a gentle acclivity, and, prolonged by the architect by means of a few broad and easy marble steps, making part of the original approach, conducted the passenger to a small, but exquisitely lovely, velvet lawn in front of the turret or temple we have described, the back part of which building overhung the cataract.

CHAPTER XII

The parties met. The wily, wordy Greek,
Weighing each word, and canvassing each syllable,
Evading, arguing, equivocating ;
And the stern Frank came with his two-hand sword,
Watching to see which way the balance sways,
That he may throw it in, and turn the scales.

Palestine.

AT a signal made by Agelastes, the door of this romantic retreat was opened by Diogenes, the negro slave, to whom our readers have been already introduced ; nor did it escape the wily old man that the Count and his lady testified some wonder at his form and lineaments, being the first African perhaps whom they had ever seen so closely. The philosopher lost not the opportunity of making an impression on their minds by a display of the superiority of his knowledge.

“This poor being,” he observed, “is of the race of Ham, the undutiful son of Noah ; for his transgressions against his parent, he was banished to the sands of Africa, and was condemned to be the father of a race doomed to be the slaves of the issue of his more dutiful brethren.”

The knight and his lady gazed on the wonderful appearance before them, and did not, it may be believed, think of doubting the information, which was so much of a piece with their prejudices, while their opinion of their host was greatly augmented by the supposed extent of his knowledge.

“It gives pleasure to a man of humanity,” continued Agelastes, “when, in old age or sickness, we must employ the services of others, which is at other times scarce lawful, to choose his assistants out of a race of beings, hewers of wood and drawers of water, from their birth upwards destined to slavery ; and to whom, therefore, by employing them as slaves, we render no injury, but carry into effect, in a slight degree, the intentions of the Great Being who made us all.”

“Are there many of a race,” said the Countess, “so singularly unhappy in their destination ? I have hitherto thought the stories of black men as idle as those which minstrels tell of fairies and ghosts.”

“Do not believe so,” said the philosopher; “the race is numerous as the sands of the sea, neither are they altogether unhappy in discharging the duties which their fate has allotted them. Those who are of worse character suffer even in this life the penance due to their guilt: they become the slaves of the cruel and tyrannical, are beaten, starved, and mutilated. To those whose moral characters are better, better masters are provided, who share with their slaves as with their children, food and raiment, and the other good things which they themselves enjoy. To some Heaven allots the favor of kings and of conquerors, and to a few, but those the chief favorites of the species, hath been assigned a place in the mansions of philosophy, where, by availing themselves of the lights which their masters can afford, they gain a prospect into that world which is the residence of true happiness.”

“Methinks I understand you,” replied the Countess, “and if so, I ought rather to envy our sable friend here than to pity him for having been allotted in the partition of his kind to the possession of his present master, from whom, doubtless, he has acquired the desirable knowledge which you mention.”

“He learns, at least,” said Agelastes, modestly, “what I can teach, and, above all, to be contented with his situation. Diogenes, my good child,” said he, changing his address to the slave, “thou seest I have company—what does the poor hermit’s larder afford, with which he may regale his honored guests?”

Hitherto they had advanced no farther than a sort of outer room, or hall of entrance, fitted up with no more expense than might have suited one who desired at some outlay, and more taste, to avail himself of the ancient building for a sequestered and private retirement. The chairs and couches were covered with Eastern woven mats, and were of the simplest and most primitive form. But on touching a spring, an interior apartment was displayed, which had considerable pretension to splendor and magnificence.

The furniture and hangings of this apartment were of straw-colored silk, wrought on the looms of Persia, and crossed with embroidery, which produced a rich yet simple effect. The ceiling was carved in arabesque, and the four corners of the apartment were formed into recesses for statuary, which had been produced in a better age of the art than that which existed at the period of our story. In one nook a shepherd seemed to withdraw himself, as if ashamed

to produce his scantily-covered person, while he was willing to afford the audience the music of the reed which he held in his hand. Three damsels, resembling the Graces in the beautiful proportions of their limbs, and the slender clothing which they wore, lurked in different attitudes, each in her own niche, and seemed but to await the first sound of the music to bound forth from thence and join in the frolic dance. The subject was beautiful, yet somewhat light, to ornament the study of such a sage as Agelastes represented himself to be.

He seemed to be sensible that this might attract observation. "These figures," he said, "executed at the period of the highest excellence of Grecian art, were considered of old as the choral nymphs assembled to adore the goddess of the place, waiting but the music to join in the worship of the temple. And, in truth, the wisest may be interested in seeing how near to animation the genius of these wonderful men could bring the inflexible marble. Allow but for the absence of the divine afflatus, or breath of animation, and an unenlightened heathen might suppose the miracle of Prometheus was about to be realized. But we," said he, looking upwards, "are taught to form a better judgment between what man can do and the productions of the Deity."

Some subjects of natural history were painted on the walls, and the philosopher fixed the attention of his guests upon the half-reasoning elephant, of which he mentioned several anecdotes, which they listened to with great eagerness.

A distant strain was here heard, as if of music in the woods, penetrating by fits through the hoarse roar of the cascade, which, as it sunk immediately below the windows, filled the apartment with its deep voice.

"Apparently," said Agelastes, "the friends whom I expected are approaching, and bring with them the means of enchanting another sense. It is well they do so, since wisdom tells us that we best honor the Deity by enjoying the gifts he has provided us."

These words called the attention of the philosopher's Frankish guests to the preparations exhibited in this tasteful saloon. These were made for an entertainment in the manner of the ancient Romans, and couches, which were laid beside a table ready decked, announced that the male guests, at least, were to assist at the banquet in the usual recumbent posture of the ancients, while seats, placed among the couches, seemed to say that females were expected, who

would observe the Grecian customs, in eating seated. The preparations for good cheer were such as, though limited in extent, could scarce be excelled in quality, either by the splendid dishes which decked Trimalchio's banquet of former days, or the lighter delicacies of Grecian cookery, or the succulent and highly-spiced messes indulged in by the nations of the East, to whichever they happened to give the preference ; and it was with an air of some vanity that Agelastes asked his guests to share a poor pilgrim's meal.

"We care little for dainties," said the Count ; "nor does our present course of life as pilgrims, bound by a vow, allow us much choice on such subjects. Whatever is food for soldiers suffices the Countess and myself ; for, with our will, we would at every hour be ready for battle, and the less time we use in preparing for the field, it is even so much the better. Sit then, Brenhilda, since the good man will have it so, and let us lose no time in refreshment, lest we waste that which should be otherwise employed."

"A moment's forgiveness," said Agelastes, "until the arrival of my other friends, whose music you may now hear is close at hand, and who will not long, I may safely promise. divide you from your meal."

"For that," said the Count, "there is no haste ; and since you seem to account it a part of civil manners, Brenhilda and I can with ease postpone our repast ; unless you will permit us, what I own would be more pleasing, to take a morsel of bread and a cup of water presently, and, thus refreshed, to leave the space clear for your more curious and more familiar guests ?"

"The saints above forbid !" said Agelastes. "Guests so honored never before pressed these cushions, nor could do so, if the sacred family of the imperial Alexius himself even now stood at the gate."

He had hardly uttered these words, when the full-blown peal of a trumpet, louder in a tenfold degree than the strains of music they had before heard, was now sounded in the front of the temple, piercing through the murmur of the waterfall, as a Damascus blade penetrates the armor, and assailing the ears of the hearers, as the sword pierces the flesh of him who wears the harness.

"You seem surprised or alarmed, father," said Count Robert. "Is there danger near, and do you distrust our protection ?"

"No," said Agelastes, "that would give me confidence in any extremity ; but these sounds excite awe, not fear. They

tell me that some of the imperial family are about to be my guests. Yet fear nothing, my noble friends ; they, whose look is life, are ready to shower their favors with profusion upon strangers so worthy of honor as they will see here. Meantime, my brow must touch my threshold in order duly to welcome them." So saying, he hurried to the outer door of the building.

" Each land has its customs," said the Count, as he followed his host, with his wife hanging on his arm ; " but, Brenhilda, as they are so various, it is little wonder that they appear unseemly to each other. Here, however, in deference to my entertainer, I stoop my crest, in the manner which seems to be required." So saying, he followed Agelastes into the ante-room, where a new scene awaited them.

CHAPTER XIII

AGELASTES gained his threshold before Count Robert of Paris and his lady. He had, therefore, time to make his prostrations before a huge animal, then unknown to the Western world, but now universally distinguished as the elephant. On its back was a pavilion, or palanquin, within which were inclosed the august persons of the Empress Irene and her daughter Anna Comnena. Nicephorus Briennius attended the princesses in the command of a gallant body of light horse, whose splendid armor would have given more pleasure to the crusader if it had possessed less an air of useless wealth and effeminate magnificence. But the effect which it produced in its appearance was as brilliant as could well be conceived. The officers alone of this *corps de garde* followed Nicephorus to the platform, prostrated themselves while the ladies of the imperial house descended, and rose up again under a cloud of waving plumes and flashing lances when they stood secure upon the platform in front of the building. Here the somewhat aged, but commanding, form of the Empress, and the still juvenile beauties of the fair historian, were seen to great advantage. In the front of a deep background of spears and waving crests stood the sounder of the sacred trumpet, conspicuous by his size and the richness of his apparel ; he kept his post on a rock above the stone staircase, and, by an occasional note of his instrument, intimated to the squadrons beneath that they should stay their progress and attend the motions of the Empress and the wife of the Cæsar.

The fair form of the Countess Brenhilda, and the fantastic appearance of her half-masculine garb, attracted the attention of the ladies of Alexius's family, but was too extraordinary to command their admiration. Agelastes became sensible there was a necessity that he should introduce his guests to each other, if he desired they should meet on satisfactory terms. " May I speak," he said, " and live ? The armed strangers whom you find now with me are worthy companions of those myriads whom zeal for the suffering inhabitants of Palestine has brought from the western extremity of Europe, at once to enjoy the countenance of Alexius

Comnenus and to aid him, since it pleases him to accept their assistance, in expelling the paynims from the bounds of the sacred empire, and garrison those regions in their stead as vassals of his Imperial Majesty."

"We are pleased," said the Empress, "worthy Agelastes, that you should be kind to those who are disposed to be so reverent to the Emperor. And we are rather disposed to talk with them ourselves, that our daughter, whom Apollo hath gifted with the choice talent of recording what she sees, may become acquainted with one of those female warriors of the West of whom we have heard so much by common fame, and yet know so little with certainty."

"Madam," said the Count, "I can but rudely express to you what I have to find fault with in the explanation which this old man hath given of our purpose in coming hither. Certain it is, we neither owe Alexius fealty nor had we the purpose of paying him any, when we took the vow upon ourselves which brought us against Asia. We came, because we understood that the Holy Land had been torn from the Greek Emperor by the Pagans, Saracens, Turks, and other infidels from whom we are come to win it back. The wisest and most prudent among us have judged it necessary to acknowledge the Emperor's authority, since there was no such safe way of passing to the discharge of our vow as that of acknowledging fealty to him, as the best mode of preventing quarrels among Christian states. We, though independent of any earthly king, do not pretend to be greater men than they, and therefore have condescended to pay the same homage."

The Empress colored several times with indignation in the course of this speech, which, in more passages than one, was at variance with those imperial maxims of the Grecian court which held its dignity so high, and plainly intimated a tone of opinion which was depreciating to the Emperor's power. But the Empress Irene had received instructions from her imperial spouse to beware how she gave, or even took, any ground of quarrel with the crusaders, who, though coming in the appearance of subjects, were, nevertheless, too punctilious and ready to take fire to render them safe discussers of delicate differences. She made a graceful reverence accordingly, as if she had scarce understood what the Count of Paris had explained so bluntly.

At this moment the appearance of the principal persons on either hand attracted, in a wonderful degree, the attention of the other party, and there seemed to exist among them a

general desire of further acquaintance, and, at the same time, a manifest difficulty in expressing such a wish.

Agelastes—to begin with the master of the house—had risen from the ground indeed, but without venturing to assume an upright posture : he remained before the imperial ladies with his body and head still bent, his hand interposed between his eyes and their faces, like a man that would shade his eyesight from the level sun, and awaited in silence the commands of those to whom he seemed to think it disrespectful to propose the slightest action, save by testifying in general that his house and his slaves were at their unlimited command. The Countess of Paris, on the other hand, and her warlike husband, were the peculiar objects of curiosity to Irene and her accomplished daughter, Anna Comnena ; and it occurred to both these imperial ladies that they had never seen finer specimens of human strength and beauty ; but, by a natural instinct, they preferred the manly bearing of the husband to that of the wife, which seemed to her own sex rather too haughty and too masculine to be altogether pleasing.

Count Robert and his lady had also their own object of attention in the newly arrived group, and, to speak truth, it was nothing else than the peculiarities of the monstrous animal which they now saw, for the first time, employed as a beast of burden in the service of the fair Irene and her daughter. The dignity and splendor of the elder princess, the grace and vivacity of the younger, were alike lost in Brenhilda's earnest inquiries into the history of the elephant, and the use which it made of its trunk, tusks, and huge ears, upon different occasions.

Another person who took a less direct opportunity to gaze on Brenhilda with a deep degree of interest was the Cæsar, Nicephorus. This prince kept his eye as steadily upon the Frankish countess as he could well do without attracting the attention, and exciting perhaps the suspicions, of his wife and mother-in-law ; he therefore endeavored to restore speech to an interview which would have been awkward without it. "It is possible," he said, "beautiful Countess, that, this being your first visit to the Queen of the World, you have never hitherto seen the singularly curious animal called the elephant."

"Pardon me," said the Countess, "I have been treated by this learned gentleman to a sight and some account of that wonderful creature."

By all who heard this observation, the Lady Brenhilda was

supposed to have made a satirical thrust at the philosopher himself, who, in the imperial court, usually went by the name of the Elephant.

"No one could describe the beast more accurately than Agelastes," said the Princess, with a smile of intelligence, which went round her attendants.

"He knows its docility, its sensibility, and its fidelity," said the philosopher in a subdued tone.

"True, good Agelastes," said the Princess; "we should not criticise the animal which kneels to take us up. Come, lady of a foreign land," she continued, turning to the Frank count, and especially his countess, "and you her gallant lord! When you return to your native country, you shall say you have seen the imperial family partake of their food, and in so far acknowledge themselves to be of the same clay with other mortals, sharing their poorest wants, and relieving them in the same manner."

"That, gentle lady, I can well believe," said Count Robert; "my curiosity would be more indulged by seeing this strange animal at his food."

"You will see the elephant more conveniently at his mess within doors," answered the Princess, looking at Agelastes.

"Lady," said Brenhilda, "I would not willingly refuse an invitation given in courtesy, but the sun has waxed low unnoticed, and we must return to the city."

"Be not afraid," said the fair historian: "you shall have the advantage of our imperial escort to protect you in your return."

"Fear—afraid—escort—protect! These are words I know not. Know, lady, that my husband, the noble Count of Paris, is my sufficient escort; and even were he not with me, Brenhilda de Aspramonte fears nothing, and can defend herself."

"Fair daughter," said Agelastes, "if I may be permitted to speak, you mistake the gracious intentions of the Princess, who expresses herself as to a lady of her own land. What she desires is to learn from you some of the most marked habits and manners of the Franks, of which you are so beautiful an example; and in return for such information the illustrious princess would be glad to procure your entrance to those spacious collections where animals from all corners of the habitable world have been assembled at the command of our Emperor Alexius, as if to satisfy the wisdom of those sages to whom all creation is known, from the deer so small in size that it is exceeded by an ordinary rat to that huge

and singular inhabitant of Africa that can browse on the tops of trees that are forty feet high, while the length of its hind legs does not exceed the half of that wondrous height."

"It is enough," said the Countess, with some eagerness; but Agelastes had got a point of discussion after his own mind.

"There is also," he said, "that huge lizard, which, resembling in shape the harmless inhabitant of the moors of other countries, is in Egypt a monster thirty feet in length, clothed in impenetrable scales, and moaning over his prey when he catches it, with the hope and purpose of drawing others within his danger, by mimicking the lamentations of humanity."

"Say no more, father!" exclaimed the lady. "My Robert, we will go, will we not, where such objects are to be seen?"

"There is also," said Agelastes, who saw that he would gain his point by addressing himself to the curiosity of the strangers, "the huge animal, wearing on its back an invulnerable vestment, having on its nose a horn, and sometimes two, the folds of whose hide are of the most immense thickness, and which never knight was able to wound."

"We will go, Robert, will we not?" reiterated the Countess.

"Ay," replied the Count, "and teach these Easterns how to judge of a knight's sword by a single blow of my trusty Tranchefer."

"And who knows," said Brenhilda, "since this is a land of enchantment, but what some person, who is languishing in a foreign shape, may have their enchantment unexpectedly dissolved by a stroke of the good weapon?"

"Say no more, father!" exclaimed the Count. "We will attend this princess, since such she is, were her whole escort bent to oppose our passage, instead of being by her command to be our guard. For know, all who hear me, thus much of the nature of the Franks, that, when you tell us of danger and difficulties, you give us the same desire to travel the road where they lie as other men have in seeking either pleasure or profit in the paths in which such are to be found."

As the Count pronounced these words, he struck his hand upon his Tranchefer, as an illustration of the manner in which he purposed upon occasion to make good his way. The courtly circle startled somewhat at the clash of steel and the fiery look of the chivalrous Count Robert. The Em-

press indulged her alarm by retreating into the inner apartment of the pavilion.

With a grace which was rarely deigned to any but those in close alliance with the imperial family, Anna Comnena took the arm of the noble Count. "I see," she said, "that the imperial mother has honored the house of the learned Agelastes by leading the way; therefore, to teach you Grecian breeding must fall to my share." Saying this, she conducted him to the inner apartment.

"Fear not for your wife," she said, as she noticed the Frank look round: "our husband, like ourselves, has pleasure in showing attention to the stranger, and will lead the Countess to our board. It is not the custom of the imperial family to eat in company with strangers; but we thank Heaven for having instructed us in that civility which can know no degradation in dispensing with ordinary rules to do honor to strangers of such merit as yours. I know it will be my mother's request that you will take your places without ceremony; and also, although the grace be somewhat particular, I am sure that it will have my imperial father's approbation."

"Be it as your ladyship lists," said Count Robert. "There are few men to whom I would yield place at the board, if they had not gone before me in the battle-field. To a lady, especially so fair a one, I willingly yield my place and bend my knee, whenever I have the good hap to meet her."

The Princess Anna, instead of feeling herself awkward in the discharge of the extraordinary, and, as she might have thought it, degrading, office of ushering a barbarian chief to the banquet, felt, on the contrary, flattered at having bent to her purpose a heart so obstinate as that of Count Robert, and elated, perhaps, with a certain degree of satisfied pride while under his momentary protection.

The Empress Irene had already seated herself at the head of the table. She looked with some astonishment when her daughter and son-in-law, taking their seats at her right and left hand, invited the Count and Countess of Paris, the former to recline, the latter to sit at the board, in the places next to themselves; but she had received the strictest orders from her husband to be deferential in every respect to the strangers, and did not think it right, therefore, to interpose any ceremonious scruples.

The Countess took her seat, as indicated, beside the Cæsar; and the Count, instead of reclining in the mode of the Grecian men, also seated himself in the European fashion by the Princess.

“I will not lie prostrate,” said he, laughing, “except in consideration of a blow weighty enough to compel me to do so ; nor then either, if I am able to start up and return it.”

The service of the table then began, and, to say truth, it appeared to be an important part of the business of the day. The officers who attended to perform their several duties of deckers of the table, sewers of the banquet, removers and tasters to the imperial family, thronged into the banqueting-room, and seemed to vie with each other in calling upon Agelastes for spices, condiments, sauces, and wines of various kinds, the variety and multiplicity of their demands being apparently devised *ex preposito*, for stirring the patience of the philosopher. But Agelastes, who had anticipated most of their requests, however unusual, supplied them completely, or in the greatest part, by the ready agency of his active slave Diogenes, to whom, at the same time, he contrived to transfer all blame for the absence of such articles as he was unable to provide.

“Be Homer my witness, the accomplished Virgil, and the curious felicity of Horace, that, trifling and unworthy as this banquet was, my note of directions to this thrice-unhappy slave gave the instructions to procure every ingredient necessary to convey to each dish its proper gusto. Ill-omened carrion that thou art, wherefore placedst thou the pickled cucumber so far apart from the boar’s head, and why are these superb congers unprovided with a requisite quantity of fennel ? The divorce betwixt the shell-fish and the Chian wine in a presence like this, is worthy of the divorce of thine own soul from thy body : or, to say the least, of a life-long residence in the *pistrinum*.” While thus the philosopher proceeded with threats, curses, and menaces against his slave, the stranger might have an opportunity of comparing the little torrent of his domestic eloquence, which the manners of the times did not consider as ill-bred, with the louder and deeper share of adulation towards his guests. They mingled like the oil with the vinegar and pickles which Diogenes mixed for the sauce. Thus the Count and Countess had an opportunity to estimate the happiness and the felicity reserved for those slaves whom the omnipotent Jupiter, in the plenitude of compassion for their state, and in guerdon of their good morals, had dedicated to the service of a philosopher. The share they themselves took in the banquet was finished with a degree of speed which gave surprise not only to their host, but also to the imperial guests.

The Count helped himself carelessly out of a dish which

stood near him, and partaking of a draught of wine, without inquiring whether it was of the vintage which the Greeks held it matter of conscience to mingle with that species of food, he declared himself satisfied ; nor could the obliging entreaties of his neighbor, Anna Comnena, induce him to partake of other messes represented as being either delicacies or curiosities. His spouse eat still more moderately of the food which seemed most simply cooked, and stood nearest her at the board, and partook of a cup of crystal water, which she slightly tinged with wine, at the persevering entreaty of the Cæsar. They then relinquished the farther business of the banquet, and, leaning back upon their seats, occupied themselves in watching the liberal credit done to the feast by the rest of the guests present.

A modern synod of gourmands would hardly have equaled the imperial family of Greece seated at a philosophical banquet, whether in the critical knowledge displayed of the science of eating in all its branches or in the practical cost and patience with which they exercised it ; the ladies, indeed, did not eat much of any one dish, but they tasted of almost all that were presented to them, and their name was legion. Yet, after a short time, in Homeric phrase, the rage of thirst and hunger was assuaged, or, more probably, the Princess Anna Comnena was tired of being an object of some inattention to the guest who sat next her, and who, joining his high military character to his very handsome presence, was a person by whom few ladies would willingly be neglected. There is no new guise, says our father Chaucer, but what resembles an old one ; and the address of Anna Comnena to the Frankish count might resemble that of a modern lady of fashion in her attempts to engage in conversation the exquisite who sits by her side in an apparently absent fit. "We have piped unto you," said the Princess, "and you have not danced. We have sung to you the jovial chorus of *Evoe, evoe*, and you will neither worship Comus nor Bacchus. Are we then to judge you a follower of the Muses, in whose service, as well as in that of Phœbus, we ourselves pretend to be enlisted ?"

"Fair lady," replied the Frank, "be not offended at my stating once for all, in plain terms, that I am a Christian man, spitting at and bidding defiance to Apollo, Bacchus, Comus, and all other heathen deities whatsoever."

"O ! cruel interpretation of my unwary words !" said the Princess. "I did but mention the gods of music, poetry, and eloquence, worshiped by our divine philosophers, and

whose names are still used to distinguish the arts and sciences over which they presided, and the Count interprets it seriously into a breach of the Second Commandment! Our Lady preserve me, we must take care how we speak, when our words are so sharply interpreted."

The Count laughed as the Princess spoke. "I had no offensive meaning, madam," he said, "nor would I wish to interpret your words otherwise than as being most innocent and praiseworthy. I shall suppose that your speech contained all that was fair and blameless. You are, I have understood, one of those who, like our worthy host, express in composition the history and feats of the warlike time in which you live, and give to the posterity which shall succeed us the knowledge of the brave deeds which have been achieved in our day. I respect the task to which you have dedicated yourself, and know not how a lady could lay after ages under an obligation to her in the same degree, unless, like my wife, Brenhilda, she were herself to be the actress of deeds which she recorded. And, by the way, she now looks towards her neighbor at the table as if she were about to rise and leave him; her inclinations are towards Constantinople, and, with your ladyship's permission, I cannot allow her to go thither alone."

"That you shall neither of you do," said Anna Comnena; "since we all go to the capital directly, and for the purpose of seeing those wonders of nature of which numerous examples have been collected by the splendor of my imperial father. If my husband seems to have given offense to the Countess, do not suppose that it was intentionally dealt to her; on the contrary, you will find the good man, when you are better acquainted with him, to be one of those simple persons who manage so unhappily what they mean for civilities, that those to whom they are addressed receive them frequently in another sense."

The Countess of Paris, however, refused again to sit down to the table from which she had risen, so that Agelastes and his imperial guests saw themselves under the necessity either to permit the strangers to depart, which they seemed unwilling to do; or to detain them by force, to attempt which might not perhaps have been either safe or pleasant; or, lastly, to have waived the etiquette of rank, and set out along with them, at the same time managing their dignity so as to take the initiatory step, though the departure took place upon the motion of their wilful guests. Much tumult there was—bustling, disputing, and shouting

—among the troops and officers who were thus moved from their repast two hours at least sooner than had been experienced upon similar occasions in the memory of the oldest among them. A different arrangement of the imperial party likewise seemed to take place by mutual consent.

Nicephorus Brennius ascended the seat upon the elephant, and remained there placed beside his august mother-in-law. Agelastes, on a sober-minded palfrey, which permitted him to prolong his philosophical harangues at his own pleasure, rode beside the Countess Brenhilda, whom he made the principal object of his oratory. The fair historian, though she usually traveled in a litter, preferred upon this occasion a spirited horse, which enabled her to keep pace with Count Robert of Paris, on whose imagination, if not his feelings, she seemed to have it in view to work a marked impression. The conversation of the Empress with her son-in-law requires no special detail. It was a tissue of criticisms upon the manners and behavior of the Franks, and a hearty wish that they might be soon transported from the realms of Greece, never more to return. Such was at least the tone of the Empress, nor did the Cæsar find it convenient to express any more tolerant opinion of the strangers. On the other hand, Agelastes made a long circuit ere he ventured to approach the subject which he wished to introduce. He spoke of the menagerie of the Emperor as a most superb collection of natural history; he extolled different persons at court for having encouraged Alexius Comnenus in this wise and philosophical amusement; but, finally, the praise of all others was abandoned that the philosopher might dwell upon that of Nicephorus Briennius to whom the cabinet or collection of Constantinople was indebted, he said, for the principal treasures it contained.

“I am glad it is so,” said the haughty countess, without lowering her voice or affecting any change of manner—“I am glad that he understands some things better worth understanding than whispering with stranger young women. Credit me, if he gives much license to his tongue among such women of my country as these stirring times may bring hither, some one or other of them will fling him into the cataract which dashes below.”

“Pardon me, fair lady,” said Agelastes; “no female heart could meditate an action so atrocious against so fine a form as that of the Cæsar Nicephorus Briennius.”

“Put it not on that issue, father,” said the offended countess; “for, by my patroness saint, Our Lady of the Broken

Lances, had it not been for regard to these two ladies, who seemed to intend some respect to my husband and myself, that same Nicephorus should have been as perfectly a Lord of the Broken Bones as any Cæsar who has borne the title since the great Julius."

The philosopher, upon this explicit information, began to entertain some personal fear for himself, and hastened, by diverting the conversation, which he did with great dexterity; to the story of Hero and Leander, to put the affront received out of the head of this unscrupulous amazon.

Meantime, Count Robert of Paris was engrossed, as it may be termed, by the fair Anna Comnena. She spoke on all subjects, on some better, doubtless, others worse, but on none did she suspect herself of any deficiency; while the good count wished heartily within himself that his companion had been safely in bed with the enchanted Princess of Zulichium. She performed, right or wrong, the part of a panegyrist of the Normans, until at length the Count, tired of hearing her prate of she knew not exactly what, broke in as follows:—

"Lady," he said, "notwithstanding I and my followers are sometimes so named, yet we are not Normans, who come hither as a numerous and separate body of pilgrims, under the command of their Duke Robert, a valiant, though extravagant, thoughtless, and weak man. I say nothing against the fame of these Normans. They conquered, in our father's day, a kingdom far stronger than their own, which men call England; I see that you entertain some of the natives of which country in your pay, under the name of Varangians. Although defeated, as I said, by the Normans, they are, nevertheless, a brave race; nor would we think ourselves much dishonored by mixing in battle with them. Still, we are the valiant Franks who had their dwelling on the eastern banks of the Rhine and of the Saale, who were converted to the Christian faith by the celebrated Clovis, and are sufficient, by our numbers and courage, to reconquer the Holy Land, should all Europe besides stand neutral in the contest."

There are few things more painful to the vanity of a person like the Princess than the being detected in an egregious error at the moment she is taking credit to herself for being peculiarly accurately informed.

"A false slave, who knew not what he was saying, I suppose," said the Princess, "imposed upon me the belief that the Varangians were the natural enemies of the Normans.

I see him marching there by the side of Achilles Tatius, the leader of his corps. Call him hither, you officers,—yonder tall man, I mean, with the battle-ax upon his shoulder.”

Hereward, distinguished by his post at the head of the squadron, was summoned from thence to the presence of the Princess, where he made his military obeisance with a cast of sternness in his aspect, as his glance lighted upon the proud look of the Frenchman who rode beside Anna Comnena.

“Did I not understand thee, fellow,” said Anna Comnena, “to have informed me, nearly a month ago, that the Normans and the Franks were the same people, and enemies to the race from which you spring?”

“The Normans are our mortal enemies, lady,” answered Hereward, “by whom we were driven from our native land. The Franks are subjects of the same lord-paramount with the Normans, and therefore they neither love the Varangians nor are beloved by them.”

“Good fellow,” said the French count, “you do the Franks wrong, and ascribe to the Varangians, although not unnaturally, an undue degree of importance, when you suppose that a race which has ceased to exist as an independent nation for more than a generation can be either an object of interest or resentment to such as we are.”

“I am no stranger,” said the Varangian, “to the pride of your heart, or the precedence which you assume over those who have been less fortunate in war than yourselves. It is God who casteth down and who buildeth up, nor is there in the world a prospect to which the Varangians would look forward with more pleasure than that a hundred of their number should meet in a fair field, either with the oppressive Normans or their modern compatriots, the vain Frenchmen, and let God be the judge which is most worthy of victory.”

“You take an insolent advantage of the chance,” said the Count of Paris, “which gives you an unlooked-for opportunity to brave a nobleman.”

“It is my sorrow and shame,” said the Varangian, “that that opportunity is not complete; and that there is a chain around me which forbids me to say, ‘Slay me, or I’ll kill thee before we part from this spot!’”

“Why, thou foolish and hot-brained churl,” replied the Count, “what right hast thou to the honor of dying by my blade? Thou art mad, or hast drained the ale-cup so deeply that thou knowest not what thou thinkest or sayest.”

“Thou liest,” said the Varangian, “though such a reproach be the utmost scandal of thy race.”

The Frenchman motioned his hand quicker than light to his sword, but instantly withdrew it, and said with dignity, "Thou canst not offend me."

"But thou," said the exile, "hast offended me in a matter which can only be atoned by thy manhood."

"Where and how?" answered the Count; "although it is needless to ask the question, which thou canst not answer rationally."

"Thou hast this day," answered the Varangian, "put a mortal affront upon a great prince, whom thy master calls his ally, and by whom thou hast been received with every rite of hospitality. Him thou hast affronted as one peasant at a merry-making would do shame to another, and this dishonor thou hast done to him in the very face of his own chiefs and princes, and the nobles from every court of Europe."

"It was thy master's part to resent my conduct," said the Frenchman, "if in reality he so much felt it as an affront."

"But that," said Hereward, "did not consist with the manners of his country to do. Besides that, we trusty Varangians esteem ourselves bound by our oath as much to defend our Emperor, while the service lasts, on every inch of his honor as on every foot of his territory; I therefore tell thee, sir knight, sir count, or whatever thou callest thyself, there is mortal quarrel between thee and the Varangian Guard, ever and until thou hast fought it out in fair and manly battle, body to body, with one of the said Imperial Varangians, when duty and opportunity shall permit—and so God schaw the right!"

As this passed in the French language, the meaning escaped the understanding of such imperialists as were within hearing at the time; and the Princess, who waited with some astonishment till the crusader and the Varangian had finished their conference, when it was over, said to him with interest, "I trust you feel that poor man's situation to be too much at a distance from your own to admit of your meeting him in what is termed knightly battle?"

"On such a question," said the knight, "I have but one answer to any lady who does not, like my Brenhilda, cover herself with a shield, and bear a sword by her side and the heart of a knight in her bosom."

"And suppose for once," said the Princess Anna Comnena, "that I possessed such titles to your confidence, what would your answer be to me?"

"There can be little reason for concealing it," said the Count. "The Varangian is a brave man and a strong one; it is contrary to my vow to shun his challenge, and perhaps I shall derogate from my rank by accepting it; but the world is wide, and he is yet to be born who has seen Robert of Paris shun the face of mortal man. By means of some gallant officer among the Emperor's guards this poor fellow, who nourishes so strange an ambition, shall learn that he shall have his wish gratified."

"And then——?" said Anna Comnena.

"Why, then," said the Count, "in the poor man's own language, God schaw the right!"

"Which is to say," said the Princess, "that, if my father has an officer of his guards honorable enough to forward so pious and reasonable a purpose, the Emperor must lose an ally, in whose faith he puts confidence, or a most trusty and faithful soldier of his personal guard, who has distinguished himself upon many occasions?"

"I am happy to hear," said the Count, "that the man bears such a character. In truth, his ambition ought to have some foundation. The more I think of it, the rather am I of opinion that there is something generous, rather than derogatory, in giving to the poor exile, whose thoughts are so high and noble, those privileges of a man of rank which some who were born in such lofty station are too cowardly to avail themselves of. Yet despond not, noble princess; the challenge is not yet accepted of, and if it was, the issue is in the hand of God. As for me, whose trade is war, the sense that I have something so serious to transact with this resolute man will keep me from other less honorable quarrels, in which a lack of occupation might be apt to involve me."

The Princess made no farther observation, being resolved, by private remonstrance to Achilles Tatius, to engage him to prevent a meeting which might be fatal to the one or the other of two brave men. The town now darkened before them, sparkling, at the same time, through its obscurity, by the many lights which illuminated the houses of the citizens. The royal cavalcade held their way to the Golden Gate, where the trusty centurion put his guard under arms to receive them.

"We must now break off, fair ladies," said the Count, as the party, having now dismounted, were standing together at the private gate of the Blacquernal Palace, "and find as we can the lodgings which we occupied last night."

“Under your favor, no,” said the Empress. “You must be content to take your supper and repose in quarters more fitting your rank ; and,” added Irene, “with no worse quartermaster than one of the imperial family who has been your traveling companion.”

This the Count heard with considerable inclination to accept the hospitality which was so readily offered. Although as devoted as a man could well be to the charms of his Brenhilda, the very idea never having entered his head of preferring another's beauty to hers, yet, nevertheless, he had naturally felt himself flattered by the attentions of a woman of eminent beauty and very high rank ; and the praises with which the Princess had loaded him had not entirely fallen to the ground. He was no longer in the humor in which the morning had found him, disposed to outrage the feelings of the Emperor and to insult his dignity ; but, flattered by the adroit sycophancy which the old philosopher had learned from the schools, and the beautiful princess had been gifted with by nature, he assented to the Empress's proposal ; the more readily, perhaps, that the darkness did not permit him to see that there was distinctly a shade of displeasure on the brow of Brenhilda. Whatever the cause, she cared not to express it, and the married pair had just entered that labyrinth of passages through which Hereward had formerly wandered, when a chamberlain and a female attendant, richly dressed, bent the knee before them, and offered them the means and place to adjust their attire, ere they entered the imperial presence. Brenhilda looked upon her apparel and arms, spotted with the blood of the insolent Scythian, and, amazon as she was, felt the shame of being carelessly and improperly dressed. The arms of the knight were also bloody, and in disarrangement.

“Tell my female squire, Agatha, to give her attendance,” said the Countess. “She alone is in the habit of assisting to unarm and to attire me.”

“Now, God be praised,” thought the Grecian lady of the bed-chamber, “that I am not called to a toilet where smiths' hammers and tongs are likely to be the instruments most in request !”

“Tell Marcian, my armorer,” said the Count, “to attend with the silver and blue suit of plate and mail which I won in a wager from the Count of Tholouse.” *

“Might I not have the honor of adjusting your armor,”

* See Note 8.

said a splendidly drest courtier, with some marks of the armorer's profession, "since I have put on that of the Emperor himself, may his name be sacred?"

"And how many rivets hast thou clenched upon the occasion with this hand," said the Count, catching hold of it, "which looks as if it had never been washed save with milk of roses,—and with this childish toy?" pointing to a hammer, with ivory haft and silver head, which, stuck into a milk-white kidskin apron, the official wore as badges of his duty.

The armorer fell back in some confusion. "His grasp," he said to another domestic, "is like the seizure of a vice."

While this little scene passed apart, the Empress Irene, her daughter, and her son-in-law left the company, under pretense of making a necessary change in their apparel. Immediately after, Agelastes was required to attend the Emperor, and the strangers were conducted to two adjacent chambers of retirement, splendidly fitted up, and placed for the present at their disposal and that of their attendants. There we shall for a time leave them, assuming, with the assistance of their own attendants, a dress which their ideas regarded as most fit for a great occasion; those of the Grecian court willingly keeping apart from a task which they held nearly as formidable as assisting at the lair of a royal tiger or his bride.

Agelastes found the Emperor sedulously arranging his most splendid court-dress; for, as in the court of Pekin, the change of ceremonial attire was a great part of the ritual observed at Constantinople.

"Thou hast done well, wise Agelastes," said Alexius to the philosopher, as he approached with abundance of prostrations and genuflexions—"thou hast done well, and we are content with thee. Less than thy wit and address must have failed in separating from their company this tameless bull and unyoked heifer, over whom, if we obtain influence, we shall command, by every account, no small interest among those who esteem them the bravest in the host."

"My humble understanding," said Agelastes, "had been infinitely inferior to the management of so prudent and sagacious a scheme, had it not been shaped forth and suggested by the inimitable wisdom of your Most Sacred Imperial Highness."

"We are aware," said Alexius, "that we had the merit of blocking forth the scheme of detaining these persons, either by their choice as allies or by main force as hostages. Their

friends, ere yet they have missed them, will be engaged in war with the Turks, and at no liberty, if the devil should suggest such an undertaking, to take arms against the sacred empire. Thus, Agelastes, we shall obtain hostages at least as important and as valuable as that Count of Vermandois, whose liberty the tremendous Godfrey of Bouillon extorted from us by threats of instant war."

"Pardon," said Agelastes, "if I add another reason to those which of themselves so happily support your august resolution. It is possible that we may, by observing the greatest caution and courtesy towards these strangers, win them in good earnest to our side."

"I conceive you—I conceive you," said the Emperor; "and this very night I will exhibit myself to this count and his lady in the royal presence-chamber, in the richest robes which our wardrobe can furnish. The lions of Solomon shall roar, the golden tree of Comnenus shall display its wonders, and the feeble eyes of these Franks shall be altogether dazzled by the splendor of the empire. These spectacles cannot but sink into their minds, and dispose them to become the allies and servants of a nation so much more powerful, skilful, and wealthy than their own. Thou hast something to say, Agelastes. Years and long study have made thee wise; though we have given our opinion, thou mayst speak thine own and live."

Thrice three times did Agelastes press his brow against the hem of the Emperor's garment, and great seemed his anxiety to find such words as might intimate his dissent from his sovereign, yet save him from the informality of contradicting him expressly.

"These sacred words, in which your Sacred Highness has uttered your most just and accurate opinions, are undeniable, and incapable of contradiction, were any vain enough to attempt to impugn them. Nevertheless, be it lawful to say, that men show the wisest arguments in vain to those who do not understand reason, just as you would in vain exhibit a curious piece of limning to the blind, or endeavor to bribe, as Scripture saith, a sow by the offer of a precious stone. The fault is not, in such case, in the accuracy of your sacred reasoning, but in the obtuseness and perverseness of the barbarians to whom it is applied."

"Speak more plainly," said the Emperor; "how often must we tell thee that, in cases in which we really want counsel, we know we must be contented to sacrifice ceremony?"

“Then, in plain words,” said Agelastes, “these European barbarians are like no others under the cope of the universe, either in the things on which they look with desire or in those which they consider as discouraging. The treasures of this noble empire, so far as they affected their wishes, would merely inspire them with the desire to go to war with a nation possessed of so much wealth, and who, in their self-conceited estimation, were less able to defend than they themselves are powerful to assail. Of such a description, for instance, is Bohemond of Tarentum, and such a one is many a crusader less able and sagacious than he; for I think I need not tell your Imperial Divinity that he holds his own self-interest to be the devoted guide of his whole conduct through this extraordinary war; and that, therefore, you can justly calculate his course when once you are aware from which point of the compass the wind of avarice and self-interest breathes with respect to him. But there are spirits among the Franks of a very different nature, and who must be acted upon by very different motives, if we would make ourselves masters of their actions and the principles by which they are governed. If it were lawful to do so, I would request your Majesty to look at the manner by which an artful juggler of your court achieves his imposition upon the eyes of spectators, yet heedfully disguises the means by which he attains his object. This people—I mean the more lofty-minded of these crusaders, who act up to the pretenses of the doctrine which they call chivalry—despise the thirst of gold, and gold itself, unless to hilt their swords, or to furnish forth some necessary expenses, as alike useless and contemptible. The man who can be moved by the thirst of gain they condemn, scorn, and despise, and liken him, in the meanness of his objects, to the most paltry serf that ever followed the plow or wielded the spade. On the other hand, if it happens that they actually need gold, they are sufficiently unceremonious in taking it where they can most easily find it. Thus, they are neither easily to be bribed by giving them sums of gold nor to be starved into compliance by withholding what chance may render necessary for them. In the one case, they set no value upon the gift of a little paltry yellow dross; on the other, they are accustomed to take what they want.”

“Yellow dross!” interrupted Alexius. “Do they call that noble metal, equally respected by Roman and barbarian, by rich and poor, by great and mean, by churchmen and laymen, which all mankind are fighting for, plotting for, plan-

ning for, intriguing for, and damning themselves for, both soul and body, by the opprobrious name of yellow dross? They are mad, Agelastes—utterly mad. Perils and dangers, penalties and scourges, are the only arguments to which men who are above the universal influence which moves all others can possibly be accessible.”

“Nor are they,” said Agelastes, “more accessible to fear than they are to self-interest. They are indeed, from their boyhood, brought up to scorn those passions which influence ordinary minds, whether by means of avarice to impel or of fear to hold back. So much is this the case, that what is enticing to other men must, to interest them, have the piquant sauce of extreme danger. I told, for instance, to this very hero a legend of a Princess of Zulichium, who lay on an enchanted couch, beautiful as an angel, awaiting the chosen knight who should, by dispelling her enchanted slumbers, become master of her person, of her kingdom of Zulichium, and of her countless treasures; and, would your Imperial Majesty believe me, I could scarce get the gallant to attend to my legend, or take any interest in the adventure, till I assured him he would have to encounter a winged dragon, compared to which the largest of those in the Frank romances was but like a mere dragon-fly?”

“And did this move the gallant?” said the Emperor.

“So much so,” replied the philosopher, “that, had I not unfortunately, by the earnestness of my description, awakened the jealousy of his Penthesilea of a countess, he had forgotten the crusade and all belonging to it, to go in quest of Zulichium and its slumbering sovereign.”

“Nay, then,” said the Emperor, “we have in our empire—make us sensible of the advantage!—innumerable tale-tellers who are not possessed in the slightest degree of that noble scorn of gold which is proper to the Franks, but shall, for a brace of besants, lie with the devil, and beat him to boot, if in that manner we can gain, as mariners say, the weather-gage of the Franks.”

“Discretion,” said Agelastes, “is in the highest degree necessary. Simply to lie is no very great matter: it is merely a departure from the truth, which is little different from missing a mark at archery, where the whole horizon, one point alone excepted, will alike serve the shooter’s purpose; but to move the Frank as is desired requires a perfect knowledge of his temper and disposition, great caution and presence of mind, and the most versatile readiness in changing from one subject to another. Had I not myself been

somewhat alert, I might have paid the penalty of a false step in your Majesty's service by being flung into my own cascade by the virago whom I offended."

"A perfect Thalestris!" said the Emperor. "I shall take care what offense I give her."

"If I might speak and live," said Agelastes, "Cæsar Nicephorus Briennius had best adopt the same precaution."

"Nicephorus," said the Emperor, "must settle that with our daughter. I have ever told her that she gives him too much of that history, of which a page or two is sufficiently refreshing; but by our own self we must swear it, Agelastes, that, night after night, hearing nothing else would subdue the patience of a saint. Forget, good Agelastes, that thou hast heard me say such a thing—more especially, remember it not when thou art in the presence of our imperial wife and daughter."

"Nor were the freedoms taken by the Cæsar beyond the bounds of an innocent gallantry," said Agelastes; "but the Countess, I must needs say, is dangerous. She killed this day the Scythian Toxartis, by what seemed a mere fillip on the head."

"Hah!" said the Emperor, "I knew that Toxartis, and he was like enough to deserve his death, being a bold, unscrupulous marauder. Take notes, however, how it happened, the names of witnesses, etc., that, if necessary, we may exhibit the fact as a deed of aggression on the part of the Count and Countess of Paris, to the assembly of the crusaders."

"I trust," said Agelastes, "your Imperial Majesty will not easily resign the golden opportunity of gaining to your standard persons whose character stands so very high in chivalry. It would cost you but little to bestow upon them a Grecian island, worth a hundred of their own paltry lordship of Paris; and if it were given under the condition of their expelling the infidels or the disaffected who may have obtained the temporary possession, it would be so much the more likely to be an acceptable offer. I need not say that the whole knowledge, wisdom, and skill of the poor Agelastes is at your Imperial Majesty's disposal."

The Emperor paused for a moment, and then said, as if on full consideration, "Worthy Agelastes, I dare trust thee in this difficult and somewhat dangerous matter; but I will keep my purpose of exhibiting to them the lions of Solomon and the golden tree of our imperial house."

“To that there can be no objection,” returned the philosopher; “only remember to exhibit few guards, for these Franks are like a fiery horse: when in temper he may be ridden with a silk thread, but when he has taken umbrage or suspicion, as they would likely do if they saw many armed men, a steel bridle would not restrain him.”

“I will be cautious,” said the Emperor, “in that particular, as well as others. Sound the silver bell, Agelastes, that the officers of our wardrobe may attend.”

“One single word while your Highness is alone,” said Agelastes. “Will your Imperial Majesty transfer to me the direction of your menagerie or collection of extraordinary creatures?”

“You make me wonder,” said the Emperor, taking a signet, bearing upon it a lion, with the legend, *Vicit Leo ex tribu Judæ*. “This,” he said, “will give thee the command of our dens. And now be candid for once with thy master, for deception is thy nature even with me—by what charm wilt thou subdue these untamed savages?”

“By the power of falsehood,” replied Agelastes, with deep reverence.

“I believe thee an adept in it,” said the Emperor. “And to which of their foibles wilt thou address it?”

“To their love of fame,” said the philosopher; and retreated backwards out of the royal apartment, as the officers of the wardrobe entered to complete the investment of the Emperor in his imperial habiliments.

CHAPTER XIV

I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective boys ; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes ;—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Richard III.

As they parted from each other, the Emperor and philosopher had each their own anxious thoughts on the interview which had passed between them—thoughts which they expressed in broken sentences and ejaculations, though, for the better understanding of the degree of estimation in which they held each other, we will give them a more regular and intelligible form.

“Thus, then,” half-muttered, half-said Alexius, but so low as to hide his meaning from the officers of the wardrobe, who entered to do their office—“thus, then, this bookworm, this remnant of old heathen philosophy, who hardly believes, so God save me, the truth of the Christian creed, has topped his part so well that he forces his Emperor to dissemble in his presence. Beginning by being the buffoon of the court, he has wormed himself into all its secrets, made himself master of all its intrigues, conspired with my own son-in-law against me, debauched my guards—indeed so woven his web of deceit, that my life is safe no longer than he believes me the imperial dolt which I have affected to seem, in order to deceive him ; fortunate that even so I can escape his cautionary anticipation of my displeasure, by avoiding to precipitate his measures of violence. But, were this sudden storm of the crusade fairly passed over, the ungrateful Cæsar, the boastful coward Achilles Tatius, and the bosom serpent Agelastes shall know whether Alexius Comnenus has been born their dupe. When Greek meets Greek, comes the strife of subtlety, as well as the tug of war.” Thus saying, he resigned himself to the officers of his wardrobe, who proceeded to ornament him as the solemnity required.

“I trust him not,” said Agelastes, the meaning of whose gestures and exclamations we, in like manner, render into a connected meaning. “I cannot and do not trust him : he somewhat overacts his part. He has borne himself upon

other occasions with the shrewd wit of his family the Comneni ; yet he now trusts to the effect of his trumpery lions upon such a shrewd people as the Franks and Normans, and seems to rely upon me for the character of men with whom he has been engaged in peace and war for many years. This can be but to gain my confidence ; for there were imperfect looks and broken sentences which seemed to say, ‘ Agelastes, the Emperor knows thee, and confides not in thee.’ Yet the plot is successful and undiscovered, as far as can be judged ; and were I to attempt to recede now, I were lost forever. A little time to carry on this intrigue with the Frank, when possibly, by the assistance of this gallant, Alexius shall exchange the crown for a cloister, or a still narrower abode ; and then, Agelastes, thou deservest to be blotted from the roll of philosophers if thou canst not push out of the throne the conceited and luxurious Cæsar, and reign in his stead, a second Marcus Antoninus, when the wisdom of thy rule, long unfelt in a world which has been guided by tyrants and voluptuaries, shall soon obliterate recollection of the manner in which thy power was acquired. To work then—be active, and be cautious. The time requires it, and the prize deserves it.”

While these thoughts passed through his mind, he arrayed himself, by the assistance of Diogenes, in a clean suit of that simple apparel in which he always frequented the court—a garb as unlike that of a candidate for royalty as it was a contrast to the magnificent robes with which Alexius was now investing himself.

In their separate apartments, or dressing-rooms, the Count of Paris and his lady put on the best apparel which they had prepared to meet such a chance upon their journey. Even in France, Robert was seldom seen in the peaceful cap and sweeping mantle whose high plumes and flowing folds were the garb of knights in times of peace. He was now arrayed in a splendid suit of armor, all except the head, which was bare otherwise than as covered by his curled locks. The rest of his person was sheathed in the complete mail of the time, richly inlaid with silver, which contrasted with the azure in which the steel was damasked. His spurs were upon his heels, his sword was by his side, and his triangular shield was suspended round his neck, bearing, painted upon it, a number of *fleurs-de-lis semées*, as it is called, upon the field, being the origin of those lily flowers which after times reduced to three only, and which were the terror of Europe, until they suffered so many reverses in our own time.

The extreme height of Count Robert's person adapted him for a garb which had a tendency to make persons of a lower stature appear rather dwarfish and thick when arrayed *cap-à-pie*. The features with their self-collected composure, and noble contempt of whatever could have astounded or shaken an ordinary mind, formed a well-fitted capital to the excellently porportioned and vigorous frame which they terminated. The Countess was in more peaceful attire ; but her robes were short and succinct, like those of one who might be called to hasty exercise. The upper part of her dress consisted of more than one tunic, sitting close to the body, while a skirt, descending from the girdle, and reaching to the ankles, embroidered elegantly but richly, completed an attire which a lady might have worn in much more modern times. Her tresses were covered with a light steel head-piece, though some of them, escaping, played round her face, and gave relief to those handsome features which might otherwise have seemed too formal, if closed entirely within the verge of steel. Over these under-garments was flung a rich velvet cloak of a deep green color, descending from the head, where a species of hood was loosely adjusted over the hemlet, deeply laced upon its verges and seams, and so long as to sweep the ground behind. A dagger of rich materials ornamented a girdle of curious goldsmith's work, and was the only offensive weapon which, notwithstanding her military occupation, she bore upon this occasion.

The toilet, as modern times would say, of the Countess was not nearly so soon ended as that of Count Robert, who occupied his time, as husbands of every period are apt to do, in little sub-acid complaints, between jest and earnest upon the dilatory nature of ladies, and the time which they lose in doffing and donning their garments. But when the Countess Brenhilda came forth in the pride of loveliness from the inner chamber where she had attired herself, her husband, who was still her lover, clasped her to his breast, and expressed his privilege by the kiss which he took as of right from a creature so beautiful. Chiding him for his folly, yet almost returning the kiss which she received, Brenhilda began now to wonder how they were to find their way to the presence of the Emperor.

The query was soon solved, for a gentle knock at the door announced Agelastes, to whom, as best acquainted with the Frankish manners, had been committed by the Emperor the charge of introducing the noble strangers. A distant sound, like that of the roaring of a lion, or not unsimilar to a large

and deep gong of modern times, intimated the commencement of the ceremonial. The black slaves upon guard, who, as hath been observed, were in small numbers, stood ranged in their state dresses of white and gold, bearing in one hand a naked saber, and in the other a torch of white wax, which served to guide the Count and Countess through the passages that led to the interior of the palace, and to the most secret hall of audience.

The door of this *sanctum sanctorum* was lower than usual, a simple stratagem devised by some superstitious officer of the imperial household to compel the lofty-crested Frank to lower his body as he presented himself in the imperial presence. Robert, when the door flew open, and he discovered in the background the Emperor seated upon his throne amidst a glare of light, which was broken and reflected in ten thousandfold by the jewels with which his vestments were covered, stopped short, and demanded the meaning of introducing him through so low an arch? Agelastes pointed to the Emperor, by way of shifting from himself a question which he could not have answered. The mute, to apologize for his silence, yawned, and showed the loss of his tongue.

“Holy Virgin!” said the Countess, “what can these unhappy Africans have done, to have deserved a condemnation which involves so cruel a fate?”

“The hour of retribution is perhaps come,” said the Count, in a displeased tone, while Agelastes, with such hurry as time and place permitted, entered, making his prostrations and genuflexions, little doubting that the Frank must follow him, and to do so must lower his body to the Emperor. The Count, however, in the height of displeasure at the trick which he conceived had been intended him, turned himself round and entered the presence-chamber with his back purposely turned to the sovereign, and did not face Alexius until he reached the middle of the apartment, when he was joined by the Countess, who had made her approach in a more seemly manner. The Emperor, who had prepared to acknowledge the Count’s expected homage in the most gracious manner, found himself now even more unpleasantly circumstanced than when this uncompromising Frank had usurped the royal throne in the course of the day.

The officers and nobles who stood around, though a very select number, were more numerous than usual, as the meeting was not held for counsel, but merely for state. These

assumed such an appearance of mingled displeasure and confusion as might best suit with the perplexity of Alexius, while the wily features of the Norman-Italian, Bohemond of Tarentum, who was also present, had a singular mixture of fantastical glee and derision. It is the misfortune of the weaker on such occasions, or at least the more timid, to be obliged to take the petty part of winking hard, as if not able to see what they cannot avenge.

Alexius made the signal that the ceremonial of the grand reception should immediately commence. Instantly the lions of Solomon, which had been newly furbished, raised their heads, erected their manes, brandished their tails, until they excited the imagination of Count Robert, who, being already on fire at the circumstances of his reception, conceived the bellowing of these automata to be the actual annunciation of immediate assault. Whether the lions whose forms he beheld were actually lords of the forest, whether they were mortals who had suffered transformation, whether they were productions of the skill of an artful juggler or profound naturalist, the Count neither knew nor cared. All that he thought of the danger was, that it was worthy of his courage : nor did his heart permit him a moment's irresolution. He strode to the nearest lion, which seemed in the act of springing up, and said, in a tone loud and formidable as its own, "How now, dog!" At the same time he struck the figure with his clenched fist and steel gauntlet with so much force that its head burst, and the steps and carpet of the throne were covered with wheels, springs, and other machinery, which had been the means of producing its mimic terrors.

On this display of the real nature of the cause of his anger, Count Robert could not but feel a little ashamed of having given way to passion on such an occasion. He was still more confused when Bohemond, descending from his station near the Emperor, addressed him in the Frank language—"You have done a gallant deed, truly, Count Robert, in freeing the court of Byzantium from an object of fear which has long been used to frighten peevish children and unruly barbarians!"

Enthusiasm has no greater enemy than ridicule. "Why, then," said Count Robert, blushing deeply at the same time, "did they exhibit its fantastic terrors to me? I am neither child nor barbarian."

"Address yourself to the Emperor, then, as an intelligent man," answered Bohemond. "Say something to him in

excuse of your conduct, and show that our bravery has not entirely run away with our common sense. And hark you also, while I have a moment's speech of you : do you and your wife heedfully follow my example at supper." These words were spoken with a significant tone and corresponding look.

The opinion of Bohemond, from his long intercourse, both in peace and war, with the Grecian Emperor, gave him great influence with the other crusaders, and Count Robert yielded to his advice. He turned towards the Emperor with something liker an obeisance than he had hitherto paid. "I crave your pardon," he said "for breaking that gilded piece of pageantry ; but, in sooth, the wonders of sorcery and the portents of accomplished and skilful jugglers are so numerous in this country that one does not clearly distinguish what is true from what is false, or what is real from what is illusory."

The Emperor, notwithstanding the presence of mind for which he was remarkable, and the courage in which he was not held by his countrymen to be deficient, received this apology somewhat awkwardly. Perhaps the rueful complaisance with which he accepted the Count's apology might be best compared to that of a lady of the present day when an awkward guest has broken a valuable piece of china. He muttered something about the machines having been long preserved in the imperial family, as being made on the model of those which guarded the throne of the wise king of Israel ; to which the blunt, plain-spoken Count expressed his doubt in reply, whether the wisest prince in the world ever condescended to frighten his subjects or guests by the mimic roarings of a wooden lion. "If," said he, "I too hastily took it for a living creature, I have had the worst, by damaging my excellent gauntlet in dashing to pieces its timber skull."

The Emperor, after a little more had been said, chiefly on the same subject, proposed that they should pass to the banquet-room. Marshaled, accordingly, by the grand sewer of the imperial table, and attended by all present, excepting the Emperor and the immediate members of his family, the Frankish guests were guided through a labyrinth of apartments, each of which was filled with wonders of nature and art, calculated to enhance their opinion of the wealth and grandeur which had assembled together so much that was wonderful. Their passage, being necessarily slow and interrupted, gave the Emperor time to change his dress,

according to the ritual of his court, which did not permit his appearing twice in the same vesture before the same spectators. He took the opportunity to summon Agelastes into his presence, and, that their conference might be secret, he used, in assisting his toilet, the agency of some of the mutes destined for the service of the interior.

The temper of Alexius Comnenus was considerably moved, although it was one of the peculiarities of his situation to be ever under the necessity of disguising the emotions of his mind, and of affecting, in presence of his subjects, a superiority to human passion which he was far from feeling. It was therefore with gravity, and even reprehension, that he asked, "By whose error it was that the wily Bohemond, half-Italian and half-Norman, was present at this interview? Surely, if there be one in the crusading army likely to conduct that foolish youth and his wife behind the scenes of the exhibition by which we hoped to impose upon them, the Count of Tarentum, as he entitles himself, is that person."

"It was that old man," said Agelastes, "if I may reply and live—Michael Cantacuzene, who deemed that his presence was peculiarly desired: but he returns to the camp this very night."

"Yes," said Alexius, "to inform Godfrey and the rest of the crusadors that one of the boldest and most highly esteemed of their number is left, with his wife, a hostage in our imperial city, and to bring back, perhaps, an alternative of instant war, unless they are delivered up!"

"If it is your Imperial Highness's will to think so," said Agelastes, "you can suffer Count Robert and his wife to return to the camp with the Italian-Norman."

"What!" answered the Emperor, "and so lose all the fruits of an enterprise the preparations for which have already cost us so much in actual expense; and, were our heart made of the same stuff with that of ordinary mortals, would have cost us so much more in vexation and anxiety? No—no; issue warning to the crusaders who are still on the hither side that farther rendering of homage is dispensed with, and that they repair to the quays on the banks of the Bosphorus by peep of light to-morrow. Let our admiral, as he values his head, pass every man of them over to the farther side before noon. Let there be largesses, a princely banquet on the farther bank—all that may increase their anxiety to pass. Then, Agelastes, we will trust to ourselves to meet this additional danger, either by bribing the venality of Bohemond or by bidding defiance to the crusaders. Their forces are scattered, and the chief of them, with the

leaders themselves, are all now—or by far the greater part—on the east side of the Bosphorus. And now to the banquet, seeing that the change of dress has been made sufficient to answer the statutes of the household, since our ancestors chose to make rules for exhibiting us to our subjects as priests exhibit their images at their shrines.”

“Under grant of life,” said Agelastes, “it was not done inconsiderately, but in order that the emperor, ruled ever by the same laws from father to son, might ever be regarded as something beyond the common laws of humanity—the divine image of a saint, therefore, rather than a human being.”

“We know it, good Agelastes,” answered the Emperor, with a smile, “and we are also aware that many of our subjects, like the worshipers of Bel in Holy Writ, treat us so far as an image as to assist us in devouring the revenues of our provinces, which are gathered in our name and for our use. These things we now only touch lightly, the time not suiting them.”

Alexius left the secret council accordingly, after the order for the passage of the crusaders had been written out and subscribed in due form, and in the sacred ink of the imperial chancery.

Meantime, the rest of the company had arrived in a hall which, like the other apartments in the palace, was most tastefully as well as gorgeously fitted up, except that a table, which presented a princely banquet, might have been deemed faulty in this respect, that the dishes, which were most splendid, both in the materials of which they were composed and in the viands which they held, were elevated by means of feet, so as to be upon a level with female guests as they sat, and with men as they lay recumbent, at the banquet which it offered.

Around stood a number of black slaves richly attired, while the grand sewer, Michael Cantacuzene, arranged the strangers with his golden wand, and conveyed orders to them, by signs, that all should remain standing around the table until a signal should be given.

The upper end of the board, thus furnished and thus surrounded, was hidden by a curtain of muslin and silver, which fell from the top of the arch under which the upper part seemed to pass. On this curtain the sewer kept a wary eye; and when he observed it slightly shake, he waved his wand of office, and all expected the result.

As if self-moved, the mystic curtain arose, and discovered behind it a throne eight steps higher than the end of the table, decorated in the most magnificent manner, and having placed before it a small table of ivory inlaid with silver,

behind which was seated Alexius Comnenus, in a dress entirely different from what he had worn in the course of the day, and so much more gorgeous than his former vestments, that it seemed not unnatural that his subjects should prostrate themselves before a figure so splendid. His wife, his daughter, and his son-in-law the Cæsar stood behind him with faces bent to the ground, and it was with deep humility that, descending from the throne at the Emperor's command, they mingled with the guests of the lower table, and, exalted as they were, proceeded to the festive board at the signal of the grand sewer ; so that they could not be said to partake of the repast with the Emperor nor to be placed at the imperial table, although they supped in his presence, and were encouraged by his repeated request to them to make good cheer. No dishes presented at the lower table were offered at the higher ; but wines and more delicate sorts of food, which arose before the Emperor as if by magic, and seemed designed for his own proper use, were repeatedly sent, by his special directions, to one or other of the guests whom Alexius delighted to honor, among these the Franks being particularly distinguished.

The behavior of Bohemond was on this occasion particularly remarkable.

Count Robert, who kept an eye upon him, both from his recent words and owing to an expressive look which he once or twice darted towards him, observed, that in no liquors or food, not even those sent from the Emperor's own table, did this astucious prince choose to indulge. A piece of bread, taken from the canister at random, and a glass of pure water was the only refreshment of which he was pleased to partake. His alleged excuse was the veneration due to the Holy Festival of the Advent, which chanced to occur that very night, and which both the Greek and Latin rule agreed to hold sacred.

"I had not expected this of you, Sir Bohemond," said the Emperor, "that you should have refused my personal hospitality at my own board, on the very day on which you honored me by entering into my service as vassal for the principality of Antioch."

"Antioch is not yet conquered," said Sir Bohemond ; "and conscience, dread sovereign, must always have its exceptions in whatever temporal contracts we may engage."

"Come, gentle count," said the Emperor, who obviously regarded Bohemond's inhospitable humor as something arising more from suspicion than devotion, "we invite, though it is not our custom, our children, our noble guests, and our principal officers here present to a general carouse. Fill the

cups called the Nine Muses ; let them be brimful of the wine which is said to be sacred to the imperial lips."

At the Emperor's command the cups were filled ; they were of pure gold, and there was richly engraved upon each the effigy of the Muse to whom it was dedicated.

"You at least," said the Emperor, "my gentle Count Robert—you and your lovely lady, will not have any scruple to pledge your imperial host?"

"If that scruple is to imply suspicion of the provisions with which we are here served, I disdain to nourish such," said Count Robert. "If it is a sin which I commit by tasting wine to-night, it is a venial one ; nor shall I greatly augment my load by carrying it, with the rest of my trespasses, to the next confessional."

"Will you then, Prince Bohemond, not be ruled by the conduct of your friend?" said the Emperor.

"Methinks," replied the Norman-Italian, "my friend might have done better to have been ruled by mine ; but be it as his wisdom pleases. The flavor of such exquisite wine is sufficient for me."

So saying, he emptied the wine into another goblet, and seemed alternately to admire the carving of the cup and the flavor of what it had lately contained.

"You are right, Sir Bohemond," said the Emperor, "the fabric of that cup is beautiful ; it was done by one of the ancient gravers of Greece. The boasted cup of Nestor, which Homer has handed down to us, was a good deal larger perhaps, but neither equaled these in the value of the material nor the exquisite beauty of the workmanship. Let each one, therefore, of my stranger guests accept of the cup which he either has or might have drunk out of, as a recollection of me ; and may the expedition against the infidels be as propitious as their confidence and courage deserve !"

"If I accept your gift, mighty emperor," said Bohemond, "it is only to atone for the apparent discourtesy, when my devotion compels me to decline your imperial pledge, and to show you that we part on the most intimate terms of friendship."

So saying, he bowed deeply to the Emperor, who answered him with a smile, into which was thrown a considerable portion of sarcastic expression.

"And I," said the Count of Paris, "having taken upon my conscience the fault of meeting your imperial pledge, may stand excused from incurring the blame of aiding to dismantle your table of these curious drinking-cups. We

empty them to your health, and we cannot in any other respect profit by them."

"But Prince Bohemond can," said the Emperor; "to whose quarters they shall be carried, sanctioned by your generous use. And we have still a set for you, and for your lovely countess, equal to that of the Graces, though no longer matching in number the nymphs of Parnassus. The evening bell rings, and calls us to remember the hour of rest, that we may be ready to meet the labors of to-morrow."

The party then broke up for the evening. Bohemond left the palace that night, not forgetting the Muses, of whom he was not in general a devotee. The result was, as the wily Greek had intended, that he had established between Bohemond and the Count, not indeed a quarrel, but a kind of difference of opinion, Bohemond feeling that the fiery Count of Paris must think his conduct sordid and avaricious, while Count Robert was far less inclined than before to rely on him as a counselor.

CHAPTER XV

THE Count of Paris and his lady were that night lodged in the Imperial Palace of Blacquernal. Their apartments were contiguous, but the communication between them was cut off for the night by the mutual door being locked and barred. They marveled somewhat at this precaution. The observance, however, of the festival of the church was pleaded as an admissible, and not unnatural, excuse for this extraordinary circumstance. Neither the Count nor his lady entertained, it may be believed, the slightest personal fear for anything which could happen to them. Their attendants, Marcian and Agatha, having assisted their master and mistress in the performance of their usual offices, left them, in order to seek the places of repose assigned to them among persons of their degree.

The preceding day had been one of excitation, and of much bustle and interest; perhaps, also, the wine, sacred to the imperial lips, of which Count Robert had taken a single, indeed, but a deep draught, was more potent than the delicate and high-flavored juice of the Gascogne grape, to which he was accustomed; at any rate, it seemed to him that, from the time he felt that he had slept, daylight ought to have been broad in his chamber when he awaked, and yet it was still darkness almost palpable. Somewhat surprised, he gazed eagerly around, but could discern nothing, except two balls of red light which shone from among the darkness with a self-emitted brilliancy, like the eyes of a wild animal while it glares upon its prey. The Count started from bed to put on his armor, a necessary precaution if what he saw should really be a wild creature and at liberty; but the instant he stirred, a deep growl was uttered, such as the Count had never heard, but which might be compared to the sound of a thousand monsters at once; and, as the symphony, was heard the clash of iron chains, and the springing of a monstrous creature towards the bedside, which appeared, however, to be withheld by some fastening from attaining the end of its bound. The roars which it uttered now ran thick on each other. They were most tremendous, and must have been heard

throughout the whole palace. The creature seemed to gather itself many yards nearer to the bed than by its glaring eyeballs it appeared at first to be stationed, and how much nearer, or what degree of motion might place him within the monster's reach, the Count was totally uncertain. Its breathing was even heard, and Count Robert thought he felt the heat of its respiration, while his defenseless limbs might not be two yards distant from the fangs which he heard grinding against each other, and the claws which tore up fragments of wood from the oaken floor. The Count of Paris was one of the bravest men who lived in a time when bravery was the universal property of all who claimed a drop of noble blood, and the knight was a descendant of Charlemagne. He was, however, a man, and therefore cannot be said to have endured unappalled a sense of danger so unexpected and so extraordinary. But his was not a sudden alarm or panic ; it was a calm sense of extreme peril, qualified by a resolution to exert his faculties to the uttermost, to save his life if it were possible. He withdrew himself within the bed, no longer a place of rest, being thus a few feet further from the two glaring eyeballs which remained so closely fixed upon him that, in spite of his courage, nature painfully suggested the bitter imagination of his limbs being mangled, torn, and churned with their life-blood, in the jaws of some monstrous beast of prey. One saving thought alone presented itself : this might be a trial, an experiment of the philosopher Agelastes, or of the Emperor his master, for the purpose of proving the courage of which the Christians vaunted so highly, and punishing the thoughtless insult which the Count had been unadvised enough to put upon the Emperor the preceding day.

"Well is it said," he reflected in his agony, "beard not the lion in his den. Perhaps even now some base slave deliberates whether I have yet tasted enough of the preliminary agonies of death, and whether he shall yet slip the chain which keeps the savage from doing his work. But come death when it will, it shall never be said that Count Robert was heard to receive it with prayers for compassion or with cries of pain or terror." He turned his face to the wall, and waited, with a strong mental exertion, the death which he conceived to be fast approaching.

His first feelings had been unavoidably of a selfish nature. The danger was too instant, and of a description too horrible, to admit of any which involved a more comprehensive view of his calamity ; and other reflections of a more distant

kind were at first swallowed up in the all-engrossing thought of immediate death. But as his ideas became clearer, the safety of his countess rushed upon his mind—what might she now be suffering ! and, while he was subjected to a trial so extraordinary, for what were her weaker frame and female courage reserved ? Was she still within a few yards of him, as when he lay down the last night ? or had the barbarians, who had devised for him a scene so cruel, availed themselves of his and his lady's incautious confidence to inflict upon her some villainy of the same kind, or even yet more perfidious ? Did she sleep or wake, or could she sleep within the close hearing of that horrible cry, which shook all around ? He resolved to utter her name, warning her, if possible, to be upon her guard, and to answer without venturing rashly into the apartment which contained a guest so horribly perilous.

He uttered, therefore, his wife's name, but in trembling accents, as if he had been afraid of the savage beast overhearing him.

“Brenhilda—Brenhilda, there is danger ; awake and speak to me, but do not arise.” There was no answer. “What am I become,” he said to himself, “that I call upon Brenhilda of Aspramonte, like a child on its sleeping nurse, and all because there is a wild cat in the same room with me ? Shame on thee, Count of Paris ! Let thy arms be rent and thy spurs be hacked from thy heels ! What ho !” he cried aloud, but still with a tremulous voice, “Brenhilda, we are beset : the foe are upon us. Answer me, but stir not.”

A deep growl from the monster which garrisoned his apartment was the only answer. The sound seemed to say, “Thou hast no hope ;” and it ran to the knight's bosom as the genuine expression of despair.

“Perhaps, however, I am still too cold in making my misery known. What, ho ! my love—Brenhilda !”

A voice, hollow and disconsolate as that which might have served an inhabitant of the grave, answered as if from a distance. “What disconsolate wretch art thou, who expectest that the living can answer thee from the habitations of the dead ?”

“I am a Christian man, a free noble of the kingdom of France,” answered the Count,—“yesterday the captain of five hundred men, the bravest in France—the bravest, that is, who breathe mortal air—and I am here without a glimpse of light to direct me how to avoid the corner in which lies a wild tiger-cat, prompt to spring upon and to devour me.”

"Thou art an example," replied the voice, "and wilt not long be the last, of the changes of fortune. I, who am now suffering in my third year, was that mighty Ursel who rivaled Alexius Comnenus for the crown of Greece, was betrayed by my confederates, and being deprived of that eyesight which is the chief blessing of humanity, I inhabit these vaults, no distant neighbor of the wild animals by whom they are sometimes occupied, and whose cries of joy I hear when unfortunate victims like thyself are delivered up to their fury."

"Didst thou not then hear," said Count Robert, in return, "a warlike guest and his bride conducted hither last night, with sounds as it might seem of bridal music? O, Brenhilda! hast thou, so young, so beautiful, been so treacherously done to death by means so unutterably horrible?"

"Think not," answered Ursel, as the voice had called its owner, "that the Greeks pamper their wild beasts on such lordly fare. For their enemies, which term includes not only all that are really such, but all those whom they fear or hate, they have dungeons whose locks never revolve; hot instruments of steel, to sear the eyeballs in the head; lions and tigers, when it pleases them to make a speedy end of their captives—but these are only for the male prisoners. While for the women, if they be young and beautiful, the princes of the land have places in their bed and bower; nor are they employed, like the captives of Agamemnon's host, to draw water from an Argive spring, but are admired and adored by those whom fate has made the lords of their destiny."

"Such shall never be the doom of Brenhilda," exclaimed Count Robert: "her husband still lives to assist her, and should he die, she knows well how to follow him without leaving a blot in the epitaph of either."

The captive did not immediately reply, and a short pause ensued, which was broken by Ursel's voice. "Stranger," he said, "what noise is that I hear?"

"Nay, I hear nothing," said Count Robert.

"But I do," said Ursel. "The cruel deprivation of my eyesight renders my other senses more acute."

"Disquiet not thyself about the matter, fellow-prisoner," answered the Count, "but wait the event in silence."

Suddenly a light arose in the apartment, lurid, red, and smoky. The knight had bethought him of a flint and match which he usually carried about him, and with as little noise as possible had lighted the torch by the bedside;

this he instantly applied to the curtains of his bed, which, being of thin muslin, were in a moment in flames. The knight sprang at the same instant from the bed. The tiger, for such it was, terrified at the flame, leaped backwards as far as his chain would permit, heedless of anything save this new object of terror. Count Robert upon this seized on a massive wooden stool, which was the only offensive weapon on which he could lay his hand, and, marking at those eyes which now reflected the blaze of fire, and which had recently seemed so appalling, he discharged against them this fragment of ponderous oak, with a force which less resembled human strength than the impetus with which an engine hurls a stone. He had employed his instant of time so well, and his aim was so true, that the missile went right to the mark and with incredible force. The skull of the tiger, which might be, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated if described as being of the very largest size, was fractured by the blow, and with the assistance of his dagger, which had fortunately been left with him, the French count despatched the monster, and had the satisfaction to see him grin his last, and roll, in the agony of death, those eyes which were lately so formidable.

Looking around him, he discovered, by the light of the fire which he had raised, that the apartment in which he now lay was different from that in which he had gone to bed overnight; nor could there be a stronger contrast between the furniture of both than the flickering, half-burnt remains of the thin muslin curtains, and the strong, bare, dungeon-looking walls of the room itself, or the very serviceable wooden stool, of which he had made such good use.

The knight had no leisure to form conclusions upon such a subject. He hastily extinguished the fire, which had, indeed, nothing that it could lay hold of, and proceeded, by the light of the flambeau, to examine the apartment and its means of entrance. It is scarce necessary to say, that he saw no communication with the room of Brenhilda, which convinced him that they had been separated the evening before, under pretense of devotional scruples, in order to accomplish some most villainous design upon one or both of them. His own part of the night's adventure we have already seen; and success so far, over so formidable a danger, gave him a trembling hope that Brenhilda, by her own worth and valor, would be able to defend herself against all attacks of fraud or force until he could find his way to her rescue. "I should have paid more regard," he

said, "to Bohemond's caution last night, who, I think, intimated to me as plainly as if he had spoke it in direct terms that that same cup of wine was a drugged potion. But then, fie upon him for an avaricious hound! how was it possible I should think he suspected any such thing, when he spoke not out like a man, but, for sheer coldness of heart or base self-interest, suffered me to run the risk of being poisoned by the wily despot?"

Here he heard a voice from the same quarter as before. "Ho, there! Ho, stranger! Do you live, or have you been murdered? What means this stifling smell of smoke? For God's sake, answer him who can receive no information from eyes closed, alas, forever!"

"I am at liberty," said the Count, "and the monster destined to devour me has groaned its last. I would, my friend Ursel, since such is thy name, thou hadst the advantage of thine eyes, to have borne witness to yonder combat; it had been worth thy while, though thou shouldst have lost them in a minute afterwards, and it would have greatly advantaged whoever shall have the task of compiling my history."

While he gave a thought to that vanity which strongly ruled him, he lost no time in seeking some mode of escape from the dungeon, for by that means only might he hope to recover his countess. At last he found an entrance in the wall, but it was strongly locked and bolted. "I have found the passage," he called out; "and its direction is the same in which thy voice is heard. But how shall I undo the door?"

"I'll teach thee that secret," said Ursel. "I would I could as easily unlock each bolt that withholds us from the open air; but as for thy seclusion within the dungeon, heave up the door by main strength, and thou shalt lift the locks to a place where, pushing then the door from thee, the fastenings will find a grooved passage in the wall, and the door itself will open. Would that I could indeed see thee, not only because, being a gallant man, thou must be a goodly sight, but also because I should thereby know that I was not cavered in darkness forever."

While he spoke thus, the Count made a bundle of his armor, from which he missed nothing except his sword, Tranchefer, and then proceeded to try what efforts he could make, according to the blind man's instructions, to open the door of his prison-house. Pushing in a direct line was, he soon found, attended with no effect; but when he applied

his gigantic strength, and raised the door as high as it would go, he had the satisfaction to find that the bolts yielded, though reluctantly. A space had been cut so as to allow them to move out of the socket into which they had been forced ; and without the turn of a key, but by a powerful thrust forwards, a small passage was left open. The knight entered, bearing his armor in his hand.

"I hear thee," said Ursel, "O stranger ! and am aware thou art come into my place of captivity. For three years have I been employed in cutting these grooves, corresponding to the sockets which hold these iron bolts, and preserving the knowledge of the secret from the prison-keepers. Twenty such bolts, perhaps, must be sawn through ere my steps shall approach the upper air. What prospect is there that I shall have strength of mind sufficient to continue the task ? Yet, credit me, noble stranger, I rejoice in having been thus far aiding to thy deliverance ; for if Heaven blesses not, in any farther degree, our aspirations after freedom, we may still be a comfort to each other, while tyranny permits our mutual life."

Count Robert looked around, and shuddered that a human being should talk of anything approaching to comfort connected with his residence in what seemed a living tomb. Ursel's dungeon was not above twelve feet square, vaulted in the roof, and strongly built in the walls by stones which the chisel had mortised closely together. A bed, a coarse footstool, like that which Robert had just launched at the head of the tiger, and a table of equally massive materials, were its only articles of furniture. On a long stone above the bed were these few, but terrible, words :—"Zedekias Ursel, imprisoned here on the Ides of March, A.D. ——. Died and interred on the spot——." A blank was left for filling up the period. The figure of the captive could hardly be discerned amid the wildness of his dress and dishabille. The hair of his head, uncut and uncombed, descended in elf-locks, and mingled with a beard of extravagant length.

"Look on me," said the captive, "and rejoice that thou canst yet see the wretched condition to which iron-hearted tyranny can reduce a fellow-creature, both in mortal existence and in future hope."

"Was it thou," said Count Robert, whose blood ran cold in his veins, "that hadst the heart to spend thy time in sawing through the blocks of stone by which these bolts are secured ?"

"Alas !" said Ursel, "what could a blind man do ? Busy

I must be, if I would preserve my senses. Great as the labor was, it was to me the task of three years ; nor can you wonder that I should have devoted to it my whole time, when I had no other means of occupying it. Perhaps, and most likely, my dungeon does not admit the distinction of day and night ; but a distant cathedral clock told me how hour after hour fled away, and found me expending them in rubbing one stone against another. But when the door gave way, I found I had only cut an access into a prison more strong than that which held me. I rejoice, nevertheless, since it has brought us together, given thee an entrance to my dungeon, and me a companion in my misery."

"Think better than that," said Count Robert—"think of liberty—think of revenge. I cannot believe such unjust treachery will end successfully, else needs must I say the Heavens are less just than priests tell us of. How art thou supplied with food in this dungeon of thine?"

"A warder," said Ursel, "and who, I think, understands not the Greek language—at least he never either answers or addresses me—brings a loaf and a pitcher of water, enough to supply my miserable life till two days are past. I must, therefore, pray that you will retire for a space into the next prison, so that the warder may have no means of knowing that we can hold correspondence together."

"I see not," said Count Robert, "by what access the barbarian, if he is one, can enter my dungeon without passing through yours ; but no matter, I will retire into the inner or outer room, whichever it happens to be, and be thou then well aware that the warder will have some one to grapple with ere he leaves his prison-work to-day. Meanwhile, think thyself dumb as thou art blind, and be assured that the offer of freedom itself would not induce me to desert the cause of a companion in adversity."

"Alas," said the old man, "I listen to thy promises as I should to those of the morning gale, which tells me that the sun is about to arise, although I know that I at least shall never behold it. Thou art one of those wild and undespairing knights whom for so many years the west of Europe hath sent forth to attempt impossibilities, and from thee, therefore, I can only hope for such a fabric of relief as an idle boy would blow out of soap bubbles."

"Think better of us, old man," said Count Robert, retiring ; "at least let me die with my blood warm, and believing it possible for me to be once more united to my beloved Brenhilda."

So saying, he retired into his own cell, and replaced the door, so that the operations of Ursel, which indeed were only such as three years' solitude could have achieved, should escape observation when again visited by the warder. "It is ill luck," said he, when once more within his own prison—for that in which the tiger had been secured he instinctively concluded to be destined for him—"it is ill luck that I had not found a young and able fellow-captive, instead of one decrepit by imprisonment, blind, and broken down past exertion. But God's will be done! I will not leave behind me the poor wretch whom I have found in such a condition, though he is perfectly unable to assist me in accomplishing my escape, and is rather more likely to retard it. Meantime, before we put out the torch, let us see if, by close examination, we can discover any door in the wall save that to the blind man's dungeon. If not, I much suspect that my descent has been made through the roof. That cup of wine—that Muse, as they called it—had a taste more like medicine than merry companions' pledge."

He began accordingly a strict survey of the walls, which he resolved to conclude by extinguishing the torch, that he might take the person who should enter his dungeon darkling and by surprise. For a similar reason he dragged into the darkest corner the carcass of the tiger, and covered it with the remains of the bedclothes, swearing, at the same time, that a half tiger should be his crest in future, if he had the fortune, which his bold heart would not suffer him to doubt, of getting through the present danger. "But," he added, "if these necromantic vassals of hell shall raise the devil upon me, what shall I do then? And so great is the chance that methinks I would fain dispense with extinguishing the flambeau. Yet it is childish for one dubbed in the chapel of Our Lady of the Broken Lances to make much difference between a light room and a dark one. Let them come, as many fiends as the cell can hold, and we shall see if we receive them not as becomes a Christian knight; and surely Our Lady, to whom I was ever a true votary, will hold it an acceptable sacrifice that I tore myself from my Brenhilda, even for a single moment, in honor of her Advent, and thus led the way for our woful separation. Fiends! I defy ye in the body as in the spirit, and I retain the remains of this flambeau until some more convenient opportunity." He dashed it against the wall as he spoke, and then quietly sat down in a corner to watch what should next happen.

Thought after thought chased each other through his

mind. His confidence in his wife's fidelity, and his trust in her uncommon strength and activity, were the greatest comforts which he had ; nor could her danger present itself to him in any shape so terrible, but that he found consolation in these reflections : "She is pure," he said, "as the dew of heaven, and Heaven will not abandon its own."

CHAPTER XVI

Strange ape of man ! who loathes thee while he scorns thee ;
Half a reproach to us and half a jest.
What fancies can be ours ere we have pleasure
In viewing our own form, our pride and passions,
Reflected in a shape grotesque as thine ?

Anonymous.

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS, having ensconced himself behind the ruins of the bed, so that he could not well be observed, unless a strong light was at once flung upon the place of his retreat, waited with anxiety how and in what manner the warder of the dungeon, charged with the task of bringing food to the prisoners, should make himself visible ; nor was it long ere symptoms of his approach began to be heard and observed.

A light was partially seen, as from a trap-door opening in the roof, and a voice was heard to utter these words in Anglo-Saxon, "Leap, sirrah ; come, no delay ; leap, my good Sylvan, show your honor's activity." A strange, chuckling, hoarse voice, in a language totally unintelligible to Count Robert, was heard to respond, as if disputing the orders which were received.

"What, sir," said his companion, "you must contest the point, must you ? Nay, if thou art so lazy, I must give your honor a ladder, and perhaps a kick, to hasten your journey." Something then, of very great size, in the form of a human being, jumped down from the trap-door, though the height might be above fourteen feet. This figure was gigantic, being upwards of seven feet high. In its left hand it held a torch, and in its right a skein of fine silk, which, unwinding itself as it descended, remained unbroken, though it was easy to conceive it could not have afforded a creature so large any support in his descent from the roof. He alighted with perfect safety and activity upon his feet, and, as if rebounding from the floor, he sprung upwards again, so as almost to touch the roof. In this last gambaud the torch which he bore was extinguished ; but this extraordinary warder whirled it round his head with infinite velocity, so

that it again ignited. The bearer, who appeared to intend the accomplishment of this object, endeavored to satisfy himself that it was really attained by approaching, as if cautiously, its left hand to the flame of the torch. This practical experiment seemed attended with consequences which the creature had not expected, for it howled with pain, shaking the burnt hand, and chattering as if bemoaning itself.

“Take heed there, Sylvanus,” said the same voice in Anglo-Saxon, and in a tone of rebuke. “Ho, there ! mind thy duty, Sylvan. Carry food to the blind man, and stand not there to play thyself, lest I trust thee not again alone on such an errand.”

The creature—for it would have been rash to have termed it a man—turning its eyes upwards to the place from whence the voice came, answered with a dreadful grin and shaking of its fist, yet presently began to undo a parcel, and rummage in the pockets of a sort of jerkin and pantaloons which it wore, seeking, it appeared, a bunch of keys, which at length it produced, while it took from the pocket a loaf of bread. Heating the stone of the wall, it affixed the torch to it by a piece of wax, and then cautiously looked out for the entrance to the old man’s dungeon, which it opened with a key selected from the bunch. Within the passage it seemed to look for and discover the handle of a pump, at which it filled a pitcher that it bore, and bringing back the fragments of the former loaf, and remains of the pitcher of water, it eat a little, as if it were in sport, and very soon, making a frightful grimace, flung the fragments away. The Count of Paris, in the mean while, watched anxiously the proceedings of this unknown animal. His first thought was, that the creature, whose limbs were so much larger than humanity, whose grimaces were so frightful, and whose activity seemed supernatural, could be no other than the Devil himself, or some of his imps, whose situation and office in those gloomy regions seemed by no means hard to conjecture. The human voice, however, which he had heard was less that of a necromancer conjuring a fiend than that of a person giving commands to a wild animal, over whom he had, by training, obtained a great superiority.

“A shame on it,” said the Count, “if I suffer a common jackanapes—for such I take this devil-seeming beast to be, although twice as large as any of its fellows whom I have ever seen—to throw an obstacle in the way of my obtaining daylight and freedom ! Let us but watch, and the chance

is that we make that furry gentleman our guide to the upper regions."

Meantime the creature, which rummaged about everywhere, at length discovered the body of the tiger, touched it, stirred it, with many strange motions, and seemed to lament and wonder at its death. At once it seemed struck with the idea that some one must have slain it, and Count Robert had the mortification to see it once more select the key, and spring towards the door of Ursel's prison with such alacrity that, had its intentions been to strangle him, it would have accomplished its purpose before the interference of Count Robert could have prevented its revenge taking place. Apparently, however, it reflected that, for reasons which seemed satisfactory, the death of the tiger could not be caused by the unfortunate Ursel, but had been accomplished by some one concealed within the outer prison.

Slowly grumbling, therefore, and chattering to itself, and peeping anxiously into every corner, the tremendous creature, so like, yet so very unlike, to the human form, came stealing along the walls, moving whatever he thought could seclude a man from his observation. Its extended legs and arms were protruded forward with great strides, and its sharp eyes, on the watch to discover the object of its search, kept prying, with the assistance of the torch, into every corner.

Considering the vicinity of Alexius's collection of animals, the reader, by this time, can have little doubt that the creature in question, whose appearance seemed to the Count of Paris so very problematical, was a specimen of that gigantic species of ape—if it is not indeed some animal more nearly allied to ourselves—to which, I believe, naturalists have given the name of the ourang-outang. This creature differs from the rest of its fraternity, in being comparatively more docile and serviceable; and though possessing the power of imitation which is common to the whole race, yet making use of it less in mere mockery than in the desire of improvement and instruction perfectly unknown to his brethren. The aptitude which it possesses of acquiring information is surprisingly great, and probably, if placed in a favorable situation, it might admit of being domesticated in a considerable degree; but such advantages the ardor of scientific curiosities has never afforded this creature. The last we have heard of was seen, we believe, in the Island of Sumatra; it was of great size and strength, and upwards of seven feet high. It

died defending desperately its innocent life against a party of Europeans, who, we cannot help thinking, might have better employed the superiority which their knowledge gave them over the poor native of the forest. It was probably this creature, seldom seen, but when once seen never forgotten, which occasioned the ancient belief in the god Pan, with his sylvans and satyrs. Nay, but for the gift of speech, which we cannot suppose any of the family to have attained, we should have believed the satyr seen by St. Anthony in the desert to have belonged to this tribe.

We can, therefore, the more easily credit the annals which attest that the collection of natural history belonging to Alexius Comnenus preserved an animal of this kind, which had been domesticated and reclaimed to a surprising extent, and showed a degree of intelligence never perhaps to be attained in any other case. These explanations being premised, we return to the thread of our story.

The animal advanced with long, noiseless steps ; its shadow on the wall, when it held the torch so as to make it visible to the Frank, forming another fiend-resembling mimicry of its own large figure and extravagant-looking members. Count Robert remained in his lurking-hole, in no hurry to begin a strife of which it was impossible to foretell the end. In the mean time, the man of the woods came nigh, and every step by which he approached caused the Count's heart to vibrate almost audibly, at the idea of meeting danger of a nature so strange and new. At length the creature approached the bed ; his hideous eyes were fixed on those of the Count ; and, as much surprised at seeing him as Robert was at the meeting, he skipped about fifteen paces backwards at one spring, with a cry of instinctive terror, and then advanced on tiptoe, holding his torch as far forward as he could between him and the object of his fears, as if to examine him at the safest possible distance. Count Robert caught up a fragment of the bedstead, large enough to form a sort of club, with which he menaced the native of the wilds.

Apparently this poor creature's education, like education of most kinds, had not been acquired without blows, of which the recollection was as fresh as that of the lessons which they enforced. Sir Robert of Paris was a man at once to discover and to avail himself of the advantage obtained by finding that he possessed a degree of ascendancy over his enemy which he had not suspected. He erected his warlike figure, assumed a step as if triumphant in the lists, and advanced threatening his enemy with his club, as he would have

menaced his antagonist with the redoubtable Tranchefer. The man of the woods, on the other hand, obviously gave way, and converted his cautious advance into a retreat no less cautious. Yet apparently the creature had not renounced some plan of resistance : he chattered in an angry and hostile tone, held out his torch in opposition, and seemed about to strike the crusader with it. Count Robert, however, determined to take his opponent at advantage, while his fears influenced him, and for this purpose resolved, if possible, to deprive him of his natural superiority in strength and agility, which his singular form showed he could not but possess over the human species. A master of his weapon, therefore, the Count menaced his savage antagonist with a stroke on the right side of his head, but suddenly averting the blow, struck him with his whole force on the left temple, and in an instant was kneeling above him, when, drawing his dagger, he was about to deprive him of life.

The ourang-outang, ignorant of the nature of this new weapon with which he was threatened, attempted at one and the same moment to rise from the ground, overthrow his antagonist, and wrench the dagger from his grasp. In the first attempt he would probably have succeeded ; and as it was, he gained his knees, and seemed likely to prevail in the struggle, when he became sensible that the knight, drawing his poniard sharply through his grasp, had cut his paw severely, and seeing him aim the trenchant weapon at his throat, became probably aware that his enemy had his life at command. He suffered himself to be borne backwards without further resistance, with a deep wailing and melancholy cry, having in it something human, which excited compassion. He covered his eyes with the unwounded hand, as if he would have hid from his own sight the death which seemed approaching him.

Count Robert, notwithstanding his military frenzy, was, in ordinary matters, a calm-tempered and mild man, and particularly benevolent to the lower classes of creation. The thought rushed through his mind, "Why take from this unfortunate monster the breath which is in its nostrils, after which it cannot know another existence ? And then, may it not be some prince or knight changed to this grotesque shape, that it may help to guard these vaults, and the wonderful adventures that attach to them ? Should I not, then, be guilty of a crime by slaying him, when he has rendered himself, rescue or no rescue, which he has done as completely as his transformed figure permits ; and if he be actually a

bestial creature, may he not have some touch of gratitude? I have heard the minstrels sing the lay of *Androcles and the Lion*. I will be on my guard with him."

So saying, he rose from above the man of the woods, and permitted him also to arise. The creature seemed sensible of the clemency, for he muttered, in a low and supplicating tone, which seemed at once to crave for mercy and to return thanks for what he had already experienced. He wept too, as he saw the blood dropping from his wound, and with an anxious countenance, which had more of the human now that it was composed into an expression of pain and melancholy, seemed to await in terror the doom of a being more powerful than himself.

The pocket which the knight wore under his armor, capable of containing but few things, had, however, some vulnerary balsam, for which its owner had often occasion, a little lint, and a small roll of linen; these the knight took out, and motioned to the animal to hold forth his wounded hand. The man of the woods obeyed with hesitation and reluctance, and Count Robert applied the balsam and the dressings, acquainting his patient, at the same time, in a severe tone of voice, that perhaps he did wrong in putting to his use a balsam compounded for the service of the noblest knights; but that, if he saw the least sign of his making an ungrateful use of the benefit he had conferred, he would bury the dagger, of which he had felt the efficacy, to the very handle in his body.

The sylvan looked fixedly upon Count Robert almost as if he understood the language used to him, and, making one of its native murmurs, it stooped to the earth, kissed the feet of the knight, and embracing his knees, seemed to swear to him eternal gratitude and fidelity. Accordingly, when the Count retired to the bed and assumed his armor, to await the re-opening of the trap-door, the animal sat down by his side, directing its eyes in the line with his, and seemed quietly to wait till the door should open.

After waiting about an hour, a slight noise was heard in the upper chamber, and the wild man plucked the Frank by the cloak, as if to call his attention to what was about to happen. The same voice which had before spoken, was, after a whistle or two, heard to call, "Sylvan—Sylvan, where loiterest thou? Come instantly, or, by the rood, thou shalt abye thy sloth."

The poor monster, as Trinculo might have called him, seemed perfectly aware of the meaning of this threat, and

showed his sense of it by pressing close to the side of Count Robert, making at the same time a kind of whining, entreating, it would seem, the knight's protection. Forgetting the great improbability there was, even in his own opinion, that the creature could understand him, Count Robert said, "Why, my friend, thou hast already learned the principal court prayer of this country, by which men entreat permission to speak and live. Fear nothing, poor creature—I am thy protector."

"Sylvan, what, ho!" said the voice again; "whom hast thou got for a companion? Some of the fiends, or ghosts of murdered men, who they say are frequent in these dungeons? Or dost thou converse with the old blind rebel Grecian? Or, finally, is it true what men say of thee, that thou canst talk intelligibly when thou wilt, and only gibberest and chatterest for fear thou art sent to work? Come, thou lazy rascal, thou shalt have the advantage of the ladder to ascend by, though thou needst it no more than a daw to ascend the steeple of the cathedral of St. Sophia.* Come along, then," he said putting a ladder down the trap-door, "and put me not to the trouble of descending to fetch thee, else, by St. Swithin, it shall be the worse for thee. Come along, therefore, like a good fellow, and for once I shall spare the whip."

The animal, apparently, was moved by this rhetoric, for, with a doleful look, which Count Robert saw by means of the nearly extinguished torch, he seemed to bid him farewell, and to creep away towards the ladder with the same excellent good-will wherewith a condemned criminal performs the like evolution. But no sooner did the Count look angry and shake the formidable dagger than the intelligent animal seemed at once to take his resolution, and clenching his hands firmly together in the fashion of one who has made up his mind, he returned from the ladder's foot, and drew up behind Count Robert, with the air, however, of a deserter, who feels himself but little at home when called into the field against his ancient commander.

In a short time the warder's patience was exhausted, and despairing of the sylvan's voluntary return, he resolved to descend in quest of him. Down the ladder he came, a bundle of keys in one hand, the other assisting his descent, and a sort of dark lantern, whose bottom was so fashioned that he could wear it upon his head like a hat. He had scarce stepped on the floor when he was surrounded by the nervous arms of

* Now the chief mosque of the Ottoman capital.

the Count of Paris. At first the warder's idea was that he was seized by the recusant Sylvan.

"How now, villain," he said ; "let me go, or thou shalt die the death."

"Thou diest thyself," said the Count, who, between the surprise and his own skill in wrestling, felt fully his advantage in the struggle.

"Treason—treason !" cried the warder, hearing by the voice that a stranger had mingled in the contest. "Help, ho ! above there !—help, Hereward—Varangian—Anglo-Saxon, or whatever accursed name thou callest thyself !"

While he spoke thus, the irresistible grasp of Count Robert seized his throat and choked his utterance. They fell heavily, the jailer undermost, upon the floor of the dungeon, and Robert of Paris, the necessity of whose case excused the action, plunged his dagger in the throat of the unfortunate. Just as he did so, a noise of armor was heard, and, rattling down the ladder, our acquaintance Hereward stood on the floor of the dungeon. The light, which had rolled from the head of the warder, continued to show him streaming with blood and in the death-grasp of a stranger. Hereward hesitated not to fly to his assistance, and, seizing upon the Count of Paris at the same advantage which that knight had gained over his own adversary a moment before, held him forcibly down with his face to the earth.

Count Robert was one of the strongest men of that military age, but then so was the Varangian ; and, save that the latter had obtained a decided advantage by having his antagonist beneath him, it could not certainly have been conjectured which way the combat was to go.

"Yield, as your own jargon goes, rescue or no rescue," said the Varangian, "or die on the point of my dagger."

"A French count never yields," answered Robert, who began to conjecture with what sort of person he was engaged, "above all to a vagabond slave like thee." With this he made an effort to rise, so sudden, so strong, so powerful, that he had almost freed himself from the Varangian's grasp, had not Hereward, by a violent exertion of his great strength, preserved the advantage he had gained, and raised his poniard to end the strife forever ; but a loud, chuckling laugh of an unearthly sound was at this instant heard. The Varangian's extended arm was seized with vigor, while a rough arm, embracing his throat, turned him over on his back, and gave the French count an opportunity of springing up.

"Death to thee, wretch!" said the Varangian, scarce knowing whom he threatened; but the man of the woods apparently had an awful recollection of the prowess of human beings. He fled, therefore, swiftly up the ladder, and left Hereward and his deliverer to fight it out with what success chance might determine between them.

The circumstances seemed to argue a desperate combat. Both were tall, strong, and courageous, both had defensive armor, and the fatal and desperate poniard was their only offensive weapon. They paused facing each other, and examined eagerly into their respective means of defense before hazarding a blow which, if it missed its attaint, would certainly be fatally requitted. During this deadly pause, a gleam shone from the trap-door above, as the wild and alarmed visage of the man of the woods was seen peering down by the light of a newly-kindled torch which he held as low into the dungeon as he well could.

"Fight bravely, comrade," said Count Robert of Paris, "for we no longer battle in private, this respectable person having chosen to constitute himself judge of the field."

Hazardous as his situation was, the Varangian looked up, and was so struck with the wild and terrified expression which the creature had assumed, and the strife between curiosity and terror which its grotesque features exhibited, that he could not help bursting into a fit of laughter.

"Sylvan is among those," said Hereward, "who would rather hold the candle to a dance so formidable than join in it himself."

"Is there, then," said Count Robert, "any absolute necessity that thou and I perform this dance at all?"

"None but our own pleasure," answered Hereward, "for I suspect there is not between us any legitimate cause of quarrel demanding to be fought out in such a place, and before such a spectator. Thou art, if I mistake not, the bold Frank who was yesternight imprisoned in this place with a tiger, chained within no distant spring of his bed?"

"I am," answered the Count.

"And where is the animal who was opposed to thee?"

"He lies yonder," answered the Count, "never again to be the object of more terror than the deer whom he may have preyed on in his day." He pointed to the body of the tiger, which Hereward examined by the light of the dark lantern already mentioned.

"And this, then, was thy handiwork?" said the wondering Anglo-Saxon.

"Sooth to say it was," answered the Count, with indifference.

"And thou hast slain my comrade of this strange watch?" said the Varangian.

"Mortally wounded him at the least," said Count Robert.

"With your patience, I will be beholden to you for a moment's truce, while I examine his wound," said Hereward.

"Assuredly," answered the Count; "blighted be the arm which strikes a foul blow at an open antagonist!"

Without demanding further security, the Varangian quitted his posture of defense and precaution, and set himself, by the assistance of the dark lantern, to examine the wound of the first warder who appeared on the field, who seemed, by his Roman military dress, to be a soldier of the bands called Immortals. He found him in the death-agony, but still able to speak.

"So, Varangian, thou art come at last, and it is to thy sloth or treachery that I am to impute my fate? Nay, answer me not. The stranger struck me over the collar-bone; had we lived long together, or met often, I had done the like by thee, to wipe out the memory of certain transactions at the Golden Gate. I know the use of the knife too well to doubt the effect of a blow aimed over the collar-bone by so strong a hand—I feel it coming. The Immortal, so called, becomes now, if priests say true, an immortal indeed, and Sebastes of Mitylene's bow is broken ere his quiver is half-emptied."

The robber Greek sunk back in Hereward's arms, and closed his life with a groan, which was the last sound he uttered. The Varangian laid the body at length on the dungeon floor.

"This is a perplexed matter," he said; "I am certainly not called upon to put to death a brave man, although my national enemy, because he hath killed a miscreant who was privately meditating my own murder. Neither is this a place or a light by which to fight as becomes the champions of two nations. Let that quarrel be still for the present. How say you, then, noble sir, if we adjourn the present dispute till we effect your deliverance from the dungeons of the Blacquernal, and your restoration to your own friends and followers? If a poor Varangian should be of service to you in this matter, would you, when it was settled, refuse to meet him in fair fight, with your national weapons or his own?"

“If,” said Count Robert, “whether friend or enemy, thou wilt extend thy assistance to my wife, who is also imprisoned somewhere in this inhospitable palace, be assured that, whatever be thy rank, whatever be thy country, whatever be thy condition, Robert of Paris will, at thy choice, proffer thee his right hand in friendship, or raise it against thee in fair and manly battle—a strife not of hatred, but of honor and esteem; and this I vow by the soul of Charlemagne, my ancestor, and by the shrine of my patroness, Our Lady of the Broken Lances.”

“Enough said,” replied Hereward. “I am as much bound to the assistance of your lady countess, being a poor exile, as if I were the first in the ranks of chivalry; for if anything can make the cause of worth and bravery yet more obligatory, it must be its being united with that of a helpless and suffering female.”

“I ought,” said Count Robert, “to be here silent, without loading thy generosity with farther requests; yet thou art a man whom, if fortune has not smiled at thy birth, by ordaining thee to be born within the ranks of noblesse and knighthood, yet Providence hath done thee more justice by giving thee a more gallant heart than is always possessed, I fear, by those who are inwoven in the gayest wreath of chivalry. There lingers here in these dungeons—for I cannot say he lives—a blind old man, to whom for three years everything beyond his prison has been a universal blot. His food is bread and water, his intercourse limited to the conversation of a sullen warder, and if death can ever come as a deliverer, it must be to this dark old man. What sayst thou? Shall he, so unutterably miserable, not profit by perhaps the only opportunity of freedom that may ever occur to him?”

“By St. Dunstan,” answered the Varangian, “thou keepest over truly the oath thou hast taken as a redresser of wrongs. Thine own case is well-nigh desperate, and thou art willing to make it utterly so by uniting with it that of every unhappy person whom fate throws in thy way.”

“The more of human misery we attempt to relieve,” said Robert of Paris, “the more we shall carry with us the blessing of our merciful saints and Our Lady of the Broken Lances, who views with so much pain every species of human suffering or misfortune save that which occurs within the inclosure of the lists. But come, valiant Anglo-Saxon, resolve me on my request as speedily as thou canst. There is something in thy face of candor as well as sense, and it is

with no small confidence that I desire to see us set forth in quest of my beloved countess, who when her deliverance is once achieved, will be a powerful aid to us in recovering that of others."

"So be it, then," said the Varangian; "we will proceed in quest of the Countess Brenhilda; and if, on recovering her, we find ourselves strong enough to procure the freedom of the dark old man, my cowardice, or want of compassion, shall never stop the attempt."

CHAPTER XVII

'Tis strange that, in the dark sulphurous mine,
Where wild ambition piles its ripening stores
Of slumbering thunder, Love will interpose
His tiny torch, and cause the stern explosion
To burst, when the deviser's least aware.

Anonymous.

ABOUT noon of the same day, Agelastes met with Achilles Tatius, the commander of the Varangian Guard, in those ruins of the Egyptian temple in which we formerly mentioned Hereward having had an interview with the philosopher. They met, as it seemed, in a very different humor. Tatius was gloomy, melancholy, and downcast; while the philosopher maintained the calm indifference which procured for him, and in some sort deserved, the title of the Elephant. "Thou blenchest, Achilles Tatius," said the philosopher, "now that thou hast frankly opposed thyself to all the dangers which stood between thee and greatness. Thou art like the idle boy who turned the mill-stream upon the machine, and that done, instead of making a proper use of it, was terrified at seeing it in motion."

"Thou dost me wrong, Agelastes," answered the Acolyte—"foul wrong; I am but like the mariner, who, although determined upon his voyage, yet cannot forbear a sorrowing glance at the shore, before he parts with it, it may be forever."

"It may have been right to think of this, but pardon me, valiant Tatius, when I tell you the account should have been made up before; and the grandson of Algeric the Hun ought to have computed chances and consequences ere he stretched his hand to his master's diadem."

"Hush! for Heaven's sake," said Tatius, looking round; "that, thou knowest, is a secret between our two selves; for if Nicephorus, the Cæsar, should learn it, where were we and our conspiracy?"

"Our bodies on the gibbet, probably," answered Agelastes, "and our souls divorced from them, and in the way of discovering the secrets which thou hast hitherto taken upon trust."

"Well," said Achilles, "and should not the consciousness of the possibility of this fate render us cautious?"

"Cautious *men* if you will," answered Agelastes, "but not timid children."

"Stone walls can hear," said the Follower, lowering his voice. "Dionysius the tyrant, I have read, had an ear which conveyed to him the secrets spoken within his state-prison at Syracuse."

"And that ear is still stationary at Syracuse," said the Philosopher. "Tell me, my most simple friend, art thou afraid it has been transported hither in one night, as the Latins believe of Our Lady's house of Loretto?"

"No," answered Achilles, "but in an affair so important too much caution cannot be used."

"Well, thou most cautious of candidates for empire, and most cold of military leaders, know that the Cæsar, deeming, I think, that there is no chance of the empire falling to any one but himself, hath taken in his head to consider his succession to Alexius as a matter of course whenever the election takes place. In consequence, as matters of course are usually matters of indifference, he has left all thoughts of securing his interest upon this material occasion to thee and to me, while the foolish voluptuary hath himself run mad—for what, think you? Something between man and woman—female in her lineaments, her limbs, and a part at least of her garments; but, so help me St. George, most masculine in the rest of her attire, in her propensities, and in her exercises."

"The amazonian wife, thou meanest," said Achilles. "of that iron-handed Frank, who dashed to pieces last night the golden lion of Solomon with a blow of his fist? By St. George, the least which can come of such an amour is broken bones."

"That," said Agelastes, "is not quite so improbable as that Dionysius's ear should fly hither from Syracuse in a single night; but he is presumptuous in respect of the influence which his supposed good looks have gained him among the Grecian dames."

"He was too presumptuous, I suppose," said Achilles Tatius, "to make a proper allowance for his situation as Cæsar and the prospect of his being emperor."

"Meantime," said Agelastes, "I have promised him an interview with his Bradamante, who may perhaps reward his tender epithets of *zoe kai psyche** by divorcing his amorous soul from his unrivalled person."

* Life and soul.

“Meantime,” said the Follower, “thou obtainest, I conclude, such orders and warrants as the Cæsar can give for the furtherance of our plot?”

“Assuredly,” said Agelastes, “it is an opportunity not to be lost. This love fit, or mad fit, has blinded him; and without exciting too much attention to the progress of the plot, we can thus in safety conduct matters our own way, without causing malevolent remarks; and though I am conscious that in doing so I act somewhat at variance with my age and character, yet the end being to convert a worthy follower into an imperial leader, I shame me not in procuring that interview with the lady of which the Cæsar, as they term him, is so desirous. What progress, meanwhile, hast thou made with the Varangians, who are, in respect of execution, the very arm of our design?”

“Scarce so good as I could wish,” said Achilles Tatius; “yet I have made sure of some two or three score of those whom I found most accessible; nor have I any doubt that, when the Cæsar is set aside, their cry will be for Achilles Tatius.”

“And what of the gallant who assisted at our prelections,” said Agelastes—“your Edward, as Alexius termed him?”

“I have made no impression upon him,” said the Follower; “and I am sorry for it,” for he is one whom his comrades think well of, and would gladly follow. Meantime, I have placed him as an additional sentinel upon the iron-witted Count of Paris, whom, both having an inveterate love of battle, he is very likely to put to death; and if it is afterwards challenged by the crusaders as a cause of war, it is only delivering up the Varangian, whose personal hatred will needs be represented as having occasioned the catastrophe. All this being prepared beforehand, how and when shall we deal with the Emperor?”

“For that,” said Agelastes, “we must consult the Cæsar, who, although his expected happiness of to-day is not more certain than the state preferment that he expects to-morrow, and although his ideas are much more anxiously fixed upon his success with this said countess than his succession to the empire, will, nevertheless, expect to be treated as the head of the enterprise for accelerating the latter. But, to speak my opinion, valiant Tatius, to-morrow will be the last day that Alexius shall hold the reins of empire.”

“Let me know for certain,” said the Follower, “as soon as thou canst, that I may warn our brethren, who are to have in readiness the insurgent citizens, and those of the

Immortals who are combined with us, in the neighborhood of the court, and in readiness to act ; and, above all, that I may disperse upon distant guards such Varangians as I cannot trust."

"Rely upon me," said Agelastes, "for the most accurate information and instructions, so soon as I have seen Nicephorus Briennius. One word permit me to ask—In what manner is the wife of the Cæsar to be disposed of?"

"Somewhere," said the Follower, "where I can never be compelled to hear more of her history. Were it not for that nightly pest of her lectures, I could be good-natured enough to take care of her destiny myself, and teach her the difference betwixt a real emperor and this Briennius, who thinks so much of himself." So saying, they separated, the Follower elated in look and manner considerably above what he had been when they met.

Agelastes looked after his companion with a scornful laugh. "There," he said, "goes a fool, whose lack of sense prevents his eyes from being dazzled by the torch which cannot fail to consume him. A half-bred, half-acting, half-thinking, half-daring caitiff, whose poorest thoughts—and those which deserve that name must be poor indeed—are not the produce of his own understanding. He expects to circumvent the fiery, haughty, and proud Nicephorus Briennius! If he does so, it will not be by his own policy, and still less by his valor. Nor shall Anna Comnena, the soul of wit and genius, be chained to such an unimaginative log as yonder half-barbarian. No; she shall have a husband of pure Grecian extraction, and well stored with that learning which was studied when Rome was great and Greece illustrious. Nor will it be the least charm of the imperial throne, that it is partaken by a partner whose personal studies have taught her to esteem and value those of the emperor." He took a step or two with conscious elevation, and then, as conscience-checked, he added, in a suppressed voice, "But then, if Anna were destined for empress, it follows of course that Alexius must die: no consent could be trusted to. And what then? the death of an ordinary man is indifferent, when it plants on the throne a philosopher and a historian; and at what time were the possessors of the empire curious to inquire when or by whose agency their predecessors died? Diogenes—ho, Diogenes!" The slave did not immediately come, so that Agelastes, wrapt in the anticipation of his greatness, had time to add a few more words. "Tush! I must reckon with Heaven, say the priests, for

many things, so I will throw this also into the account. The death of the Emperor may be twenty ways achieved without my having the blame of it. The blood which we have shed may spot our hand, if closely regarded, but it shall scarce stain our forehead."

Diogenes here entered.

"Has the Frank lady been removed?" said the philosopher.

The slave signified his assent.

"How did she bear her removal?"

"As authorized by your lordship, indifferently well. She had resented her separation from her husband, and her being detained in the palace, and committed some violence upon the slaves of the household, several of whom were said to be slain, although we perhaps ought only to read sorely frightened. She recognized me at once, and when I told her that I came to offer her a day's retirement in your own lodgings, until it should be in your power to achieve the liberation of her husband, she at once consented, and I deposited her in the secret Cytherean garden-house."

"Admirably done, my faithful Diogenes," said the philosopher; "thou art like the genii who attended on the Eastern talismans: I have but to intimate my will to thee, and it is accomplished."

Diogenes bowed deeply and withdrew.

"Yet remember, slave," said Agelastes, speaking to himself; "there is danger in knowing too much; and should my character ever become questioned, too many of my secrets are in the power of Diogenes."

At this moment a blow thrice repeated, and struck upon one of the images without, which had been so framed as to return a tingling sound, and in so far deserved the praise of being vocal, interrupted his soliloquy.

"There knocks," said he, "one of our allies; who can it be that comes so late?" He touched the figure of Isis with his staff, and the Cæsar Nicephorus Briennius entered in the full Grecian habit, and that graceful dress anxiously arranged to the best advantage. "Let me hope, my lord," said Agelastes, receiving the Cæsar with an apparently grave and reserved face, "your Highness comes to tell me that your sentiments are changed on reflection, and that whatever you had to confer about with this Frankish lady may be at least deferred until the principal part of our conspiracy has been successfully executed."

"Philosopher," answered the Cæsar, "no. My resolu-

tion, once taken, is not the sport of circumstances. Believe me, that I have not finished so many labors without being ready to undertake others. The favor of Venus is the reward of the labors of Mars, nor would I think it worth while to worship the god armipotent with the toil and risk attending his service, unless I had previously attained some decided proofs that I was wreathed with the myrtle, intimating the favor of his beautiful mistress."

"I beg pardon for my boldness," said Agelastes; "but has your Imperial Highness reflected that you were wagering, with the wildest rashness, an empire, including thine own life, mine, and all who are joined with us in a hardy scheme? And against what were they waged? Against the very precarious favor of a woman, who is altogether divided betwixt fiend and female, and in either capacity is most likely to be fatal to our present scheme, either by her good will or by the offense which she may take. If she prove such as you wish, she will desire to keep her lover by her side, and to spare him the danger of engaging in a perilous conspiracy; and if she remains, as the world believe her, constant to her husband, and to the sentiments she vowed to him at the altar, you may guess what cause of offense you are likely to give, by urging a suit which she has already received so very ill."

"Pshaw, old man! Thou turnest a dotard, and in the great knowledge thou possessest of other things, hast forgotten the knowledge best worth knowing—that of the beautiful part of the creation. Think of the impression likely to be made by a gallant, neither ignoble in situation nor unacceptable in presence, upon a lady who must fear the consequences of refusal. Come, Agelastes, let me have no more of thy croaking, auguring bad fortune like the raven from the blasted oak on the left hand; but declaim, as well thou canst, how faint heart never won fair lady, and how those best deserve empire who can wreath the myrtles of Venus with the laurels of Mars. Come, man, undo me the secret entrance which combines these magical ruins with groves that are fashioned rather like those of Cytheros or Naxos."

"It must be as you will," said the philosopher, with a deep and somewhat affected sigh.

"Here, Diogenes!" called aloud the Caesar; "when thou art summoned, mischief is not far distant. Come, undo the secret entrance. Mischief, my trusty negro, is not so distant but she will answer the first clatter of the stones."

The negro looked at his master, who returned him a glance acquiescing in the Cæsar's proposal. Diogenes then went to a part of the ruined wall which was covered by some climbing shrubs, all of which he carefully removed. This showed a little postern door, closed irregularly, and filled up, from the threshold to the top, with large square stones, all of which the slave took out and piled aside, as if for the purpose of replacing them. "I leave thee," said Agelastes to the negro, "to guard this door, and let no one enter, except he has the sign, upon the peril of thy life. It were dangerous it should be left open at this period of the day."

The obsequious Diogenes put his hand to his saber and to his head, as if to signify the usual promise of fidelity or death, by which those of his condition generally expressed their answer to their master's commands. Diogenes then lighted a small lantern, and, pulling out a key, opened an inner door of wood, and prepared to step forward.

"Hold, friend Diogenes," said the Cæsar; "thou wantest not thy lantern to discern an honest man, whom, if thou didst seek, I must needs say thou hast come to the wrong place to find one. Nail thou up these creeping shrubs before the entrance of the place, and abide thou there, as already directed, till our return, to parry the curiosity of any who may be attracted by the sight of the private passage."

The black slave drew back as he gave the lamp to the Cæsar, and Agelastes followed the light through a long, but narrow, arched passage, well supplied with air from space to space, and not neglected in the inside to the degree which its exterior would have implied.

"I will not enter with you into the gardens," said Agelastes, "or to the bower of Cytherea, where I am too old to be a worshiper. Thou thyself, I think, Imperial Cæsar, art well aware of the road, having traveled it divers times, and, if I mistake not, for the fairest reasons."

"The more thanks," said the Cæsar, "are due to mine excellent friend Agelastes, who forgets his own age to accommodate the youth of his friends."

CHAPTER XVIII

WE must now return to the dungeon of the Blacquernal, where circumstances had formed at least a temporary union between the stout Varangian and Count Robert of Paris, who had a stronger resemblance to each other in their dispositions than probably either of them would have been willing to admit. The virtues of the Varangian were all of that natural and unrefined kind which nature herself dictates to a gallant man, to whom a total want of fear, and the most prompt alacrity to meet danger, had been attributes of a life-long standing. The count, on the other hand, had all that bravery, generosity, and love of adventure which was possessed by the rude soldier, with the virtues, partly real, partly fantastic, which those of his rank and country acquired from the spirit of chivalry. The one might be compared to the diamond as it came from the mine, before it had yet received the advantages of cutting and setting; the other was the ornamented gem, which, cut into facets and richly set, had lost perhaps a little of its original substance, yet still, at the same time, to the eye of an inspector, had something more showy and splendid than when it was, according to the phrase of lapidaries, *en brut*. In the one case, the value was more artificial; in the other, it was the more natural and real of the two. Chance, therefore, had made a temporary alliance between two men the foundation of whose characters bore such strong resemblance to each other that they were only separated by a course of education, which had left rigid prejudices on both sides, and which prejudices were not unlikely to run counter to each other. The Varangian commenced his conversation with the Count in a tone of familiarity, approaching nearer to rudeness than the speaker was aware of, and much of which, though most innocently intended by Hereward might be taken amiss by his new brother-in-arms. The most offensive part of his deportment, however, was a blunt, bold disregard to the title of those whom he addressed, adhering thereby to the manners of the Saxons, from whom he drew his descent, and which was likely to be at least unpleasant to the Franks as well as Normans, who had already received and become very tenacious of the privileges of the

feudal system, the mummerly of heraldry, and the warlike claims assumed by knights, as belonging only to their own order.

Hereward was apt, it must be owned, to think too little of these distinctions ; while he had at least a sufficient tendency to think enough of the power and wealth of the Greek empire which he served, of the dignity inherent in Alexius Comnenus, and which he also disposed to grant to the Grecian officers who, under the Emperor, commanded his own corps, and particularly to Achilles Tatius. This man Hereward knew to be a coward, and half-suspected to be a villain. Still, however, the Follower was always the direct channel through which the imperial graces were conferred on the Varangians in general, as well as upon Hereward himself ; and he had always the policy to represent such favors as being more or less indirectly the consequence of his own intercession. He was supposed vigorously to espouse the quarrel of the Varangians, in all the disputes between them and the other corps ; he was liberal and open-handed ; gave every soldier his due ; and, bating the trifling circumstance of valor, which was not particularly his forte, it would have been difficult for these strangers to have demanded a leader more to their wishes. Besides this, our friend Hereward was admitted by him into his society, attended him, as we have seen, upon secret expeditions, and shared, therefore, deeply in what may be termed by an expressive, though vulgar, phrase the sneaking kindness entertained for this new Achilles by the greater part of his myrmidons.

Their attachment might be explained, perhaps, as a liking to their commander as strong as could well exist with a marvelous lack of honor and esteem. The scheme, therefore, formed by Hereward to effect the deliverance of the Count of Paris comprehended as much faith to the Emperor and his representative, the Acolyte or Follower, as was consistent with rendering justice to the injured Frank.

In furtherance of this plan, he conducted Count Robert from the subterranean vaults of the Blacquernal, of the intricacies of which he was master, having been repeatedly of late stationed sentinel there, for the purpose of acquiring that knowledge of which Tatius promised himself the advantage in the ensuing conspiracy. When they were in the open air, and at some distance from the gloomy towers of the palace, he bluntly asked the Count of Paris whether he knew Agelastes the Philosopher. The other answered in the negative.

“ Look you now, sir knight, you hurt yourself in attempt-

ing to impose upon me," said Hereward. "You must know him ; for I saw you dined with him yesterday."

"O ! with that learned old man ?" said the Count. "I know nothing of him worth owning or disguising to thee or any one. A wily person he is, half herald and half minstrel."

"Half procurer and whole knave," subjoined the Varangian. "With the mask of apparent good-humor, he conceals his pandering to the vices of others ; with the specious jargon of philosophy, he has argued himself out of religious belief and moral principle ; and, with the appearance of the most devoted loyalty, he will, if he is not checked in time, either argue his too confiding master out of life and empire, or, if he fails in this, reason his simple associates into death and misery."

"And do you know all this," said Count Robert, "and permit this man to go unimpeached ?"

"O, content you, sir," replied the Varangian ; "I cannot yet form any plot which Agelastes may not countermine ; but the time will come, nay, it is already approaching, when the Emperor's attention shall be irresistibly turned to the conduct of this man, and then let the philosopher sit fast, or by St. Dunstan the barbarian overthrows him ! I would only fain, methinks, save from his clutches a foolish friend, who has listened to his delusions."

"But what have I to do," said the Count, "with this man or with his plots ?"

"Much," said Hereward, "although you know it not. The main supporter of this plot is no other than the Cæsar, who ought to be the most faithful of men ; but ever since Alexius has named a Sebastocrator, an officer that is higher in rank, and nearer to the throne, than the Cæsar himself, so long has Nicephorus Briennius been displeased and dissatisfied, though for what length of time he has joined the schemes of the astucious Agelastes it is more difficult to say. This I know, that for many months he has fed liberally, as his riches enable him to do, the vices and prodigality of the Cæsar. He has encouraged him to show disrespect to his wife, although the Emperor's daughter ; has put ill-will between him and the royal family. And if Briennius bears no longer the fame of a rational man and the renown of a good leader, he is deprived of both by following the advice of this artful sycophant."

"And what is all this to me ?" said the Frank. "Agelastes may be a true man or a time-serving slave ; his

master, Alexius Comnenus, is not so much allied to me or mine that I should meddle in the intrigues of his court ? ”

“ You may be mistaken in that,” said the blunt Varangian ; “ if these intrigues involve the happiness and virtue——”

“ Death of a thousand martyrs ! ” said the Frank, “ doth paltry intrigues and quarrels of slaves involve a single thought of suspicion of the noble Countess of Paris ? The oaths of thy whole generation were ineffectual to prove but that one of her hairs had changed its color to silver.”

“ Well imagined, gallant knight,” said the Anglo-Saxon ; “ thou art a husband fitted for the atmosphere of Constantinople, which calls for little vigilance and a strong belief. Thou wilt find many followers and fellows in this court of ours.”

“ Hark thee, friend,” replied the Frank, “ let us have no more words, nor walk farther together than just to the most solitary nook of this bewildered city, and let us there set to that work which we left even now unfinished.”

“ If thou wert a duke, sir count,” replied the Varangian, “ thou couldst not invite to a combat one who is more ready for it. Yet consider the odds on which we fight. If I fall, my moan is soon made ; but will my death set thy wife at liberty if she is under restraint, or restore her honor if it is tarnished ? Will it do anything more than remove from the world the only person who is willing to give thee aid, at his own risk and danger, and who hopes to unite thee to thy wife, and replace thee at the head of thy forces ? ”

“ I was wrong,” said the Count of Paris—“ I was entirely wrong ; but beware, my good friend, how thou couplest the name of Brenhilda of Aspramonte with the word of dishonor, and tell me, instead of this irritating discourse, whither go we now ? ”

“ To the Cytherean gardens of Agelastes, from which we are not far distant,” said the Anglo-Saxon ; “ yet he hath a nearer way to it than that by which we now travel, else I should be at a loss to account for the short space in which he could exchange the charms of his garden for the gloomy ruins of the Temple of Isis and the Imperial Palace of the Blacquernal.”

“ And wherefore, and how long,” said Count Robert, “ dost thou conclude that my countess is detained in these gardens ? ”

“ Ever since yesterday,” replied Hereward. “ When both

I and several of my companions, at my request, kept close watch upon the Cæsar and your lady, we did plainly perceive passages of fiery admiration on his part, and anger, as it seemed, on hers, which Agelastes, being Nicephorus's friend, was likely, as usual, to bring to an end by a separation of you both from the army of the crusaders, that your wife, like many a matron before, might have the pleasure of taking up her residence in the gardens of that worthy sage ; while you, my lord, might take up your own permanently in the castle of Blacquernal."

"Villain ! why didst thou not apprise me of this yesterday ?"

"A likely thing," said Hereward, "that I should feel myself at liberty to leave the ranks and make such a communication to a man whom, far from a friend, I then considered in the light of a personal enemy ! Methinks that, instead of such language as this, you should be thankful that so many chance circumstances have at length brought me to befriend and assist you."

Count Robert felt the truth of what was said, though at the same time his fiery temper longed to avenge itself, according to its wont, upon the party which was nearest at hand.

But now they arrived at what the citizens of Constantino-ple called the Philosopher's Gardens. Here Hereward hoped to obtain entrance, for he had gained a knowledge of some part, at least, of the private signals of Achilles and Agelastes, since he had been introduced to the last at the ruins of the Temple of Isis. They had not indeed admitted him to their entire secret ; yet, confident in his connection with the Follower, they had no hesitation in communicating to him snatches of knowledge such as, committed to a man of shrewd natural sense like the Anglo-Saxon, could scarce fail, in time and by degrees, to make him master of the whole. Count Robert and his companion stood before an arched door, the only opening in a high wall, and the Anglo-Saxon was about to knock, when, as if the idea had suddenly struck him—

"What if the wretch Diogenes opens the gate ? We must kill him ere he can fly back and betray us. Well, it is a matter of necessity, and the villain has deserved his death by a hundred horrid crimes."

"Kill him then, thyself," retorted Count Robert ; "he is nearer thy degree, and assuredly I will not defile the name of Charlemagne with the blood of a black slave."

"Nay, God-a-mercy!" answered the Anglo-Saxon, "but you must bestir yourself in the action supposing there come rescue, and that I be overborne by odds."

"Such odds," said the knight, "will render the action more like a *mêlée*, or general battle; and assure yourself I will not be slack when I may, with my honor, be active."

"I doubt it not," said the Varangian; "but the distinction seems a strange one, that, before permitting a man to defend himself or annoy his enemy, requires him to demand the pedigree of his ancestor."

"Fear you not, sir," said Count Robert. "The strict rule of chivalry indeed bears what I tell thee, but when the question is, Fight or not? there is great allowance to be made for a decision in the affirmative."

"Let me give, then, the exorciser's rap," replied Hereward, "and see what fiend will appear."

So saying, he knocked in a particular manner, and the door opened inwards; a dwarfish negress stood in the gap, her white hair contrasted singularly with her dark complexion, and with the broad, laughing look peculiar to these slaves. She had something in her physiognomy which, severely construed, might argue malice and a delight in human misery.

"Is Agelastes——" said the Varangian; but he had not completed the sentence when she answered him by pointing down a shadowed walk.

The Anglo-Saxon and Frank turned in that direction, when the hag rather muttered than said distinctly, "You are one of the initiated, Varangian; take heed whom you take with you when you may hardly, peradventure, be welcomed even going alone."

Hereward made a sign that he understood her, and they were instantly out of her sight. The path winded beautifully through the shades of an Eastern garden, where clumps of flowers and labyrinths of flowering shrubs, and the tall boughs of the forest trees, rendered even the breath of noon cool and acceptable.

"Here we must use our utmost caution," said Hereward, speaking in a low tone of voice; "for here it is most likely the deer that we seek has found its refuge. Better allow me to pass before, since you are too deeply agitated to possess the coolness necessary for a scout. Keep concealed beneath you oak, and let no vain scruples of honor deter you from creeping beneath the underwood, or beneath the earth itself, if you should hear a footfall. If the lovers have agreed,

Agelastes, it is probable, walks his round, to prevent intrusion."

"Death and furies, it cannot be!" exclaimed the fiery Frank. "Lady of the Broken Lances, take thy votary's life ere thou torment him with this agony."

He saw, however, the necessity of keeping a strong force upon himself, and permitted, without further remonstrance, the Varangian to pursue his way, looking, however, earnestly after him. By advancing forward a little, he could observe Hereward draw near to a pavilion which arose at no great distance from the place where they had parted. Here he observed him apply first his eye and then his ear to one of the casements, which were in a great measure grown over and excluded from the light by various flowering shrubs. He almost thought he saw a grave interest take place in the countenance of the Varangian, and he longed to have his share of the information which he had doubtless obtained.

He crept, therefore, with noiseless steps, through the same labyrinth of foliage which had covered the approaches of Hereward; and so silent were his movements, that he touched the Anglo-Saxon, in order to make him aware of his presence, before he observed his approach.

Hereward, not aware at first by whom he was approached, turned on the intruder with a countenance like a burning coal. Seeing, however, that it was the Frank, he shrugged his shoulders, as if pitying the impatience which could not be kept under prudent restraint, and, drawing himself back, allowed the Count the privilege of a peeping-place through plinths of the casement, which could not be discerned by the sharpest eye from the inner side. The somber character of the light which penetrated into this abode of pleasure was suited to that species of thought to which a temple of Cytherea was supposed to be dedicated. Portraits and groups of statuary were also to be seen, in the taste of those which they had beheld at the kiosk of the waterfall, yet something more free in the ideas which they conveyed than were to be found at their first resting-place. Shortly after, the door of the pavilion opened, and the Countess entered, followed by her attendant Agatha. The lady threw herself on a couch as she came in, while her attendant, who was a young and very handsome woman, kept herself modestly in the background, so much so as hardly to be distinguished.

"What dost thou think," said the Countess, "of so suspicious a friend as Agelastes, so gallant an enemy as the Caesar, as he is called?"

“What should I think,” returned the damsel, “except that what the old man calls friendship is hatred, and what the Cæsar terms a patriotic love for his country, which will not permit him to set its enemies at liberty, is in fact too strong an affection for his fair captive?”

“For such an affection,” said the Countess, “he shall have the same requital as if it were indeed the hostility of which he would give it the color. My true and noble lord, hadst thou any idea of the calamities to which they have subjected me, how soon wouldst thou break through every restraint to hasten to my relief!”

“Art thou a man,” said Count Robert to his companion, “and canst thou advise me to remain still and hear this?”

“I am one man,” said the Anglo-Saxon, “you, sir, are another; but all our arithmetic will not make us more than two; and in this place it is probable that a whistle from the Cæsar, or a scream from Agelastes, would bring a thousand to match us, if we were as bold as Bevis of Hampton. Stand still and keep quiet. I counsel this less as respecting my own life, which, by embarking upon a wildgoose chase with so strange a partner, I have shown I put at little value, than for thy safety, and that of the lady thy countess, who shows herself as virtuous as beautiful.”

“I was imposed on at first,” said the Lady Brenhilda to her attendant. “Affectation of severe morals, of deep learning, and of rigid rectitude, assumed by this wicked old man, made me believe in part the character which he pretended; but the gloss is rubbed off since he let me see into his alliance with the unworthy Cæsar, and the ugly picture remains in its native loathsomeness. Nevertheless, if I can, by address or subtlety, deceive this arch-deceiver—as he has taken from me, in a great measure, every other kind of assistance—I will not refuse that of craft, which he may find perhaps equal to his own?”

“Hear you that?” said the Varangian to the Count of Paris. “Do not let your impatience mar the web of your lady’s prudence. I will weigh a woman’s wit against a man’s valor where there is aught to do. Let us not come in with our assistance until time shall show us that it is necessary for her safety and our success.”

“Amen,” said the Count of Paris; “but hope not, sir Saxon, that thy prudence shall persuade me to leave this garden without taking full vengeance on that unworthy Cæsar, and the pretended philosopher, if indeed he turns out to have assumed a character——” The Count was here

beginning to raise his voice, when the Saxon, without ceremony, placed his hand on his mouth. "Thou takest a liberty," said Count Robert, lowering, however, his tones.

"Ay, truly," said Hereward; "when the house is on fire, I do not stop to ask whether the water which I pour on it be perfumed or no."

This recalled the Frank to a sense of his situation; and if not contented with the Saxon's mode of making an apology, he was at least silenced. A distant noise was now heard; the Countess listened, and changed color. "Agatha," she said, "we are like champions in the lists, and here comes the adversary. Let us retreat into this side apartment, and so for a while put off an encounter thus alarming." So saying, the two females withdrew into a sort of ante-room, which opened from the principal apartment behind the seat which Brenhilda had occupied.

They had scarcely disappeared, when, as the stage direction has it, enter from the other side the Cæsar and Agelastes. They had perhaps heard the last words of Brenhilda, for the Cæsar repeated in a low tone—

"Militat omnis amans, habet et sua castra Cupido."

What, has our fair opponent withdrawn her forces? No matter, it shows she thinks of the warfare, though the enemy be not in sight. Well, thou shalt not have to upbraid me this time, Agelastes, with precipitating my amours, and depriving myself of the pleasure of pursuit. By Heavens, I will be as regular in my progress as if in reality I bore on my shoulders the whole load of years which make the difference between us; for I shrewdly suspect that with thee, old man, it is that envious churl Time that hath plucked the wings of Cupid."

"Say not so, mighty Cæsar," said the old man; "it is the hand of Prudence, which, depriving Cupid's wing of some wild feathers, leaves him still enough to fly with an equal and steady flight."

"Thy flight, however, was less measured, Agelastes, when thou didst collect that armory—that magazine of Cupid's panoply, out of which thy kindness permitted me but now to arm myself, or rather to repair my accouterments."

So saying, he glanced his eye over his own person, blazing with gems, and adorned with a chain of gold, bracelets, rings, and other ornaments, which, with a new and splendid habit, assumed since his arrival at these Cytherean gardens, tended to set off his very handsome figure.

"I am glad," said Agelastes, "if you have found among toys, which I now never wear, and seldom made use of even when life was young with me, anything which may set off your natural advantages. Remember only this slight condition, that such of these trifles as have made part of your wearing-apparel on this distinguished day cannot return to a meaner owner, but must of necessity remain the property of that greatness of which they had once formed the ornament."

"I cannot consent to this, my worthy friend," said the Cæsar; "I know thou valuest these jewels only in so far as a philosopher may value them—that is, for nothing save the remembrances which attach to them. This large seal-ring, for instance, was, I have heard you say, the property of Socrates; if so, you cannot view it save with devout thankfulness that your own philosophy has never been tried with the exercise of a Xantippe. These clasps released, in olden times, the lovely bosom of Phryne; and they now belong to one who could do better homage to the beauties they concealed or discovered than could the cynic Diogenes. These buckles, too——"

"I will spare thy ingenuity, good youth," said Agelastes, somewhat nettled—"or rather, noble Cæsar. Keep thy wit; thou wilt have ample occasion for it."

"Fear not me," said the Cæsar. "Let us proceed, since you will, to exercise the gifts which we possess, such as they are, either natural or bequeathed to us by our dear and respected friend. Hah!" he said, the door opening suddenly and the Countess almost meeting him, "our wishes are here anticipated."

He bowed accordingly with the deepest deference to the Lady Brenhilda, who, having made some alterations to enhance the splendor of her attire, now moved forward from the withdrawing-room into which she had retreated.

"Hail, noble lady," said the Cæsar, "whom I have visited with the intention of apologizing for detaining you, in some degree against your will, in those strange regions in which you unexpectedly find yourself."

"Not in some degree," answered the lady, "but entirely contrary to my inclinations, which are, to be with my husband the Count of Paris, and the followers who have taken the cross under his banner."

"Such, doubtless, were your thoughts when you left the land of the West," said Agelastes; "but, fair countess, have they experienced no change? You have left a shore streaming with human blood when the slightest provocation

occurred, and thou hast come to one whose principal maxim is to increase the sum of human happiness by every mode which can be invented. In the West yonder, he or she is respected most who can best exercise their tyrannical strength in making others miserable, while in these more placid realms we reserve our garlands for the ingenious youth or lovely lady who can best make happy the person whose affection is fixed upon her."

"But, reverend philosopher," said the Countess, "who laborest so artificially in recommending the yoke of pleasure, know that you contradict every notion which I have been taught from my infancy. In the land where my nurture lay, so far are we from acknowledging your doctrines, that we match not except, like the lion and the lioness, when the male has compelled the female to acknowledge his superior worth and valor. Such is our rule, that a damsel, even of mean degree, would think herself heinously undermatched if wedded to a gallant whose fame in arms was yet unknown."

"But, noble lady," said the Cæsar, "a dying man may then find room for some faint hope. Were there but a chance that distinction in arms could gain those affections which have been stolen, rather than fairly conferred, how many are there who would willingly enter into the competition where the prize is so fair! What is the enterprise too bold to be undertaken on such a condition? And where is the individual whose heart would not feel that, in baring his sword for the prize, he made vow never to return it to the scabbard without the proud boast, "What I have not yet won, I have deserved?"

"You see, lady," said Agelastes, who, apprehending that the last speech of the Cæsar had made some impression, hastened to follow it up with a suitable observation—"you see that the fire of chivalry burns as gallantly in the bosom of the Grecians as in that of the Western nations."

"Yes," answered Brenhilda, "and I have heard of the celebrated siege of Troy, on which occasion a dastardly coward carried off the wife of a brave man, shunned every proffer of encounter with the husband whom he had wronged, and finally caused the death of his numerous brothers, the destruction of his native city, with all the wealth which it contained, and died himself the death of a pitiful poltroon, lamented only by his worthless leman, to show how well the rules of chivalry were understood by your predecessors."

"Lady, you mistake," said the Cæsar; "the offenses of

Paris were those of a dissolute Asiatic ; the courage which avenged them was that of the Greek empire."

"You are learned, sir," said the lady ; "but think not that I will trust your words until you produce before me a Grecian knight gallant enough to look upon the armed crest of my husband without quaking."

"That, methinks, were not extremely difficult," returned the Cæsar : "if they have not flattered me, I have myself been thought equal in battle to more dangerous men than him who has been strangely mated with the Lady Brenhilda."

"That is soon tried," answered the Countess. "You will hardly, I think, deny that my husband, separated from me by some unworthy trick, is still at thy command, and could be produced at thy pleasure. I will ask no armor for him save what he wears, no weapon but his good sword Tranchefer ; then place him in this chamber, or any other lists equally narrow, and if he flinch, or cry craven, or remain dead under shield, let Brenhilda be the prize of the conqueror. Merciful Heaven !" she concluded, as she sunk back upon her seat, "forgive me for the crime of even imagining such a termination, which is equal almost to doubting Thine unerring judgment."

"Let me, however," said the Cæsar, "catch up these precious words before they fall to the ground. Let me hope that he to whom the Heavens shall give power and strength to conquer this highly-esteemed Count of Paris shall succeed him in the affections of Brenhilda ; and believe me, the sun plunges not through the sky to his resting place with the same celerity that I shall hasten to the encounter."

"Now, by Heaven !" said Count Robert, in an anxious whisper to Hereward, "it is too much to expect me to stand by and hear a contemptible Greek, who durst not stand even the rattling farewell which Tranchefer takes of his scabbard, brave me in my absence, and effect to make love to my lady *par amours*. And she, too—methinks Brenhilda allows more license than she is wont to do to yonder chattering popinjay. By the rood ! I will spring into the apartment, front them with my personal appearance, and confute yonder braggart in a manner he is like to remember."

"Under favor," said the Varangian, who was the only auditor of this violent speech, "you shall be ruled by calm reason while I am with you. When we are separated, let the devil of knight-errantry, which has such possession of thee, take thee upon his shoulders and carry thee full tilt wheresoever he lists."

“Thou art a brute,” said the Count, looking at him with a contempt corresponding to the expression he made use of ; “not only without humanity, but without the sense of natural honor or natural shame. The most despicable of animals stands not by tamely and sees another assail his mate. The bull offers his horns to a rival, the mastiff uses his jaws, and even the timid stag becomes furious and gores.”

“Because they are beasts,” said the Varangian, “and their mistresses also creatures without shame or reason, who are not aware of the sanctity of a choice. But thou, too, Count, canst thou not see the obvious purpose of this poor lady, forsaken by all the world, to keep her faith towards thee, by eluding the snares with which wicked men have beset her ? By the souls of my fathers ! my heart is so much moved by her ingenuity, mingled as I see it is with the most perfect candor and faith, that I myself, in fault of a better champion, would willingly raise the ax in her behalf.”

“I thank thee, my good friend,” said the Count—“I thank thee as heartily as if it were possible thou shouldst be left to do that good office for Brenhilda, the beloved of many a noble lord, the mistress of many a powerful vassal ; and, what is more—much more than thanks, I crave thy pardon for the wrong I did thee but now.”

“My pardon you cannot need,” said the Varangian ; “for I take no offense that is not seriously meant. Stay, they speak again.”

“It is strange it should be so,” said the Cæsar, as he paced the apartment ; “but methinks, nay, I am almost certain, Agelastes, that I hear voices in the vicinity of this apartment of thy privacy.”

“It is impossible,” said Agelastes ; “but I will go and see.”

Perceiving him to leave the pavilion, the Varangian made the Frank sensible that they must crouch down among a little thicket of evergreens, where they lay completely obscured. The philosopher made his rounds with a heavy step but a watchful eye ; and the two listeners were obliged to observe the strictest silence, without motion of any kind, until he had completed an ineffectual search, and returned into the pavilion.

“By my faith, brave man,” said the Count, “ere we return to our skulking-place, I must tell thee in thine ear that never in my life was temptation so strong upon me as that

which prompted me to beat out that old hypocrite's brains, provided I could have reconciled it with my honor; and heartily do I wish that thou, whose honor no way withheld thee, had experienced and given way to some impulse of a similar nature."

"Such fancies have passed through my head," said the Varangian; "but I will not follow them till they are consistent both with our own safety and more particularly with that of the Countess."

"I thank thee again for thy good-will to her," said Count Robert; "and, by Heaven! if fight we must at length, as it seems likely, I will neither grudge thee an honorable antagonist nor fair quarter if the combat goes against thee."

"Thou hast my thanks," was the reply of Hereward; "only, for Heaven's sake, be silent in this conjuncture, and do what thou wilt afterwards."

Before the Varangian and the Count had again resumed their posture of listeners, the parties within the pavilion, conceiving themselves unwatched, had resumed their conversation, speaking low, yet with considerable animation.

"It is in vain you would persuade me," said the Countess, "that you know not where my husband is, or that you have not the most absolute influence over his captivity. Who else could have an interest in banishing or putting to death the husband but he that affects to admire the wife?"

"You do me wrong, beautiful lady," answered the Cæsar, "and forget that I can in no shape be termed the moving-spring of this empire; that my father-in-law, Alexius, is the Emperor; and that the woman who terms herself my wife is jealous as a fiend can be of my slightest motion. What possibility was there that I should work the captivity of your husband and your own? The open affront which the Count of Paris put upon the Emperor was one which he was likely to avenge, either by secret guile or by open force. Me it no way touched, save as the humble vassal of thy charms; and it was by the wisdom and the art of the sage, Agelastes, that I was able to extricate thee from the gulf in which thou hadst else certainly perished. Nay, weep not, lady, for as yet we know not the fate of Count Robert; but, credit me, it is wisdom to choose a better protector, and consider him as no more."

"A better than him," said Brenhilda, "I can never have, were I to choose out of the knighthood of all the world."

"This hand," said the Cæsar, drawing himself into a martial attitude, "should decide that question, were the

man of whom thou thinkest so much yet moving on the face of this earth, and at liberty."

"Thou art," said Brenhilda, looking fixedly at him, with the fire of indignation flashing from every feature—"thou art—but it avails not telling thee what is thy real name; believe me, the world shall one day ring with it, and be justly sensible of its value. Observe what I am about to say. Robert of Paris is gone, or captive, I know not where. He cannot fight the match of which thou seemest so desirous; but here stands Brenhilda, born heiress of Aspramonte, by marriage the wedded wife of the good Count of Paris. She was never matched in the lists by mortal man except the valiant Count, and since thou art so grieved that thou canst not meet her husband in battle, thou canst not surely object if she is willing to meet thee in his stead?"

"How, madam!" said the Cæsar, astonished; "do you propose yourself to hold the lists against me?"

"Against you!" said the Countess—"against all the Grecian empire, if they shall affirm that Robert of Paris is justly used and lawfully confined."

"And are the conditions," said the Cæsar, "the same as if Count Robert himself held the lists? The vanquished must then be at the pleasure of the conqueror for good or evil."

"It would seem so," said the Countess, "nor do I refuse the hazard; only that, if the other champion shall bite the dust, the noble Count Robert shall be set at liberty, and permitted to depart with all suitable honors."

"This I refuse not," said the Cæsar, "provided it is in my power."

A deep growling sound, like that of a modern gong, here interrupted the conference.

CHAPTER XIX

THE Varangian and Count Robert, at every risk of discovery, had remained so near as fully to conjecture, though they could not expressly overhear, the purport of the conversation.

“He has accepted her challenge?” said the Count of Paris.

“And with apparent willingness,” said Hereward.

“O, doubtless—doubtless,” answered the crusader; “but he knows not the skill in war which a woman may attain; for my part, God knows I have enough depending upon the issue of this contest, yet such is my confidence, that I would to God I had more. I vow to Our Lady of the Broken Lances that I desire every furrow of land I possess, every honor which I can call my own, from the countship of Paris down to the leather that binds my spur, were dependent and at issue upon this fair field between your Cæsar, as men term him, and Brenhilda of Aspramonte.”

“It is a noble confidence,” said the Varangian, “nor durst I say it is a rash one; only I cannot but remember that the Cæsar is a strong man as well as a handsome, expert in the use of arms, and, above all, less strictly bound than you esteem yourself by the rules of honor. There are many ways in which advantage may be given and taken, which will not, in the Cæsar’s estimation, alter the character of the field from an equal one, although it might do so in the opinion of the chivalrous Count of Paris, or even in that of the poor Varangian. But first let me conduct you to some place of safety, for your escape must be soon, if it is not already, detected. The sounds which we heard intimate that some of his confederate plotters have visited the garden on other than love affairs. I will guide thee to another avenue than that by which we entered. But you would hardly, I suppose, be pleased to adopt the wisest alternative?”

“And what may that be?” said the Count.

“To give thy purse, though it were thine all, to some poor ferryman to waft thee over the Hellespont, then hasten to carry thy complaint to Godfrey of Bouillon, and what friends thou mayst have among thy brethren crusaders,

and determine, as thou easily canst, on a sufficient number of them to come back and menace the city with instant war, unless the Emperor should deliver up thy lady, most unfairly made prisoner, and prevent, by his authority, this absurd and unnatural combat."

"And would you have me, then," said Count Robert, "move the crusaders to break a fairly appointed field of battle? Do you think that Godfrey of Bouillon would turn back upon his pilgrimage for such an unworthy purpose; or that the Countess of Paris would accept as a service means of safety which would stain her honor forever, by breaking an appointment solemnly made on her own challenge? Never."

"My judgment is then at fault," said the Varangian, "for I see I can hammer out no expedient which is not, in some extravagant manner or another, controlled by your foolish notions. Here is a man who has been trapped into the power of his enemy, that he might not interfere to prevent a base stratagem upon his lady, involving both her life and honor; yet he thinks it a matter of necessity that he keeps faith as precisely with these midnight poisoners as he would had it been pledged to the most honorable men!"

"Thou say'st a painful truth," said Count Robert; "but my word is the emblem of my faith; and if I pass it to a dishonorable or faithless foe, it is imprudently done on my part; but if I break it, being once pledged, it is a dishonorable action, and the disgrace can never be washed from my shield."

"Do you mean, then," said the Varangian, "to suffer your wife's honor to remain pledged as it at present is on the event of an unequal combat?"

"God and the saints pardon thee such a thought!" said the Count of Paris. "I will go to see this combat with a heart as firm, if not as light, as any time I ever saw spears splintered. If by the influence of any accident or treachery—for fairly, and with such an antagonist, Brenhilda of Aspramonte cannot be overthrown—I step into the lists, proclaim the Caesar as he is—a villain, show the falsehood of his conduct from beginning to end, appeal to every noble heart that hears me, and then—God show the right!"

Hereward paused, and shook his head. "All this," he said, "might be feasible enough, provided the combat were to be fought in the presence of your own countrymen, or even, by the mass! if the Varangians were to be guards of the lists. But treachery of every kind is so familiar to the

Greeks, that I question if they would view the conduct of their Cæsar as anything else than a pardonable and natural stratagem of Dan Cupid, to be smiled at rather than subjected to disgrace or punishment."

"A nation," said Count Robert, "who could smile at such a jest, may Heaven refuse them sympathy at their utmost need, when their sword is broken in their hand, and their wives and daughters shrieking in the relentless grasp of a barbarous enemy!"

Hereward looked upon his companion, whose flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes bore witness to his enthusiasm.

"I see," he said, "you are resolved, and I know that your resolution can in justice be called by no other name than an act of heroic folly. What then? It is long since life has been bitter to the Varangian exile. Morn has raised him from a joyless bed, which night has seen him lie down upon, wearied with wielding a mercenary weapon in the wars of strangers. He has longed to lay down his life in an honorable cause, and this is one in which the extremity and very essence of honor is implicated. It tallies also with my scheme of saving the Emperor, which will be greatly facilitated by the downfall of his ungrateful son-in-law." Then addressing himself to the Count, he continued, "Well, sir count, as thou art the person principally concerned, I am willing to yield to the reasoning in this affair; but I hope you will permit me to mingle with your resolution some advices of a more everyday and less fantastic nature. For example, thy escape from the dungeons of the Blacquernal must soon be generally known. In prudence, indeed, I myself must be the first to communicate it, since otherwise the suspicion will fall on me. Where do you think of concealing yourself, for assuredly the search will be close and general?"

"For that," said the Count of Paris, "I must be indebted to thy suggestion, with thanks for every lie which thou findest thyself obliged to make, to contrive, and produce in my behalf, entreating thee only to render them as few as possible, they being a coin which I myself never fabricate."

"Sir knight," answered Hereward, "let me begin first by saying that no knight that ever belted sword is more a slave to truth, when truth is observed towards him, than the poor soldier who talks to thee; but when the game depends not upon fair play, but upon lulling men's cautiousness asleep by falsehood, and drugging their senses by opiate draughts, they who would scruple at no means of deceiving me can hardly expect that I, who am paid in such base money, should

pass nothing on my part but what is lawful and genuine. For the present thou must remain concealed within my poor apartment in the barracks of the Varangians, which is the last place where they will think of seeking for thee. Take this, my upper cloak, and follow me ; and now that we are about to leave these gardens, thou mayst follow me unsuspected as a sentinel attending his officer ; for, take it along with you, noble count, that we Varangians are a sort of persons upon whom the Greeks care not to look very long or fixedly."

They now reached the gate where they had been admitted by the negress, and Hereward, who was entrusted with the power, it seems, of letting himself out of the philosopher's premises, though not of entering without assistance from the portress, took out a key which turned the lock on the garden side, so that they soon found themselves at liberty. They then proceeded by by-paths through the city, Hereward leading the way, and the Count following, without speech or remonstrance, until they stood before the portal of the barracks of the Varangians.

"Make haste," said the sentinel who was on duty, "dinner is already begun." The communication sounded joyfully in the ears of Hereward, who was much afraid that his companion might have been stopped and examined. By a side passage he reached his own quarters, and introduced the Count into a small room, the sleeping-chamber of his squire, where he apologized for leaving him for some time ; and, going out, locked the door, for fear, as he said, of intrusion.

The demon of suspicion was not very likely to molest a mind so frankly constituted as that of Count Robert, and yet the last action of Hereward did not fail to occasion some painful reflections.

"This man," he said, "had needs be true, for I have reposed in him a mighty trust, which few hirelings in his situation would honorably discharge. What is to prevent him to report to the principal officer of his watch that the Frank prisoner, Robert Count of Paris, whose wife stands engaged for so desparate a combat with the Cæsar, has escaped, indeed, this morning from the prisons of the Blacquernal, but has suffered himself to be trepanned at noon, and is again a captive in the barracks of the Varangian Guard ? What means of defense are mine, were I discovered to these mercenaries ? What man could do, by the favor of Our Lady of the Broken Lances, I have not failed to achieve. I have slain a tiger in single combat. I have

killed one warder, and conquered the desperate and gigantic creature by whom he was supported. I have had terms enough at command to bring over this Varangian to my side, in appearance at least ; yet all this does not encourage me to hope that I could long keep at bay ten or a dozen such men as these beef-fed knaves appear to be, led in upon me by a fellow of thews and sinews such as those of my late companion. Yet, for shame, Robert ! such thoughts are unworthy a descendant of Charlemagne. When wert thou wont so curiously to count thine enemies, and when wert thou wont to be suspicious, since he whose bosom may truly boast itself incapable of fraud ought in honesty to be the last to expect it in another ? The Varangian's look is open, his coolness in danger is striking, his speech is more frank and ready than ever was that of a traitor. If he is false, there is no faith in the hand of nature, for truth, sincerity, and courage are written upon his forehead."

While Count Robert was thus reflecting upon his condition, and combating the thick-coming doubts and suspicious which its uncertainties gave rise to, he began to be sensible that he had not eaten for many hours ; and amidst many doubts and fears of a more heroic nature, he half entertained a lurking suspicion that they meant to let hunger undermine his strength before they adventured into the apartment to deal with him.

We shall best see how far these doubts were deserved by Hereward, or how far they were unjust, by following his course after he left his barrack-room. Snatching a morsel of dinner, which he eat with an affectation of great hunger, but, in fact, that his attention to his food might be a pretense for dispensing with disagreeable questions, or with conversation of any kind, he pleaded duty, and, immediately leaving his comrades, directed his course to the lodgings of Achilles Tatius, which were a part of the same building. A Syrian slave, who opened the door, after a deep reverence to Hereward, whom he knew as a favorite attendant of the Acolyte, said to him that his master was gone forth, but had desired him to say that, if he wished to see him, he would find him at the Philosopher's Gardens, so called as belonging to the sage Agelastes.

Hereward turned about instantly, and, availing himself of his knowledge of Constantinople to thread its streets in the shortest time possible, at length stood alone before the door in the garden-wall at which he and the Count of Paris had previously been admitted in the earlier part of the day. The

same negress appeared at the same private signal, and when he asked for Achilles Tatius, she replied, with some sharpness, "Since you were here this morning, I marvel you did not meet him, or that, having business with him, you did not stay till he arrived. Sure I am, that not long after you entered the garden the Acolyte was inquiring for you."

"It skills not, old woman," said the Varangian; "I communicate the reason of my motions to my commander, but not to thee." He entered the garden accordingly, and, avoiding the twilight-path that led to the Bower of Love—so was the pavilion named in which he had overheard the dialogue between the Cæsar and the Countess of Paris—he arrived before a simple garden-house, whose humble and modest front seemed to announce that it was the abode of philosophy and learning. Here, passing before the windows, he made some little noise, expecting to attract the attention either of Achilles Tatius or his accomplice Agelastes, as chance should determine. It was the first who heard and who replied. The door opened; a lofty plume stooped itself, that its owner might cross the threshold, and the stately form of Achilles Tatius entered the gardens. "What now," he said, "our trusty sentinel? what hast thou, at this time of day, come to report to us? Thou art our good friend and highly-esteemed soldier, and well we wot thine errand must be of importance since thou hast brought it thyself, and at an hour so unusual."

"Pray Heaven," said Hereward, "that the news I have brought deserve a welcome."

"Speak them instantly," said the Acolyte, "good or bad: thou speakest to a man to whom fear is unknown." But his eye, which quailed as he looked on the soldier; his color, which went and came; his hands, which busied themselves in an uncertain manner in adjusting the belt of his sword—all argued a state of mind very different from that which his tone of defiance would fain have implied. "Courage," he said, "my trusty soldier! speak the news to me. I can bear the worst thou hast to tell."

"In a word, then," said the Varangian, "your valor directed me this morning to play the office of master of the rounds upon those dungeons of the Blacquenal Palace where last night the boisterous Count Robert of Paris was incarcerated——"

"I remember well," said Achilles Tatius. "What then?"

"As I reposed me," said Hereward, "in an apartment above the vaults, I heard cries from beneath, of a kind

which attracted my attention. I hastened to examine, and my surprise was extreme when, looking down into the dungeon, though I could see nothing distinctly, yet, by the wailing and whimpering sounds, I conceived that the man of the forest, the animal called Sylvan, whom our soldiers have so far indoctrinated in our Saxon tongue as to make him useful in the wards of the prison, was bemoaning himself on account of some violent injury. Descending with a torch, I found the bed on which the prisoner had been let down burnt to cinders, the tiger which had been chained within a spring of it with its skull broken to pieces, the creature called Sylvan prostrate and writhing under great pain and terror, and no prisoner whatever in the dungeon. There were marks that all the fastenings had been withdrawn by a Mytilenian soldier, companion of my watch, when he visited the dungeon at the usual hour; and as, in my anxious search, I at length found his dead body, slain apparently by a stab in the throat, I was obliged to believe that, while I was examining the cell, he, this Count Robert, with whose daring life the adventure is well consistent, had escaped to the upper air, by means, doubtless, of the ladder and trap-door by which I had descended."

"And wherefore didst thou not instantly call 'treason,' and raise the hue and cry?" demanded the Acolyte.

"I dared not venture to do so," replied the Varangian, "till I had instructions from your valor. The alarming cry of 'treason,' and the various rumors likely at this moment to ensue, might have involved a search so close as perchance would have discovered matters in which the Acolyte himself would have been rendered subject to suspicion."

"Thou art right," said Achilles Tatius, in a whisper; "and yet it will be necessary that we do not pretend any longer to conceal the flight of this important prisoner, if we would not pass for being his accomplices. Where thinkest thou this unhappy fugitive can have taken refuge?"

"That I was in hopes of learning from your valor's greater wisdom," said Hereward.

"Thinkest thou not," said Achilles, "that he may have crossed the Hellespont, in order to rejoin his own countrymen and adherents?"

"It is much to be dreaded," said Hereward. "Undoubtedly, if the Count listened to the advice of any one who knew the face of the country, such would be the very counsel he would receive."

"The danger, then, of his return at the head of a venge-

ful body of Franks," said the Acolyte, "is not so immediate as I apprehended at first, for the Emperor gave positive orders that the boats and galleys which yesterday transported the crusaders to the shores of Asia should recross the strait, and bring back no single one of them from the step upon their journey on which he had so far furthered them. Besides, they all—their leaders, that is to say—made their vows before crossing that they would not turn back so much as a foot's pace, now that they had set actually forth on the road to Palestine."

"So, therefore," said Hereward, "one of two propositions is unquestionable—either Count Robert is on the eastern side of the strait, having no means of returning with his brethren to avenge the usage he has received, and may therefore be securely set at defiance; or else he lurks somewhere in Constantinople, without a friend or ally to take his part, or encourage him openly to state his supposed wrongs. In either case, there can, I think, be no tact in conveying to the palace the news that he has freed himself, since it would only alarm the court, and afford the Emperor ground for many suspicions. But it is not for an ignorant barbarian like me to prescribe a course of conduct to your valor and wisdom, and methinks the sage Agelastes were a fitter counselor than such as I am."

"No—no—no," said the Acolyte, in a hurried whisper; "the philosopher and I are right good friends—sworn good friends, very especially bound together; but should it come to this that one of us must needs throw before the footstool of the Emperor the head of the other, I think thou wouldst not advise that I, whose hairs have not a trace of silver, should be the last in making the offering; wherefore, we will say nothing of this mishap, but give thee full power and the highest charge to seek for Count Robert of Paris, be he dead or alive, to secure him within the dungeons set apart for the discipline of our own corps, and when thou hast done so, to bring me notice. I may make him my friend in many ways, by extricating his wife from danger by the axes of my Varangians. What is there in this metropolis that they have to oppose them?"

"When raised in a just cause," answered Hereward, "nothing."

"Hah! say'st thou?" said the Acolyte. How meanest thou by that? But I know. Thou art scrupulous about having the just and lawful command of thy officer in every action in which thou art engaged, and, thinking in that

dutiful and soldierlike manner, it is my duty as thine Acolyte to see thy scruples satisfied. A warrant shalt thou have, with full powers, to seek for and imprison this foreign count of whom we have been speaking. And, hark thee, my excellent friend," he continued, with some hesitation, "I think thou hadst better begone, and begin, or rather continue, thy search. It is unnecessary to inform our friend Agelastes of what has happened, until his advice be more needful than as yet it is on the occasion. Home—home to the barracks; I will account to him for thy appearance here, if he be curious on the subject, which, as a suspicious old man, he is likely to be. Go to the barracks, and act as if thou hadst a warrant in every respect full and ample. I will provide thee with one when I come back to my quarters."

The Varangian turned hastily homewards.

"Now, is it not," he said, "a strange thing, and enough to make a man a rogue for life, to observe how the devil encourages young beginners in falsehood? I have told a greater lie—at least I have suppressed more truth—than on any occasion before in my whole life, and what is the consequence? Why, my commander throws almost at my head a warrant sufficient to guarantee and protect me in all I have done, or propose to do. If the foul fiend were thus regular in protecting his votaries, methinks they would have little reason to complain of him, or better men to be astonished at their number. But a time comes, they say, when he seldom fails to desert them. Therefore, get thee behind me, Satan. If I have seemed to be thy servant for a short time, it is but with an honest and Christian purpose."

As he entertained these thoughts, he looked back upon the path, and was startled at an apparition of a creature of a much greater size, and a stranger shape, than human, covered, all but the face, with a reddish-dun fur; his expression an ugly, and yet a sad, melancholy; a cloth was wrapt round one hand, and an air of pain and languor bespoke suffering from a wound. So much was Hereward preoccupied with his own reflections, that at first he thought his imagination had actually raised the devil; but, after a sudden start of surprise, he recognized his acquaintance Sylvan. "Hah! old friend," he said, "I am happy thou hast made thy escape to a place where thou wilt find plenty of fruit to support thee. Take my advice—keep out of the way of discovery. Keep thy friend's counsel."

The man of the wood uttered a chattering noise in return to this address.

“I understand thee,” said Hereward, “thou wilt tell no tales, thou sayest ; and faith I will trust thee rather than the better part of my own two-legged race, who are eternally circumventing or murdering each other.”

A minute after the creature was out of sight Hereward heard the shriek of a female, and a voice which cried for help. The accents must have been uncommonly interesting to the Varangian, since, forgetting his own dangerous situation, he immediately turned and flew to the suppliant's assistance.

CHAPTER XX

She comes ! she comes ! in all the charms of youth,
Unequall'd love, and unsuspected truth !

HEREWARD was not long in tracing the cry through the wooded walks, when a female rushed into his arms, alarmed, as it appeared, by Sylvan, who was pursuing her closely. The figure of Hereward, with his ax uplifted, put an instant stop to his career, and with a terrified note of his native cries he withdrew into the thickest of the adjoining foliage.

Relieved from his presence, Hereward had time to look at the female whom he had succored. She was arrayed in a dress which consisted of several colors, that which predominated being a pale yellow ; her tunic was of this color, and, like a modern gown, was closely fitted to the body, which, in the present case, was that of a tall but very well-formed person. The mantle, or upper garment, in which the whole figure was wrapped, was of fine cloth ; and the kind of hood which was attached to it having flown back with the rapidity of her motion, gave to view the hair, beautifully adorned and twisted into a natural headdress. Beneath this natural headgear appeared a face pale as death, from a sense of the supposed danger, but which preserved, even amidst its terrors, an exquisite degree of beauty.

Hereward was thunderstruck at this apparition. The dress was neither Grecian, Italian, nor of the costume of the Franks ; it was *Saxon*, connected by a thousand tender remembrances with Hereward's childhood and youth. The circumstance was most extraordinary. Saxon women, indeed, there were in Constantinople, who had united their fortunes with those of the Varangians ; and those often chose to wear their national dress in the city, because the character and conduct of their husbands secured them a degree of respect which they might not have met with either as Grecian or as stranger females of a similar rank. But almost all these were personally known to Hereward. It was no time, however, for reverie : he was himself in danger, the situation of the young female might be no safe one. In every case, it

was judicious to quit the more public part of the gardens ; he therefore lost not a moment in conveying the fainting Saxon to a retreat he fortunately was acquainted with. A covered path, obscured by vegetation, led through a species of labyrinth to an artificial cave, at the bottom of which, half-paved with shells, moss, and spar, lay the gigantic and half-recumbent statue of a river deity, with its usual attributes—that is, its front crowned with water-lilies and sedges, and its ample hand half-resting upon an empty urn. The attitude of the whole figure corresponded with the motto—
“I SLEEP—AWAKE ME NOT.”

“Accursed relic of paganism,” said Hereward, who was, in proportion to his light, a zealous Christian—“brutish stock or stone that thou art ! I will wake thee with a vengeance.” So saying, he struck the head of the slumbering deity with his battle-ax, and deranged the play of the fountain so much that the water began to pour into the basin.

“Thou art a good block, nevertheless,” said the Varangian, “to send succor so needful to the aid of my poor countrywoman. Thou shalt give her also, with thy leave, a portion of thy couch.” So saying, he arranged his fair burden, who was as yet insensible, upon the pedestal where the figure of the river-god reclined. In doing this, his attention was recalled to her face, and again and again he was thrilled with an emotion of hope, but so excessively like fear that it could only be compared to the flickering of a torch, uncertain whether it is to light up or be instantly extinguished. With a sort of mechanical attention, he continued to make such efforts as he could to recall the intellect of the beautiful creature before him. His feelings were those of the astronomical sage, to whom the rise of the moon slowly restores the contemplation of that heaven which is at once, as a Christian, his hope of felicity, and, as a philosopher, the source of his knowledge. The blood returned to her cheek, and reanimation, and even recollection, took place in her earlier than in the astonished Varangian.

“Blessed Mary !” she said, “have I indeed tasted the last bitter cup, and is it here where thou reunitest thy votaries after death ? Speak, Hereward, if thou art aught but an empty creature of the imagination—speak, and tell me if I have but dreamed of that monstrous ogre !”

“Collect thyself, my beloved Bertha,” said the Anglo-Saxon, recalled by the sound of her voice, “and prepare to endure what thou livest to witness, and thy Hereward

survives to tell. That hideous thing exists—nay, do not start, and look for a hiding-place—thy own gentle hand with a riling-rod is sufficient to tame its courage. And am I not here, Bertha? Wouldst thou wish another safeguard?”

“No—no,” exclaimed she, seizing on the arm of her recovered lover. “Do I not know you now?”

“And is it but now you know me, Bertha?” said Hereward.

“I suspected before,” she said, casting down her eyes; “but I know with certainty that mark of the boar’s tusk.”

Hereward suffered her imagination to clear itself from the shock it had received so suddenly before he ventured to enter upon present events, in which there was so much both to doubt and to fear. He permitted her, therefore, to recall to her memory all the circumstances of the rousing the hideous animal, assisted by the tribes of both their fathers. She mentioned in broken words the flight of arrows discharged against the boar by young and old, male and female, and how her own well-aimed but feeble shaft wounded him sharply; she forgot not how, incensed at the pain, the creature rushed upon her as the cause, laid her palfrey dead upon the spot, and would soon have slain her, had not Hereward, when every attempt failed to bring his horse up to the monster, thrown himself from his seat and interposed personally between the boar and Bertha. The battle was not decided without a desperate struggle; the boar was slain, but Hereward received the deep gash upon his brow which she whom he had saved now recalled to her memory. “Alas!” she said, “what have we been to each other since that period? and what are we now, in this foreign land?”

“Answer for thyself, my Bertha,” said the Varangian, “if thou canst; and if thou canst with truth say that thou art the same Bertha who vowed affection to Hereward, believe me, it were sinful to suppose that the saints have brought us together with a view of our being afterwards separated.”

“Hereward,” said Bertha, “you have not preserved the bird in your bosom safer than I have: at home or abroad, in servitude or in freedom, amidst sorrow or joy, plenty or want, my thought was always on the troth I had plighted to Hereward at the stone of Odin.”

“Say no more of that,” said Hereward; “it was an impious rite, and good could not come of it.”

“Was it then so impious?” she said, the unbidden tears

rushing into her large blue eye. "Alas ! it was a pleasure to reflect that Hereward was mine by that solemn engagement."

"Listen to me, my Bertha," said Hereward, taking her hand. "We were then almost children ; and though our vow was in itself innocent, yet it was so far wrong, as being sworn in the presence of a dumb idol, representing one who was, while alive, a bloody and cruel magician. But we will, the instant an opportunity offers itself, renew our vow before a shrine of real sanctity, and promise suitable penance for our ignorant acknowledgment of Odin, to propitiate the real Deity, who can bear us through those storms of adversity which are like to surround us."

Leaving them for the time to their love-discourse, of a nature pure, simple, and interesting, we shall give, in few words, all that the reader needs to know of their separate history between the boar's hunt and the time of their meeting in the gardens of Agelastes.

In that doubtful state experienced by outlaws, Walthoeff, the father of Hereward, and Engelred, the parent of Bertha, used to assemble their unsubdued tribes, sometimes in the fertile regions of Devonshire, sometimes in the dark wooded solitudes of Hampshire, but as much as possible within the call of the bugle of the famous Ederic the Forester, so long leader of the insurgent Saxons. The chiefs we have mentioned were among the last bold men who asserted the independence of the Saxon race of England ; and like their captain, Ederic, they were generally known by the name of Foresters, as men who lived by hunting, when their power of making excursions was checked and repelled. Hence they made a step backwards in civilization, and became more like to their remote ancestors of German descent than they were to their more immediate and civilized predecessors, who, before the battle of Hastings, had advanced considerably in the arts of civilized life.

Old superstitions had begun to revive among them, and hence the practise of youths and maidens plighting their troth at the stone circles dedicated, as it was supposed, to Odin, in whom, however, they had long ceased to nourish any of the sincere belief which was entertained by their heathen ancestors.

In another respect these outlaws were fast reassuming a striking peculiarity of the ancient Germans. Their circumstances naturally brought the youth of both sexes much together, and by early marriage, or less permanent connec-

tions, the population would have increased far beyond the means which the outlaws had to maintain, or even to protect, themselves. The laws of the Foresters, therefore, strictly enjoined that marriages should be prohibited until the bridegroom was twenty-one years complete. Future alliances were indeed often formed by the young people, nor was this discountenanced by their parents, provided that the lovers waited until the period when the majority of the bridegroom should permit them to marry. Such youths as infringed this rule incurred the dishonorable epithet of "niddering," or worthless—an epithet of a nature so insulting that men were known to have slain themselves rather than endure life under such opprobrium. But the offenders were very few amidst a race trained in moderation and self-denial; and hence it was that woman, worshiped for so many years like something sacred, was received, when she became the head of a family, into the arms and heart of a husband who had so long expected her, was treated as something more elevated than the mere idol of the moment, and, feeling the rate at which she was valued, endeavored by her actions to make her life correspond with it.

It was by the whole population of these tribes as well as their parents, that, after the adventure of the boar-hunt, Hereward and Bertha were considered as lovers whose alliance was pointed out by Heaven, and they were encouraged to approximate as much as their mutual inclinations prompted them. The youths of the tribe avoided asking Bertha's hand at the dance, and the maidens used no maidenly entreaty or artifice to detain Hereward beside them if Bertha was present at the feast. They clasped each other's hands through the perforated stone which they called the altar of Odin, though later ages have ascribed it to the Druids, and they implored that, if they broke their faith to each other, their fault might be avenged by the twelve swords which were now drawn around them during the ceremony by as many youths, and that their misfortunes might be so many as twelve maidens, who stood around with their hair loosened, should be unable to recount, either in prose or verse.

The torch of the Saxon Cupid shone for some years as brilliant as when it was first lighted. The time, however, came when they were to be tried by adversity, though undeserved by the perfidy of either. Years had gone past, and Hereward had to count with anxiety how many months and weeks were to separate him from the bride who was beginning already by degrees to shrink less shyly from the expressions

and caresses of one who was soon to term her all his own. William Rufus, however, had formed a plan of totally extirpating the Foresters, whose implacable hatred and restless love of freedom had so often disturbed the quiet of his kingdom, and despised his forest laws. He assembled his Norman forces, and united to them a body of Saxons who had submitted to his rule. He thus brought an overpowering force upon the bands of Waltheoff and Engelred, who found no resource but to throw the females of their tribe, and such as could not bear arms, into a convent dedicated to St. Augustine, of which Kenelm their relation was prior, and then turning to the battle, vindicated their ancient valor by fighting it to the last. Both the unfortunate chiefs remained dead on the field, and Hereward and his brother had well-nigh shared their fate; but some Saxon inhabitants of the neighborhood, who adventured on the field of battle, which the victors had left bare of everything save the booty of the kites and the ravens, found the bodies of the youths still retaining life. As they were generally well known and much beloved by these people, Hereward and his brother were taken care of till their wounds began to close and their strength returned. Hereward then heard the doleful news of the death of his father and Engelred. His next inquiry was concerning his betrothed bride and her mother. The poor inhabitants could give him little information. Some of the females who had taken refuge in the convent the Norman knights and nobles had seized upon as their slaves, and the rest, with the monks who had harbored them, were turned adrift, and their place of retreat was completely sacked and burnt to the ground.

Half-dead himself at hearing these tidings, Hereward sallied out, and at every risk of death, for the Saxon Foresters were treated as outlaws, commenced inquiries after those so dear to him. He asked concerning the particular fate of Bertha and her mother among the miserable creatures who yet hovered about the neighborhood of the convent, like a few half-scorched bees about their smothered hive. But, in the magnitude of their own terrors, none had retained eyes for their neighbors, and all that they could say was, that the wife and daughter of Engelred were certainly lost; and their imaginations suggested so many heart-rending details to this conclusion, that Hereward gave up all thoughts of further researches, likely to terminate so uselessly and so horribly.

The young Saxon had been all his life bred up in a patri-

otic hatred to the Normans, who did not, it was likely, become dearer to his thoughts in consequence of this victory. He dreamed at first of crossing the strait, to make war against the hated enemy in their own country ; but an idea so extravagant did not long retain possession of his mind. His fate was decided by his encountering an aged palmer, who knew, or pretended to have known, his father, and to be a native of England. This man was a disguised Varangian, selected for the purpose, possessed of art and dexterity, and well provided with money. He had little difficulty in persuading Hereward, in the hopeless desolation of his condition, to join the Varangian Guard, at this moment at war with the Normans, under which name it suited Hereward's prepossessions to represent the Emperor's wars with Robert Guiscard, his son Bohemond, and other adventures, in Italy, Greece, or Sicily. A journey to the East also inferred a pilgrimage, and gave the unfortunate Hereward the chance of purchasing pardon for his sins by visiting the Holy Land. In gaining Hereward, the recruiter also secured the services of his elder brother, who had vowed not to separate from him.

The high character of both brothers for courage induced this wily agent to consider them as a great prize, and it was from the memoranda respecting the history and character of those whom he recruited, in which the elder had been unreservedly communicative, that Agelastes picked up the information respecting Hereward's family and circumstances, which, at their first secret interview, he made use of to impress upon the Varangian the idea of his supernatural knowledge. Several of his companions-in-arms were thus gained over ; for it will easily be guessed that these memorials were entrusted to the keeping of Achilles Tatius, and he, to further their joint purposes, imparted them to Agelastes, who thus obtained a general credit for supernatural knowledge among these ignorant men. But Hereward's blunt faith and honesty enabled him to shun the snare.

Such being the fortunes of Hereward, those of Bertha formed the subject of a broken and passionate communication between the lovers, broken like an April day, and mingled with many a tender caress, such as modesty permits to lovers when they meet again unexpectedly after a separation which threatened to be eternal. But the story may be comprehended in few words. Amid the general sack of the monastery, an old Norman knight seized upon Bertha as his prize. Struck with her beauty, he designed her as

an attendant upon his daughter, just then come out of the years of childhood, and the very apple of her father's eye, being the only child of his beloved countess, and sent late in life to bless their marriage bed. It was in the order of things that the Lady of Aspramonte, who was considerably younger than the knight, should govern her husband, and that Brenhilda, their daughter, should govern both her parents.

The knight of Aspramonte, however, it may be observed, entertained some desire to direct his young offspring to more feminine amusements than those which began already to put her life frequently in danger. Contradiction was not to be thought of, as the good old knight knew by experience. The influence and example of a companion a little older* than herself might be of some avail, and it was with this view that, in the confusion of the sack, Aspramonte seized upon the youthful Bertha. Terrified to the utmost degree, she clung to her mother, and the knight of Aspramonte, who had a softer heart than was then usually found under a steel cuirass, moved by the affliction of the mother and daughter, and recollecting that the former might also be a useful attendant upon his lady, extended his protection to both, and, conveying them out of the press, paid the soldiers who ventured to dispute the spoil with him partly in some small pieces of money, and partly in dry blows with the reverse of his lance.

The well-natured knight soon after returned to his own castle, and being a man of an orderly life and virtuous habits, the charming beauties of the Saxon virgin, and the more ripened charms of her mother, did not prevent their traveling in all honor as well as safety to his family fortress, the Castle of Aspramonte. Here such masters as could be procured were got together to teach the young Bertha every sort of female accomplishment, in the hope that her mistress, Brenhilda, might be inspired with a desire to partake in her education; but although this so far succeeded that the Saxon captive became highly skilled in such music, needlework, and other female accomplishments as were known to the time, yet her young mistress, Brenhilda, retained the taste for those martial amusements which had so sensibly grieved her father, but to which her mother, who herself had nourished such fancies in her youth, readily gave sanction.

The captives, however, were kindly treated. Brenhilda

* [Compare pp. 9 and 131.]

became infinitely attached to the young Anglo-Saxon, whom she loved less for her ingenuity in arts than for her activity in field sports, to which her early state of independence had trained her.

The Lady of Aspramonte was also kind to both the captives ; but in one particular she exercised a piece of petty tyranny over them. She had imbibed an idea, strengthened by an old doting father-confessor, that the Saxons were heathens at that time, or at least heretics, and made a positive point with her husband that the bondswoman and girl who were to attend on her person and that of her daughter should be qualified for the office by being anew admitted into the Christian Church by baptism.

Though feeling the falsehood and injustice of the accusation, the mother had sense enough to submit to necessity, and received the name of Martha in all form at the altar, to which she answered during the rest of her life.

But Bertha showed a character upon this occasion inconsistent with the general docility and gentleness of her temper. She boldly refused to be admitted anew into the pale of the church, of which her conscience told her she was already a member, or to exchange for another the name originally given her at the font. It was in vain that the old knight commanded, that the lady threatened, and that her mother advised and entreated. More closely pressed in private by her mother, she let her motive be known, which had not before been suspected. "I know," she said, with a flood of tears, "that my father would have died ere I was subjected to this insult ; and then—who shall assure me that vows which were made to the Saxon Bertha will be binding if a French Agatha be substituted in her stead ? They may banish me," she said, "or kill me if they will, but if the son of Waltheoff should again meet with the daughter of Engelfred, he shall meet that Bertha whom he knew in the forests of Hampton."

All argument was in vain ; the Saxon maiden remained obstinate, and to try to break her resolution, the Lady of Aspramonte at length spoke of dismissing her from the service of her young mistress, and banishing her from the castle. To this also she had made up her mind, and she answered firmly, though respectfully, that she would sorrow bitterly at parting with her young lady ; but as to the rest, she would rather beg under her own name than be recreant to the faith of her fathers, and condemn it as heresy, by assuming one of Frank origin. The Lady Brenhilda, in the

meantime, entered the chamber where her mother was just about to pass the threatened doom of banishment. "Do not stop for my entrance, madam," said the dauntless young lady; "I am as much concerned in the doom which you are about to pass as is Bertha; if she crosses the drawbridge of Aspramonte as an exile, so will I, when she has dried her tears, of which even my petulance could never wring one from her eyes. She shall be my squire and body attendant, and Launcelot, the bard, shall follow with my spear and shield."

"And you will return, mistress," said her mother, "from so foolish an expedition before the sun sets?"

"So Heaven further me in my purpose, lady," answered the young heiress, "the sun shall neither rise nor set that sees us return till this name of Bertha, and of her mistress, Brenhilda, are wafted as far as the trumpet of fame can sound them. Cheer up, my sweetest Bertha!" she said, taking her attendant by the hand, "if Heaven hath torn thee from thy country and thy plighted troth, it hath given thee a sister and a friend, with whom thy fame shall be forever blended."

The Lady of Aspramonte was confounded. She knew that her daughter was perfectly capable of the wild course which she had announced, and that she herself, even with her husband's assistance, would be unable to prevent her following it. She passively listened, therefore, while the Saxon matron, formerly Urica, but now Martha, addressed her daughter. "My child," she said, "as you value honor, virtue, safety, and gratitude, soften your heart towards your master and mistress, and follow the advice of a parent, who has more years and more judgment than you. And you, my dearest young lady, let not your lady-mother think that an attachment to the exercises you excel in has destroyed in your bosom filial affection and a regard to the delicacy of your sex. As they seem both obstinate, madam," continued the matron, after watching the influence of this advice upon the young women, "perhaps, if it may be permitted me, I could state an alternative which might, in the meanwhile, satisfy your ladyship's wishes, accommodate itself to the wilfulness of my obstinate daughter, and answer the kind purpose of her generous mistress."

The Lady of Aspramonte signed to the Saxon matron to proceed. She went on accordingly: "The Saxons, dearest lady, of the present day, are neither pagans nor heretics: they are, in the time of keeping Easter, as well as in all

other disputable doctrine, humbly obedient to the Pope of Rome ; and this our good bishop well knows, since he upbraided some of the domestics for calling me an old heathen. Yet our names are uncouth in the ears of the Franks, and bear, perhaps, a heathenish sound. If it be not exacted that my daughter submit to a new rite of baptism, she will lay aside her Saxon name of Bertha upon all occasions while in your honorable household. This will cut short a debate which, with forgiveness, I think is scarce of importance enough to break the peace of this castle. I will engage that, in gratitude for this indulgence of a trifling scruple, my daughter, if possible, shall double the zeal and assiduity of her service to her young lady."

The Lady of Aspramonte was glad to embrace the means which this offer presented of extricating herself from the dispute with as little compromise of dignity as could well be. "If the good Lord Bishop approved of such a compromise," she said, "she would for herself withdraw her opposition." The prelate approved accordingly, the more readily that he was informed that the young heiress desired earnestly such an agreement. The peace of the castle was restored, and Bertha recognized her new name of Agatha as a name of service, but not a name of baptism.

One effect the dispute certainly produced, and that was, increasing in an enthusiastic degree the love of Bertha for her young mistress. With that amiable failing of attached domestics and humble friends, she endeavored to serve her as she knew she loved to be served ; and therefore indulged her mistress in those chivalrous fancies which distinguished her even in her own age, and in ours would have rendered her a female Quixote. Bertha, indeed, never caught the frenzy of her mistress ; but, strong, willing, and able-bodied, she readily qualified herself to act upon occasion as a squire of the body to a lady adventuress ; and, accustomed from her childhood to see blows dealt, blood flowing, and men dying, she could look with an undazzled eye upon the dangers which her mistress encountered, and seldom teased her with remonstrances, unless when those were unusually great. This compliance on most occasions gave Bertha a right of advice upon some, which, always given with the best intentions and at fitting times, strengthened her influence with her mistress, which a course of conduct savoring of diametrical opposition would certainly have destroyed.

A few more words serve to announce the death of the knight of Aspramonte, the romantic marriage of the young

lady with the Count of Paris, their engagement in the crusade, and the detail of events with which the reader is acquainted.

Hereward did not exactly comprehend some of the later incidents of the story, owing to a slight strife which arose between Bertha and him during the course of her narrative. When she avowed the girlish simplicity with which she obstinately refused to change her name, because, in her apprehension, the troth-plight betwixt her and her lover might be thereby prejudiced, it was impossible for Hereward not to acknowledge her tenderness by snatching her to his bosom and impressing his grateful thanks upon her lips. She extricated herself immediately from his grasp, however, with cheeks more crimsoned in modesty than in anger, and gravely addressed her lover thus: "Enough—enough, Hereward, this may be pardoned to so unexpected a meeting, but we must in future remember that we are probably the last of our race; and let it not be said that the manners of their ancestors were forgotten by Hereward and by Bertha. Think that, though we are alone, the shades of our fathers are not far off, and watch to see what use we make of the meeting which, perhaps, their intercession has procured us."

"You wrong me, Bertha," said Hereward, "if you think me capable of forgetting my own duty and yours at a moment when our thanks are due to Heaven, to be testified very differently than by infringing on its behests or the commands of our parents. The question is now, How we shall rejoin each other when we separate, since separate, I fear, we must?"

"O! do not say so," exclaimed the unfortunate Bertha.

"It must be so," said Hereward, "for a time; but I swear to thee, by the hilt of my sword and the handle of my battle-ax, that blade was never so true to shaft as I will be to thee."

"But wherefore, then, leave me, Hereward?" said the maiden; "and, oh! wherefore not assist me in the release of my mistress?"

"Of thy mistress!" said Hereward. "Shame! that thou canst give that name to mortal woman!"

"But she *is* my mistress," answered Bertha, "and by a thousand kind ties, which cannot be separated so long as gratitude is the reward of kindness."

"And what is her danger," said Hereward—"what is it she wants, this accomplished lady whom thou callest mistress?"

“ Her honor, her life, are alike in danger,” said Bertha. “ She has agreed to meet the Cæsar in the field, and he will not hesitate, like a base-born miscreant, to take every advantage in the encounter, which, I grieve to say, may in all likelihood be fatal to my mistress.”

“ Why dost thou think so ? ” answered Hereward. “ This lady has won many single combats, unless she is belied, against adversaries more formidable than the Cæsar.”

“ True,” said the Saxon maiden, “ but you speak of things that passed in a far different land, where faith and honor are not empty sounds, as, alas ! they seem but too surely to be here. Trust me, it is no girlish terror which sends me out in this disguise of my country dress, which, they say, finds respect at Constantinople : I go to let the chiefs of the crusade know the peril in which the noble lady stands, and trust to their humanity, to their religion, to their love of honor, and fear of disgrace, for assistance in this hour of need ; and now that I have had the blessing of meeting with thee, all besides will go well—all will go well—and I will back to my mistress and report whom I have seen.”

“ Tarry yet another moment, my recovered treasure,” said Hereward, “ and let me balance this matter carefully. This Frankish lady holds the Saxons like the very dust that thou brushest from the hem of her garment. She treats, she regards, the Saxons as pagans and heretics. She has dared to impose slavish tasks upon thee, born in freedom. Her father’s sword has been imbrued to the hilt with Anglo-Saxon blood ; perhaps that of Waltheoff and Engelred has added depth to the stain. She has been, besides, a presumptuous fool, usurping for herself the trophies and warlike character which belong to the other sex. Lastly, it will be hard to find a champion to fight in her stead, since all the crusaders have passed over to Asia, which is the land, they say, in which they have come to war ; and by orders of the Emperor no means of return to the hither shore will be permitted to any of them.”

“ Alas—alas ! ” said Bertha, “ how does this world change us ! The son of Waltheoff I once knew brave, ready to assist distress, bold and generous. Such was what I pictured him to myself during his absence. I have met him again, and he is calculating, cold, and selfish.”

“ Hush, damsel,” said the Varangian, “ and know him of whom thou speakest ere thou judgest him. The Countess of Paris is such as I have said ; yet let her appear boldly in the lists, and when the trumpet shall sound thrice another

shall reply, which shall announce the arrival of her own noble lord to do battle in her stead ; or, should he fail to appear, I will requite her kindness to thee, Bertha, and be ready in his place."

"Wilt thou?—wilt thou indeed?" said the damsel. "That was spoken like the son of Waltheoff—like the genuine stock. I will home and comfort my mistress ; for surely if the judgment of God ever directed the issue of a judicial combat, its influence will descend upon this. But you hint that the Count is here—that he is at liberty ; she will inquire about that."

"She must be satisfied," replied Hereward, "to know that her husband is under the guidance of a friend who will endeavor to protect him from his own extravagancies and follies ; or, at all events, of one who, if he cannot properly be called a friend, has certainly not acted, and will not act, towards him the part of an enemy. And now, farewell, long lost—long loved——!" Before he could say more, the Saxon maiden, after two or three vain attempts to express her gratitude, threw herself into her lover's arms, and, despite the coyness which she had recently shown, impressed upon his lips the thanks which she could not speak.

They parted, Bertha returning to her mistress at the lodge, which she had left both with trouble and danger, and Hereward by the portal kept by the negro-portress, who, complimenting the handsome Varangian on his success among the fair, intimated that she had been in some sort a witness of his meeting with the Saxon damsel. A piece of gold, part of a late largesse, amply served to bribe her tongue ; and the soldier, clear of the gardens of the philosopher, sped back as he might to the barrack, judging that it was full time to carry some supply to Count Robert, who had been left without food the whole day.

It is a common popular saying that, as the sensation of hunger is not connected with any pleasing or gentle emotion, so it is particularly remarkable for irritating those of anger and spleen. It is not, therefore, very surprising that Count Robert, who had been so unusually long without sustenance, should receive Hereward with a degree of impatience beyond what the occasion merited, and injurious certainly to the honest Varangian, who had repeatedly exposed his life that day for the interest of the Countess and the Count himself.

"Soh, sir !" he said, in that accent of affected restraint by which a superior modifies his displeasure against his inferior into a cold and scornful expression, "you have played a liberal

host to us ! Not that it is of consequence ; but methinks a count of the most Christian kingdom dines not every day with a mercenary soldier, and might expect, if not the ostentatious, at least the needful, part of hospitality."

"And methinks," replied the Varangian, "O most Christian Count, that such of your high rank as, by choice or fate, become the guests of such as I may think themselves pleased, and blame not their host's niggardliness, but the difficulty of his circumstances, if dinner should not present itself oftener than once in four-and-twenty hours." So saying, he clapped his hands together, and his domestic Edric entered. His guest looked astonished at the entrance of this third party into their retirement. "I will answer for this man," said Hereward, and addressed him in the following words: "What food hast thou, Edric, to place before the honorable Count?"

"Nothing but the cold pasty," replied the attendant, "marvelously damaged by your honor's encounter at breakfast."

The military domestic, as intimated, brought forward a large pasty, but which had already that morning sustained a furious attack, insomuch that Count Robert of Paris, who, like all noble Normans, was somewhat nice and delicate in his eating, was in some doubt whether his scrupulousness should not prevail over his hunger ; but, on looking more closely, sight, smell, and a fast of twenty hours joined to convince him that the pasty was an excellent one, and that the charger on which it was presented possessed corners yet untouched. At length, having suppressed his scruples and made bold inroad upon the remains of the dish, he paused to partake of a flask of strong red wine which stood invitingly beside him, and a lusty draught increased the good-humor which had begun to take place towards Hereward, in exchange for the displeasure with which he had received him.

"Now, by Heaven !" he said, "I myself ought to be ashamed to lack the courtesy which I recommend to others. Here have I, with the manners of a Flemish boor, been devouring the provisions of my gallant host, without even asking him to sit down at his own table and to partake of his own good cheer !"

"I will not strain courtesies with you for that," said Hereward ; and, thrusting his hand into the pasty, he proceeded with great speed and dexterity to devour the miscellaneous contents, a handful of which was inclosed in his grasp. The Count now withdrew from the table, partly in disgust at the

rustic proceedings of Hereward, who, however, by now calling Edric to join him in his attack upon the pasty, showed that he had, in fact, according to his manners, subjected himself previously to some observance of respect towards his guest, while the assistance of his attendant enabled him to make a clear *caccabulum* of what was left. Count Robert at length summoned up courage sufficient to put a question which had been trembling upon his lips ever since Hereward had returned.

“Have thine inquiries, my gallant friend, learned more concerning my unfortunate wife, my faithful Brenhilda?”

“Tidings I have,” said the Anglo-Saxon, “but whether pleasing or not, yourself must be the judge. This much I have learned : she hath, as you know, come under an engagement to meet the Cæsar in arms in the lists, but under conditions which you may perhaps think strange ; these, however, she hath entertained without scruple.”

“Let me know these terms,” said the Count of Paris ; “they will, I think, appear less strange in my eyes than in thine.” But while he affected to speak with the utmost coolness, the husband’s sparkling eye and crimsoned cheek betrayed the alteration which had taken place in his feelings.

“The lady and the Cæsar,” said Hereward, “as you partly heard yourself, are to meet in fight ; if the Countess wins, of course she remains the wife of the noble Count of Paris ; if she loses, she becomes the paramour of the Cæsar Nicephorus Briennius.”

“Saints and angels forbid !” said Count Robert ; “were they to permit such treason to triumph, we might be pardoned for doubting their divinity.”

“Yet methinks,” said the Anglo-Saxon, “it were no disgraceful precaution that both you and I, with other friends, if we can obtain such, should be seen under shield in the lists on the morning of the conflict. To triumph or to be defeated is in the hand of fate ; but what we cannot fail to witness is, whether or not the lady receives that fair-play which is the due of an honorable combatant, and which, as you have yourself seen, can be sometimes basely transgressed in this Grecian empire.”

“On that condition,” said the Count, “and protesting that not even the extreme danger of my lady shall make me break through the rule of a fair fight, I will surely attend the lists, if thou, brave Saxon, canst find me any means of doing so. Yet stay,” he continued, after reflecting for a moment, “thou shalt promise not to let her know that her

count is on the field, far less to point him out to her eye among the press of warriors. O, thou dost not know that the sight of the beloved will sometimes steal from us our courage, even when it has most to achieve !”

“We will endeavor,” said the Varangian, “to arrange matters according to thy pleasure, so that thou findest out no more fantastical difficulties ; for, by my word, an affair so complicated in itself requires not to be confused by the fine-spun whims of thy national gallantry. Meantime, much must be done this night ; and while I go about it, thou, sir knight, hadst best remain here, with such disguise of garments and such food as Edric may be able to procure for thee. Fear nothing from intrusion on the part of thy neighbors. We Varangians respect each other’s secrets, of whatever nature they may chance to be.”

CHAPTER XXI

But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are,
They shall not live within this world, I swear.

Richard II.

As Hereward spoke the last words narrated in the foregoing chapter, he left the Count in his apartment, and proceeded to the Blacquernal Palace. We traced his first entrance into the court, but since then he had frequently been summoned, not only by order of the Princess Anna Comnena, who delighted in asking him questions concerning the customs of his native country, and marking down the replies in her own inflated language, but also by the direct command of the Emperor himself, who had the humor of many princes, that of desiring to obtain direct information from persons in a very inferior station in their court. The ring which the Princess had given to the Varangian served as a pass-token more than once, and was now so generally known by the slaves of the palace, that Hereward had only to slip it into the hand of a principal person among them, and was introduced into a small chamber, not distant from the saloon already mentioned, dedicated to the Muses. In this small apartment, the Emperor, his spouse Irene, and their accomplished daughter Anna Comnena were seated together, clad in very ordinary apparel, as indeed the furniture of the room itself was of the kind used by respectable citizens, saving that mattresses, composed of eider-down, hung before each door to prevent the risk of eavesdropping.

“Our trusty Varangian,” said the Empress.

“My guide and tutor respecting the manners of those steelclad men,” said the Princess Anna Comnena, “of whom it is so necessary that I should form an accurate idea.”

“Your Imperial Majesty,” said the Empress, “will not, I trust, think your consort and your muse-inspired daughter are too many to share with you the intelligence brought by this brave and loyal man?”

"Dearest wife and daughter," returned the Emperor, "I have hitherto spared you the burden of a painful secret, which I have locked in my own bosom, at whatever expense of solitary sorrow and unimparted anxiety. Noble daughter, you in particular will feel this calamity, learning, as you must learn, to think odiously of one of whom it has hitherto been your duty to hold a very different opinion."

"Holy Mary!" exclaimed the Princess.

"Rally yourself," said the Emperor; "remember you are a child of the purple chamber, born not to weep for your father's wrongs, but to avenge them; not to regard even him who has lain by your side as half so important as the sacred imperial grandeur, of which you are yourself a partaker."

"What can such words preface?" said Anna Comnena, in great agitation.

"They say," answered the Emperor, "that the Cæsar is an ungrateful man to all my bounties, and even to that which annexed him to my own house, and made him by adoption my own son. He hath consorted himself with a knot of traitors, whose very names are enough to raise the foul fiend, as if to snatch his assured prey."

"Could Nicephorus do this?" said the astonished and forlorn Princess—"Nicephorus, who has so often called my eyes the lights by which he steered his path? Could he do this to my father, to whose exploits he has listened hour after hour, protesting that he knew not whether it was the beauty of the language or the heroism of the action which most enchanted him? Thinking with the same thought, seeing with the same eye, loving with the same heart—O, my father! it is impossible that he could be so false. Think of the neighboring temple of the Muses."

"And if I did," murmured Alexius in his heart, "I should think of the only apology which could be proposed for the traitor. A little is well enough, but the full soul loatheth the honeycomb." Then speaking aloud, "My daughter," he said, "be comforted. We ourselves were unwilling to believe the shameful truth; but our guards have been debauched; their commander, that ungrateful Achilles Tatius, with the equal traitor, Agelastes, has been seduced to favor our imprisonment or murder; and, alas for Greece! in the very moment when she required the fostering care of a parent, she was to be deprived of him by a sudden and merciless blow."

Here the Emperor wept, whether for the loss to be

sustained by his subjects or of his own life it is hard to say.

"Methinks," said Irene, "your Imperial Highness is slow in taking measures against the danger."

"Under your gracious permission, mother," answered the Princess, "I would rather say he was hasty in giving belief to it. Methinks the evidence of a Varangian, granting him to be ever so stout a man-at-arms, is but a frail guaranty against the honor of your son-in-law, the approved bravery and fidelity of the captain of your guards, the deep sense, virtue, and profound wisdom of the greatest of your philosophers——"

"And the conceit of an over-educated daughter," said the Emperor, "who will not allow her parent to judge in what most concerns him. I will tell thee, Anna, I know every one of them, and the trust which may be reposed in them: the honor of your Nicephorus, the bravery and fidelity of the Acolyte, and the virtue and wisdom of Agelastes—have I not had them all in my purse? And had my purse continued well filled, and my arm strong as it was of late, there they would have still remained. But the butterflies went off as the weather became cold, and I must meet the tempest without their assistance. You talk of want of proof? I have proof sufficient when I see danger: this honest soldier brought me indications which corresponded with my own private remarks, made on purpose. Varangian he shall be of Varangians; Acolyte he shall be named, in place of the present traitor; and who knows what may come thereafter?"

"May it please your Highness," said the Varangian, who had been hitherto silent, "many men in this empire rise to dignity by the fall of their original patrons, but it is a road to greatness to which I cannot reconcile my conscience; moreover, having recovered a friend from whom I was long ago separated, I shall require, in short space, your imperial license for going hence, where I shall leave thousands of enemies behind me, and, spending my life, like many of my countrymen, under the banner of King William of Scotland——"

"Part with *thee*, most inimitable man!" cried the Emperor, with emphasis; "where shall I get a soldier—a champion—a friend, so faithful?"

"Noble sir," replied the Anglo-Saxon, "I am every way sensible to your goodness and munificence; but let me entreat you to call me by my own name, and to promise me nothing but your forgiveness for my having been the agent

of such confusion among your imperial servants. Not only is the threatened fate of Achilles Tatius, my benefactor; of the Cæsar, whom I think my well-wisher; and even of Agelastes himself, painful, so far as it is of my bringing round; but also I have known it somehow happen that those on whom your Imperial Majesty has lavished the most valuable expressions of your favor one day were the next day food to fatten the chough and crow. And this, I acknowledge, is a purpose for which I would not willingly have it said I have brought my English limbs to these Grecian shores."

"Call thee by thine own name, my Edward," said the Emperor (while he muttered aside, "By Heaven, I have again forgot the name of the barbarian!")—"by thine own name certainly for the present, but only until we shall devise one more fitted for the trust we repose in thee. Meantime, look at this scroll, which contains, I think, all the particulars which we have been able to learn of this plot, and give it to these unbelieving women, who will not credit that an emperor is in danger till the blades of the conspirators' poniards are clashing within his ribs."

Hereward did as he was commanded, and having looked at the scroll, and signified, by bending his head, his acquiescence in its contents, he presented it to Irene, who had not read long ere, with a countenance so embittered that she had difficulty in pointing out the cause of her displeasure to her daughter, she bade her, with animation, "Read that—read that, and judge of the gratitude and affection of thy Cæsar."

The princess Anna Comnena awoke from a state of profound and overpowering melancholy, and looked at the passage pointed out to her, at first with an air of languid curiosity, which presently deepened into the most intense interest. She clutched the scroll as a falcon does his prey, her eye lightened with indignation; and it was with the cry of the bird when in fury that she exclaimed, "Bloody-minded, double-hearted traitor! what wouldst thou have? Yes, father," she said, rising in fury, "it is no longer the voice of a deceived princess that shall intercede to avert from the traitor Nicephorus the doom he has deserved. Did he think that one born in the purple chamber could be divorced—murdered perhaps—with the petty formula of the Romans, 'Restore the keys, be no longer my domestic drudge'?*" Was a daughter of the blood of

* The laconic form of the Roman divorce.

Comnenus liable to such insults as the meanest of Quirites might bestow on a family housekeeper?"

So saying, she dashed the tears from her eyes, and her countenance, naturally that of beauty and gentleness, became animated with the expression of a fury. Hereward looked at her with a mixture of fear, dislike, and compassion. She again burst forth, for nature, having given her considerable abilities, had lent her at the same time an energy of passion far superior in power to the cold ambition of Irene, or the wily, ambidexter, shuffling policy of the Emperor.

"He shall abye it," said the Princess—"he shall dearly abye it! False, smiling, cozening traitor! and for that unfeminine barbarian! Something of this I guessed even at that old fool's banqueting-house; and yet if this unworthy Cæsar submits his body to the chance of arms, he is less prudent than I have some reason to believe. Think you he will have the madness to brand us with such open neglect, my father? and will you not invent some mode of ensuring our revenge?"

"Soh!" thought the Emperor, "this difficulty is over: she will run downhill to her revenge, and will need the snaffle and curb more than the lash. If every jealous dame in Constantinople were to pursue her fury as unrelentingly, our laws should be written, like Draco's, not in ink, but in blood. Attend to me now," he said aloud, "my wife, my daughter, and thou, dear Edward, and you shall learn, and you three only, my mode of navigating the vessel of the state through these shoals."

"Let us see distinctly," continued Alexius, "the means by which they propose to act, and these shall instruct us how to meet them. A certain number of the Varangians are unhappily seduced, under pretense of wrongs, artfully stirred up by their villainous general. A part of them are studiously to be arranged nigh our person. The traitor Ursel, some of them suppose, is dead; but if it were so, his name is sufficient to draw together his old factionaries. I have a means of satisfying them on that point, on which I shall remain silent for the present. A considerable body of the Immortal Guards have also given way to seduction; they are to be placed to support the handful of treacherous Varangians, who are in the plot to attack our person. Now, a slight change in the stations of the soldiery, which thou, my faithful Edward—or—a—a—whatever thou art named—for which thou, I say, shalt have full authority, will derange the plans of the traitors, and place the true men in such

position around them as to cut them to pieces with little trouble."

"And the combat, my lord?" said the Saxon.

"Thou hadst been no true Varangian hadst thou not inquired after that," said the Emperor, nodding good-humoredly towards him. "As to the combat, the Cæsar has devised it, and it shall be my care that he shall not retreat from the dangerous part of it. He cannot in honor avoid fighting with this woman, strange as the combat is; and however it ends, the conspiracy will break forth, and as assuredly as it comes against persons prepared and in arms shall it be stifled in the blood of the conspirators."

"My revenge does not require this," said the Princess; "and your imperial honor is also interested that this countess shall be protected."

"It is little business of mine," said the Emperor. "She comes here with her husband altogether uninvited. He behaves with insolence in my presence, and deserves whatever may be the issue to himself or his lady of their mad adventure. In sooth, I desired little more than to give him a fright with those animals whom their ignorance judged enchanted, and to give his wife a slight alarm about the impetuosity of a Grecian lover, and there my vengeance should have ended. But it may be that his wife may be taken under my protection, now that little revenge is over."

"And a paltry revenge it was," said the Empress, "that you, a man past middle life, and with a wife who might command some attention, should constitute yourself the object of alarm to such a handsome man as Count Robert, and the amazon his wife."

"By your favor, dame Irene, no," said the Emperor. "I left that part of the proposed comedy to my son-in-law the Cæsar."

But when the poor Emperor had in some measure stopped one floodgate, he effectually opened another, and one which was more formidable. "The more shame to your imperial wisdom, my father!" exclaimed the Princess Anna Comnena, "it is a shame that, with wisdom and a beard like yours, you should be meddling in such indecent follies as admit disturbance into private families, and that family your own daughter's. Who can say that the Cæsar Nicephorus Briennius ever looked astray towards another woman than his wife till the Emperor taught him to do so, and involved him in a web of intrigue and treachery, in which he has endangered the life of his father-in-law?"

“ Daughter—daughter—daughter !” said the Empress ; “ daughter of a she-wolf, I think, to goad her parent at such an unhappy time, when all the leisure he has is too little to defend his life !”

“ Peace, I pray you, women both, with your senseless clamors,” answered Alexius, “ and let me at least swim for my life undisturbed with your folly. God knows if I am a man to encourage, I will not say the reality of wrong, but even its mere appearance.”

These words he uttered, crossing himself, with a devout groan. His wife Irene, in the mean time, stepped before him, and said, with a bitterness in her looks and accent which only long-concealed nuptial hatred breaking forth at once could convey—“ Alexius, terminate this affair how it will, you have lived a hypocrite, and thou wilt not fail to die one.” So saying, with an air of noble indignation, and carrying her daughter along with her, she swept out of the apartment.

The Emperor looked after her with some confusion. He soon, however, recovered his self-possession, and turning to Hereward, with a look of injured majesty, said, “ Ah ! my dear Edward ”—for the word had become rooted in his mind instead of the less euphonic name of Hereward—“ thou seest how it is even with the greatest, and that the Emperor, in moments of difficulty, is a subject of misconstruction, as well as the meanest burgess of Constantinople ; nevertheless, my trust is so great in thee, Edward, that I would have thee believe that my daughter, Anna Comnena, is not of the temper of her mother, but rather of my own ; honoring, thou mayst see, with religious fidelity, the unworthy ties which I hope soon to break, and assort her with other fetters of Cupid which shall be borne more lightly. Edward, my main trust is in thee. Accident presents us with an opportunity, happy of the happiest so it be rightly improved, of having all the traitors before us assembled on one fair field. Think, *then*, on that day, as the Franks say at their tournaments, that fair eyes behold thee. Thou canst not devise a gift within my power but I will gladly load thee with it.”

“ It needs not,” said the Varangian, somewhat coldly : “ my highest ambition is to merit the epitaph upon my tomb, ‘ Hereward was faithful.’ I am about, however, to demand a proof of your imperial confidence, which, perhaps, you may think a startling one.”

“ Indeed !” said the Emperor. “ What, in one word, is thy demand ?”

“ Permission,” replied Hereward, “ to go to the Duke of

Bouillon's encampment, and entreat his presence in the lists, to witness this extraordinary combat."

"That he may return with his crusading madmen," said the Emperor, "and sack Constantinople, under pretense of doing justice to his confederates? This, Varangian, is at least speaking thy mind openly."

"No, by Heaven!" said Hereward, suddenly; "the Duke of Bouillon shall come with no more knights than may be a reasonable guard, should treachery be offered to the Countess of Paris."

"Well, even in this," said the Emperor, "will I be conformable; and if thou, Edward, betrayest my trust, think that thou forfeitest all that my friendship has promised, and dost incur, besides, the damnation that is due to the traitor who betrays with a kiss."

"For thy reward, noble sir," answered the Varangian, "I hereby renounce all claim to it. When the diadem is once more firmly fixed upon thy brow, and the scepter in thy hand, if I am then alive, if my poor services should deserve so much, I will petition thee for the means of leaving this court, and returning to the distant island in which I was born. Meanwhile, think me not unfaithful, because I have for a time the means of being so with effect. Your Imperial Highness shall learn that Hereward is as true as is your right hand to your left." So saying, he took his leave with a profound obeisance.

The Emperor gazed after him with a countenance in which doubt was mingled with admiration.

"I have trusted him," he said, "with all he asked, and with the power of ruining me entirely, if such be his purpose. He has but to breathe a whisper, and the whole mad crew of crusaders, kept in humor at the expense of so much current falsehood and so much more gold, will return with fire and sword to burn down Constantinople, and sow with salt the place where it stood. I have done what I had resolved never to do: I have ventured kingdom and life on the faith of a man born of woman. How often have I said, nay, sworn, that I would not hazard myself on such peril, and yet, step by step, I have done so! I cannot tell—there is in that man's looks and words a good faith which overwhelms me; and, what is almost incredible, my belief in him has increased in proportion to his showing me how slight my power was over him. I threw, like the wily angler, every bait I could devise, and some of them such as a king would scarcely have disdained. To none of these would he rise; but yet he

gorges, I may say, the bare hook, and enters upon my service without a shadow of self-interest. Can this be double-distilled treachery? or can it be what men call disinterestedness? If I thought him false, the moment is not yet past: he has not yet crossed the bridge—he has not passed the guards of the palace, who have no hesitation and know no disobedience. But no; I were then alone in the land, and without a friend or confidant. I hear the sound of the outer gate unclosed: the sense of danger certainly renders my ears more acute than usual. It shuts again; the die is cast. He is at liberty; and Alexius Comnenus must stand or fall, according to the uncertain faith of a mercenary Varangian." He clapped his hands; a slave appeared, of whom he demanded wine. He drank, and his heart was cheered within him. "I am decided," he said, "and will abide with resolution the cast of the throw, for good or for evil."

So saying, he retired to his apartment, and was not again seen during that night.

CHAPTER XXII

And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet peal'd.
CAMPBELL.

THE Varangian, his head agitated with the weighty matters which were imposed on him, stopped from time to time as he journeyed through the moonlight streets, to arrest passing ideas as they shot through his mind, and consider them with accuracy in all their bearings. His thoughts were such as animated or alarmed him alternately, each followed by a confused throng of accompaniments which it suggested, and banished again in its turn by reflections of another description. It was one of those conjunctures when the minds of ordinary men feel themselves unable to support a burden which is suddenly flung upon them, and when, on the contrary those of uncommon fortitude, and that best of Heaven's gifts, good sense, founded on presence of mind, feel their talents awakened and regulated for the occasion, like a good steed under the management of a rider of courage and experience.

As he stood in one of those fits of reverie which repeatedly during that night arrested his stern military march, Hereward thought that his ear caught the note of a distant trumpet. This surprised him : a trumpet blown at that late hour, and in the streets of Constantinople, argued something extraordinary ; for, as all the military movements were the subject of special ordinance, the etiquette of the night could hardly have been transgressed without some great cause. The question was, what that cause could be ?

Had the insurrection broken out unexpectedly, and in a different manner from what the conspirators proposed to themselves ? If so, his meeting with his plighted bride, after so many years' absence, was but a delusive preface to their separating forever. Or had the crusaders, a race of men upon whose motions it was difficult to calculate, suddenly taken arms and returned from the opposite shore to surprise the city ? This might very possibly be the case ; so numerous had been the different causes of complaint afforded

to the crusaders, that, when they were now for the first time assembled into one body, and had heard the stories which they could reciprocally tell concerning the perfidy of the Greeks, nothing was so likely, so natural, even perhaps so justifiable, as that they should study revenge.

But the sound rather resembled a point of war regularly blown than the tumultuous blare of bugle-horns and trumpets, the accompaniments at once and the annunciation of a taken town, in which the horrid circumstances of storm had not yet given place to such stern peace as the victors' weariness of slaughter and rapine allows at length to the wretched inhabitants. Whatever it was, it was necessary that Hereward should learn its purport, and therefore he made his way into a broad street near the barracks, from which the sound seemed to come, to which point, indeed, his way was directed for other reasons.

The inhabitants of that quarter of the town did not appear violently startled by this military signal. The moonlight slept on the street, crossed by the gigantic shadowy towers of Sancta Sophia. No human being appeared in the streets, and such as for an instant looked from their doors or from their lattices seemed to have their curiosity quickly satisfied, for they withdrew their heads, and secured the opening through which they had peeped.

Hereward could not help remembering the traditions which were recounted by the fathers of his tribe, in the deep woods of Hampshire, and which spoke of invisible huntsmen, who were heard to follow with viewless horses and hounds the unseen chase through the depths of the forests of Germany. Such it seemed were the sounds with which these haunted woods were wont to ring while the wild chase was up, and with such apparent terror did the hearers listen to their clamor.

"Fie!" he said, as he suppressed within him a tendency to the same superstitious fear; "do such childish fancies belong to a man trusted with so much, and from whom so much is expected?" He paced down the street, therefore, with his battle-ax over his shoulder, and the first person whom he saw venturing to look out of his door he questioned concerning the cause of this military music at such an unaccustomed hour.

"I cannot tell, so please you, my lord," said the citizen, unwilling, it appeared, to remain in the open air or to enter into conversation, and greatly disposed to decline further questioning. This was the political citizen of Constanti-

noble whom we met with at the beginning of this history, and who, hastily stepping into his habitation, eschewed all further conversation.

The wrestler Stephanos showed himself at the next door; which was garlanded with oak and ivy leaves, in honor of some recent victory. He stood unshrinking, partly encouraged by the consciousness of personal strength, and partly by a rugged surliness of temper, which is often mistaken among persons of this kind for real courage. His admirer and flatterer, Lysimachus, kept himself ensconced behind his ample shoulders.

As Hereward passed, he put the same question as he did to the former citizen—"Know you the meaning of these trumpets sounding so late?"

"You should know best yourself," answered Stephanos, doggedly; "for, to judge by your ax and helmet, they are your trumpets, and not ours, which disturb honest men in their first sleep."

"Varlet!" answered the Varangian, with an emphasis which made the prizer start; "but—when that trumpet sounds, it is no time for a soldier to punish insolence as it deserves."

The Greek started back and bolted into his house, nearly overthrowing in the speed of his retreat the artist Lysimachus, who was listening to what passed.

Hereward passed on to the barracks, where the military music had seemed to halt; but on the Varangian crossing the threshold of the ample courtyard, it broke forth again with a tremendous burst, whose clangor almost stunned him, though well accustomed to the sounds. "What is the meaning of this, Engelbrecht?" he said to the Varangian sentinel, who paced ax in hand before the entrance.

"The proclamation of a challenge and combat," answered Engelbrecht. "Strange things toward, comrade: the frantic crusaders have bit the Grecians, and infected them with their humor of tilting, as they say dogs do each other with madness."

Hereward made no reply to the sentinel's speech, but pressed forward into a knot of his fellow-soldiers who were assembled in the court, half-armed, or, more properly, in total disarray, as just arisen from their beds; and huddled around the trumpets of their corps, which were drawn out in full pomp. He of the gigantic instrument, whose duty it was to intimate the express commands of the emperor, was not wanting in his place, and the musicians were sup-

ported by a band of the Varangians in arms, headed by Achilles Tatius himself. Hereward could also notice on approaching nearer, as his comrades made way for him, that six of the imperial heralds were on duty on this occasion; four of these (two acting at the same time) had already made proclamation, which was to be repeated for the third time by the two last, as was the usual fashion in Constantinople, with imperial mandates of great consequence. Achilles Tatius, the moment he saw his confidant, made him a sign, which Hereward understood as conveying a desire to speak with him after the proclamation was over.

The herald, after the flourish of trumpets was finished, commenced in these words:

“By the authority of the resplendent and divine Prince Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of the most holy Roman Empire, his Imperial Majesty desires it to be made known to all and sundry the subjects of his empire, whatever their race or blood may be, or at whatever shrine of divinity they happen to bend— Know ye, therefore, that upon the second day after this is dated, our beloved son-in-law, the much-esteemed Cæsar, hath taken upon him to do battle with our sworn enemy, Robert Count of Paris, on account of his insolent conduct, by presuming publicly to occupy our royal seat, and no less by breaking, in our imperial presence, those curious specimens of art, ornamenting our throne, called by tradition the Lions of Solomon. And that there may not remain a man in Europe who shall dare to say that the Grecians are behind other parts of the world in any of the manly exercises which Christian nations use, the said noble enemies, renouncing all assistance from falsehood, from spells, or from magic, shall debate this quarrel in three courses with grinded spears, and three passages of arms with sharpened swords; the field to be at the judgment of the honorable Emperor, and to be decided at his most gracious and unerring pleasure. And so God show the right!”

Another formidable flourish of the trumpets concluded the ceremony. Achilles then dismissed the attendant troops, as well as the heralds and musicians, to their respective quarters; and having got Hereward close to his side, inquired of him whether he had learned anything of the prisoner, Robert Count of Paris.

“Nothing,” said the Varangian, “save the tidings your proclamation contains.”

“You think, then,” said Achilles, “that the Count has been a party to it?”

“He ought to have been so,” answered the Varangian. “I know no one but himself entitled to take burden for his appearance in the lists.”

“Why, look you,” said the Acolyte, “my most excellent, though blunt-witted, Hereward, this Cæsar of ours hath had the extravagance to venture his tender wit in comparison to that of Achilles Tatius. He stands upon his honor, too, this ineffable fool, and is displeased with the idea of being supposed either to challenge a woman or to receive a challenge at her hand. He has substituted, therefore, the name of the lord instead of the lady. If the Count fail to appear, the Cæsar walks forward challenger and successful combatant at a cheap rate, since no one has encountered him, and claims that the lady should be delivered up to him as captive of his dreaded bow and spear. This will be the signal for a general tumult, in which, if the Emperor be not slain on the spot, he will be conveyed to the dungeon of his own Blacquernal, there to endure the doom which his cruelty has inflicted upon so many others.”

“But——” said the Varangian.

“But—but—but,” said his officer—“but thou art a fool. Canst thou not see that this gallant Cæsar is willing to avoid the risk of encountering with this lady, while he earnestly desires to be supposed willing to meet her husband? It is our business to fix the combat in such a shape as to bring all who are prepared for insurrection together in arms to play their parts. Do thou only see that our trusty friends are placed near to the Emperor’s person, and in such a manner as to keep from him the officious and meddling portion of guards who may be disposed to assist him; and whether the Cæsar fights a combat with lord or lady, or whether there be any combat at all or not, the revolution shall be accomplished, and the Tatii shall replace the Comneni upon the imperial throne of Constantinople. Go, my trusty Hereward. Thou wilt not forget that the signal word of the insurrection is Ursel, who lives in the affections of the people, although his body, it is said, has long lain a corpse in the dungeons of the Blacquernal.”

“What was this Ursel,” said Hereward, “of whom I hear men talk so variously?”

“A competitor for the crown with Alexius Comnenus—good, brave, and honest; but overpowered by the cunning, rather than the skill or bravery, of his foe. He died, as I believe, in the Blacquernal; though when or how there are few that can say. But, up and be doing, my Hereward!

Speak encouragement to the Varangians. Interest whomsoever thou canst to join us. Of the Immortals, as they are called, and of the discontented citizens, enough are prepared to fill up the cry, and follow in the wake of those on whom we must rely as the beginners of the enterprise. No longer shall Alexius's cunning in avoiding popular assemblies avail to protect him: he cannot, with regard to his honor, avoid being present at a combat to be fought beneath his own eye; and Mercury be praised for the eloquence which inspired him, after some hesitation, to determine for the proclamation!"

"You have seen him, then, this evening?" said the Varangian.

"Seen him! Unquestionably," answered the Acolyte. "Had I ordered these trumpets to be sounded without his knowledge, the blast had blown the head from my shoulders."

"I had well-nigh met you at the palace," said Hereward, while his heart throbbed almost as high as if he had actually had such a dangerous encounter.

"I heard something of it," said Achilles—"that you came to take the parting orders of him who now acts the sovereign. Surely, had I seen you there, with that steadfast, open, seemingly honest countenance, cheating the wily Greek by very dint of bluntness, I had not forborne laughing at the contrast between that and the thoughts of thy heart."

"God alone," said Hereward, "knows the thoughts of our hearts; but I take Him to witness that I am faithful to my promise, and will discharge the task entrusted to me."

"Bravo! mine honest Anglo-Saxon," said Achilles. "I pray thee to call my slaves to unarm me; and when thou thyself doffest those weapons of an ordinary lifeguard's-man, tell them they never shall above twice more inclose the limbs of one for whom fate has much more fitting garments in store."

Hereward dared not entrust his voice with an answer to so critical a speech; he bowed profoundly, and retired to his own quarters in the building.

Upon entering the apartment, he was immediately saluted by the voice of Count Robert, in joyful accents, not suppressed by the fear of making himself heard, though prudence should have made that uppermost in his mind.

"Hast thou heard it, my dear Hereward," he said—"hast thou heard the proclamation, by which this Greek antelope

hath defied me to tilting with grinded spears, and fighting three passages of arms with sharpened swords? Yet there is something strange, too, that he should not think it safer to hold my lady to the encounter? He may think, perhaps, that the crusaders would not permit such a battle to be fought. But, by Our Lady of the Broken Lances! he little knows that the men of the West hold their ladies' character for courage as jealously as they do their own. This whole night have I been considering in what armor I shall clothe me, what shift I shall make for a steed, and whether I shall not honor him sufficiently by using Tranchefer, as my only weapon, against his whole armor, offensive and defensive."

"I shall take care, however," said Hereward, "that thou art better provided in case of need. Thou knowest not the Greeks."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE Varangian did not leave the Count of Paris until the latter had placed in his hands his signet-ring, *semé*, as the heralds express it, with lances splintered, and bearing the proud motto, "Mine yet unscathed." Provided with this symbol of confidence, it was now his business to take order for communicating the approaching solemnity to the leader of the crusading army, and demanding for him, in the name of Robert of Paris and the Lady Brenhilda, such a detachment of Western cavaliers as might ensure strict observance of honor and honesty in the arrangement of the lists and during the progress of the combat. The duties imposed on Hereward were such as to render it impossible for him to proceed personally to the camp of Godfrey; and though there were many of the Varangians in whose fidelity he could have trusted, he knew of none among those under his immediate command whose intelligence, on so novel an occasion, might be entirely depended on. In this perplexity he strolled, perhaps without well knowing why, to the gardens of Age-lastes, where fortune once more produced him an interview with Bertha.

No sooner had Hereward made her aware of his difficulty than the faithful bower-maiden's resolution was taken.

"I see," said she, "that the peril of this part of the adventure must rest with me; and wherefore should it not? My mistress, in the bosom of prosperity, offered herself to go forth into the wide world for my sake; I will for hers go to the camp of this Frankish lord. He is an honorable man and a pious Christian, and his followers are faithful pilgrims. A woman can have nothing to fear who goes to such men upon such an errand."

The Varangian, however, was too well acquainted with the manners of camps to permit the fair Bertha to go alone. He provided, therefore, for her safeguard a trusty old soldier, bound to his person by long kindness and confidence; and having thoroughly possessed her of the particulars of the message she was to deliver, and desired her to be in readiness without the inclosure at peep of dawn, returned once more to his barracks.

With the earliest light, Hereward was again at the spot where he had parted over night with Bertha, accompanied by the honest soldier to whose care he meant to confide her. In a short time, he had seen them safely on board of a ferry-boat lying in the harbor, the master of which readily admitted them, after some examination of their license, to pass to Scutari, which was forged in the name of the Acolyte, as authorized by that foul conspirator, and which agreed with the appearance of old Osmund and his young charge.

The morning was lovely, and ere long the town of Scutari opened on the view of the travelers, glittering, as now, with a variety of architecture, which, though it might be termed fantastical, could not be denied the praise of beauty. These buildings rose boldly out of a thick grove of cypresses and other huge trees, the larger, probably, as they were respected for filling the cemeteries and being the guardians of the dead.

At the period we mention, another circumstance, no less striking than beautiful, rendered doubly interesting a scene which must have been at all times greatly so. A large portion of that miscellaneous army which came to regain the holy places of Palestine, and the blessed Sepulcher itself, from the infidels had established themselves in a camp within a mile or thereabouts of Scutari. Although, therefore, the crusaders were destitute in a great measure of the use of tents, the army (excepting the pavilions of some leaders of high rank) had constructed for themselves temporary huts, not unpleasing to the eye, being decorated with leaves and flowers, while the tall pennons and banners that floated over them with various devices showed that the flower of Europe were assembled at that place. A loud and varied murmur, resembling that of a thronged hive, floated from the camp of the crusaders to the neighboring town of Scutari, and every now and then the deep tone was broken by some shriller sound, the note of some musical instrument, or the treble scream of some child or female, in fear or in gaiety.

The party at length landed in safety; and as they approached one of the gates of the camp, there sallied forth a brisk array of gallant cavaliers, pages, and squires, exercising their masters' horses or their own. From the noise they made, conversing at the very top of their voices, galloping, curvetting, and prancing their palfreys, it seemed as if their early discipline had called them to exercise ere the fumes of last night's revel were thoroughly dissipated

by repose. So soon as they saw Bertha and her party, they approached them with cries which marked their country was Italy—" *All' erta! all' erta! Roba de guadagno, cameradi!* " *

They gathered round the Anglo-Saxon maiden and her companions, repeating their cries in a manner which made Bertha tremble. Their general demand was, "What was her business in their camp?"

"I would to the general-in-chief, cavaliers," answered Bertha, "having a secret message to his ear."

"For whose ear?" said a leader of the party, a handsome youth of about eighteen years of age, who seemed either to have a sounder brain than his fellows, or to have overflowed it with less wine. "Which of our leaders do you come hither to see?" he demanded.

"Godfrey of Bouillon."

"Indeed!" said the page who had spoken first; "can nothing of less consequence serve thy turn? Take a look amongst us; young are we all, and reasonably wealthy. My lord of Bouillon is old, and if he has any sequins, he is not like to lavish them in this way."

"Still I have a token to Godfrey of Bouillon," answered Bertha, "an assured one; and he will little thank any who obstructs my free passage to him;" and therewithal showing a little case, in which the signet of the Count of Paris was inclosed, "I will trust it in your hands," she said, "if you promise not to open it, but to give me free access to the noble leader of the crusaders."

"I will," said the youth, "and if such be the Duke's pleasure, thou shalt be admitted to him."

"Ernest the Apulian, thy dainty Italian wit is caught in a trap," said one of his companions.

"Thou art an ultramontane fool, Polydore," returned Ernest; "there may be more in this than either thy wit or mine is able to fathom. This maiden and one of her attendants wear a dress belonging to the Varangian Imperial Guard. They have perhaps been entrusted with a message from the Emperor, and it is not irreconcilable with Alexius's politics to send it through such messengers as these. Let us, therefore, convey them in all honor to the general's tent."

"With all my heart," said Polydore. "A blue-eyed wench is a pretty thing, but I like not the sauce of the camp-marshal, nor his taste in attiring men who give way

* That is, "Take heed! take heed! There is booty, comrades!"

to temptation.* Yet, ere I prove a fool like my companion, I would ask who or what this pretty maiden is, who comes to put noble princes and holy pilgrims in mind that they have in their time had the follies of men?"

Bertha advanced and whispered in the ear of Ernest. Meantime joke followed jest, among Polydore and the rest of the gay youths, in riotous and ribald succession, which, however characteristic of the rude speakers, may as well be omitted here. Their effect was to shake in some degree the fortitude of the Saxon maiden, who had some difficulty in mustering courage to address them. "As you have mothers, gentlemen," she said, "as you have fair sisters, whom you would protect from dishonor with your best blood, as you love and honor those holy places which you have sworn to free from the infidel enemy, have compassion on me, that you may merit success in your undertaking!"

"Fear nothing, maiden," said Ernest, "I will be your protector; and you, my comrades, be ruled by me. I have, during your brawling, taken a view, though somewhat against my promise, of the pledge which she bears, and if she who presents it is affronted or maltreated, be assured Godfrey of Bouillon will severely avenge the wrong done her."

"Nay, comrade, if thou canst warrant us so much," said Polydore, "I will myself be most anxious to conduct the young woman in honor and safety to Sir Godfrey's tent."

"The princes," said Ernest, "must be nigh meeting there in council. What have I said I will warrant and uphold with hand and life. More I might guess, but I conclude this sensible young maiden can speak for herself."

"Now, Heaven bless thee, gallant squire," said Bertha, "and make thee alike brave and fortunate! Embarrass yourself no farther about me than to deliver me safe to your leader Godfrey."

"We spend time," said Ernest, springing from his horse. "You are no soft Eastern, fair maid, and I presume you will find yourself under no difficulty in managing a quiet horse?"

"Not the least," said Bertha, as, wrapping herself in her cassock, she sprung from the ground, and alighted upon the spirited palfrey as a linnet stoops upon a rosebush. "And now, sir, as my business really brooks no delay, I will be indebted to you to show me instantly to the tent of Duke Godfrey of Bouillon."

* See Crusaders' Punishment. Note 9.

By availing herself of this courtesy of the young Apulian, Bertha imprudently separated herself from the old Varangian ; but the intentions of the youth were honorable, and he conducted her through the tents and huts to the pavilion of the celebrated general-in-chief of the crusade.

“ Here,” he said, “ you must tarry for a space, under the guardianship of my companions (for two or three of the pages had accompanied them, out of curiosity to see the issue), and I will take the commands of the Duke of Bouillon upon the subject.”

To this nothing could be objected, and Bertha had nothing better to do than to admire the outside of the tent, which, in one of Alexius’s fits of generosity and munificence, had been presented by the Greek emperor to the chief of the Franks. It was raised upon tall spear-shaped poles, which had the semblance of gold ; its curtains were of a thick stuff, manufactured of silk, cotton, and gold thread. The warders who stood round were (at least during the time that the council was held) old, grave men, the personal squires of the body, most of them, of the sovereigns who had taken the cross, and who could therefore, be trusted as a guard over the assembly, without danger of their blabbing what they might overhear. Their appearance was serious and considerate, and they looked like men who had taken upon them the cross, not as an idle adventure of arms, but as a purpose of the most solemn and serious nature. One of these stopped the Italian, and demanded what business authorized him to press forward into the council of the crusaders, who were already taking their seats. The page answered by giving his name, “ Ernest of Otranto, page of Prince Tancred ;” and stated that he announced a young woman, who bore a token of the Duke of Bouillon, adding that it was accompanied by a message for his own ear.

Bertha, meantime, laid aside her mantle, or upper garment, and disposed the rest of her dress according to the Anglo-Saxon costume. She had hardly completed this task before the page of Prince Tancred returned, to conduct her into the presence of the council of the crusade. She followed his signal ; while the other young men who had accompanied her, wondering at the apparent ease with which she gained admittance, drew back to a respectful distance from the tent, and there canvassed the singularity of their morning’s adventure.

In the meanwhile, the ambadress herself entered the council-chamber, exhibiting an agreeable mixture of shame-

facedness and reserve, together with a bold determination to do her duty at all events. There were about fifteen of the principal crusaders assembled in council, with their chieftain Godfrey. He himself was a tall strong man, arrived at that period of life in which men are supposed to have lost none of their resolution, while they have acquired a wisdom and circumspection unknown to their earlier years. The countenance of Godfrey bespoke both prudence and boldness, and resembled his hair, where a few threads of silver were already mingled with his raven locks.

Tancred, the noblest knight of the Christian chivalry, sat at no great distance from him with Hugh Earl of Vermandois, generally called the Great Count, the selfish and wily Bohemond, the powerful Raymond of Provence, and others of the principal crusaders, all more or less completely sheathed in armor.

Bertha did not allow her courage to be broken down, but advancing with a timid grace towards Godfrey, she placed in his hands the signet, which had been restored to her by the young page, and, after a deep obeisance, spoke these words: "Godfrey, Count of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine the Lower, chief of the holy enterprise called the crusade, and you, his gallant comrades, peers, and companions, by whatever titles you may be honored, I, an humble maiden of England, daughter of Engelred, originally a franklin of Hampshire, and since chieftain of the Foresters, or free Anglo-Saxons, under the command of the celebrated Ederic, do claim what credence is due to the bearer of the true pledge which I put into your hand, on the part of one not the least considerable of your own body, Count Robert of Paris——"

"Our most honorable confederate," said Godfrey, looking at the ring. "Most of you, my lords, must, I think, know this signet—a field sown with the fragments of many splintered lances." The signet was handed from one of the assembly to another, and generally recognized.

When Godfrey had signified so much, the maiden resumed her message. "To all true crusaders, therefore, comrades of Godfrey of Bouillon, and especially to the Duke himself—to all, I say, excepting Bohemond of Tarentum, whom he counts unworthy of his notice——"

"Hah! me unworthy of his notice," said Bohemond, "What mean you by that, damsel? But the Count of Paris shall answer it to me."

"Under your favor, Sir Bohemond," said Godfrey, "no. Our articles renounce the sending of challenges among our-

selves, and the matter, if not dropped betwixt the parties, must be referred to the voice of this honorable council."

"I think I guess the business now, my lord," said Bohemond. "The Count of Paris is disposed to turn and tear me, because I offered him good counsel on the evening before we left Constantinople, when he neglected to accept or be guided by it——"

"It will be the more easily explained when we have heard his message," said Godfrey. "Speak forth Lord Robert of Paris's charge, damsel, that we may take some order with that which now seems a perplexed business."

Bertha resumed her message; and, having briefly narrated the recent events, thus concluded: "The battle is to be done to-morrow, about two hours after daybreak, and the Count entreats of the noble Duke of Lorraine that he will permit some fifty of the lances of France to attend the deed of arms, and secure that fair and honorable conduct which he has otherwise some doubts of receiving at the hands of his adversary. Or if any young and gallant knight should, of his own free will, wish to view the said combat, the Count will feel his presence as an honor; always he desires that the name of such knight be numbered carefully with the armed crusaders who shall attend in the lists, and that the whole shall be limited, by Duke Godfrey's own inspection, to fifty lances only, which are enough to obtain the protection required, while more would be considered as a preparation for aggression upon the Grecians, and occasion the revival of disputes which are now happily at rest."

Bertha had no sooner finished delivering her manifesto, and made with great grace her obeisance to the council, than a sort of whisper took place in the assembly, which soon assumed a more lively tone.

Their solemn vow not to turn their back upon Palestine, now that they had set their hands to the plow, was strongly urged by some of the elder knights of the council, and two or three high prelates, who had by this time entered to take share in the deliberations. The young knights, on the other hand, were fired with indignation on hearing the manner in which their comrade had been trepanned; and few of them could think of missing a combat in the lists in a country in which such sights were so rare, and where one was to be fought so near them.

Godfrey rested his brow on his hand, and seemed in great perplexity. To break with the Greeks, after having suffered so many injuries in order to maintain the advantage of keep-

ing the peace with them, seemed very impolitic, and a sacrifice of all he had obtained by a long course of painful forbearance towards Alexius Comnenus. On the other hand, he was bound as a man of honor to resent the injury offered to Count Robert of Paris, whose reckless spirit of chivalry made him the darling of the army. It was the cause, too, of a beautiful lady, and a brave one. Every knight in the host would think himself bound by his vow to hasten to her defense. When Godfrey spoke, it was to complain of the difficulty of the determination, and the short time there was to consider the case.

“With submission to my Lord Duke of Lorraine,” said Tancred, “I was a knight ere I was a crusader, and took on me the vows of chivalry ere I placed this blessed sign upon my shoulder : the vow first made must be first discharged. I will therefore do penance for neglecting, for a space, the obligations of the second vow, while I observe that which recalls me to the first duty of knighthood—the relief of a distressed lady in the hands of men whose conduct towards her, and towards this host, in every respect entitles me to call them treacherous traitors.”

“If my kinsman 'Tancred,” said Bohemond, “will check his impetuosity, and you, my lords, will listen, as you have sometimes deigned to do, to my advice, I think I can direct you how to keep clear of any breach of your oath, and yet fully to relieve our distressed fellow-pilgrims. I see some suspicious looks are cast towards me, which are caused perhaps by the churlish manner in which this violent, and, in this case, almost insane, young warrior has protested against receiving my assistance. My great offense is the having given him warning, by precept and example, of the treachery which was about to be practised against him, and instructed him to use forbearance and temperance. My warning he altogether contemned, my example he neglected to follow, and fell into the snare which was spread, as it were, before his very eyes. Yet the Count of Paris, in rashly contemning me, has acted only from a temper which misfortune and disappointment have rendered irrational and frantic. I am so far from bearing him ill-will that, with your lordship's permission, and that of the present council, I will haste to the place of rendezvous with fifty lances, making up the retinue which attends upon each to at least ten men, which will make the stipulated auxiliary force equal to five hundred ; and with these I can have little doubt of rescuing the Count and his lady.”

"Nobly proposed," said the Duke of Bouillon, "and with a charitable forgiveness of injuries which becomes our Christian expedition. But thou hast forgot the main difficulty, brother Bohemond, that we are sworn never to turn back upon the sacred journey."

"If we can elude that oath upon the present occasion," said Bohemond, "it becomes our duty to do so. Are we such bad horsemen, or are our steeds so awkward, that we cannot rein them back from this to the landing-place at Scutari? We can get them on shipboard in the same retrograde manner, and when we arrive in Europe, where our vow binds us no longer, the Count and Countess of Paris are rescued, and our vow remains entire in the chancery of Heaven."

A general shout arose—"Long life to the gallant Bohemond! Shame to us if we do not fly to the assistance of so valiant a knight and a lady so lovely, since we can do so without breach of our vow."

"The question," said Godfrey, "appears to me to be eluded rather than solved; yet such evasions have been admitted by the most learned and scrupulous clerks; nor do I hesitate to admit of Bohemond's expedient, any more than if the enemy had attacked our rear, which might have occasioned our counter-marching to be a case of absolute necessity."

Some there were in the assembly, particularly the churchmen, inclined to think that the oath by which the crusaders had solemnly bound themselves ought to be as literally obeyed. But Peter the Hermit, who had a place in the council, and possessed great weight, declared it as his opinion, "That since the precise observance of their vow would tend to diminish the forces of the crusade, it was in fact unlawful, and should not be kept according to the literal meaning, if, by a fair construction, it could be eluded."

He offered himself to back the animal which he bestrode—that is, his ass; and though he was diverted from showing this example by the remonstrances of Godfrey of Bouillon, who was afraid of his becoming a scandal in the eyes of the heathen, yet he so prevailed by his arguments, that the knights, far from scrupling to counter-march, eagerly contended which should have the honor of making one of the party which should retrograde to Constantinople, see the combat, and bring back to the host in safety the valorous Count of Paris, of whose victory no one doubted, and his amazonian countess.

This emulation was also put an end to by the authority of Godfrey, who himself selected the fifty knights who were to compose the party. They were chosen from different nations, and the command of the whole was given to young Tancred of Otranto. Notwithstanding the claim of Bohemond, Godfrey detained the latter, under the pretext that his knowledge of the country and people was absolutely necessary to enable the council to form the plan of the campaign in Syria; but in reality he dreaded the selfishness of a man of great ingenuity as well as military skill, who, finding himself in a separate command, might be tempted, should opportunities arise, to enlarge his own power and dominion at the expense of the pious purposes of the crusade in general. The younger men of the expedition were chiefly anxious to procure such horses as had been thoroughly trained, and could go through with ease and temper the maneuver of equitation by which it was designed to render legitimate the movement which they had recourse to. The selection was at length made, and the detachment ordered to draw up in the rear, or upon the eastward line of the Christian encampment. In the meanwhile, Godfrey charged Bertha with a message for the Count of Paris, in which, slightly censuring him for not observing more caution in his intercourse with the Greeks, he informed him that he had sent a detachment of fifty lances, with the corresponding squires, pages, men-at-arms, and cross-bows, five hundred in number, commanded by the valiant Tancred, to his assistance. The Duke also informed him that he had added a suit of armor of the best temper Milan could afford, together with a trusty war-horse, which he entreated him to use upon the field of battle; for Bertha had not omitted to intimate Count Robert's want of the means of knightly equipment. The horse was brought before the pavilion accordingly, completely barbed or armed in steel, and laden with armor for the knight's body. Godfrey himself put the bridle into Bertha's hand.

"Thou need'st not fear to trust thyself with this steed: he is as gentle and docile as he is fleet and brave. Place thyself on his back, and take heed thou stir not from the side of the noble Prince Tancred of Otranto, who will be the faithful defender of a maiden that has this day shown dexterity, courage, and fidelity."

Bertha bowed low, as her cheeks glowed at praise from one whose talents and worth were in such general esteem as to have raised him to the distinguished situation of leader of a

host which numbered in it the bravest and most distinguished captains of Christendom."

"Who are yon two persons?" continued Godfrey, speaking of the companions of Bertha, whom he saw in the distance before the tent.

"The one," answered the damsel, "is the master of the ferry-boat which brought me over; and the other an old Varangian who came hither as my protector."

"As they may come to employ their eyes here, and their tongues on the opposite side," returned the general of the crusaders, "I do not think it prudent to let them accompany you. They shall remain here for some short time. The citizens of Scutari will not comprehend for some space what our intention is, and I could wish Prince Tancred and his attendants to be the first to announce their own arrival."

Bertha accordingly intimated the pleasure of the French general to the parties, without naming his motives; when the ferryman began to exclaim on the hardship of intercepting him in his trade, and Osmund to complain of being detained from his duties. But Bertha, by the orders of Godfrey, left them with the assurance that they would be soon at liberty. Finding themselves thus abandoned, each applied himself to his favorite amusement. The ferryman occupied himself in staring about at all that was new; and Osmund, having in the mean time accepted an offer of breakfast from some of the domestics, was presently engaged with a flask of such red wine as would have reconciled him to a worse lot than that which he at present experienced.

The detachment of Tancred, fifty spears and their armed retinue, which amounted fully to five hundred men, after having taken a short and hasty refreshment, were in arms and mounted before the sultry hour of noon. After some manœuvres, of which the Greeks of Scutari, whose curiosity was awakened by the preparations of the detachment, were at a loss to comprehend the purpose, they formed into a single column, having four men in front. When the horses were in this position, the whole riders at once began to rein back. The action was one to which both the cavaliers and their horses were well accustomed, nor did it at first afford much surprise to the spectators; but when the same retrograde evolution was continued, and the body of crusaders seemed about to enter the town of Scutari in so extraordinary a fashion, some idea of the truth began to occupy the citizens. The cry at length was general, when Tancred and a few others, whose horses were unusually well trained, arrived at

the port, and possessed themselves of a galley, into which they led their horses, and, disregarding all opposition from the imperial officers of the haven, pushed the vessel off from the shore.

Other cavaliers did not accomplish their purpose so easily; the riders, or the horses, were less accustomed to continue in the constrained pace for such a considerable length of time, so that many of the knights, having retrograded for one or two hundred yards, thought their vow was sufficiently observed by having so far deferred to it, and riding in the ordinary manner into the town, seized without further ceremony on some vessels, which, notwithstanding the orders of the Greek Emperor, had been allowed to remain on the Asiatic side of the strait. Some less able horsemen met with various accidents; for though it was a proverb of the time that nothing was so bold as a blind horse, yet from this mode of equitation, where neither horse nor rider saw the way he was going, some steeds were overthrown, others backed upon dangerous obstacles; and the bones of the cavaliers themselves suffered much more than would have been the case in an ordinary march.

Those horsemen, also, who met with falls incurred the danger of being slain by the Greeks, had not Godfrey, surmounting his religious scruples, despatched a squadron to extricate them, a task which they performed with great ease. The greater part of Tancred's followers succeeded in embarking, as was intended, nor was there more than a score or two finally amissing. To accomplish their voyage, however, even the Prince of Otranto himself, and most of his followers, were obliged to betake themselves to the unknightly labors of the oar. This they found extremely difficult, as well from the state both of the tide and the wind as from the want of practise at the exercise. Godfrey in person viewed their progress anxiously from a neighboring height, and perceived with regret the difficulty which they found in making their way, which was still more increased by the necessity for their keeping in a body, and waiting for the slowest and worst-manned vessels, which considerably detained those that were more expeditious. They made some progress, however; nor had the commander-in-chief the least doubt that before sunset they would safely reach the opposite side of the strait.

He retired at length from his post of observation, having placed a careful sentinel in his stead, with directions to bring him word the instant that the detachment reached the opposite shore. This the soldier could easily discern by

the eye, if it was daylight at the time ; if, on the contrary, it was night before they could arrive, the Prince of Otranto had orders to show certain lights, which, in case of their meeting resistance from the Greeks, should be arranged in a peculiar manner, so as to indicate danger.

Godfrey then explained to the Greek authorities of Scutari, whom he summoned before him, the necessity there was that he should keep in readiness such vessels as could be procured, with which, in case of need, he was determined to transport a strong division from his army to support those who had gone before. He then rode back to his camp, the confused murmurs of which, rendered more noisy by the various discussions concerning the events of the day, rolled off from the numerous host of the crusaders, and mingled with the hoarse sound of the many-billowed Hellespont.

CHAPTER XXIV

All is prepared : the chambers of the mine
Are cramin'd with the combustible, which, harmless
While yet unkindled as the sable sand,
Needs but a spark to change its nature so
That he, who wakes it from its slumbrous mood,
Dreads scarce the explosion less than he who knows
That 'tis his towers which meet its fury.

Anonymous.

WHEN the sky is darkened suddenly, and the atmosphere grows thick and stifling, the lower ranks of creation entertain the ominous sense of a coming tempest. The birds fly to the thickets, the wild creatures retreat to the closest covers which their instinct gives them the habit of frequenting, and domestic animals show their apprehension of the approaching thunderstorm by singular actions and movements inferring fear and disturbance.

It seems that human nature, when its original habits are cultivated and attended to, possesses, on similar occasions, something of that prescient foreboding which announces the approaching tempest to the inferior ranks of creation. The cultivation of our intellectual powers goes perhaps too far when it teaches us entirely to suppress and disregard those natural feelings which were originally designed as sentinels by which nature warned us of impending danger.

Something of the kind, however, still remains, and that species of feeling which announces to us sorrowful or alarming tidings may be said, like the prophecies of the weird sisters, to come over us like a sudden cloud.

During the fatal day which was to precede the combat of the Cæsar with the Count of Paris, there were current through the city of Constantinople the most contradictory, and at the same time the most terrific, reports. Privy conspiracy, it was alleged, was on the very eve of breaking out ; open war, it was reported by others, was about to shake her banners over the devoted city ; the precise cause was not agreed upon, any more than the nature of the enemy. Some said that the barbarians from the borders of Thracia, the Hungarians, as they were termed, and the Comani were on

their march from the frontiers to surprise the city ; another report stated that the Turks, who during this period were established in Asia, had resolved to prevent the threatened attack of the crusaders upon Palestine, by surprising not only the Western pilgrims, but the Christians of the East, by one of their innumerable invasions, executed with their characteristic rapidity.

Another report, approaching more near to the truth, declared that the crusaders themselves, having discovered their various causes of complaint against Alexius Comnenus, had resolved to march back their united forces to the capital, with a view of dethroning or chastising him ; and the citizens were dreadfully alarmed for the consequences of the resentment of men so fierce in their habits and so strange in their manners. In short, although they did not all agree on the precise cause of danger, it was yet generally allowed that something of a dreadful kind was impending, which appeared to be in a certain degree confirmed by the motions that were taking place among the troops. The Varangians, as well as the Immortals, were gradually assembled, and placed in occupation of the strongest parts of the city, until at length the fleet of galleys, row-boats, and transports, occupied by Tancred and his party, were observed to put themselves in motion from Scutari, and attempt to gain such a height in the narrow sea as upon the turn of the tide should transport them to the port of the capital.

Alexius Comnenus was himself struck at this unexpected movement on the part of the crusaders. Yet, after some conversation with Hereward, on whom he had determined to repose his confidence, and had now gone too far to retreat, he became reassured, the more especially by the limited size of the detachment which seemed to meditate so bold a measure as an attack upon his capital. To those around him he said, with carelessness, that it was hardly to be supposed that a trumpet could blow to the charge, within hearing of the crusaders' camp, without some out of so many knights coming forth to see the cause and the issue of the conflict.

The conspirators also had their secret fears when the little armament of Tancred had been seen on the straits. Agelastes mounted a mule and went to the shore of the sea, at the place now called Galata. He met Bertha's old ferryman, whom Godfrey had set at liberty, partly in contempt, and partly that the report he was likely to make might serve to amuse the conspirators in the city. Closely examined by Agelastes, he confessed that the present detachment, so far

as he understood, was despatched at the instance of Bohemond, and was under the command of his kinsman, Tancred, whose well-known banner was floating from the headmost vessel. This gave courage to Agelastes, who, in the course of his intrigues, had opened a private communication with the wily and ever mercenary prince of Antioch. The object of the philosopher had been to obtain from Bohemond a body of his followers to co-operate in the intended conspiracy, and fortify the party of insurgents. It is true, that Bohemond had returned no answer; but the account now given by the ferryman, and the sight of Tancred the kinsman of Bohemond's banner displayed on the straits, satisfied the philosopher that his offers, his presents, and his promises had gained to his side the avaricious Italian, and that this band had been selected by Bohemond, and were coming to act in his favor.

As Agelastes turned to go off, he almost jostled a person as much muffled up, and apparently as unwilling to be known, as the philosopher himself. Alexius Comnenus, however—for it was the Emperor himself—knew Agelastes, though rather from his stature and gestures than his countenance; and could not forbear whispering in his ear, as he passed, the well-known lines, to which the pretended sage's various acquisitions gave some degree of point:—

“Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus; omnia novit.
Græculus esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.”

Agelastes first started at the unexpected sound of the Emperor's voice, yet immediately recovered presence of mind, the want of which had made him suspect himself betrayed; and without taking notice of the rank of the person to whom he spoke, he answered by a quotation which should return the alarm he had received. The speech that suggested itself was said to be that which the phantom of Cleonice dinned into the ears of the tyrant who murdered her—

“Tu cole justitiam; teque atque alios manet ultor.”*

The sentence, and the recollections which accompanied it, thrilled through the heart of the Emperor, who walked on, however, without any notice or reply.

“The vile conspirator,” he said, “had his associates around him, otherwise he had not hazarded that threat. Or

* See Latin Quotations. Note 10.

it may have been worse ; Agelastes himself, on the very brink of this world, may have obtained that singular glance into futurity proper to that situation, and perhaps speaks less from his own reflection than from a strange spirit of prescience, which dictates his words. Have I then in earnest sinned so far in my imperial duty as to make it just to apply to me the warning used by the injured Cleonice to her ravisher and murderer ? Methinks I have not. Methinks that, at less expense than that of a just severity, I could ill have kept my seat in the high place where Heaven has been pleased to seat me, and where, as a ruler, I am bound to maintain my station. Methinks the sum of those who have experienced my clemency may be well numbered with that of such as have sustained the deserved punishments of their guilt. But has that vengeance, however deserved in itself, been always taken in a legal or justifiable manner ? My conscience, I doubt, will hardly answer so home a question ; and where is the man, had he the virtues of Antoninus himself, that can hold so high and responsible a place, yet sustain such an interrogation as is implied in that sort of warning which I have received from this traitor ? *Tu cole justitiam* ; we all need to use justice to others. *Teque atque alios manet ultor* ; we are all amenable to an avenging being. I will see the Patriarch—instantly will I see him ; and by confessing my transgressions to the church, I will, by her plenary indulgence, acquire the right of spending the last day of my reign in a consciousness of innocence, or at least of pardon—a state of mind rarely the lot of those whose lines have fallen in lofty places.”

So saying, he passed to the palace of Zosimus the Patriarch, to whom he could unbosom himself with more safety because he had long considered Agelastes as a private enemy to the church, and a man attached to the ancient doctrines of heathenism. In the councils of the state they were also opposed to each other, nor did the Emperor doubt that, in communicating the secret of the conspiracy to the Patriarch, he was sure to attain a loyal and firm supporter in the defense which he proposed to himself. He therefore gave a signal by a low whistle, and a confidential officer, well mounted, approached him, who attended him in his ride, though unostentatiously, and at some distance.

In this manner, therefore, Alexius Comnenus proceeded to the palace of the Patriarch, with as much speed as was consistent with his purpose of avoiding to attract any particular notice as he passed through the street. During the

whole ride the warning of Agelastes repeatedly occurred to him, and his conscience reminded him of too many actions of his reign which could only be justified by necessity, emphatically said to be the tyrant's plea, and which were of themselves deserving the dire vengeance so long delayed.

When he came in sight of the splendid towers which adorned the front of the patriarchal palace, he turned aside from the lofty gates, repaired to a narrow court, and again giving his mule to his attendant, he stopped before a postern, whose low arch and humble architrave seemed to exclude the possibility of its leading to any place of importance. On knocking, however, a priest of an inferior order opened the door, who, with a deep reverence, received the Emperor so soon as he had made himself known, and conducted him into the interior of the palace. Demanding a secret interview with the Patriarch, Alexius was then ushered into his private library, where he was received by the aged priest with the deepest respect, which the nature of his communication soon changed into horror and astonishment.

Although Alexius was supposed by many of his own court, and particularly by some members of his own family, to be little better than a hypocrite in his religious professions, yet such severe observers were unjust in branding him with a name so odious. He was indeed aware of the great support which he received from the good opinion of the clergy, and to them he was willing to make sacrifices for the advantage of the church, or of individual prelates who manifested fidelity to the crown; but though, on the one hand, such sacrifices were rarely made by Alexius without a view to temporal policy, yet, on the other, he regarded them as recommended by his devotional feelings, and took credit to himself for various grants and actions, as dictated by sincere piety, which, in another aspect, were the fruits of temporal policy. His mode of looking on these measures was that of a person with oblique vision, who sees an object in a different manner according to the point from which he chances to contemplate it.

The Emperor placed his own errors of government before the Patriarch in his confession, giving due weight to every breach of morality as it occurred, and stripping from them the lineaments and palliative circumstances which had in his own imagination lessened their guilt. The Patriarch heard, to his astonishment, the real thread of many a court intrigue, which had borne a very different appearance till the Emperor's narrative either justified his conduct upon

the occasion or left it totally unjustifiable. Upon the whole, the balance was certainly more in favor of Alexius than the Patriarch had supposed likely in that more distant view he had taken of the intrigues of the court, when, as usual, the ministers and the courtiers endeavored to make up for the applause which they had given in counsel to the most blameable actions of the absolute monarch by elsewhere imputing to his motives greater guilt than really belonged to them. Many men who had fallen sacrifices, it was supposed, to the personal spleen or jealousy of the Emperor, appeared to have been in fact removed from life, or from liberty, because their enjoying either was inconsistent with the quiet of the state and the safety of the monarch.

Zosimus also learned, what he perhaps already suspected, that, amidst the profound silence of despotism which seemed to pervade the Grecian empire, it heaved frequently with convulsive throes, which ever and anon made obvious the existence of a volcano under the surface. Thus, while smaller delinquencies, or avowed discontent with the imperial government, seldom occurred, and were severely punished when they did, the deepest and most mortal conspiracies against the life and the authority of the Emperor were cherished by those nearest to his person ; and he was often himself aware of them, though it was not until they approached an explosion that he dared act upon his knowledge and punish the conspirators.

The whole treason of the Cæsar, with his associates, Agelastes and Achilles Tatius, was heard by the Patriarch with wonder and astonishment, and he was particularly surprised at the dexterity with which the Emperor, knowing the existence of so dangerous a conspiracy at home, had been able to parry the danger from the crusaders occurring at the same moment.

“ In that respect,” said the Emperor, to whom indeed the churchman hinted his surprise, “ I have been singularly unfortunate. Had I been secure of the forces of my own empire, I might have taken one out of two manly and open courses with these frantic warriors of the West : I might, my reverend father, have devoted the sums paid to Bohemond and other of the more selfish among the crusaders to the honest and open support of the army of Western Christians, and safely transported them to Palestine, without exposing them to the great loss which they are likely to sustain by the opposition of the infidels ; their success would have been in fact my own, and a Latin kingdom in Palestine, de-

fended by its steel-clad warriors, would have been a safe and inexpugnable barrier of the empire against the Saracens. Or, if it was thought more expedient for the protection of the empire and the holy church, over which you are ruler, we might at once, and by open force, have defended the frontiers of our states against a host commanded by so many different and discording chiefs, advancing upon us with such equivocal intentions. If the first swarm of these locusts, under him whom they called Walter the Penniless, was thinned by the Hungarians, and totally destroyed by the Turks, as the pyramids of bones on the frontiers of the country still keep in memory, surely the united forces of the Grecian empire would have had little difficulty in scattering this second flight, though commanded by these Godfreys, Bohemonds, and Tancreds."

The Patriarch was silent, for though he disliked, or rather detested, the crusaders, as members of the Latin Church, he yet thought it highly doubtful that in feats of battle they could have been met and overcome by the Grecian forces.

"At any rate," said Alexius, rightly interpreting his silence, "if vanquished, I had fallen under my shield as a Greek emperor should, nor had I been forced into these mean measures of attacking men by stealth, and with forces disguised as infidels; while the lives of the faithful soldiers of the empire who have fallen in obscure skirmishes, had better, both for them and me, been lost bravely in their ranks, avowedly fighting for their native emperor and their native country. Now, and as the matter stands, I shall be handed down to posterity as a wily tyrant, who engaged his subjects in fatal feuds for the safety of his own obscure life. Patriarch, these crimes rest not with me, but with the rebels whose intrigues compelled me into such courses. What, reverend father, will be my fate hereafter, and in what light shall I descend to posterity, the author of so many disasters?"

"For futurity," said the Patriarch, "your Grace hath referred yourself to the holy church, which hath power to bind and to loose; your means of propitiating her are ample, and I have already indicated such as she may reasonably expect, in consequence of your repentance and forgiveness."

"They shall be granted," replied the Emperor, "in their fullest extent; nor will I injure you in doubting their effect in the next world. In this present state of existence, however, the favorable opinion of the church may do much for me during this important crisis. If we understand each

other, good Zosimus, her doctors and bishops are to thunder in my behalf, nor is it my benefit from her pardon to be deferred till the funeral monument closes upon me ?”

“Certainly not,” said Zosimus, “the conditions which I have already stipulated being strictly attended to.”

“And my memory in history,” said Alexius, “in what manner is that to be preserved ?”

“For that,” answered the Patriarch, “your Imperial Majesty must trust to the filial piety and literary talents of your accomplished daughter, Anna Comnena.”

The Emperor shook his head. “This unhappy Cæsar,” he said, “is like to make a quarrel between us ; for I shall scarce pardon so ungrateful a rebel as he is because my daughter clings to him with a woman’s fondness. Besides, good Zosimus, it is not, I believe, the page of a historian such as my daughter that is most likely to be received without challenge by posterity. Some Procopius, some philosophical slave, starving in a garret, aspires to write the life of an emperor whom he durst not approach ; and although the principal merit of his production be that it contains particulars upon the subject which no man durst have promulgated while the prince was living, yet no man hesitates to admit such as true when he has passed from the scene.”

“On that subject,” said Zosimus, “I can neither afford your Imperial Majesty relief or protection. If, however, your memory is unjustly slandered upon earth, it will be a matter of indifference to your Highness, who will be then, I trust, enjoying a state of beatitude which idle slander cannot assail. The only way, indeed, to avoid it while on this side of time would be to write your Majesty’s own memoirs while you are yet in the body ; so convinced am I that it is in your power to assign legitimate excuses for those actions of your life which, without your doing so, would seem most worthy of censure.”

“Change we the subject,” said the Emperor ; “and since the danger is imminent, let us take care for the present, and leave future ages to judge for themselves. What circumstance is it, reverend father, in your opinion, which encourages these conspirators to make so audacious an appeal to the populace and the Grecian soldiers ?”

“Certainly,” answered the Patriarch, “the most irritating incident of your Highness’s reign was the fate of Ursel, who, submitting, it is said, upon capitulation, for life, limb, and liberty, was starved to death by your orders in the dungeons of the Blacquernal, and whose courage, liberality, and other

popular virtues are still fondly remembered by the citizens of this metropolis, and by the soldiers of the guard called Immortal."

"And this," said the Emperor, fixing his eye upon his confessor, "your reverence esteems actually the most dangerous point of the popular tumult?"

"I cannot doubt," said the Patriarch, "that his very name, boldly pronounced and artfully repeated, will be the watchword, as has been plotted, of a horrible tumult."

"I thank Heaven!" said the Emperor, "on that particular I will be on my guard. Good night to your reverence; and believe me that all in this scroll, to which I have set my hand, shall be with the utmost fidelity accomplished. Be not, however, over-impatient in this business: such a shower of benefits falling at once upon the church would make men suspicious that the prelates and ministers proceeded rather as acting upon a bargain between the Emperor and Patriarch than as paying or receiving an atonement offered by a sinner in excuse of his crimes. This would be injurious, father, both to yourself and me."

"All regular delay," said the Patriarch, "shall be interposed at your Highness's pleasure; and we shall trust to you for recollection that the bargain, if it could be termed one, was of your own seeking, and that the benefit to the church was contingent upon the pardon and the support which she has afforded to your Majesty."

"True," said the Emperor—"most true; nor shall I forget it. Once more adieu, and forget not what I have told thee. This is a night, Zosimus, in which the Emperor must toil like a slave, if he means not to return to the humble Alexius Comnenus, and even then there were no resting-place."

So saying, he took leave of the Patriarch, who was highly gratified with the advantages he had obtained for the church, which many of his predecessors had struggled for in vain. He resolved, therefore, to support the staggering Alexius.

CHAPTER XXV

Heaven knows its time ; the bullet has its billet,
Arrow and javelin each its destined purpose ;
The fated beasts of nature's lower strain
Have each their separate task.

Old Play.

AGELASTES, after crossing the Emperor in the manner we have already described, and after having taken such measures as occurred to him to ensure the success of the conspiracy, returned to the lodge of his garden, where the lady of the Count of Paris still remained, her only companion being an old woman named Vexhelia, the wife of the soldier who accompanied Bertha to the camp of the crusaders, the kind-hearted maiden having stipulated that, during her absence, her mistress was not to be left without an attendant, and that attendant connected with the Varangian Guard. He had been all day playing the part of the ambitious politician, the selfish time-server, the dark and subtle conspirator ; and now it seemed, as if to exhaust the catalogue of his various parts in the human drama, he chose to exhibit himself in the character of the wily sophist, and justify, or seem to justify, the arts by which he had risen to wealth and eminence, and hoped even now to arise to royalty itself.

"Fair Countess," he said, "what occasion is there for your wearing this veil of sadness over a countenance so lovely ?"

"Do you suppose me," said Brenhilda, "a stock, a stone, or a creature without the feelings of a sensitive being, that I should endure mortification, imprisonment, danger, and distress, without expressing the natural feelings of humanity ? Do you imagine that to a lady like me, as free as the unreclaimed falcon, you can offer the insult of captivity, without my being sensible to the disgrace, or incensed against the authors of it ? And dost thou think that I will receive consolation at thy hands—at thine—one of the most active artificers in this web of treachery in which I am so basely entangled ?"

"Not entangled certainly by my means," answered

Agelastes ; “clap your hands, call for what you wish, and the slave who refuses instant obedience had better been unborn. Had I not, with reference to your safety and your honor, agreed for a short time to be your keeper, that office would have been usurped by the Cæsar, whose object you know, and may partly guess the modes by which it would be pursued. Why then dost thou childishly weep at being held for a short space in an honorable restraint, which the renowned arms of your husband will probably put an end to long ere to-morrow at noon ?”

“Canst thou not comprehend,” said the Countess, “thou man of many words, but of few honorable thoughts, that a heart like mine, which has been trained in the feelings of reliance upon my own worth and valor, must be necessarily affected with shame at being obliged to accept, even from the sword of a husband, that safety which I would gladly have owed only to my own ?”

“Thou art misled, Countess,” answered the philosopher, “by thy pride, a failing predominant in woman. Thinkest thou there has been no offensive assumption in laying aside the character of a mother and a wife, and adopting that of one of those brain-sick female fools who, like the bravoës of the other sex, sacrifice everything that is honorable or useful to a frantic and insane affectation of courage ? Believe me, fair lady, that the true system of virtue consists in filling thine own place gracefully in society, breeding up thy children, and delighting those of the other sex ; and anything beyond this may well render thee hateful or terrible, but can add nothing to thy amiable qualities.”

“Thou pretendest,” said the Countess, “to be a philosopher ; methinks thou shouldst know that the fame which hangs its chaplet on the tomb of a brave hero or heroine is worth all the petty engagements in which ordinary persons spend the current of their time. One hour of life, crowded to the full with glorious action, and filled with noble risks, is worth whole years of those mean observances of paltry decorum in which men steal through existence, like sluggish waters through a marsh, without either honor or observation.”

“Daughter,” said Agelastes, approaching nearer to the lady, “it is with pain, I see you bewildered in errors which a little calm reflection might remove. We may flatter ourselves, and human vanity usually does so, that beings infinitely more powerful than those belonging to mere humanity are employed daily in measuring out the good and evil of

this world, the termination of combats, or the fate of empires, according to their own ideas of what is right or wrong, or, more properly, according to what we ourselves conceive to be such. The Greek heathens, renowned for their wisdom and glorious for their actions, explained to men of ordinary minds the supposed existence of Jupiter and his pantheon, where various deities presided over various virtues and vices, and regulated the temporal fortune and future happiness of such as practised them. The more learned and wise of the ancients rejected such the vulgar interpretation, and wisely, although affecting a difference to the public faith, denied before their disciples in private the gross fallacies of Tartarus and Olympus, the vain doctrines concerning the gods themselves, and the extravagant expectations which the vulgar entertained of an immortality supposed to be possessed by creatures who were in every respect mortal, both in the conformation of their bodies and in the internal belief of their souls. Of these wise and good men some granted the existence of the supposed deities, but denied that they cared about the actions of mankind any more than those of the inferior animals. A merry, jovial, careless life, such as the followers of Epicurus would choose for themselves, was what they assigned for those gods whose being they admitted. Others, more bold or more consistent, entirely denied the existence of deities who apparently had no proper object or purpose, and believed that such of them whose being and attributes were proved to us by no supernatural appearances had in reality no existence whatever."

"Stop, wretch!" said the Countess, "and know that thou speakest not to one of those blinded heathens of whose abominable doctrines you are detailing the result. Know that, if an erring, I am nevertheless a sincere, daughter of the church, and this cross displayed on my shoulder is a sufficient emblem of the vows I have undertaken in its cause. Be therefore wary, as thou art wily; for, believe me, if thou scoffest or utterest reproach against my holy religion, what I am unable to answer in language I will reply to, without hesitation, with the point of my dagger."

"To that argument," said Agelastes, drawing back from the neighborhood of Brenhilda, "believe me, fair lady, I am very unwilling to urge your gentleness. But, although I shall not venture to say anything of those superior and benevolent powers to whom you ascribe the management of the world, you will surely not take offense at my noticing

those base superstitions which have been adopted in explanation of what is called by the Magi the Evil Principle. Was there ever received into a human creed a being so mean—almost so ridiculous—as the Christian Satan? A goatish figure and limbs, with grotesque features, formed to express the most execrable passions; a degree of power scarce inferior to that of the Deity; and a talent at the same time scarce equal to that of the stupidest of the lowest order! What is he, this being, who is at least the second arbiter of the human race, save an immortal spirit, with the petty spleen and spite of a vindictive old man or old woman?”

Agelastes made a singular pause in this part of his discourse. A mirror of considerable size hung in the apartment, so that the philosopher could see in its reflection the figure of Brenhilda, and remark the change of her countenance, though she had averted her face from him in hatred of the doctrines which he promulgated. On this glass the philosopher had his eyes naturally fixed, and he was confounded at perceiving a figure glide from behind the shadow of a curtain, and glare at him with the supposed mien and expression of the Satan of monkish mythology, or a satyr of the heathen age.

“Man!” said Brenhilda, whose attention was attracted by this extraordinary apparition, as it seemed, of the Fiend, “have thy wicked words, and still more wicked thoughts, brought the Devil amongst us? If so, dismiss him instantly, else, by Our Lady of the Broken Lances! thou shalt know better than at present what is the temper of a Frankish maiden when in presence of the Fiend himself, and those who pretend skill to raise him. I wish not to enter into a contest unless compelled; but if I am obliged to join battle with an enemy so horrible, believe me, no one shall say that Brenhilda feared him.”

Agelastes, after looking with surprise and horror at the figure as reflected in the glass, turned back his head to examine the substance, of which the reflection was so strange. The object, however, had disappeared behind the curtain, under which it probably lay hid, and it was after a minute or two that the half-gibing, half-scowling countenance showed itself again in the same position in the mirror.

“By the gods——!” said Agelastes.

“In whom but now,” said the Countess, “you professed unbelief.”

“By the gods!” repeated Agelastes, in part recovering himself, “it is Sylvan, that singular mockery of humanity,

who was said to have been brought from Taprobana. I warrant he also believes in his jolly god Pan, or the veteran Sylvanus. He is to the uninitiated a creature whose appearance is full of terrors, but he shrinks before the philosopher like ignorance before knowledge." So saying, he with one hand pulled down the curtain, under which the animal had nestled itself when it entered from the garden-window of the pavilion, and with the other, in which he had a staff uplifted, threatened to chastise the creature, with the words—"How now, Sylvanus! what insolence is this? To your place!"

As, in uttering these words, he struck the animal, the blow unluckily lighted upon his wounded hand, and recalled its bitter smart. The wild temper of the creature returned, unsubdued for the moment by any awe of man; uttering a fierce, and at the same time stifled, cry, it flew on the philosopher, and clasped its strong and sinewy arms about his throat with the utmost fury. The old man twisted and struggled to deliver himself from the creature's grasp, but in vain. Sylvan kept hold of his prize, compressed his sinewy arms, and abode by his purpose of not quitting his hold of the philosopher's throat until he had breathed his last. Two more bitter yells, accompanied each with a desperate contortion of the countenance and squeeze of the hands, concluded, in less than five minutes, the dreadful strife.

Agelastes lay dead upon the ground, and his assassin Sylvan, springing from the body as if terrified and alarmed at what he had done, made his escape by the window. The Countess stood in astonishment, not knowing exactly whether she had witnessed a supernatural display of the judgment of Heaven or an instance of its vengeance by mere mortal means. Her new attendant Vexhelia was no less astonished, though her acquaintance with the animal was considerably more intimate.

"Lady," she said, "that gigantic creature is an animal of great strength, resembling mankind in form, but huge in its size, and, encouraged by its immense power, sometimes malevolent in its intercourse with mortals. I have heard the Varangians often talk of it as belonging to the imperial museum. It is fitting we remove the body of this unhappy man, and hide it in a plot of shrubbery in the garden. It is not likely that he will be missed to-night, and to-morrow there will be other matter astir, which will probably prevent much inquiry about him." The Countess Brenhilda

assented, for she was not one of those timorous females to whom the countenances of the dead are objects of terror.

Trusting to the parole which she had given, Agelastes had permitted the Countess and her attendant the freedom of his gardens, of that part at least adjacent to the pavilion. They therefore were in little risk of interruption as they bore forth the dead body between them, and without much trouble disposed of it in the thickest part of one of the bosquets with which the garden was studded.

As they returned to their place of abode or confinement, the Countess, half speaking to herself, half addressing Vexhelia, said—"I am sorry for this; not that the infamous wretch did not deserve the full punishment of Heaven coming upon him in the very moment of blasphemy and infidelity, but because the courage and truth of the unfortunate Brenhilda may be brought into suspicion, as his slaughter took place when he was alone with her and her attendant, and as no one was witness of the singular manner in which the old blasphemer met his end. Thou knowest," she added, addressing herself to Heaven—"thou! blessed Lady of the Broken Lances, the protectress both of Brenhilda and her husband, well knowest that, whatever faults may be mine, I am free from the slightest suspicion of treachery; and into thy hands I put my cause, with a perfect reliance upon thy wisdom and bounty to bear evidence in my favor." So saying, they returned to the lodge unseen, and with pious and submissive prayers the Countess closed that eventful evening.

CHAPTER XXVI

Will you hear of a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an Englishman ?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Deck'd with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.
Old Ballad.

WE left Alexius Comnenus after he had unloaded his conscience in the ears of the Patriarch, and received from him a faithful assurance of the pardon and patronage of the national church. He took leave of the dignitary with some exulting exclamations, so unexplicitly expressed, however, that it was by no means easy to conceive the meaning of what he said. His first inquiry, when he reached the Blacquernal, being for his daughter, he was directed to the room encrusted with beautifully carved marble, from which she herself, and many of her race, derived the proud appellation of *porphyrogenita*, or born in the purple. Her countenance was clouded with anxiety, which, at the sight of her father, broke out into open and uncontrollable grief.

“ Daughter,” said the Emperor, with a harshness little common to his manner, and a seriousness which he sternly maintained, instead of sympathizing with his daughter’s affliction, “ as you would prevent the silly fool with whom you are connected from displaying himself to the public both as an ungrateful monster and a traitor, you will not fail to exhort him, by due submission, to make his petition for pardon, accompanied with a full confession of his crimes. or, by my scepter and my crown, he shall die the death ! Nor will I pardon any who rushes upon his doom in an open tone of defiance, under such a standard of rebellion as my ungrateful son-in-law has hoisted.”

“ What can you require of me, father ? ” said the Princess. “ Can you expect that I am to dip my own hands in the blood of this unfortunate man ; or wilt thou seek a revenge yet more bloody than that which was exacted by the deities of antiquity upon those criminals who offended against their divine power ? ”

“Think not so, my daughter,” said the Emperor; “but rather believe that thou hast the last opportunity afforded by my filial affection of rescuing, perhaps from death, that silly fool thy husband, who has so richly deserved it.”

“My father,” said the Princess, “God knows it is not at your risk that I would wish to purchase the life of Nicephorus; but he has been the father of my children, though they are now no more, and women cannot forget that such a tie has existed, even though it has been broken by fate. Permit me only to hope that the unfortunate culprit shall have an opportunity of retrieving his errors; nor shall it, believe me, be my fault if he resumes those practices, treasonable at once and unnatural, by which his life is at present endangered.”

“Follow me, then, daughter,” said the Emperor, “and know, that to thee alone I am about to entrust a secret, upon which the safety of my life and crown, as well as the pardon of my son-in-law’s life, will be found eventually to depend.”

He then assumed in haste the garment of a slave of the seraglio, and commanded his daughter to arrange her dress in a more succinct form, and to take in her hand a lighted lamp.

“Whither are we going, my father?” said Anna Comnena.

“It matters not,” replied her father, “since my destiny calls me, and since thine ordains thee to be my torch-bearer. Believe it, and record it, if thou darest, in thy book, that Alexius Comnenus does not, without alarm, descend into those awful dungeons which his predecessors built for men, even when his intentions are innocent and free from harm. Be silent, and should we meet any inhabitant of those inferior regions, speak not a word, nor make any observation upon his appearance.”

Passing through the intricate apartments of the palace, they now came to that large hall through which Hereward had passed on the first night of his introduction to the place of Anna’s recitation, called the Temple of the Muses. It was constructed, as we have said, of black marble, dimly illuminated. At the upper end of the apartment was a small altar, on which was laid some incense, while over the smoke were suspended, as if projecting from the wall, two imitations of human hands and arms, which were but imperfectly seen.

At the bottom of this hall, a small iron door led to a narrow and winding staircase, resembling a draw-well in

shape and size, the steps of which were excessively steep, and which the Emperor, after a solemn gesture to his daughter commanding her attendance, began to descend with the imperfect light, and by the narrow and difficult steps by which those who visited the under regions of the Blacquernal seemed to bid adieu to the light of day. Door after door they passed in their descent, leading, it was probable, to different ranges of dungeons, from which was obscurely heard the stifled voice of groans and sighs, such as attracted Hereward's attention on a former occasion. The Emperor took no notice of these signs of human misery, and three stories, or ranges of dungeons, had been already passed, ere the father and daughter arrived at the lowest story of the building, the base of which was the solid rock, roughly carved, upon which were erected the side-walls and arches of solid but unpolished marble.

"Here," said Alexius Comnenus, "all hope, all expectation takes farewell, at the turn of a hinge or the grating of a lock. Yet shall not this be always the case; the dead shall revive and resume their right, and the disinherited of these regions shall again prefer their claim to inhabit the upper world. If I cannot entreat Heaven to my assistance, be assured, my daughter, that rather than be the poor animal which I have stooped to be thought, and even to be painted in thy history, I would sooner brave every danger of the multitude which now erect themselves betwixt me and safety. Nothing is resolved save that I will live and die an emperor; and thou, Anna, be assured that, if there is power in the beauty or in the talents of which so much has been boasted, that power shall be this evening exercised to the advantage of thy parent, from whom it is derived."

"What is it that you mean, imperial father? Holy Virgin! is this the promise you made me to save the life of the unfortunate Nicephorus?"

"And so I will," said the Emperor; "and I am now about that action of benevolence. But think not I will once more warm in my bosom the household snake which had so nearly stung me to death. No, daughter, I have provided for thee a fitting husband, in one who is able to maintain and defend the rights of the Emperor thy father; and beware how thou opposest an obstacle to what is my pleasure! for behold these walls of marble, though unpolished, and recollect it is as possible to die within the marble as to be born there."

The Princess Anna Comnena was frightened at seeing her

father in a state of mind entirely different from any which she had before witnessed. "O, Heaven! that my mother were here!" she ejaculated; in the terror of something she hardly knew what.

"Anna," said the Emperor, "your fears and your screams are alike in vain. I am one of those who, on ordinary occasions, hardly nourish a wish of my own, and account myself obliged to those who, like my wife and daughter, take care to save me all the trouble of free judgment. But when the vessel is among the breakers, and the master is called to the helm, believe that no meaner hand shall be permitted to interfere with him, nor will the wife and daughter whom he indulged in prosperity be allowed to thwart his will while he can yet call it his own. Thou couldst scarcely fail to understand that I was almost prepared to have given thee as a mark of my sincerity to yonder obscure Varangian, without asking question of either birth or blood. Thou mayst hear when I next promise thee to a three years' inhabitant of these vaults, who shall be Cæsar in Briennius's stead, if I can move him to accept a princess for his bride, and an imperial crown for his inheritance, in place of a starving dungeon."

"I tremble at your words, father," said Anna Comnena. "How canst thou trust a man who has felt thy cruelty? How canst thou dream that aught can ever in sincerity reconcile thee to one whom thou hast deprived of his eyesight?"

"Care not for that," said Alexius; "he becomes mine, or he shall never know what it is to be again his own. And thou, girl, mayest rest assured that, if I will it, thou art next day the bride of my present captive, or thou retirest to the most severe nunnery, never again to mix with society. Be silent, therefore, and await thy doom, as it shall come, and hope not that thy utmost endeavors can avert the current of thy destiny."

As he concluded this singular dialogue, in which he had assumed a tone to which his daughter was a stranger, and before which she trembled, he passed on through more than one strictly fastened door, while his daughter, with a faltering step, illuminated him on the obscure road. At length he found admittance by another passage into the cell in which Ursel was confined, and found him reclining in hopeless misery, all those expectations having faded from his heart which the Count of Paris had by his indomitable gallantry for a time excited. He turned his sightless eyes

towards the place where he heard the moving of bolts and the approach of steps.

"A new feature," he said, "in my imprisonment—a man comes with a heavy and determined step, and a woman or a child with one that scarcely presses the floor! Is it my death that you bring? Believe me, that I have lived long enough in these dungeons to bid my doom welcome."

"It is not thy death, noble Ursel," said the Emperor, in a voice somewhat disguised. "Life, liberty, whatever the world has to give, is placed by the Emperor Alexius at the feet of his noble enemy, and he trusts that many years of happiness and power, together with the command of a large share of the empire, will soon obliterate the recollection of the dungeons of the Blacquernal."

"It cannot be," said Ursel, with a sigh. "He upon whose eyes the sun has set even at middle day can have nothing left to hope from the most advantageous change of circumstances."

"You are not entirely assured of that," said the Emperor; "allow us to convince you that what is intended towards you is truly favorable and liberal, and I hope you will be rewarded by finding that there is more possibility of amendment in your case than your first apprehensions are willing to receive. Make an effort, and try whether your eyes are not sensible of the light of the lamp."

"Do with me," said Ursel, "according to your pleasure; I have neither strength to remonstrate nor the force of mind equal to make me set your cruelty at defiance. Of something like light I am sensible; but whether it is reality or illusion I cannot determine. If you are come to deliver me from this living sepulcher, I pray God to requite you; and if, under such deceitful pretense, you mean to take my life, I can only commend my soul to Heaven, and the vengeance due to my death to him who can behold the darkest places in which injustice can shroud itself.

So saying, and the revulsion of his spirits rendering him unable to give almost any other sign of existence, Ursel sunk back upon his seat of captivity, and spoke not another word during the time that Alexius disembarassed him of those chains which had so long hung about him that they almost seemed to make a part of his person.

"This is an affair in which thy aid can scarce be sufficient, Anna," said the Emperor: "it would have been well if you and I could have borne him into the open air by our joint strength, for there is little wisdom in showing the secrets of

this prison-house to those to whom they are not yet known ; nevertheless, go, my child, and at a short distance from the head of the staircase which we descended thou wilt find Edward, the bold and trusty Varangian, who, on your communicating to him my orders, will come hither and render his assistance ; and see that you send also the experienced leach, Douban."

Terrified, half-stifled, and half-struck with horror, the lady yet felt a degree of relief from the somewhat milder tone in which her father addressed her. With tottering steps, yet in some measure encouraged by the tenor of her instructions, she ascended the staircase, which yawned upon these infernal dungeons. As she approached the top, a large and strong figure threw its broad shadow between the lamp and the opening of the hall. Frightened nearly to death at the thoughts of becoming the wife of a squalid wretch like Ursel, a moment of weakness seized upon the Princess's mind, and, when she considered the melancholy option which her father had placed before her, she could not but think that the handsome and gallant Varangian, who had already rescued the royal family from such imminent danger, was a fitter person with whom to unite herself, if she must needs make a second choice, than the singular and disgusting being whom her father's policy had raked from the bottom of the Blacquernal dungeons.

I will not say of poor Anna Comnena, who was a timid but not an unfeeling woman, that she would have embraced such a proposal, had not the life of her present husband, Nicephorus Briennius, been in extreme danger ; and it was obviously the determination of the Emperor that, if he spared him, it should be on the sole condition of unloosing his daughter's hand, and binding her to some one of better faith, and possessed of a greater desire to prove an affectionate son-in-law. Neither did the plan of adopting the Varangian as a second husband enter decidedly into the mind of the Princess. The present was a moment of danger, in which her rescue to be successful must be sudden, and perhaps, if once achieved, the lady might have had an opportunity of freeing herself both from Ursel and the Varangian, without disjoining either of them from her father's assistance, or of herself losing it. At any rate, the surest means of safety were to secure, if possible, the young soldier, whose features and appearance were of a kind which rendered the task no way disagreeable to a beautiful woman. The schemes of conquest are so natural to the fair sex, and the whole idea passed so quickly

through Anna Comnena's mind, that, having first entered while the soldier's shadow was interposed between her and the lamp, it had fully occupied her quick imagination, when, with deep reverence and great surprise at her sudden appearance on the ladder of Acheron, the Varangian advancing, knelt down and lent his arm to the assistance of the fair lady, in order to help her out of the dreary staircase.

"Dearest Hereward," said the lady, with a degree of intimacy which seemed unusual, "how much do I rejoice, in this dreadful night, to have fallen under your protection! I have been in places which the spirit of Hell appears to have contrived for the human race." The alarm of the Princess, the familiarity of a beautiful woman, who, while in mortal fear, seeks refuge, like a frightened dove, in the bosom of the strong and the brave, must be the excuse of Anna Comnena for the tender epithet with which she greeted Hereward; nor, if he had chosen to answer in the same tone, which, faithful as he was, might have proved the case if the meeting had chanced before he saw Bertha, would the daughter of Alexius have been, to say the truth, irreconcilably offended. Exhausted as she was, she suffered herself to repose upon the broad breast and shoulder of the Anglo-Saxon; nor did she make an attempt to recover herself, although the decorum of her sex and station seemed to recommend such an exertion. Hereward was obliged himself to ask her, with the unimpassioned and reverential demeanor of a private soldier to a princess, whether he ought to summon her female attendants, to which she faintly uttered a negative. "No—no," said she, "I have a duty to execute for my father, and I must not summon eye-witnesses; he knows me to be in safety, Hereward, since he knows I am with thee; and if I am a burden to you in my present state of weakness, I shall soon recover, if you will set me down upon the marble steps."

"Heaven forbid, lady," said Hereward, "that I were thus neglectful of your Highness's gracious health! I see your two young ladies, Astarte and Violante, are in quest of you. Permit me to summon them hither, and I will keep watch upon you if you are unable to retire to your chamber, where, methinks, the present disorder of your nerves will be most properly treated."

"Do as thou wilt, barbarian," said the Princess, rallying herself, with a certain degree of pique, arising perhaps from her not thinking more *dramatis personæ* were appropriate

to the scene than the two who were already upon the stage. Then, as if for the first time appearing to recollect the message with which she had been commissioned, she exhorted the Varangian to repair instantly to her father.

On such occasions, the slightest circumstances have their effect on the actors. The Anglo-Saxon was sensible that the Princess was somewhat offended, though whether she was so on account of her being actually in Hereward's arms, or whether the cause of her anger was the being nearly discovered there by the two young maidens, the sentinel did not presume to guess, but departed for the gloomy vaults to join Alexius, with the never-failing double-edged ax, the bane of many a Turk, glittering upon his shoulder.

Astarte and her companion had been despatched by the Empress Irene in search of Anna Comnena, through those apartments of the palace which she was wont to inhabit. The daughter of Alexius could nowhere be found, although the business on which they were seeking her was described by the Empress as of the most pressing nature. Nothing, however, in a palace passes altogether unespied, so that the Empress's messengers at length received information that their mistress and the Emperor had been seen to descend that gloomy access to the dungeons which, by allusion to the classical infernal regions, was termed the Pit of Acheron. They came thither, accordingly, and we have related the consequences. Hereward thought it necessary to say that her Imperial Highness had swooned upon being suddenly brought into the upper air. The Princess, on the other part, briskly shook off her juvenile attendants, and declared herself ready to proceed to the chamber of her mother. The obeisance which she made Hereward at parting had something in it of haughtiness, yet evidently qualified by a look of friendship and regard. As she passed an apartment in which some of the royal slaves were in waiting, she addressed to one of them, an old, respectable man, of medical skill, a private and hurried order, desiring him to go to the assistance of her father, whom he would find at the bottom of the staircase called the Pit of Acheron, and to take his scimitar along with him. To hear, as usual, was to obey. and Douban, for that was his name, only replied by that significant sign which indicates immediate acquiescence. In the mean time, Anna Comnena herself hastened onward to her mother's apartments, in which she found the Empress alone.

"Go hence, maidens," said Irene, "and do not let any

one have access to these apartments, even if the Emperor himself should command it. Shut the door," she said. "Anna Comnena : and if the jealousy of the stronger sex do not allow us the masculine privilege of bolts and bars to secure the insides of our apartments, let us avail ourselves, as quickly as may be, of such opportunities as are permitted us ; and remember, Princess, that however implicit your duty to your father, it is yet more so to me, who am of the same sex with thyself, and may truly call thee, even according to the letter, blood of my blood and bone of my bone. Be assured thy father knows not at this moment the feelings of a woman. Neither he nor any man alive can justly conceive the pangs of the heart which beats under a woman's robe. These men, Anna, would tear asunder without scruple the tenderest ties of affection, the whole structure of domestic felicity, in which lie a woman's cares, her joy, her pain, her love, and her despair. Trust, therefore, to me, my daughter, and believe me, I will at once save thy father's crown and thy happiness. The conduct of thy husband has been wrong—most cruelly wrong ; but, Anna, he is a man, and in calling him such I lay to his charge, as natural frailties, thoughtless treachery, wanton infidelity, every species of folly and inconsistency to which his race is subject. You ought not, therefore, to think of his faults, unless it be to forgive them."

"Madam," said Anna Comnena, "forgive me if I remind you that you recommend to a princess born in the purple itself a line of conduct which would hardly become the female who carries the pitcher for the needful supply of water to the village well. All who are around me have been taught to pay me the obeisance due to my birth, and while this Nicephorus Briennius crept on his knees to your daughter's hand, which you extended towards him, he was rather receiving the yoke of a mistress than accepting a household alliance with a wife. He has incurred his doom, without a touch even of that temptation which may be plead by lesser culprits in his condition ; and if it is the will of my father that he should die, or suffer banishment or imprisonment, for the crime he has committed, it is not the business of Anna Comnena to interfere, she being the most injured among the imperial family, who have in so many and such gross respects the right to complain of his falsehood."

"Daughter," replied the Empress, "so far I agree with you, that the treason of Nicephorus towards your father and myself has been in a great degree unpardonable ; nor do I

easily see on what footing, save that of generosity, his life could be saved. But still you are yourself in different circumstances from me, and may, as an affectionate and fond wife, compare the intimacies of your former habits with the bloody change which is so soon to be the consequence and the conclusion of his crimes. He is possessed of that person and of those features which women most readily recall to their memory, whether alive or dead. Think what it will cost you to recollect that the rugged executioner received his last salute, that the shapely neck had no better repose than the rough block, that the tongue the sound of which you used to prefer to the choicest instruments of music is silent in the dust !”

Anna, who was not insensible to the personal graces of her husband, was much affected by this forcible appeal. “Why distress me thus, mother ?” she replied, in a weeping accent. “Did I not feel as acutely as you would have me to do, this moment, however awful, would be easily borne. I had but to think of him as he is, to contrast his personal qualities with those of the mind, by which they are more than overbalanced, and resign myself to his deserved fate with unresisting submission to my father’s will.”

“And that,” said the Empress, “would be to bind thee, by his sole fiat, to some obscure wretch, whose habits of plotting and intriguing had, by some miserable chance, given him the opportunity of becoming of importance to the Emperor, and who is therefore to be rewarded by the hand of Anna Comnena.”

“Do not think so meanly of me, madam,” said the Princess. “I know, as well as ever Grecian maiden did, how I should free myself from dishonor ; and, you may trust me, you shall never blush for your daughter.”

“Tell me not that,” said the Empress, “since I shall blush alike for the relentless cruelty which gives up a once beloved husband to an ignominious death, and for the passion, for which I want a name, which would replace him by an obscure barbarian from the extremity of Thule, or some wretch escaped from the Blacquernal dungeons.”

The Princess was astonished to perceive that her mother was acquainted with the purposes, even the most private, which her father had formed for his governance during this emergency. She was ignorant that Alexius and his royal consort, in other respects living together with a decency ever exemplary in people of their rank, had sometimes, on interesting occasions, family debates, in which the hus-

band, provoked by the seeming unbelief of his partner, was tempted to let her guess more of his real purposes than he would have coolly imparted of his own calm choice.

The Princess was affected at the anticipation of the death of her husband, nor could this have been reasonably supposed to be otherwise ; but she was still more hurt and affronted by her mother taking it for granted that she designed upon the instant to replace the Cæsar by an uncertain, and at all events an unworthy, successor. Whatever considerations had operated to make Hereward her choice, their effect was lost when the match was placed in this odious and degrading point of view ; besides which is to be remembered, that women almost instinctively deny their first thoughts in favor of a suitor, and seldom willingly reveal them, unless time and circumstance concur to favor them. She called Heaven, therefore, passionately to witness, while she repelled the charge.

“ Bear witness,” she said, “ Our Lady, Queen of Heaven ! bear witness, saints and martyrs all, ye blessed ones, who are, more than ourselves, the guardians of our mental purity : that I know no passion which I dare not avow, and that, if Nicephorus’s life depended on my entreaty to God and men, all his injurious acts towards me disregarded and despised, it should be as long as Heaven gave to those servants whom it snatched from the earth without suffering the pangs of mortality.”

“ You have sworn boldly,” said the Empress. “ See, Anna Comnena, that you keep your word, for believe me it will be tried.”

“ What will be tried, mother ?” said the Princess ; “ or what have I to do to pronounce the doom of the Cæsar, who is not subject to my power ?”

“ I will show you,” said the Empress, gravely ; and, leading her towards a sort of wardrobe, which formed a closet in the wall, she withdrew a curtain which hung before it, and placed before her her unfortunate husband, Nicephorus Briennius, half-attired, with his sword drawn in his hand. Looking upon him as an enemy, and conscious of some schemes with respect to him which had passed through her mind in the course of these troubles, the Princess screamed faintly, upon perceiving him so near her with a weapon in his hand.

“ Be more composed,” said the Empress, “ or this wretched man, if discovered, falls no less a victim to thy idle fears than to thy baneful revenge.”

Nicephorus at this speech seemed to have adopted his cue, for, dropping the point of his sword, and falling on his knees before the Princess, he clasped his hands to entreat for mercy.

“What hast thou to ask from me?” said his wife, naturally assured, by her husband’s prostration, that the stronger force was upon her own side—“what hast thou to ask from me, that outraged gratitude, betrayed affection, the most solemn vows violated, and the fondest ties of nature* torn asunder like the spider’s broken web, will permit thee to put in words for very shame?”

“Do not suppose, Anna,” replied the suppliant, “that I am at this eventful period of my life to play the hypocrite, for the purpose of saving the wretched remnant of a dishonored existence. I am but desirous to part in charity with thee, to make my peace with Heaven, and to nourish the last hope of making my way, though burdened with many crimes, to those regions in which alone I can find thy beauty, thy talents, equaled at least, if not excelled.”

“You hear him, daughter?” said Irene. “His boon is for forgiveness alone; thy condition is the more godlike, since thou mayst unite the safety of his life with the pardon of his offenses.”

“Thou art deceived, mother,” answered Anna. “It is not mine to pardon his guilt, far less to remit his punishment. You have taught me to think of myself as future ages shall know me; what will they say of me, those future ages, when I am described as the unfeeling daughter who pardoned the intended assassin of her father because she saw in him her own unfaithful husband?”

“See there,” said the Cæsar, “is not that, most serene Empress, the very point of despair? and have I not in vain offered my life-blood to wipe out the stain of parricide and ingratitude? Have I not also vindicated myself from the most unpardonable part of the accusation, which charged me with attempting the murder of the godlike emperor? Have I not sworn by all that is sacred to man, that my purpose went no farther than to sequester Alexius for a little time from the fatigues of empire, and place him where he should quietly enjoy ease and tranquillity; while, at the same time, his empire should be as implicitly regulated by himself, his sacred pleasure being transmitted through me, as in any respect, or at any period, it had ever been?”

“Erring man!” said the Princess, “hast thou approached so near to the footstool of Alexius Comnenus, and durst

thou form so false an estimate of him as to conceive it possible that he would consent to be a mere puppet by whose intervention you might have brought his empire to submission? Know that the blood of Comnenus is not so poor: my father would have resisted the treason in arms, and by the death of thy benefactor only couldst thou have gratified the suggestions of thy criminal ambition."

"Be such your belief," said the Cæsar: "I have said enough for a life which is not and ought not to be dear to me. Call your guards and let them take the life of the unfortunate Briennius, since it has become hateful to his once beloved Anna Comnena. Be not afraid that any resistance of mine shall render the scene of my apprehension dubious or fatal. Nicephorus Briennius is Cæsar no longer, and he thus throws at the feet of his princess and spouse the only poor means which he has of resisting the just doom which is therefore at her pleasure to pass."

He cast his sword before the feet of the Princess, while Irene exclaimed, weeping, or seeming to weep, bitterly—"I have indeed read of such scenes; but could I ever have thought that my own daughter would have been the principal actress in one of them; could I ever have thought that her mind, admired by every one as a palace for the occupation of Apollo and the Muses, should not have had room enough for the humbler but more amiable virtue of feminine charity and compassion, which builds itself a nest in the bosom of the lowest village girl? Do thy gifts, accomplishments, and talents spread hardness as well as polish over thy heart? If so, a hundred times better renounce them all, and retain in their stead those gentle and domestic virtues which are the first honors of the female heart. A woman who is pitiless is a worse monster than one who is unsexed by any other passion."

"What would you have me do?" said Anna. "You mother, ought to know better than I that the life of my father is hardly consistent with the existence of this bold and cruel man. O, I am sure he still meditates his purpose of conspiracy! He that could deceive a woman in the manner he has done me will not relinquish a plan which is founded upon the death of his benefactor."

"You do me injustice, Anna," said Briennius, starting up and imprinting a kiss upon her lips ere she was aware. "By this caress, the last that will pass between us, I swear that, if in my life I have yielded to folly, I have, notwithstanding, never been guilty of a treason of the heart towards a woman

as superior to the rest of the female world in talents and accomplishments as in personal beauty."

The Princess, much softened, shook her head as she replied—"Ah, Nicephorus, such were once your words; such, perhaps were then your thoughts; but who or what shall now warrant to me the veracity of either?"

"Those very accomplishments and that very beauty itself," replied Nicephorus.

"And if more is wanting," said Irene, "thy mother will enter her security for him. Deem her not an insufficient pledge in this affair: she is thy mother, and the wife of Alexius Comnenus, interested beyond all human beings in the growth and increase of the power and dignity of her husband and her child; and one who sees on this occasion an opportunity for exercising generosity, for soldering up the breaches of the imperial house, and reconstructing the form of government upon a basis which, if there be faith and gratitude in man, shall never be again exposed to hazard."

"To the reality of that faith and gratitude then," said the Princess, "we must trust implicitly, as it is your will, mother; although even my own knowledge of the subject, both through study and experience of the world, has called me to observe the rashness of such confidence. But although we two may forgive Nicephorus's errors, the Emperor is still the person to whom the final reference must be had, both as to pardon and favor."

"Fear not Alexius," answered her mother; "he will speak determinedly and decidedly, but, if he acts not in the very moment of forming the resolution, it is no more to be relied on than an icicle in time of thaw. Do thou apprise me, if thou canst, what the Emperor is at present doing, and take my word I will find means to bring him round to our opinion."

"Must I then betray secrets which my father has entrusted to me?" said the Princess, "and to one who has so lately held the character of his avowed enemy?"

"Call it not betray," said Irene, "since it is written, thou shalt betray no one, least of all thy father, and the father of the empire. Yet again it is written by the holy Luke, that men shall be betrayed, both by parents and brethren, and kinsfolk, and friends, and therefore surely also by daughters; by which I only mean thou shalt discover to us thy father's secrets, so far as may enable us to save the life of thy husband. The necessity of the case excuses whatever may be otherwise considered as irregular."

"Be it so then, mother. Having yielded my consent, perhaps to oasily, to snatch this malefactor from my father's justice, I am sensible I must secure his safety by such means as are in my power. I left my father at the bottom of those stairs called the Pit of Archeron, in the cell of a blind man, to whom he gave the name of Ursel."

"Holy Mary!" exclaimed the Empress, "thou hast named a name which has been long unspoken in the open air."

"Has the Emperor's sense of his danger from the living," said the Cæsar, "induced him to invoke the dead? for Ursel has been no living man for the space of three years."

"It matters not," said Anna Comnena; "I tell you true. My father even now held conference with a miserable-looking prisoner whom he so named."

"It is a danger the more," said the Cæsar: "he cannot have forgotten the zeal with which I embraced the cause of the present emperor against his own; and so soon as he is at liberty, he will study to avenge it. For this we must endeavor to make some provision, though it increases our difficulties. Sit down then, my gentle, my beneficent mother; and thou, my wife, who hast preferred thy love for an unworthy husband to the suggestions of jealous passion and of headlong revenge, sit down, and let us see in what manner it may be in our power, consistently with your duty to the Emperor, to bring our broken vessel securely into port."

He employed much natural grace of manner in handing the mother and daughter to their seats; and, taking his place confidentially between them, all were soon engaged in concerting what measures should be taken for the morrow, not forgetting such as should at once have the effect of preserving the Cæsar's life, and at the same time of securing the Grecian empire against the conspiracy of which he had been the chief instigator. Briennius ventured to hint that perhaps the best way would be to suffer the conspiracy to proceed as originally intended, pledging his own faith that the rights of Alexius should be held inviolate during the struggle; but his influence over the Empress and her daughter did not extend to obtaining so great a trust. They plainly protested against permitting him to leave the palace, or taking the least share in the confusion which to-morrow was certain to witness.

"You forget, noble ladies," said the Cæsar, "that my honor is concerned in meeting the Count of Paris."

"Pshaw! tell me not of your honor, Briennius," said

Anna Comnena ; “do I not well know that, although the honor of the Western knights be a species of Moloch, a flesh-devouring, blood-quaffing demon, yet that that which is the god of idolatry to the Eastern warriors, though equally loud and noisy in the hall, is far less implacable in the field ? Believe not that I have forgiven great injuries and insults, in order to take such false coin as *honor* in payment. Your ingenuity is but poor, if you cannot devise some excuse which will satisfy the Greeks ; and in good sooth, Briennius, to this battle you go not, whether for your good or for your ill. Believe not that I will consent to your meeting either Count or Countess, whether in warlike combat or amorous parley. So you may at a word count upon remaining prisoner here until the hour appointed for such gross folly be past and over.”

The Cæsar, perhaps, was not in his heart angry that his wife’s pleasure was so bluntly and resolutely expressed against the intended combat. “If,” said he, “you are determined to take my honor into your own keeping, I am here for the present your prisoner, nor have I the means of interfering with your pleasure. When once at liberty, the free exercise of my valor and my lance is once more my own.”

“Be it so, sir paladin,” said the Princess, very composedly. “I have good hope that neither of them will involve you with any of yon daredevils of Paris, whether male or female, and that we will regulate the pitch to which your courage soars by the estimation of Greek philosophy, and the judgment of our blessed Lady of Mercy, not her of the Broken Lances.”

At this moment, an authoritative knock at the door alarmed the consultation of the Cæsar and the ladies.

CHAPTER XXVII

Physician. Be comforted, good madam ; the great rage,
You see, is cured in him ; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

King Lear.

WE left the Emperor Alexius Comnenus at the bottom of a subterranean vault, with a lamp expiring, and having charge of a prisoner who seemed himself nearly reduced to the same extremity. For the first two or three moments he listened after his daughter's retiring footsteps. He grew impatient, and began to long for her to return before it was possible she could have traversed the path betwixt him and the summit of these gloomy stairs. A minute or two he endured with patience the absence of the assistance which he had sent her to summon ; but strange suspicions began to cross his imagination. Could it be possible ? Had she changed her purpose on account of the hard words which he had used towards her ? Had she resolved to leave her father to his fate in his hour of utmost need ? and was he to rely no longer upon the assistance which he had implored her to send ?

The short time which the Princess trifled away in a sort of gallantry with the Varangian Hereward was magnified tenfold by the impatience of the Emperor, who began to think that she was gone to fetch the accomplices of the Caesar to assault their prince in his defenseless condition, and carry into effect their half-disconcerted conspiracy.

After a considerable time, filled up with this feeling of agonizing uncertainty, he began at length, more composedly, to recollect the little chance there was that the Princess would, even for her own sake, resentful as she was in the highest degree of her husband's ill-behavior, join her resources to his, to the destruction of one who had so generally showed himself an indulgent and affectionate father. When he had adopted this better mood, a step was heard upon the staircase, and, after a long and unequal descent, Hereward, in his heavy armor, at length coolly arrived at the bottom

instantly to a suitable apartment, only taking care that it be secret, and let him enjoy the comforts of the bath, and whatever else may tend to restore his feeble animation, keeping in mind that he must, if possible, appear to-morrow in the field."

"That will be hard," said Douban, "after having been, it would appear, subjected to such fare and such usage as his fluctuating pulse intimates but too plainly."

"'Twas a mistake of the dungeon-keeper, the inhuman villain, who should not go without his reward," continued the Emperor, "had not Heaven already bestowed it by the strange means of a sylvan man or native of the woods, who yesterday put to death the jailer who meditated the death of his prisoner. Yes, my dear Douban, a private sentinel of our guards called the Immortal had well-nigh annihilated this flower of our trust, whom for a time we were compelled to immure in secret. Then, indeed, a rude hammer had dashed to pieces an unparalleled brilliant, but the fates have arrested such a misfortune."

The assistance having arrived, the physician, who seemed more accustomed to act than to speak, directed a bath to be prepared with medicated herbs, and gave it as his opinion that the patient should not be disturbed till to-morrow's sun was high in the heavens. Ursel accordingly was assisted to the bath, which was employed according to the directions of the physician, but without affording any material symptoms of recovery. From thence he was transferred to a cheerful bedchamber, opening by an ample window to one of the terraces of the palace, which commanded an extensive prospect. These operations were performed upon a frame so extremely stupefied by previous suffering, so dead to the usual sensations of existence, that it was not till the sensibility should be gradually restored, by friction of the stiffened limbs and other means, that the leech hoped the mists of the intellect should at length begin to clear away.

Douban readily undertook to obey the commands of the Emperor, and remained by the bed of the patient until the dawn of morning, ready to support nature as far as the skill of leechcraft admitted.

From the mutes, much more accustomed to be the executioners of the Emperor's displeasure than of his humanity, Douban selected one man of milder mood, and by Alexius's order made him understand that the task in which he was engaged was to be kept most strictly secret, while the hardened slave was astonished to find that the attentions paid

to the sick were to be rendered with yet more mystery than the bloody offices of death and torture.

The passive patient received the various acts of attention which were rendered to him in silence ; and if not totally without consciousness, at least without a distinct comprehension of their object. After the soothing operation of the bath, and the voluptuous exchange of the rude and musty pile of straw on which he had stretched himself for years for a couch of the softest down, Ursel was presented with a sedative draught, slightly tinctured with an opiate. The balmy restorer of nature came thus invoked, and the captive sunk into a delicious slumber long unknown to him, and which seemed to occupy equally his mental faculties and his bodily frame, while the features were released from their rigid tenor, and the posture of the limbs, no longer disturbed by fits of cramp and sudden and agonizing twists and throes, seemed changed for a placid state of the most perfect ease and tranquillity.

The morn was already coloring the horizon, and the freshness of the breeze of dawn had insinuated itself into the lofty halls of the Palace of the Blacquernal, when a gentle tap at the door of the chamber awakened Douban, who, undisturbed from the calm state of his patient, had indulged himself in a brief repose. The door opened, and a figure appeared, disguised in the robes worn by an officer of the palace, and concealed beneath an artificial beard of great size, and of a white color, the features of the Emperor himself. "Douban," said Alexius, "how fares it with thy patient, whose safety is this day of such consequence to the Grecian state ?"

"Well, my lord," replied the physician—"excellently well ; and if he is not now disturbed, I will wager whatever skill I possess that nature, assisted by the art of the physician, will triumph over the damps and the unwholesome air of the impure dungeon. Only be prudent, my lord, and let not an untimely haste bring this Ursel forward into the contest ere he has arranged the disturbed current of his ideas, and recovered, in some degree, the spring of his mind and the powers of his body."

"I will rule my impatience," said the Emperor, "or rather, Douban, I will be ruled by thee. Thinkest thou he is awake ?"

"I am inclined to think so," said the leech, "but he opens not his eyes, and seems to me as if he absolutely resisted the natural impulse to rouse himself and look around him."

"Speak to him," said the Emperor, "let us know what is passing in his mind."

"It is at some risk," replied the physician, "but you shall be obeyed. Ursel," he said, approaching the bed of his blind patient; and then, in a louder tone, he repeated again—"Ursel—Ursel!"

"Peace—hush!" muttered the patient; "disturb not the blest in their ecstasy, nor again recall the most miserable of mortals to finish the draught of bitterness which his fate had compelled him to commence."

"Again—again," said the Emperor, aside to Douban—"try him yet again; it is of importance for me to know in what degree he possesses his senses, or in what measure they have disappeared from him."

"I would not, however," said the physician, "be the rash and guilty person who, by an ill-timed urgency, should produce a total alienation of mind, and plunge him back either into absolute lunacy or produce a stupor in which he might remain for a long period."

"Surely not," replied the Emperor; "my commands are those of one Christian to another, nor do I wish them farther obeyed than as they are consistent with the laws of God and man."

He paused for a moment after this declaration, and yet but few minutes had elapsed ere he again urged the leech to pursue the interrogation of his patient. "If you hold me not competent," said Douban, somewhat vain of the trust necessarily reposed in him, "to judge of the treatment of my patient, your Imperial Highness must take the risk and the trouble upon yourself."

"Marry, I shall," said the Emperor, "for the scruples of leeches are not to be indulged when the fate of kingdoms and the lives of monarchs are placed against them in the scales. Rouse thee, my noble Ursel; hear a voice with which thy ears were once well acquainted welcome thee back to glory and command. Look around thee, and see how the world smiles to welcome thee back from imprisonment to empire."

"Cunning fiend," said Ursel, "who usest the most wily baits in order to augment the misery of the wretched! Know, tempter, that I am conscious of the whole trick of the soothing images of last night—thy baths, thy beds, and thy bowers of bliss; but sooner shalt thou be able to bring a smile upon the cheek of St. Anthony the Eremita than induce me to curl mine after the fashion of earthly voluptuaries."

"Try it, foolish man," insisted the Emperor, "and trust

to the evidence of thy senses for the reality of the pleasures by which thou art now surrounded ; or, if thou art obstinate in thy lack of faith, tarry as thou art for a single moment, and I will bring with me a being so unparalleled in her loveliness that a single glance of her were worth the restoration of thine eyes, were it only to look upon her for a moment." So saying, he left the apartment.

"Traitor," said Ursel, "and deceiver of old, bring no one hither ; and strive not, by shadowy and ideal forms of beauty, to increase the delusion that gilds my prison-house for a moment, in order, doubtless, to destroy totally the spark of reason, and then exchange this earthly hell for a dungeon in the infernal regions themselves."

"His mind is somewhat shattered," mused the physician, "which is often the consequence of a long solitary confinement. I marvel much," was his farther thought, "if the Emperor can shape out any rational service which this man can render him, after being so long immured in so horrible a dungeon. Thou thinkest, then," continued he, addressing the patient, "that the seeming release of last night, with its baths and refreshments, was only a delusive dream, without any reality ?"

"Ay—what else ?" answered Ursel.

"And that the arousing thyself, as we desire thee to do, would be but a resigning to a vain temptation, in order to wake to more unhappiness than formerly ?"

"Even so," returned the patient.

"What, then, are thy thoughts of the Emperor, by whose command thou sufferest so severe a restraint ?"

Perhaps Douban wished he had forborne this question, for, in the very moment when he put it, the door of the chamber opened and the Emperor entered, with his daughter hanging upon his arm, dressed with simplicity, yet with becoming splendor. She had found time, it seems, to change her dress for a white robe, which resembled a kind of mourning, the chief ornament of which was a diamond chaplet, of inestimable value, which surrounded and bound the long sable tresses, that reached from her head to her waist. Terrified almost to death, she had been surprised by her father in the company of her husband the Cæsar and her mother ; and the same thundering mandate had at once ordered Briennius, in the character of a more than suspected traitor, under the custody of a strong guard of Varangians and commanded her to attend her father to the bedchamber of Ursel, in which she now stood ; resolved, however, that she would

stick by the sinking fortunes of her husband, even in the last extremity, yet no less determined that she would not rely upon her own entreaties or remonstrances until she should see whether her father's interference was likely to re-assume a resolved and positive character. Hastily as the plans of Alexius had been formed, and hastily as they had been disconcerted by accident, there remained no slight chance that he might be forced to come round to the purpose on which his wife and daughter had fixed their heart, the forgiveness, namely, of the guilty Nicephorus Briennius. To his astonishment, and not perhaps greatly to his satisfaction, he heard the patient deeply engaged with the physician in canvassing his own character.

"Think not," said Ursel in reply to him, "that, though I am immured in this dungeon, and treated as something worse than an outcast of humanity—and although I am, moreover, deprived of my eyesight, the dearest gift of Heaven—think not, I say, though I suffer all this by the cruel will of Alexius Comnenus, that therefore I hold him to be mine enemy; on the contrary, it is by his means that the blinded and miserable prisoner has been taught to seek a liberty far more unconstrained than this poor earth can afford, and a vision far more clear than any Mount Pisgah on this wretched side of the grave can give us. Shall I therefore account the Emperor among mine enemies—he who has taught me the vanity of earthly things, the nothingness of earthly enjoyments, and the pure hope of a better world, as a certain exchange for the misery of the present? No."

The Emperor had stood somewhat disconcerted at the beginning of this speech, but hearing it so very unexpectedly terminate, as he was willing to suppose, much in his own favor, he threw himself into an attitude which was partly that of a modest person listening to his own praises, and partly that of a man highly struck with the commendations heaped upon him by a generous adversary.

"My friend," he said aloud, "how truly do you read my purpose, when you suppose that the knowledge which men of your disposition can extract from evil was all the experience which I wished you to derive from a captivity protracted by adverse circumstances far—very far beyond my wishes! Let me embrace the generous man who knows so well how to construe the purpose of a perplexed but still faithful friend."

The patient raised himself in his bed.

“Hold, there,” he said: “methinks my faculties begin to collect themselves. Yes,” he muttered, “that is the treacherous voice which first bid me welcome as a friend, and then commanded fiercely that I should be deprived of the sight of my eyes. Increase thy rigor as thou wilt, Comnenus—add, if thou canst, to the torture of my confinement; but, since I cannot see thy hypocritical and inhuman features, spare me, in mercy, the sound of a voice more distressing to mine ear than toads, than serpents, than whatever nature has most offensive and disgusting.”

This speech was delivered with so much energy, that it was in vain that the Emperor strove to interrupt its tenor, although he himself, as well as Douban and his daughter, heard a great deal more of the language of unadorned and natural passion than he had counted upon.

“Raise thy head, rash man,” he said, “and charm thy tongue, ere it proceed in a strain which may cost thee dear. Look at me, and see if I have not reserved a reward capable of atoning for all the evil which thy folly may charge to my account.”

Hitherto the prisoner had remained with his eyes obstinately shut, regarding the imperfect recollection he had of sights which had been before his eyes the foregoing evening as the mere suggestion of a deluded imagination, if not actually presented by some seducing spirit. But now, when his eyes fairly encountered the stately figure of the Emperor, and the graceful form of his lovely daughter, painted in the tender rays of the morning dawn, he ejaculated faintly, “I see—I see!” and with that ejaculation fell back on the pillow in a swoon, which instantly found employment for Douban and his restoratives.

“A most wonderful cure indeed!” exclaimed the physician, “and the height of my wishes would be to possess such another miraculous restorative.”

“Fool!” said the Emperor; “canst thou not conceive that what has never been taken away is restored with little difficulty? He was made,” he said, lowering his voice, “to undergo a painful operation, which led him to believe that the organs of sight were destroyed; and as light scarcely ever visited him, and when it did, only in doubtful and almost invisible glimmerings, the prevailing darkness, both physical and mental, that surrounded him prevented him from being sensible of the existence of that precious faculty, of which he imagined himself bereft. Perhaps thou wilt ask my reason for inflicting upon him so strange a deception?

Simply it was that, being by it conceived incapable of reigning, his memory might pass out of the minds of the public, while, at the same time, I reserved his eyesight, that, in case occasion should call, it might be in my power once more to liberate him from his dungeon, and employ, as I now propose to do, his courage and talents in the service of the empire, to counterbalance those of other conspirators."

"And can your Imperial Highness," said Douban, "hope that you have acquired this man's duty and affection by the conduct you have observed to him?"

"I cannot tell," answered the Emperor; "that must be as futurity shall determine. All I know is, that it is no fault of mine if Ursel does not reckon freedom and a long course of empire—perhaps sanctioned by an alliance with our own blood—and the continued enjoyment of the precious organs of eyesight, of which a less scrupulous man would have deprived him, against a maimed and darkened existence."

"Since such is your Highness's opinion and resolution," said Douban, "it is for me to aid and not to counteract it. Permit me, therefore, to pray your Highness and the Princess to withdraw, that I may use such remedies as may confirm a mind which has been so strangely shaken, and restore to him fully the use of those eyes of which he has been so long deprived."

"I am content, Douban," said the Emperor; "but take notice, Ursel is not totally at liberty until he has expressed the resolution to become actually mine. It may behove both him and thee to know that, although there is no purpose of remitting him to the dungeons of the Blacquernal Palace, yet if he, or any on his part, should aspire to head a party in these feverish times, by the honor of a gentleman, to swear a Frankish oath, he shall find that he is not out of the reach of the battle-axes of my Varangians. I trust to thee to communicate this fact, which concerns alike him and all who have interest in his fortunes. Come, daughter, we will withdraw, and leave the leech with his patient. Take notice, Douban, it is of importance that you acquaint me the very first moment when the patient can hold rational communication with me."

Alexius and his accomplished daughter departed accordingly.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head.

As You Like It.

FROM a terraced roof of the Blacquernal Palace, accessible by a sash-door, which opened from the bedchamber of Ursel, there was commanded one of the most lovely and striking views which the romantic neighborhood of Constantinople afforded.

After suffering him to repose and rest his agitated faculties, it was to this place that the physician led his patient ; for, when somewhat composed, he had of himself requested to be permitted to verify the truth of his restored eyesight by looking out once more upon the majestic face of nature.

On the one hand, the scene which he beheld was a masterpiece of human art. The proud city, ornamented with stately buildings, as became the capital of the world, showed a succession of glittering spires and orders of architecture, some of them chaste and simple, like those the capitals of which were borrowed from baskets-full of acanthus ; some deriving the fluting of their shafts from the props made originally to support the lances of the earlier Greeks—forms simple, yet more graceful in their simplicity than any which human ingenuity has been able since to invent. With the most splendid specimens which ancient art could afford of those strictly classical models were associated those of a later age, where more modern taste had endeavored at improvement, and, by mixing the various orders, had produced such as were either composite or totally out of rule. The size of the buildings in which they were displayed, however, procured them respect ; nor could even the most perfect judge of architecture avoid being struck by the grandeur of their extent and effect, although hurt by the incorrectness of the taste in which they were executed. Arches of triumph, towers, obelisks, and spires, designed for various purposes, rose up into the air in confused magnificence ; while the lower view was filled by the streets of the city, the

domestic habitations forming long narrow alleys, on either side of which the houses arose to various and unequal heights, but, being generally finished with terraced coverings, thickset with plants and flowers, and fountains, had, when seen from an eminence, a more noble and interesting aspect than is ever afforded by the sloping and uniform roofs of streets in the capitals of the north of Europe.

It has taken us some time to give in words the idea which was at a single glance conveyed to Ursel, and affected him at first with great pain. His eyeballs had been long strangers to that daily exercise which teaches us the habit of correcting the scenes as they appear to our sight, by the knowledge which we derive from the use of our other senses. His idea of distance was so confused that it seemed as if all the spires, turrets, and minarets which he beheld were crowded forward upon his eyeballs, and almost touching them. With a shriek of horror, Ursel turned himself to the further side, and cast his eyes upon a different scene. Here also he saw towers, steeples, and turrets, but they were those of the churches and public buildings beneath his feet, reflected from the dazzling piece of water which formed the harbor of Constantinople, and which, from the abundance of wealth which it transported to the city, was well termed the Golden Horn. In one place, this superb basin was lined with quays, where stately dromonds and argosies unloaded their wealth; while, by the shore of the haven, galleys, feluccas, and other small craft idly flapped the singularly shaped and snow-white pinions which served them for sails. In other places, the Golden Horn lay shrouded in a verdant mantle of trees, where the private gardens of wealthy or distinguished individuals, or places of public recreation, shot down upon and were bounded by the glassy waters.

On the Bosphorus, which might be seen in the distance, the little fleet of Tancred was lying in the same station they had gained during the night, which was fitted to command the opposite landing; this their general had preferred to a midnight descent upon Constantinople, not knowing whether, so coming, they might be received as friends or enemies. This delay, however, had given the Greeks an opportunity, either by the orders of Alexius, or the equally powerful mandates of some of the conspirators, to tow six ships of war, full of armed men, and provided with the maritime offensive weapons peculiar to the Greeks at that period, which they had moored so as exactly to cover the place where the troops of Tancred must necessarily land.

This preparation gave some surprise to the valiant Tancred, who did not know that such vessels had arrived in the harbor from Lemnos on the preceding night. The undaunted courage of that prince was, however, in no respect to be shaken by the degree of unexpected danger with which his adventure now appeared to be attended.

This splendid view, from the description of which we have in some degree digressed, was seen by the physician and Ursel from a terrace the loftiest almost on the Palace of the Blacquernal. To the cityward, it was bounded by a solid wall of considerable height, giving a resting-place for the roof of a lower building, which, sloping outward, broke to the view the vast height, unobscured otherwise save by a high and massy balustrade, composed of bronze, which, to the havenward, sunk sheer down upon an uninterrupted precipice.

No sooner, therefore, had Ursel turned his eyes that way than, though placed far from the brink of the terrace, he exclaimed, with a shriek, "Save me—save me, if you are not indeed the destined executors of the Emperor's will."

"We are indeed such," said Douban, "to save and if possible to bring you to complete recovery; but by no means to do you injury, or to suffer it to be offered by others."

"Guard me then from myself," said Ursel, "and save me from the reeling and insane desire which I feel to plunge myself into the abyss to the edge of which you have guided me."

"Such a giddy and dangerous temptation is," said the physician, "common to those who have not for a long time looked down from precipitous heights, and are suddenly brought to them. Nature, however bounteous, hath not provided for the cessation of our faculties for years and for their sudden resumption in full strength and vigor. An interval, longer or shorter, must needs intervene. Can you not believe this terrace a safe station while you have my support and that of this faithful slave?"

"Certainly," said Ursel; "but permit me to turn my face towards this stone wall, for I cannot bear to look at the flimsy piece of wire which is the only battlement of defense that interposes betwixt me and the precipice." He spoke of the bronze balustrade, six feet high, and massive in proportion. Thus saying, and holding fast by the physician's arm, Ursel, though himself a younger and more able man, trembled, and moved his feet as slowly as if made of lead, until he reached the sashed-door, where stood a kind of bal-

cony seat, in which he placed himself. "Here," he said, "will I remain."

"And here," said Douban, "will I make the communication of the Emperor, which it is necessary you should be prepared to reply to. It places you, you will observe, at your own disposal for liberty or captivity, but it conditions for your resigning that sweet but sinful morsel termed revenge, which, I must not conceal from you, chance appears willing to put into your hand. You know the degree of rivalry in which you have been held by the Emperor, and you know the measure of evil you have sustained at his hand. The question is, Can you forgive what has taken place?"

"Let me wrap my head round with my mantle," said Ursel, "to dispel this dizziness which still oppresses my poor brain, and as soon as the power of recollection is granted to me, you shall know my sentiments."

He sunk upon the seat, muffled in the way which he described, and after a few minutes' reflection, with a trepidation which argued the patient still to be under the nervous feeling of extreme horror mixed with terror, he addressed Douban thus—"The operation of wrong and cruelty, in the moment when they are first inflicted, excites, of course, the utmost resentment of the sufferer; nor is there, perhaps, a passion which lives so long in his bosom as the natural desire of revenge. If, then, during the first month, when I lay stretched upon my bed of want and misery, you had offered me an opportunity of revenge upon my cruel oppressor, the remnant of miserable life which remained to me should have been willingly bestowed to purchase it. But a suffering of weeks, or even months, must not be compared in effect with that of years. For a short space of endurance, the body, as well as the mind, retains that vigorous habit which holds the prisoner still connected with life, and teaches him to thrill at the long-forgotten chain of hopes, of wishes, of disappointments, and mortifications which affected his former existence. But the wounds become callous as they harden, and other and better feelings occupy their place, while they gradually die away in forgetfulness. The enjoyments, the amusements of this world occupy no part of his time upon whom the gates of despair have once closed. I tell thee, my kind physician, that for a season, in an insane attempt to effect my liberty, I cut through a large portion of the living rock. But Heaven cured me of so foolish an idea; and if I did not actually come to love Alexius Comnenus—for how could that have been a possible effect in any rational state

of my intellects?—yet as I became convinced of my own crimes, sins, and follies, the more and more I was also persuaded that Alexius was but the agent through whom Heaven exercised a dearly-purchased right of punishing me for my manifold offences and transgressions; and that it was not therefore upon the Emperor that my resentment ought to visit itself. And I can now say to thee that, so far as a man who has undergone so dreadful a change can be supposed to know his own mind, I feel no desire either to rival Alexius in a race for empire or to avail myself of any of the various proffers which he proposes to me as the price of withdrawing my claim. Let him keep unpurchased the crown, for which he has paid, in my opinion, a price which it is not worth.”

“This is extraordinary stoicism, noble Ursel,” answered the physician Douban. “Am I then to understand that you reject the fair offers of Alexius, and desire, instead of all which he is willing, nay, anxious, to bestow, to be committed safely back to thy old blinded dungeon in the Blacquernal, that you may continue at ease those pietistic meditations which have already conducted thee to so extravagant a conclusion?”

“Physician,” said Ursel, while a shuddering fit that affected his whole body testified his alarm at the alternative proposed, “one would imagine thine own profession might have taught thee that no mere mortal man, unless predestined to be a glorified saint, could ever prefer darkness to the light of day, blindness itself to the enjoyment of the power of sight, the pangs of starving to competent sustenance, or the damps of a dungeon to the free air of God’s creation. No! it may be virtue to do so, but to such a pitch mine does not soar. All I require of the Emperor for standing by him with all the power my name can give him at this crisis is, that he will provide for my reception as a monk in some of those pleasant and well-endowed seminaries of piety to which his devotion, or his fears, have given rise. Let me not be again the object of his suspicion, the operation of which is more dreadful than that of being the object of his hate. Forgotten by power, as I have myself lost the remembrance of those that wielded it, let me find my way to the grave, unnoticed, unconstrained, at liberty, in possession of my dim and disused organs of sight, and, above all, at peace.”

“If such be thy serious and earnest wish, noble Ursel,” said the physician, “I myself have no hesitation to warrant to thee the full accomplishment of thy religious and moderate desires. But, bethink thee, thou art once more an in-

habitant of the court, in which thou mayst obtain what thou wilt to-day, while to-morrow, shouldst thou regret thy indifference, it may be thy utmost entreaty will not suffice to gain for thee the slightest extension of thy present conditions."

"Be it so," said Ursel; "I will then stipulate for another condition, which indeed has only reference to this day. I will solicit his imperial Majesty, with all humility, to spare me the pain of a personal treaty between himself and me, and that he will be satisfied with the solemn assurance that I am most willing to do in his favor all that he is desirous of dictating; while, on the other hand, I desire only the execution of those moderate conditions of my future aliment which I have already told thee at length."

"But wherefore," said Douban, "shouldst thou be afraid of announcing to the Emperor thy disposition to an agreement which cannot be esteemed otherwise than extremely moderate on thy part? Indeed, I fear the Emperor will insist on a brief personal conference."

"I am not ashamed," said Ursel, "to confess the truth. It is true that I have, or think I have, renounced what the Scripture calls the pride of life; but the old Adam still lives within us, and maintains against the better part of our nature an inextinguishable quarrel, easy to be aroused from its slumber, but as difficult to be again couched in peace. While last night I but half understood that mine enemy was in my presence, and while my faculties performed but half their duty in recalling his deceitful and hated accents, did not my heart throb in my bosom with all the agitation of a taken bird, and shall I again have to enter into a personal treaty with the man who, be his general conduct what it may, has been the constant and unprovoked cause of my unequaled misery? Douban, no! to listen to his voice again were to hear an alarm sounded to every violent and vindictive passion of my heart; and though, may Heaven so help me as my intentions towards him are upright, yet it is impossible for me to listen to his professions with a chance of safety either to him or to myself."

"If you be so minded," replied Douban, "I shall only repeat to him your stipulation, and you must swear to him that you will strictly observe it. Without this being done, it must be difficult, or perhaps impossible, to settle the league of which both are desirous."

"Amen!" said Ursel, "and as I am pure in my purpose, and resolved to keep it to the uttermost, so may

Heaven guard me from the influence of precipitate revenge, ancient grudge, or new quarrel !”

An authoritative knock at the door of the sleeping-chamber was now heard, and Ursel, relieved by more powerful feelings from the giddiness of which he had complained, walked firmly into the bedroom, and, seating himself, waited with averted eyes the entrance of the person who demanded admittance, and who proved to be no other than Alexius Comnenus.

The Emperor appeared at the door in a warlike dress, suited for the decoration of a prince who was to witness a combat in the lists fought out before him.

“Sage Douban,” he said, “has our esteemed prisoner, Ursel, made his choice between our peace and enmity ?”

“He hath, my lord,” replied the physician, “embraced the lot of that happy portion of mankind whose hearts and lives are devoted to the service of your Majesty’s government.”

“He will then this day,” continued the Emperor, “render me the office of putting down all those who may pretend to abet insurrection in his name, and under pretext of his wrongs ?”

“He will, my lord,” replied the physician, “act to the fullest the part which you require.”

“And in what way,” said the Emperor, adopting his most gracious tone of voice, “would our faithful Ursel desire that services like these, rendered in the hour of extreme need, should be acknowledged by the Emperor ?”

“Simply,” answered Douban, “by saying nothing upon the subject. He desires only that all jealousies between you and him may be henceforth forgotten, and that he may be admitted into one of your Highness’s monastic institutions, with leave to dedicate the rest of his life to the worship of Heaven and its saints.”

“Hath he persuaded thee of this, Douban ?” said the Emperor, in a low and altered voice. “By Heaven ! when I consider from what prison he was brought, and in what guise he inhabited it, I cannot believe in this gall-less disposition. He must at least speak to me himself, ere I can believe, in some degree, the transformation of the fiery Ursel into a being so little capable of feeling the ordinary impulses of mankind.”

“Hear me, Alexius Comnenus,” said the prisoner ; “and so may thine own prayers to Heaven find access and acceptance, as thou believest the words which I speak to thee

in simplicity of heart. If thine empire of Greece were made of coined gold, it would hold out no bait for my acceptance ; nor, I thank Heaven, have even the injuries I have experienced at thy hand, cruel and extensive as they have been, impressed upon me the slightest desire of requiting treachery with treachery. Think of me as thou wilt, so thou seek'st not again to exchange words with me ; and believe me that, when thou hast put me under the most rigid of thy ecclesiastical foundations, the discipline, the fare, and the vigils will be far superior to the existence falling to the share of those whom the king delights to honor, and who therefore must afford the king their society whenever they are summoned to do so."

"It is hardly for me," said the physician, "to interpose in so high a matter ; yet, as trusted both by the noble Ursel and by his Highness the Emperor, I have made a brief abstract of these short conditions to be kept by the high parties towards each other, *sub crimine falsi*."

The Emperor protracted the intercourse with Ursel until he more fully explained to him the occasion which he should have that very day for his services. When they parted, Alexius, with a great show of affection, embraced his late prisoner, while it required all the self-command and stoicism of Ursel to avoid expressing in plain terms the extent to which he abhorred the person who thus caressed him.

CHAPTER XXIX

O, conspiracy !

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free ? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, conspiracy :
Hide it in smiles and affability ;
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Julius Cæsar.

THE important morning at last arrived on which, by the imperial proclamation, the combat between the Cæsar and Robert Count of Paris was appointed to take place. This was a circumstance in a great measure foreign to the Grecian manners, and to which, therefore, the people annexed different ideas from those which were associated with the same solemn decision of God, as the Latins called it, by the Western nations. The consequence was a vague but excessive agitation among the people, who connected the extraordinary strife which they were to witness with the various causes which had been whispered abroad as likely to give occasion to some general insurrection of a great and terrible nature.

By the imperial order, regular lists had been prepared for the combat, with opposite gates, or entrances, as was usual, for the admittance of the two champions ; and it was understood that the appeal was to be made to the Divinity by each, according to the forms prescribed by the church of which the combatants were respectively members. The situation of these lists was on the side of the shore adjoining on the west to the continent. At no great distance, the walls of the city were seen, of various architecture, composed of lime and of stone, and furnished with no less than four-and-twenty gates, or posterns, five of which regarded the land and nineteen the water. All this formed a beautiful prospect, much of which is still visible. The town itself is about nineteen miles in circumference ; and as it is on all sides surrounded with lofty cypresses, its general appearance is that of a city arising out of a stately wood of

these magnificent trees, partly shrouding the pinnacles, obelisks, and minarets which then marked the site of many noble Christian temples, but now, generally speaking, intimate the position of as many Mohammedan mosques.

These lists, for the convenience of spectators, were surrounded on all sides by long rows of seats, sloping downwards. In the middle of these seats, and exactly opposite the center of the lists, was a high throne, erected for the Emperor himself, and which was separated from the more vulgar galleries by a circuit of wooden barricades, which an experienced eye could perceive might, in case of need, be made serviceable for purposes of defense.

The lists were sixty yards in length, by perhaps about forty in breadth, and these afforded ample space for the exercise of the combat, both on horseback and on foot. Numerous bands of the Greek citizens began, with the very break of day, to issue from the gates and posterns of the city, to examine and wonder at the construction of the lists, pass their criticisms upon the purposes of the peculiar parts of the fabric, and occupy places, to secure them for the spectacle. Shortly after arrived a large band of those soldiers who were called the Roman Immortals. These entered without ceremony, and placed themselves on either hand of the wooden barricade which fenced the Emperor's seat. Some of them took even a greater liberty; for, affecting to be pressed against the boundary, there were individuals who approached the partition itself, and seemed to meditate climbing over it, and placing themselves on the same side with the Emperor. Some old domestic slaves of the household now showed themselves, as if for the purpose of preserving this sacred circle for Alexius and his court; and, in proportion as the Immortals began to show themselves encroaching and turbulent, the strength of the defenders of the prohibited precincts seemed gradually to increase.

There was, though scarcely to be observed, besides the grand access to the imperial seat from without, another opening also from the outside, secured by a very strong door, by which different persons received admission beneath the seats destined for the imperial party. These persons, by their length of limb, breadth of shoulders, by the fur of their cloaks, and especially by the redoubted battle-axes which all of them bore, appeared to be Varangians; but, although neither dressed in their usual habit of pomp nor in their more effectual garb of war, still, when narrowly examined, they might be seen to possess their usual offensive weapons.

These men, entering in separate and straggling parties, might be observed to join the slaves of the interior of the palace in opposing the intrusion of the Immortals upon the seat of the Emperor and the benches around. Two or three Immortals, who had actually made good their frolic and climbed over the division, were flung back again, very unceremoniously, by the barbaric strength and sinewy arms of the Varangians.

The people around and in the adjacent galleries, most of whom had the air of citizens in their holyday dresses, commented a good deal on these proceedings, and were inclined strongly to make part with the Immortals. "It was a shame to the Emperor," they said, "to encourage these British barbarians to interpose themselves by violence between his person and the Immortal cohorts of the city, who were in some sort his own children."

Stephanos, the gymnastic, whose bulky strength and stature rendered him conspicuous amid this party, said, without hesitation, "If there are two people here who will join in saying that the Immortals are unjustly deprived of their right of guarding the Emperor's person, here is the hand that shall place them beside the imperial chair."

"Not so," quoth a centurion of the Immortals, whom we have already introduced to our readers by the name of Harpax—"not so, Stephanos; that happy time may arrive, but it is not yet come, my gem of the circus. Thou knowest that on this occasion it is one of these counts, or Western Franks, who undertakes the combat; and the Varangians, who call these people their enemies, have some reason to claim a precedency in guarding the lists, which it might not at this moment be convenient to dispute with them. Why, man, if thou wert half so witty as thou art long, thou wouldst be sensible that it were bad woodmanship to raise the halloo upon the game ere it had been driven within compass of the nets."

While the athlete rolled his huge gray eyes as if to conjure out the sense of this intimation, his little friend Lysimachus, the artist, putting himself to pain to stand upon his tiptoe and look intelligent, said, approaching as near as he could to Harpax's ear, "Thou mayst trust me, gallant centurion, that this man of mold and muscle shall neither start like a babbling hound on a false scent nor become mute and inert when the general signal is given. But tell me," said he speaking very low, and for that purpose mounting a bench, which brought him on a level with the centurion's ear,

“would it not have been better that a strong guard of the valiant Immortals had been placed in this wooden citadel, to ensure the object of the day?”

“Without question,” said the centurion, “it was so meant; but these strolling Varangians have altered their station of their own authority.”

“Were it not well,” said Lysimachus, “that you who are greatly more numerous than the barbarians, should begin a fray before more of these strangers arrive?”

“Content ye, friend,” said the centurion, coldly, “we know our time. An attack commenced too early would be worse than thrown away, nor would an opportunity occur of executing our project in the fitting time, if an alarm were prematurely given at this moment.”

So saying, he shuffled off among his fellow-soldiers, so as to avoid suspicious intercourse with such persons as were only concerned with the civic portion of the conspirators.

As the morning advanced, and the sun took a higher station in the horizon, the various persons whom curiosity, or some more decided motive, brought to see the proposed combat were seen streaming from different parts of the town, and rushing to occupy such accommodation as the circuit round the lists afforded them. In their road to the place where preparation for combat was made, they had to ascend a sort of cape, which, in the form of a small hill, projected into the Hellespont, and the butt of which, connecting it with the shore, afforded a considerable ascent, and, of course, a more commanding view of the strait between Europe and Asia than either the immediate vicinity of the city or the still lower ground upon which the lists were erected. In passing this height, the earlier visitants of the lists made little or no halt; but after a time, when it became obvious that those who had hurried forward to the place of combat were lingering there without any object or occupation, they that followed them in the same route, with natural curiosity, paid a tribute to the landscape, bestowing some attention on its beauty, and paused to see what auguries could be collected from the water which were likely to have any concern in indicating the fate of the events that were to take place. Some straggling seamen were the first who remarked that a squadron of the Greek small craft (being that of Tancred) were in the act of making their way from Asia, and threatening a descent upon Constantinople.

“It is strange,” said a person, by rank the captain of a galley, “that these small vessels, which were ordered to re-

turn to Constantinople as soon as they disembarked the Latins, should have remained so long at Scutari, and should not be rowing back to the imperial city until this time, on the second day after their departure from thence."

"I pray to Heaven," said another of the same profession, "that these seamen may come alone. It seems to me as if their ensign-staffs, bowsprits, and topmasts were decorated with the same ensigns, or nearly the same, with those which the Latins displayed upon them when, by the Emperor's order, they were transported towards Palestine; so methinks the voyage back again resembles that of a fleet of merchant vessels who have been prevented from discharging their cargo at the place of their destination."

"There is little good," said one of the politicians whom we formerly noticed, "in dealing with such commodities, whether they are imported or exported. Yon ample banner which streams over the foremost galley intimates the presence of a chieftain of no small rank among the counts, whether it be for valor or for nobility."

The seafaring leader added, with the voice of one who hints alarming tidings, "They seem to have got to a point in the straits as high as will enable them to run down with the tide, and clear the cape which we stand on, although with what purpose they aim to land so close beneath the walls of the city, he is a wiser man than I who pretends to determine."

"Assuredly," returned his comrade, "the intention is not a kind one. The wealth of the city has temptations to a poor people, who only value the iron which they possess as affording them the means of procuring the gold which they covet."

"Ay, brother," answered Demetrius the politician, "but see you not, lying at anchor within this bay which is formed by the cape, and at the very point where these heretics are likely to be carried by the tide, six strong vessels, having the power of sending forth, not merely showers of darts and arrows, but of Grecian fire, as it is called, from their hollow decks? If these Frank gentry continue directing their course upon the imperial city, being, as they are,

Propago

Contemptrix Superûm sane, sævæque avidissima cædis,
Et violenta,

we shall speedily see a combat better worth witnessing than that announced by the great trumpet of the Varangians. If

you love me, let us sit down here for a moment, and see how this matter is to end."

"An excellent motion, my ingenious friend," said Lascaris, which was the name of the other citizen; "but, be-think you, shall we not be in danger from the missiles with which the audacious Latins will not fail to return the Greek fire, if, according to your conjecture, it shall be poured upon them by the imperial squadron?"

"That is not ill argued, my friend," said Demetrius; "but know that you have to do with a man who has been in such extremities before now; and if such a discharge should open from the sea, I would propose to you to step back some fifty yards inland, and thus to interpose the very crest of the cape between us and the discharge of missiles; a mere child might thus learn to face them without any alarm."

"You are a wise man, neighbor," said Lascaris. "and possess such a mixture of valor and knowledge as becomes a man whom a friend might be supposed safely to risk his life with. There be those, for instance, who cannot show you the slightest glimpse of what is going on without bringing you within peril of your life; whereas you, my worthy friend Demetrius, between your accurate knowledge of military affairs and your regard for your friend, are sure to show him all that is to be seen without the least risk to a person who is naturally unwilling to think of exposing himself to injury. But, Holy Virgin! what is the meaning of that red flag which the Greek admiral has this instant hoisted?"

"Why, you see, neighbor," answered Demetrius, "yonder Western heretic continues to advance without minding the various signs which our admiral has made to him to desist, and now he hoists the bloody colors, as if a man should clench his fist and say, 'If you persevere in your uncivil intention, I will do so and so.'"

"By St. Sophia," said Lascaris, "and that is giving him fair warning. But what is it the imperial admiral is about to do?"

"Run—run, friend Lascaris," said Demetrius, "or you will see more of that than perchance you have any curiosity for."

Accordingly, to add the strength of example to precept, Demetrius himself girt up his loins, and retreated with the most edifying speed to the opposite side of the ridge, accompanied by the greater part of the crowd, who had tarried there to witness the contest which the newsmonger prom-

ised, and were determined to take his word for their own safety. The sound and sight which had alarmed Demetrius was the discharge of a large portion of Greek fire, which perhaps may be best compared to one of those immense Congreve rockets of the present day, which takes on its shoulders a small grapnel or anchor, and proceeds groaning through the air, like a fiend overburdened by the mandate of some inexorable magician, and of which the operation was so terrifying, that the crews of the vessels attacked by this strange weapon frequently forsook every means of defense and run themselves ashore. One of the principal ingredients of this dreadful fire was supposed to be naphtha, or the bitumen which is collected on the banks of the Dead Sea, and which, when in a state of ignition, could only be extinguished by a very singular mixture, and which it was not likely to come in contact with. It produced a thick smoke and loud explosion, and was capable, says Gibbon, of communicating its flames with equal vehemence in descent or lateral progress.* In sieges, it was poured from the ramparts, or launched, like our bombs, in red-hot balls of stone or iron, or it was darted in flax twisted round arrows and in javelins. It was considered as a state secret of the greatest importance; and for wellnigh four centuries it was unknown to the Mohammedans. But at length the composition was discovered by the Saracens, and used by them for repelling the crusaders, and overpowering the Greeks, upon whose side it had at one time been the most formidable implement of defense. Some exaggeration we must allow for a barbarous period; but there seems no doubt that the general description of the crusader Joinville should be admitted as correct. "It came flying through the air," says that good knight, "like a winged dragon, about the thickness of a hogshead, with the report of thunder and the speed of lightning, and the darkness of the night was dispelled by this horrible illumination."

Not only the bold Demetrius and his pupil Lascaris, but all the crowd whom they influenced, fled manfully when the commodore of the Greeks fired the first discharge; and as the other vessels in the squadron followed his example, the heavens were filled with the unusual and outrageous noise, while the smoke was so thick as to darken the very air. As the fugitives passed the crest of the hill, they saw the seaman whom we formerly mentioned as a spectator snugly

* For a full account of the Greek fire, see Gibbon, chapter lii.

reclining under cover of a dry ditch, where he managed so as to secure himself as far as possible from any accident. He could not, however, omit breaking his jest on the politicians.

“What, ho!” he cried, “my good friends,” without raising himself above the counterscarp of his ditch, “will you not remain upon your station long enough to finish that hopeful lecture upon battle by sea and land which you had so happy an opportunity of commencing? Believe me, the noise is more alarming than hurtful; the fire is all pointed in a direction opposite to yours, and if one of those dragons which you see does happen to fly landward instead of seaward, it is but the mistake of some cabin-boy, who has used his linstock with more willingness than ability.”

Demetrius and Lascaris just heard enough of the naval hero's harangue to acquaint them with the new danger with which they might be assailed by the possible misdirection of the weapons, and, rushing down towards the lists at the head of a crowd half desperate with fear, they hastily propagated the appalling news that the Latins were coming back from Asia with the purpose of landing in arms, pillaging, and burning the city.

The uproar, in the mean time, of this unexpected occurrence, was such as altogether to vindicate, in public opinion, the reported cause, however exaggerated. The thunder of the Greek fire came successively, one hard upon the other, and each in his turn spread a blot of black smoke upon the face of the landscape, which, thickened by so many successive clouds, seemed at last, like that raised by a sustained fire of modern artillery, to overshadow the whole horizon.

The small squadron of Tancred were completely hid from view in the surging volumes of darkness which the breath of the weapons of the enemy had spread around him; and it seemed by a red light, which began to show itself among the thickest of the veil of darkness, that one of the flotilla at least had caught fire. Yet the Latins resisted, with an obstinacy worthy of their own courage and the fame of their celebrated leader. Some advantage they had, on account of their small size and their lowness in the water, as well as the clouded state of the atmosphere, which rendered them difficult marks for the fire of the Greeks.

To increase these advantages, Tancred, as well by boats as by the kind of rude signals made use of at the period, dispersed orders to his fleet that each bark, disregarding the fate of the others, should press forward individually, and

that the men from each should be on shore wheresoever and howsoever they could effect that maneuver. Tancred himself set a noble example: he was on board a stout vessel, fenced in some degree against the effect of the Greek fire by being in a great measure covered with raw hides, which hides had also been recently steeped in water. This vessel contained upwards of a hundred valiant warriors, several of them of knightly order, who had all night toiled at the humble labors of the oar, and now in the morning applied their chivalrous hands to the arblast and to the bow, which were in general accounted the weapons of persons of a lower rank. Thus armed and thus manned, Prince Tancred bestowed upon his bark the full velocity which wind, and tide, and oar could enable her to obtain, and placing her in the situation to profit by them as much as his maritime skill could direct, he drove with the speed of lightning among the vessels of Lemnos, plying on either side bows, cross-bows, javelins, and military missiles of every kind, with the greater advantage that the Greeks, trusting to their artificial fire, had omitted arming themselves with other weapons; so that when the valiant crusader bore down on them with so much fury, repaying the terrors of their fire with a storm of bolts and arrows no less formidable, they began to feel that their own advantage was much less than they had supposed, and that, like most other dangers, the maritime fire of the Greeks, when undauntedly confronted, lost at least one-half of its terrors. The Grecian sailors, too, when they observed the vessels approach so near, filled with the steel-clad Latins, began to shrink from a contest to be maintained hand-to-hand with so terrible an enemy.

By degrees, smoke began to issue from the sides of the great Grecian argosy, and the voice of Tancred announced to his soldiers that the Grecian admiral's vessel had taken fire, owing to negligence in the management of the means of destruction she possessed, and that all they had now to do was to maintain such a distance as to avoid sharing her fate. Sparkles and flashes of flame were next seen leaping from place to place on board of the great hulk, as if the element had had the sense and purpose of spreading wider the consternation, and disabling the few who still paid attention to the commands of their admiral and endeavored to extinguish the fire. The consciousness of the combustible nature of the freight began to add despair to terror; from the boltsprit, the rigging, the yards, the sides, and every

part of the vessel, the unfortunate crew were seen dropping themselves, to exchange for the most part a watery death for one by the more dreadful agency of fire. The crew of Tancred's bark, ceasing, by that generous prince's commands, to offer any additional annoyance to an enemy who was at once threatened by the perils of the ocean and of conflagration, ran their vessel ashore in a smooth part of the bay, and, jumping into the shallow sea, made the land without difficulty, many of their steeds being, by the exertions of the owners and the docility of the animals, brought ashore at the same time with their masters. Their commander lost no time in forming their serried ranks into a phalanx of lancers, few indeed at first, but perpetually increasing as ship after ship of the little flotilla ran ashore; or, having more deliberately moored their barks, landed their men and joined their companions.

The cloud which had been raised by the conflict was now driven to leeward before the wind, and the strait exhibited only the relics of the combat. Here tossed upon the billows the scattered and broken remains of one or two of the Latin vessels which had been burned at the commencement of the combat, though their crews, by the exertions of their comrades, had in general been saved. Lower down were seen the remaining five vessels of the Lemnos squadron, holding a disorderly and difficult retreat, with the purpose of gaining the harbor of Constantinople. In the place so late the scene of combat lay moored the hulk of the Grecian admiral, burned to the water's edge, and still sending forth a black smoke from its scathed beams and planks. The flotilla of Tancred, busied in discharging its troops, lay irregularly scattered along the bay, the men making ashore as they could, and taking their course to join the standard of their leader. Various black substances floated on the surface of the water, nearer or more distant to the shore; some proved to be the wreck of the vessels which had been destroyed, and others, more ominous still, the lifeless bodies of mariners who had fallen in the conflict.

The standard had been borne ashore by the Prince's favorite page, Ernest of Apulia, so soon as the keel of Tancred's galley had grazed upon the sand. It was then pitched on the top of that elevated cape between Constantinople and the lists where Lascar, Demetrius, and other gossips had held their station at the commencement of the engagement, but from which all had fled, between the mingled dread of the Greek fire and the missiles of the Latin crusaders.

CHAPTER XXX

SHEATHED in complete armor, and supporting with his right hand the standard of his fathers, Tancred remained with his handful of warriors like so many statues of steel, expecting some sort of attack from the Grecian party which had occupied the lists, or from the numbers whom the city gates began now to pour forth—soldiers some of them, and others citizens, many of whom were arrayed as if for conflict. These persons, alarmed by the various accounts which were given of the combatants and the progress of the fight, rushed towards the standard of Prince Tancred, with the intention of beating it to the earth, and dispersing the guards who owed it homage and defense. But if the reader shall have happened to have ridden at any time through a pastoral country, with a dog of a noble race following him, he must have remarked, in the deference ultimately paid to the high-bred animal by the shepherd's cur as he crosses the lonely glen, of which the latter conceives himself the lord and guardian, something very similar to the demeanor of the incensed Greeks when they approached near to the little band of Franks. At the first symptom of the intrusion of a stranger, the dog of the shepherd starts from his slumbers, and rushes towards the noble intruder with a clamorous declaration of war; but when the diminution of distance between them shows to the aggressor the size and strength of his opponent, he becomes like a cruiser who, in a chase, has, to his surprise and alarm, found two tier of guns opposed to him instead of one. He halts, suspends his clamorous yelping, and, in fine, ingloriously retreats to his master, with all the dishonorable marks of positively declining the combat. It was in this manner that the troops of the noisy Greeks, with much hallooing and many a boastful shout, hastened both from the town and from the lists, with the apparent intention of sweeping from the field the few companions of Tancred. As they advanced, however, within the power of remarking the calm and regular order of those men who had landed and arranged themselves under this noble chieftain's banner, their minds were altogether changed as to the resolution of instant combat; their advance be-

came an uncertain and staggering gait ; their heads were more frequently turned back to the point from which they came than towards the enemy ; and their desire to provoke an instant scuffle vanished totally when there did not appear the least symptom that their opponents cared about the matter.

It added to the extreme confidence with which the Latins kept their ground, that they were receiving frequent, though small, reinforcements from their comrades, who were landing by detachments all along the beach ; and that, in the course of a short hour, their amount had been raised, on horseback and foot, to a number, allowing for a few casualties, not much less than that which set sail from Scutari.

Another reason why the Latins remained unassailed was certainly the indisposition of the two principal armed parties on shore to enter into a quarrel with them. The guards of every kind who were faithful to the Emperor, and more especially the Varangians, had their orders to remain firm at their posts, some in the lists and others at various places of rendezvous in Constantinople, where their presence was necessary to prevent the effects of the sudden insurrection which Alexius knew to be meditated against him. These, therefore, made no hostile demonstration towards the band of Latins, nor was it the purpose of the Emperor they should do so.

On the other hand, the greater part of the Immortal Guards, and those citizens who were prepared to play a part in the conspiracy, had been impressed by the agents of the deceased Agelastes with the opinion that this band of Latins, commanded by Tancred, the relative of Bohemond, had been despatched by the latter to their assistance. These men, therefore, stood still, and made no attempt to guide or direct the popular efforts of such as inclined to attack these unexpected visitors ; in which purpose, therefore, no very great party were united, while the majority were willing enough to find an apology for remaining quiet.

In the mean time, the Emperor, from his Palace of Blaquernal, observed what passed upon the straits, and beheld his navy from Lemnos totally foiled in their attempt, by means of the Greek fire, to check the intended passage of Tancred and his men. He had no sooner seen the leading ship of this squadron begin to beacon the darkness with its own fire than the Emperor formed a secret resolution to disown the unfortunate admiral, and make peace with the

Latins, if that should be absolutely necessary, by sending them his head. He had hardly, therefore, seen the flames burst forth, and the rest of the vessels retreat from their moorings, than in his own mind the doom of the unfortunate Phraortes, for such was the name of the admiral, was signed and sealed.

Achilles Tatius, at the same instant, determining to keep a close eye upon the Emperor at this important crisis, came precipitately into the palace with an appearance of great alarm.

“My lord—my imperial lord, I am unhappy to be the messenger of such unlucky news; but the Latins have in great numbers succeeded in crossing the strait from Scutari. The Lemnos squadron endeavored to stop them, as was last night determined upon in the imperial council of war. By a heavy discharge of the Greek fire one or two of the crusaders’ vessels were consumed, but by far the greater number of them pushed on their course, burned the leading ship of the unfortunate Phraortes, and it is strongly reported he has himself perished, with almost all his men. The rest have cut their cables and abandoned the defense of the passage of the Hellespont.”

“And you, Achilles Tatius,” said the Emperor, “with what purpose is it that you now bring me this melancholy news, at a period so late when I cannot amend the consequences?”

“Under favor, most gracious Emperor,” replied the conspirator, not without coloring and stammering, “such was not my intention; I had hoped to submit a plan by which I might easily have prepared the way for correcting this little error.”

“Well, your plan, sir?” said the Emperor, drily.

“With your Sacred Majesty’s leave,” said the Acolyte, “I would myself have undertaken instantly to lead against this Tancred and his Italians the battle-axes of the faithful Varangian Guard, who will make no more account of the small number of Franks who have come ashore than the farmer holds of the hordes of rats and mice, and such-like mischievous vermin, who have harbored in his granaries.”

“And what mean you,” said the Emperor, “that I am to do, while my Anglo-Saxons fight for my sake?”

“Your Majesty,” replied Achilles, not exactly satisfied with the dry and caustic manner in which the Emperor addressed him, “may put yourself at the head of the Immortal cohorts of Constantinople; and I am your security, that

you may either perfect the victory over the Latins, or at least redeem the most distant chance of a defeat, by advancing at the head of this choice body of domestic troops, should the day appear doubtful."

"You yourself, Achilles Tatius," returned the Emperor, "have repeatedly assured us that these Immortals retain a perverse attachment to our rebel Ursel. How is it, then, you would have us entrust our defense to these bands, when we have engaged our valiant Varangians in the proposed conflict with the flower of the Western army? Did you think of this risk, sir Follower?"

Achilles Tatius, much alarmed at an intimation indicative of his purpose being known, answered, "that in his haste he had been more anxious to recommend the plan which should expose his own person to the greater danger than that perhaps which was most attended with personal safety to his imperial master."

"I thank you for so doing," said the Emperor; "you have anticipated my wishes, though it is not in my power at present to follow the advice you have given me. I would have been well contented, undoubtedly, had these Latins measured their way over the strait again, as suggested by last night's council; but since they have arrived, and stand embattled on our shores, it is better that we pay them with money and with spoil than with the lives of our gallant subjects. We cannot, after all, believe that they come with any serious intention of doing us injury; it is but the insane desire of witnessing feats of battle and single combat, which is to them the breath of their nostrils, that can have impelled them to this partial counter-march. I impose upon you, Achilles Tatius, combining the Protospathaire in the same commission with you, the duty of riding up to yonder standard, and learning of their chief, called the Prince Tancred, if he is there in person, the purpose of his return, and the cause of his entering into debate with Phraortes and the Lemnos squadron. If they send us any reasonable excuse, we shall not be averse to receive it at their hands; for we have not made so many sacrifices for the preservation of peace, to break forth into war, if, after all, so great an evil can be avoided. Thou wilt receive, therefore, with a candid and complacent mind, such apologies as they may incline to bring forward; and be assured that the sight of this puppet-show of a single combat will be enough of itself to banish every other consideration from the reflection of these giddy crusaders."

A knock was at this moment heard at the door of the Emperor's apartment; and upon the word being given to enter, the Protospathaire made his appearance. He was arrayed in a splendid suit of ancient Roman-fashioned armor. The want of a visor left his countenance entirely visible, which, pale and anxious as it was, did not well become the martial crest and dancing plume with which it was decorated. He received the commission already mentioned with the less alacrity because the Acolyte was added to him as his colleague; for, as the reader may have observed, these two officers were of separate factions in the army, and on indifferent terms with each other. Neither did the Acolyte consider his being united in commission with the Protospathaire as a mark either of the Emperor's confidence or of his own safety. He was, however, in the mean time in the Blacquernal, where the slaves of the interior made not the least hesitation, when ordered, to execute any officer of the court. The two generals had, therefore, no other alternative than that which is allowed to two greyhounds who are reluctantly coupled together. The hope of Achilles Tatius was, that he might get safely through his mission to Tancred, after which he thought the successful explosion of the conspiracy might take place and have its course, either as a matter desired and countenanced by those Latins, or passed over as a thing in which they took no interest on either side.

By the parting order of the Emperor, they were to mount on horseback at the sounding of the great Varangian trumpet, put themselves at the head of those Anglo-Saxon guards in the courtyard of their barrack, and await the Emperor's further orders.

There was something in this arrangement which pressed hard on the conscience of Achilles Tatius, yet he was at a loss to justify his apprehensions to himself, unless from a conscious feeling of his own guilt. He felt, however, that in being detained, under pretense of an honorable mission, at the head of the Varangians, he was deprived of the liberty of disposing of himself, by which he had hoped to communicate with the Cæsar and Hereward, whom he reckoned upon as his active accomplices, not knowing that the first was at this moment a prisoner in the Blacquernal, where Alexius had arrested him in the apartments of the Empress, and that the second was the most important support of Comnenus during the whole of that eventful day.

When the gigantic trumpet of the Varangian Guards sent forth its deep signal through the city, the Protospathaire

hurried Achilles along with him to the rendezvous of the Varangians, and on the way said to him, in an easy and indifferent tone, "As the Emperor is in the field in person, you, his representative, or Follower, will, of course, transmit no orders to the bodyguard, except such as shall receive their origin from himself, so that you will consider your authority as this day suspended."

"I regret," said Achilles, "that there should have seemed any cause for such precautions; I had hoped my own truth and fidelity—but I am obsequious to his imperial pleasure in all things."

"Such are his orders," said the other officer, "and you knew under what penalty obedience is enforced."

"If I did not," said Achilles, "the composition of this body of guards would remind me, since it comprehends not only great part of those Varangians who are the immediate defenders of the Emperor's throne, but those slaves of the interior who are the executioners of his pleasure."

To this the Protospathaire returned no answer, while the more closely the Acolyte looked upon the guard which attended, to the unusual number of nearly three thousand men, the more had he reason to believe that he might esteem himself fortunate if, by the intervention of either the Cæsar, Agelastes, or Hereward, he could pass to the conspirators a signal to suspend the intended explosion, which seemed to be provided against by the Emperor with unusual caution. He would have given the full dream of empire, with which he had been for a short time lulled asleep, to have seen but a glimpse of the azure plume of Nicephorus, the white mantle of the philosopher, or even a glimmer of Hereward's battle-ax. No such objects could be seen anywhere, and not a little was the faithless Follower displeased to see that, whichever way he turned his eyes, those of the Protospathaire, but especially of the trusty domestic officers of the empire, seemed to follow and watch their occupation.

Amidst the numerous soldiers whom he saw on all sides, his eye did not recognize a single man with whom he could exchange a friendly or confidential glance, and he stood in all that agony of terror which is rendered the more discomfiting because the traitor is conscious that, beset by various foes, his own fears are the most likely of all to betray him. Internally, as the danger seemed to increase, and as his alarmed imagination attempted to discern new reasons for it, he could only conclude that either one of the three principal conspirators, or at least some of the inferiors, had turned

informers ; and his doubt was, whether he should not screen his own share of what had been premeditated by flinging himself at the feet of the Emperor, and making a full confession. But still the fear of being premature in having recourse to such a base means of saving himself, joined to the absence of the Emperor, united to keep within his lips a secret which concerned not only all his future fortunes, but life itself. He was in the mean time, therefore, plunged as it were in a sea of trouble and uncertainty, while the specks of land, which seemed to promise him refuge, were distant, dimly seen, and extremely difficult of attainment.

CHAPTER XXXI

To-morrow—oh, that's sudden. Spare him—spare him ;
He's not prepared to die.

SHAKSPEARE.

AT the moment when Achilles Tatius, with a feeling of much insecurity, awaited the unwinding of the perilous skein of state politics, a private counsel of the imperial family was held in the hall termed the temple of the Muses, repeatedly distinguished as the apartment in which the Princess Anna Comnena was wont to make her evening recitations to those who were permitted the honor of hearing prelections of her history. The council consisted of the Empress Irene, the Princess herself and the Emperor, with the Patriarch of the Greek Church, as a sort of mediator between a course of severity and a dangerous degree of lenity.

“Tell not me, Irene,” said the Emperor, “of the fine things attached to the praise of mercy. Here have I sacrificed my just revenge over my rival Ursel, and what good do I obtain by it ? Why, the old obstinate man, instead of being tractable, and sensible of the generosity which has spared his life and eyes, can be with difficulty brought to exert himself in favor of the prince to whom he owes them. I used to think that eyesight and the breath of life were things which one would preserve at any sacrifice ; but, on the contrary, I now believe men value them like mere toys. Talk not to me, therefore, of the gratitude to be excited by saving this ungrateful cub ; and believe me, girl,” turning to Anna, “that not only will all my subjects, should I follow your advice, laugh at me for sparing a man so predetermined to work my ruin, but even thou thyself wilt be the first to upbraid me with the foolish kindness thou art now so anxious to extort from me.”

“Your imperial pleasure, then,” said the Patriarch, “is fixed that your unfortunate son-in-law shall suffer death for his accession to this conspiracy, deluded by that heathen villain Agelastes and the traitorous Achilles Tatius ?”

“Such is my purpose,” said the Emperor ; “and in evidence that I mean not again to pass over a sentence of

this kind with a seeming execution only, as in the case of Ursel, this ungrateful traitor of ours shall be led from the top of the staircase, or Ladder of Acheron, as it is called, through the large chamber named the Hall of Judgment, at the upper end of which are arranged the apparatus for execution, by which I swear——”

“Swear not at all!” said the Patriarch. “I forbid thee, in the name of that Heaven whose voice speaks in my person—though unworthy—to quench the smoking flax, or destroy the slight hope which there may remain that you may finally be persuaded to alter your purpose respecting your misguided son-in-law, within the space allotted to him to sue for your mercy. Remember, I pray you, the remorse of Constantine.”

“What means your reverence?” said Irene.

“A trifle,” replied the Emperor, “not worthy being quoted from such a mouth as the Patriarch’s, being, as it probably is, a relic of paganism.”

“What is it?” exclaimed the females anxiously, in the hope of hearing something which might strengthen their side of the argument, and something moved, perhaps, by curiosity, a motive which seldom slumbers in a female bosom, even when the stronger passions are in arms.

“The Patriarch will tell you,” answered Alexius, “since you must needs know; though, I promise you, you will not receive any assistance in your argument from a silly legendary tale.”

“Hear it, however,” said the Patriarch; “for, though it is a tale of the olden time, and sometimes supposed to refer to the period when heathenism predominated, it is no less true that it was a vow made and registered in the chancery of the rightful Deity by an emperor of Greece.

“What I am now to relate to you,” continued he, “is, in truth, a tale not only of a Christian emperor, but of him who made the whole empire Christian; and of that very Constantine who was also the first who declared Constantinople to be the metropolis of the empire. This hero, remarkable alike for his zeal for religion and for his warlike achievements, was crowned by Heaven with repeated victory, and with all manner of blessings, save that unity in his family which wise men are most ambitious to possess. Not only was the blessing of concord among brethren denied to the family of this triumphant emperor, but a deserving son of mature age, who had been supposed to aspire to share the throne with his father, was suddenly, and at midnight, called

upon to enter his defense against a capital charge of treason. You will readily excuse my referring to the arts by which the son was rendered guilty in the eyes of the father. Be it enough to say, that the unfortunate young man fell a victim to the guilt of his stepmother, Fausta, and that he disdained to exculpate himself from a charge so gross and so erroneous. It is said that the anger of the Emperor was kept up against his son by the sycophants who called upon Constantine to observe that the culprit disdained even to supplicate for mercy or vindicate his innocence from so foul a charge.

“But the death-blow had no sooner struck the innocent youth than his father obtained proof of the rashness with which he had acted. He had at this period been engaged in constructing the subterranean parts of the Blacquernal Palace, which his remorse appointed to contain a record of his paternal grief and contrition. At the upper part of the staircase, called the Pit of Acheron, he caused to be constructed a large chamber, still called the Hall of Judgment, for the purpose of execution. A passage through an archway in the upper wall leads from the hall to the place of misery, where the ax, or other engine, is disposed for the execution of state prisoners of consequence. Over this archway was placed a species of marble altar, surmounted by an image of the unfortunate Crispus ; the materials were gold, and it bore the memorable inscription, *TO MY SON, WHOM I RASHLY CONDEMNED, AND TOO HASTILY EXECUTED*. When constructing this passage, Constantine made a vow that he himself and his posterity, being reigning emperors, would stand beside the statue of Crispus at the time when any individual of their family should be led to execution, and, before they suffered him to pass from the Hall of Judgment to the chamber of death, that they should themselves be personally convinced of the truth of the charge under which he suffered.

“Time rolled on ; the memory of Constantine was remembered almost like that of a saint, and the respect paid to it threw into shadow the anecdote of his son’s death. The exigencies of the state rendered it difficult to keep so large a sum in specie invested in a statue, which called to mind the unpleasant failings of so great a man. Your Imperial Highness’s predecessors applied the metal which formed the statue to support the Turkish wars ; and the remorse and penance of Constantine died away in an obscure tradition of the church or of the palace. Still, however, unless your Imperial Majesty has strong reasons to the contrary, I

should give it as my opinion that you will hardly achieve what is due to the memory of the greatest of your predecessors unless you give this unfortunate criminal, being so near a relation of your own, an opportunity of pleading his cause before passing by the altar of refuge, being the name which is commonly given to the monument of the unfortunate Crispus, son of Constantine, although now deprived both of the golden letters which composed the inscription and the golden image which represented the royal sufferer."

A mournful strain of music was now heard to ascend the stair so often mentioned.

"If I must hear the Cæsar Nicephorus Briennius ere he pass the altar of refuge, there must be no loss of time," said the Emperor; "for these melancholy sounds announce that he has already approached the Hall of Judgment."

Both the imperial ladies began instantly, with the utmost earnestness, to deprecate the execution of the Cæsar's doom, and to conjure Alexius, as he hoped for quiet in his household, and the everlasting gratitude of his wife and daughter, that he would listen to their entreaties in behalf of an unfortunate man, who had been seduced into guilt, but not from his heart.

"I will at least see him," said the Emperor, "and the holy vow of Constantine shall be in the present instance strictly observed. But remember, you foolish women, that the state of Crispus and the present Cæsar is as different as guilt from innocence, and that their fates, therefore, may be justly decided upon opposite principles and with opposite results. But I will confront this criminal; and you, Patriarch, may be present to render what help is in your power to a dying man; for you, the wife and mother of the traitor, you will, methinks, do well to retire to the church, and pray God for the soul of the deceased, rather than disturb his last moments with unavailing lamentations."

"Alexius," said the Empress Irene, "I beseech you to be contented; be assured that we will not leave you in this dogged humor of blood-shedding, lest you make such materials for history as are fitter for the time of Nero than of Constantine."

The Emperor, without reply, led the way into the Hall of Judgment, where a much stronger light than usual was already shining up the stair of Acheron, from which were heard to sound, by sullen and intermitted fits, the penitential psalms which the Greek Church has appointed to be sung at executions. Twenty mute slaves, the pale color of

whose turbans gave a ghastly look to the withered cast of their features and the glaring whiteness of their eyeballs, ascended two by two, as it were from the bowels of the earth, each of them bearing in one hand a naked saber and in the other a lighted torch. After these came the unfortunate Nicephorus; his looks were those of man half-dead from the terror of immediate dissolution, and what he possessed of remaining attention was turned successively to two black-stoled monks, who were anxiously repeating religious passages to him alternately from the Greek Scripture and the form of devotion adopted by the court of Constantinople. The Cæsar's dress also corresponded to his mournful fortunes: his legs and arms were bare, and a simple white tunic, the neck of which was already open, showed that he had assumed the garments which were to serve his last turn. A tall muscular Nubian slave, who considered himself obviously as the principal person in the procession, bore on his shoulder a large heavy headsman's ax, and, like a demon waiting on a sorcerer, stalked step for step after his victim. The rear of the procession was closed by a band of four priests, each of whom chanted from time to time the devotional psalm which was thundered forth on the occasion; and another of slaves, armed with bows and quivers, and with lances, to resist any attempt at rescue, if such should be offered.

It would have required a harder heart than that of the unlucky princess to have resisted this gloomy apparatus of fear and sorrow, surrounding, at the same time directed against, a beloved object, the lover of her youth, and the husband of her bosom, within a few minutes of the termination of his mortal career.

As the mournful train approached towards the altar of refuge, half-encircled as it now was by the two great and expanded arms which projected from the wall, the Emperor, who stood directly in the passage, threw upon the flame of the altar some chips of aromatic wood, steeped in spirit of wine, which, leaping at once into a blaze, illuminated the doleful procession, the figure of the principal culprit, and the slaves, who had most of them extinguished their flambeaux so soon as they had served the purpose of lighting them up the staircase.

The sudden light spread from the altar failed not to make the Emperor and the Princesses visible to the mournful group which approached through the hall. All halted—all were silent. It was a meeting, as the Princess has expressed

herself in her historical work, such as took place betwixt Ulysses and the inhabitants of the other world, who, when they tasted of the blood of his sacrifices, recognized him indeed, but with empty lamentations, and gestures feeble and shadowy. The hymn of contrition sunk also into silence; and of the whole group, the only figure rendered more distinct was the gigantic executioner, whose high and furrowed forehead, as well as the broad steel of his ax, caught and reflected back the bright gleam from the altar. Alexius saw the necessity of breaking the silence which ensued, lest it should give the intercessors for the prisoner an opportunity of renewing their entreaties.

“Nicephorus Briennius,” he said, with a voice which, although generally interrupted by a slight hesitation, which procured him, among his enemies, the nickname of the Stutterer, yet, upon important occasions like the present, was so judiciously tuned and balanced in its sentences that no such defect was at all visible—“Nicephorus Briennius,” he said, “late Cæsar, the lawful doom hath been spoken, that, having conspired against the life of thy rightful sovereign and affectionate father, Alexius Comnenus, thou shalt suffer the appropriate sentence, by having thy head struck from thy body. Here, therefore, at the last altar of refuge, I meet thee, according to the vow of the immortal Constantine, for the purpose of demanding whether thou hast anything to allege why this doom should not be executed? Even at this eleventh hour thy tongue is unloosed to speak with freedom what may concern thy life. All is prepared in this world and in the next. Look forward beyond yon archway—the block is fixed. Look behind thee, thou see’st the ax already sharpened. Thy place for good or evil in the next world is already determined; time flies—eternity approaches. If thou hast aught to say, speak it freely; if nought, confess the justice of thy sentence, and pass on to death.”

The Emperor commenced this oration with those looks described by his daughter as so piercing that they dazzled like lightning, and his periods, if not precisely flowing like burning lava, were yet the accents of a man having the power of absolute command, and as such produced an effect not only on the criminal, but also upon the Prince himself, whose watery eyes and faltering voice acknowledged his sense and feeling of the fatal import of the present moment.

Rousing himself to the conclusion of what he had commenced, the Emperor again demanded whether the prisoner had anything to say in his own defense.

Nicephorus was not one of those hardened criminals who may be termed the very prodigies of history, from the coolness with which they contemplate the consummation of their crimes, whether in their own punishment or the misfortunes of others. "I have been tempted," he said, dropping to his knees, "and I have fallen. I have nothing to allege in excuse of my folly and ingratitude; but I stand prepared to die to expiate my guilt." A deep sigh, almost amounting to a scream, was here heard, close behind the Emperor, and its cause assigned by the sudden exclamation of Irene—"My lord—my lord, your daughter is gone!" And in fact Anna Comnena had sunk into her mother's arms without either sense or motion. The father's attention was instantly called to support his swooning child, while the unhappy husband strove with the guards to be permitted to go to the assistance of his wife. "Give me but five minutes of that time which the law has abridged; let my efforts but assist in recalling her to a life which should be as long as her virtues and her talents deserve; and then let me die at her feet, for I care not to go an inch beyond."

The Emperor, who in fact had been more astonished at the boldness and rashness of Nicephorus than alarmed by his power, considered him as a man rather misled than misleading others, and felt, therefore, the full effect of this last interview. He was, besides, not naturally cruel, where severities were to be enforced under his own eye.

"The divine and immortal Constantine," he said, "did not, I am persuaded, subject his descendants to this severe trial in order to further search out the innocence of the criminals, but rather to give to those who came after him an opportunity of generously forgiving a crime which could not without pardon—the express pardon of the prince—escape without punishment. I rejoice that I am born of the willow rather than of the oak, and I acknowledge my weakness, that not even the safety of my own life, or resentment of this unhappy man's treasonable machinations, have the same effect with me as the tears of my wife and the swooning of my daughter. Rise up, Nicephorus Briennius, freely pardoned, and restored even to the rank of Cæsar. We will direct thy pardon to be made out by the great Logothete, and sealed with the golden bull. For four-and-twenty hours thou art a prisoner, until an arrangement is made for preserving the public peace. Meanwhile thou wilt remain under the charge of the Patriarch, who will be answerable for thy forthcoming. Daughter and wife, you must now go

hence to your own apartment; a future time will come, during which you may have enough of weeping and embracing, mourning and rejoicing. Pray Heaven that I, who, having been trained on till I have sacrificed justice and true policy to uxorious compassion and paternal tenderness of heart, may not have cause at last for grieving in good earnest for all the events of this miscellaneous drama."

The pardoned Caesar, who endeavored to regulate his ideas according to this unexpected change, found it as difficult to reconcile himself to the reality of his situation as Ursel to the face of nature, after having been long deprived of enjoying it; so much do the dizziness and confusion of ideas occasioned by moral and physical causes of surprise and terror resemble each other in their effects on the understanding.

At length he stammered forth a request that he might be permitted to go to the field with the Emperor, and divert, by the interposition of his own body, the traitorous blows which some desperate man might aim against that of his own prince, in a day which was too likely to be one of danger and bloodshed.

"Hold there!" said Alexius Comnenus. "We will not begin thy newly-redeemed life by renewed doubts of thine allegiance; yet it is but fitting to remind thee that thou art still the nominal and ostensible head of those who expect to take a part in this day's insurrection, and it will be the safest course to trust its pacification to others than to thee. Go, sir, compare notes with the Patriarch, and merit your pardon by confessing to him any traitorous intentions concerning this foul conspiracy with which we may be as yet unacquainted. Daughter and wife, farewell! I must now depart for the lists, where I have to speak with the traitor Achilles Tatius and the heathenish infidel Agelastes, if he still lives, but of whose providential death I hear a confirmed rumor."

"Yet do not go, my dearest father," said the Princess; "but let me rather go to encourage the loyal subjects in your behalf. The extreme kindness which you have extended towards my guilty husband convinces me of the extent of your affection towards your unworthy daughter, and the greatness of the sacrifice which you have made to her almost childish affection for an ungrateful man who put your life in danger."

"That is to say, daughter," said the Emperor, smiling, "that the pardon of your husband is a boon which has lost

its merit when it is granted? Take my advice, Anna, and think otherwise: wives and their husbands ought in prudence to forget their offenses towards each other as soon as human nature will permit them. Life is too short, and conjugal tranquillity too uncertain to admit of dwelling long upon such irritating subjects. To your apartments, Princesses, and prepare the scarlet buskins and the embroidery which is displayed on the cuffs and the collars of the Cæsar's robe, indicative of his high rank. He must not be seen without them on the morrow. Reverend father, I remind you once more that the Cæsar is in your personal custody from this moment until to-morrow at the same hour."

They parted; the Emperor repairing to put himself at the head of his Varangian Guards; the Cæsar, under the superintendence of the Patriarch, withdrawing into the interior of the Blacquernal Palace, where Nicephorus Briennius was under the necessity of "unthreading the rude eye of rebellion," and throwing such lights as were in his power upon the progress of the conspiracy.

"Agelastes," he said "Achilles Tatius, and Hereward the Varangian were the persons principally entrusted in its progress. But whether they had been all true to their engagements he did not pretend to be assured."

In the female apartments there was a violent discussion betwixt Anna Comnena and her mother. The Princess had undergone during the day many changes of sentiment and feeling; and though they had finally united themselves into one strong interest in her husband's favor, yet no sooner was the fear of his punishment removed than the sense of his ungrateful behavior began to revive. She became sensible also that a woman of her extraordinary attainments, who had been by a universal course of flattery disposed to entertain a very high opinion of her own consequence, made rather a poor figure when she had been the passive subject of a long series of intrigues, by which she was destined to be disposed of in one way or the other, according to the humor of a set of subordinate conspirators, who never so much as dreamed of regarding her as a being capable of forming a wish in her own behalf, or even yielding or refusing a consent. Her father's authority over her, and right to dispose of her, was less questionable; but even then it was something derogatory to the dignity of a princess born in the purple—an authoress besides, and giver of immortality—to be, without her own consent, thrown, as it were, at the head now of one suitor, now of another, how-

ever mean or disgusting, whose alliance could for the time benefit the Emperor. The consequence of these moody reflections was, that Anna Comnena deeply toiled in spirit for the discovery of some means by which she might assert her sullied dignity, and various were the expedients which she revolved.

CHAPTER XXXII

But now the hand of fate is on the curtain,
And brings the scene to light.

Don Sebastian.

THE gigantic trumpet of the Varangians sounded its loudest note of march, and the squadrons of the faithful guards, sheathed in complete mail, and inclosing in their center the person of their imperial master, set forth upon their procession through the streets of Constantinople. The form of Alexius, glittering in his splendid armor, seemed no unmeet central point for the force of an empire; and while the citizens crowded in the train of him and his escort, there might be seen a visible difference between those who came with the premeditated intention of tumult and the greater part, who, like the multitude of every great city, thrust each other and shout for rapture on account of any cause for which a crowd may be collected together. The hope of the conspirators was lodged chiefly in the Immortal Guards, who were levied principally for the defense of Constantinople, partook of the general prejudices of the citizens, and had been particularly influenced by those in favor of Ursel, by whom, previous to his imprisonment, they had themselves been commanded. The conspirators had determined that those of this body who were considered as most discontented should early in the morning take possession of the posts in the lists most favorable for their purpose of assaulting the Emperor's person. But, in spite of all efforts short of actual violence, for which the time did not seem to be come, they found themselves disappointed in this purpose by parties of the Varangian Guards, planted with apparent carelessness, but, in fact, with perfect skill, for the prevention of their enterprise. Somewhat confounded at perceiving that a design which they could not suppose to be suspected was, nevertheless, on every part controlled and counter-checked, the conspirators began to look for the principal persons of their own party, on whom they depended for orders in this emergency; but neither the Cæsar nor Agelastes was

to be seen, whether in the lists or on the military march from Constantinople; and though Achilles Tatius rode in the latter assembly, yet it might be clearly observed that he was rather attending upon the Protospathaire than assuming that independence as an officer which he loved to effect.

In this manner, as the Emperor with his glittering bands approached the phalanx of Tancred and his followers, who were drawn up, it will be remembered, upon a rising cape between the city and the lists, the main body of the imperial procession deflected in some degree from the straight road in order to march past them without interruption; while the Protospathaire and the Acolyte passed, under the escort of a band of Varangians, to bear the Emperor's inquiries to Prince Tancred concerning the purpose of his being there with his band. The short march was soon performed; the large trumpet which attended the two officers sounded a parley, and Tancred himself, remarkable for that personal beauty which Tasso has preferred to any of the crusaders, except Rinaldo d'Este, the creature of his own poetical imagination, advanced to parley with them.

"The Emperor of Greece," said the Protospathaire to Tancred, "requires the Prince of Otranto to show, by the two high officers who shall deliver him this message, with what purpose he has returned, contrary to his oath, to the right side of these straits; assuring Prince Tancred, at the same time, that nothing will so much please the Emperor as to receive an answer not at variance with his treaty with the Duke of Bouillon, and the oath which was taken by the crusading nobles and their soldiers; since that would enable the Emperor, in conformity to his own wishes, by his kind reception of Prince Tancred and his troop, to show how high is his estimation of the dignity of the one and the bravery of both. We wait an answer."

The tone of the message had nothing in it very alarming, and its substance cost Prince Tancred very little trouble to answer. "The cause," he said, "of the Prince of Otranto appearing here with fifty lances is this cartel, in which a combat is appointed betwixt Nicephorus Briennius, called the Cæsar, a high member of this empire, and a worthy knight of great fame, the partner of the pilgrims who have taken the cross, in their high vow to rescue Palestine from the infidels. The name of the said knight is the redoubted Robert of Paris. It becomes, therefore, an obligation, indispensable upon the holy pilgrims of the crusade, to send

one chief of their number, with a body of men-at-arms, sufficient to see, as is usual, fair play between the combatants. That such is their intention may be seen from their sending no more than fifty lances, with their furniture and following; whereas it would have cost them no trouble to have detached ten times the number, had they nourished any purpose of interfering by force, or disturbing the fair combat which is about to take place. The Prince of Otranto, therefore, and his followers, will place themselves at the disposal of the imperial court, and witness the proceedings of the combat, with the most perfect confidence that the rules of fair battle will be punctually observed."

The two Grecian officers transmitted this reply to the Emperor, who heard it with pleasure, and, immediately proceeding to act upon the principle which he had laid down, of maintaining peace, if possible, with the crusaders, named Prince Tancred with the Protospathaire as field-m Marshals of the lists, fully empowered, under the Emperor, to decide all the terms of the combat, and to have recourse to Alexius himself where their opinions disagreed. This was made known to the assistants, who were thus prepared for the entry into the lists of the Grecian officer and the Italian prince in full armor, while a proclamation announced to all the spectators their solemn office. The same annunciation commanded the assistants of every kind to clear a convenient part of the seats which surrounded the lists on one side, that it might serve for the accommodation of Prince Tancred's followers.

Achilles Tatius, who was a heedful observer of all these passages, saw with alarm that by the last collocation the armed Latins were interposed between the Immortal Guards and the discontented citizens, which made it most probable that the conspiracy was discovered, and that Alexius found he had a good right to reckon upon the assistance of Tancred and his forces in the task of suppressing it. This, added to the cold and caustic manner in which the Emperor, communicated his commands to him, made the Acolyte of opinion that his best chance of escape from the danger in which he was now placed was, that the whole conspiracy should fall to the ground, and that the day should pass without the least attempt to shake the throne of Alexius Comnenus. Even then it continued highly doubtful whether a despot so wily and so suspicious as the Emperor would think it sufficient to rest satisfied with the private knowledge of the undertaking and its failure, with which he appeared to be

possessed, without putting into exercise the bow-strings and the blinding-irons of the mutes of the interior. There was, however, little possibility either of flight or of resistance. The least attempt to withdraw himself from the neighborhood of those faithful followers of the Emperor, personal foes of his own, by whom he was gradually and more closely surrounded, became each moment more perilous, and more certain to provoke a rupture which it was the interest of the weaker party to delay, with whatever difficulty. And while the soldiers under Achilles's immediate authority seemed still to treat him as their superior officer, and appeal to him for the word of command, it became more and more evident that the slightest degree of suspicion which should be excited would be the instant signal for his being placed under arrest. With a trembling heart, therefore, and eyes, dimmed by the powerful idea of soon parting with the light of day and all that it made visible, the Acolyte saw himself condemned to watch the turn of circumstances, over which he could have no influence, and to content himself with waiting the result of a drama, in which his own life was concerned, although the piece was played by others. Indeed, it seemed as if through the whole assembly some signal was waited for, which no one was in readiness to give.

The discontented citizens and soldiers looked in vain for Agelastes and the Cæsar ; and when they observed the condition of Achilles Tatius, it seemed such as rather to express doubt and consternation than to give encouragement to the hopes they had entertained. Many of the lower classes, however, felt too secure in their own insignificance to fear the personal consequences of a tumult, and were desirous, therefore, to provoke the disturbance, which seemed hushing itself to sleep.

A hoarse murmur, which attained almost the importance of a shout, exclaimed—"Justice—justice ! Ursel—Ursel ! The rights of the Immortal Guards !" etc. At this the trumpet of the Varangians awoke, and its tremendous tones were heard to peal loudly over the whole assembly, as the voice of its presiding deity. A dead silence prevailed in the multitude, and the voice of a herald announced, in the name of Alexius Comnenus, his sovereign will and pleasure.

"Citizens of the Roman empire, your complaints, stirred up by factious men, have reached the ear of your Emperor ; you shall yourselves be witness to his power of gratifying his people. At your request, and before your own sight, the visual ray which hath been quenched shall be reilluminated ;

the mind whose efforts were restricted to the imperfect supply of individual wants shall be again extended, if such is the owner's will, to the charge of an ample theme or division of the empire. Political jealousy, more hard to receive conviction than the blind to receive sight, shall yield itself conquered, by the Emperor's paternal love of his people and his desire to give them satisfaction. Ursel, the darling of your wishes, supposed to be long dead, or at least believed to exist in blinded seclusion, is restored to you well in health, clear in eyesight, and possessed of every faculty necessary to adorn the Emperor's favor or merit the affection of the people."

As the herald thus spoke, a figure, which had hitherto stood shrouded behind some officers of the interior, now stepped forth, and flinging from him a dusky veil, in which he was wrapped, appeared in a dazzling scarlet garment, of which the sleeves and buskins displayed those ornaments which expressed a rank nearly adjacent to that of the Emperor himself. He held in his hand a silver truncheon, the badge of delegated command over the Immortal Guards, and, kneeling before the Emperor, presented it to his hands, intimating a virtual resignation of the command which it implied. The whole assembly were electrified at the appearance of a person long supposed either dead or by cruel means rendered incapable of public trust. Some recognized the man whose appearance and features were not easily forgot, and gratulated him upon his most unexpected return to the service of his country. Others stood suspended in amazement, not knowing whether to trust their eyes, while a few determined malcontents eagerly pressed upon the assembly an allegation that the person presented as Ursel was only a counterfeit, and the whole a trick of the Emperor.

"Speak to them, noble Ursel," said the Emperor. "Tell them that, if I have sinned against thee, it has been because I was deceived, and that my disposition to make thee amends is as ample as ever was my purpose of doing thee wrong."

"Friends and countrymen," said Ursel, turning himself to the assembly, "his Imperial Majesty permits me to offer my assurance that, if in any former part of my life I have suffered at his hand, it is more than wiped out by the feelings of a moment so glorious as this; and that I am well satisfied, from the present instant, to spend what remains of my life in the service of the most generous and beneficent of sovereigns, or, with his permission, to bestow it in preparing, by

devotional exercises, for an infinite immortality to be spent in the society of saints and angels. Whichever choice I shall make, I reckon that you, my beloved countrymen, who have remembered me so kindly during years of darkness and captivity, will not fail to afford me the advantage of your prayers."

This sudden apparition of the long-lost Ursel had too much of that which elevates and surprises not to captivate the multitude, and they sealed their reconciliation with three tremendous shouts, which are said so to have shaken the air that birds, incapable of sustaining themselves, sunk down exhausted out of their native element.

CHAPTER XXXIII

“What, leave the combat out!” exclaimed the knight.
“Yea! or we must renounce the Stagyrte.”
“So large a crowd the stage will ne’er contain.”
“Then build a new, or act it on a plain.”

POPE.

THE sounds of the gratulating shout had expanded over the distant shores of the Bosphorus by mountain and forest, and died at length in the farthest echoes, when the people, in the silence which ensued, appeared to ask each other what next scene was about to adorn a pause so solemn and a stage so august. The pause would probably have soon given place to some new clamor, for a multitude, from whatever cause assembled, seldom remains long silent, had not a new signal from the Varangian trumpet given notice of a fresh purpose to solicit their attention. The blast had something in its tone spirit-stirring and yet melancholy, partaking both of the character of a point of war and of the doleful sounds which might be chosen to announce an execution of peculiar solemnity. Its notes were high and widely extended, and prolonged and long dwelt upon it, as if the brazen clamor had been waked by something more tremendous than the lungs of mere mortals.

The multitude appeared to acknowledge these awful sounds, which were indeed such as habitually solicited their attention to imperial edicts of melancholy import, by which rebellions were announced, dooms of treason discharged, and other tidings of a great and affecting import intimated to the people of Constantinople. When the trumpet had in its turn ceased, with its thrilling and doleful notes, to agitate the immense assembly, the voice of the herald again addressed them.

It announced in a grave and affecting strain, that it sometimes chanced how the people failed in their duty to a sovereign, who was unto them as a father, and how it became the painful duty of the prince to use the rod of correction rather than the olive scepter of mercy.

“Fortunate,” continued the herald, “it is when the supreme Deity, having taken on Himself the preservation of a

throne in beneficence and justice resembling His own, has also assumed the most painful task of His earthly delegate, by punishing those whom His unerring judgment acknowledges as most guilty, and leaving to His substitute the more agreeable task of pardoning such of those as art has misled, and treachery hath involved in its snares. Such being the case, Greece and its accompanying themes are called upon to listen and learn, that a villain, named Agelastes, who had insinuated himself into the favor of the Emperor, by affectation of deep knowledge and severe virtue, had formed a treacherous plan for the murder of the Emperor Alexius Comnenus, and a revolution in the state. This person, who, under pretended wisdom, hid the doctrines of a heretic and the vices of a sensualist, had found proselytes to his doctrines even among the Emperor's household, and those persons who were most bound to him, and down to the lower order, to excite the last of whom were dispersed a multitude of forged rumors, similar to those concerning Ursel's death and blindness, of which your own eyes have witnessed the falsehood."

The people, who had hitherto listened in silence, upon this appeal broke forth in a clamorous assent. They had scarcely been again silent ere the iron-voiced herald continued his proclamation.

"Not Korah, Dathan, and Abiram," he said, "had more justly, or more directly, fallen under the doom of an offended Deity than this villain Agelastes. The steadfast earth gaped to devour the apostate sons of Israel, but the termination of this wretched man's existence has been, as far as can now be known, by the direct means of an evil spirit, whom his own arts had evoked into the upper air. By the spirit, as would appear by the testimony of a noble lady and other females, who witnessed the termination of his life, Agelastes was strangled, a fate well becoming his odious crimes. Such a death, even of a guilty man, must, indeed, be most painful to the humane feelings of the Emperor, because it involves suffering beyond this world. But the awful catastrophe carries with it this comfort, that it absolves the Emperor from the necessity of carrying any farther a vengeance which Heaven itself seems to have limited to the exemplary punishment of the principal conspirator. Some changes of offices and situations shall be made, for the sake of safety and good order; but the secret who had or who had not been concerned in this awful crime shall sleep in the bosoms of the persons themselves implicated, since the Emperor is

determined to dismiss their offense from his memory, as the effect of a transient delusion. Let all, therefore, who now hear me, whatever consciousness they may possess of a knowledge of what was this day intended, return to their houses, assured that their own thoughts will be their only punishment. Let them rejoice that Almighty goodness has saved them from the meditations of their own hearts, and, according to the affecting language of Scripture, 'Let them repent and sin no more, lest a worse thing befall them.'"

The voice of the herald then ceased, and was again answered by the shouts of the audience. These were unanimous ; for circumstances contributed to convince the malcontent party that they stood at the sovereign's mercy, and the edict that they heard having shown his acquaintance with their guilt, it lay at his pleasure to let loose upon them the strength of the Varangians, while, from the terms on which it had pleased him to receive Tancred, it was probable that the Apulian forces were also at his disposal.

The voices, therefore, of the bulky Stephanos, of Harpax the centurion, and other rebels, both of the camp and city, were the first to thunder forth their gratitude for the clemency of the Emperor, and their thanks to Heaven for his preservation.

The audience, reconciled to the thoughts of the discovered and frustrated conspiracy, began meantime, according to their custom, to turn themselves to the consideration of the matter which had more avowedly called them together, and private whispers, swelling by degrees into murmurs, began to express the dissatisfaction of the citizens at being thus long assembled, without receiving any communication respecting the announced purpose of their meeting.

Alexius was not slow to perceive the tendency of their thoughts ; and, on a signal from his hand, the trumpets blew a point of war, in sounds far more lively than those which had prefaced the imperial edict. "Robert Count of Paris," then said a herald, "art thou here in thy place, or by knightly proxy, to answer the challenge brought against thee by his Imperial Highness Nicephorus Briennius, Cæsar of this empire?"

The Emperor conceived himself to have equally provided against the actual appearance at this call of either of the parties named, and had prepared an exhibition of another kind, namely, certain cages, tenanted by wild animals, which, being now loosened, should do their pleasure with each other in the eyes of the assembly. His astonishment

and confusion, therefore, were great when, as the last note of the proclamation died in the echo, Count Robert of Paris stood forth, armed *cap-a-pie*, his mailed charger led behind him from within the curtained inclosure, at one end of the lists, as if ready to mount at the signal of the marshal.

The alarm and the shame that were visible in every countenance near the imperial presence, when no Cæsar came forth in like fashion to confront the formidable Frank, were not of long duration. Hardly had the style and title of the Count of Paris been duly announced by the heralds, and their second summons of his antagonist uttered in due form, when a person, dressed like one of the Varangian Guards, sprung into the lists, and announced himself as ready to do battle in the name and place of the Cæsar Nicephorus Briennius, and for the honor of the empire.

Alexius, with the utmost joy, beheld this unexpected assistance, and readily gave his consent to the bold soldier who stood thus forward in the hour of utmost need to take upon himself the dangerous office of champion. He the more readily acquiesced as, from the size and appearance of the soldier, and the gallant bearing he displayed, he had no doubt of his individual person, and fully confided in his valor.

But Prince Tancred interposed his opposition. "The lists," he said, "were only open to knights and nobles; or, at any rate, men were not permitted to meet therein who were not of some equality of birth and blood; nor could he remain a silent witness where the laws of chivalry were in such respects forgotten."

"Let Count Robert of Paris," said the Varangian, "look upon my countenance, and say whether he has not, by promise, removed all objection to our contest which might be founded upon an inequality of condition, and let him be judge himself whether, by meeting me in this field, he will do more than comply with a compact which he has long since become bound by."

Count Robert, upon this appeal, advanced and acknowledged, without further debate, that, notwithstanding their difference of rank, he held himself bound by his solemn word to give this valiant soldier a meeting in the field; that he regretted, on account of this gallant man's eminent virtues, and the high services he had received at his hands, that they should now stand upon terms of such bloody arbitration; but, since nothing was more common than that the fate of war called on friends to meet each other in mortal

combat, he would not shrink from the engagement he had pledged himself to ; nor did he think his quality in the slightest degree infringed or diminished by meeting in battle a warrior so well known and of such good account as Hereward, the brave Varangian. He added, that " he willingly admitted that the combat should take place on foot, and with the battle-ax, which was the ordinary weapon of the Varangian guard."

Hereward had stood still, almost like a statue, while this discourse passed ; but when the Count of Paris had made this speech, he inclined himself towards him with a graceful obeisance, and expressed himself honored and gratified by the manly manner in which the Count acquitted himself, according to his promise, with complete honor and fidelity.

" What we are to do," said Count Robert, with a sigh of regret, which even his love of battle could not prevent, " let us do quickly : the heart may be affected, but the hand must do its duty."

Hereward assented, with the additional remark, " Let us then lose no more time, which is already flying fast." And, grasping his ax, he stood prepared for combat.

" I also am ready," said Count Robert of Paris, taking the same weapon from a Varangian soldier, who stood by the lists. Both were immediately upon the alert, nor did further forms or circumstances put off the intended duel.

The first blows were given and parried with great caution, and Prince Tancred and others thought that on the part of Count Robert the caution was much greater than usual ; but, in combat as in food, the appetite increases with the exercise. The fiercer passions began, as usual, to awaken with the clash of arms and the sense of deadly blows, some of which were made with great fury on either side, and parried with considerable difficulty and not so completely but what blood flowed on both their parts. The Greeks looked with astonishment on a single combat such as they had seldom witnessed, and held their breath as they beheld the furious blows dealt by either warrior, and expected with each stroke the annihilation of one or other of the combatants. As yet their strength and agility seemed somewhat equally matched, although those who judged with more pretension to knowledge were of opinion that Count Robert spared putting forth some part of the military skill for which he was celebrated ; and the remark was generally made and allowed that he had surrendered a great advantage by not insisting upon his right to fight upon horseback. On the

other hand, it was the general opinion that the gallant Varangian omitted to take advantage of one or two opportunities afforded him by the heat of Count Robert's temper, who obviously was incensed at the duration of the combat.

Accident at length seemed about to decide what had been hitherto an equal contest. Count Robert, making a feint on one side of his antagonist, struck him on the other, which was uncovered, with the edge of his weapon, so that the Varangian reeled, and seemed in the act of falling to the earth. The usual sound made by spectators at the sight of any painful or unpleasant circumstance, by drawing the breath between the teeth, was suddenly heard to pass through the assembly, while a female voice loud and eagerly exclaimed—"Count Robert of Paris, forget not this day that thou owest a life to Heaven and me." The Count was in the act of again seconding his blow, with what effect could hardly be judged, when this cry reached his ears, and apparently took away his disposition for farther combat.

"I acknowledge the debt," he said, sinking his battle-ax, and retreating two steps from his antagonist, who stood in astonishment, scarcely recovered from the stunning effect of the blow by which he was so nearly prostrated. He sank the blade of his battle-ax in imitation of his antagonist, and seemed to wait in suspense what was to be the next process of the combat. "I acknowledge my debt," said the valiant Count of Paris, "alike to Bertha of Britain and to the Almighty, who has preserved me from the crime of ungrateful blood-guiltiness. You have seen the fight, gentlemen," turning to Tancred and his chivalry, "and can testify, on your honor, that it has been maintained fairly on both sides, and without advantage on either. I presume my honorable antagonist has by this time satisfied the desire which brought me under his challenge, and which certainly had no taste in it of personal or private quarrel. On my part, I retain towards him such a sense of personal obligation as would render my continuing this combat, unless compelled to it by self-defense, a shameful and sinful action."*

Alexius gladly embraced the terms of truce, which he was far from expecting, and threw down his warder, in signal that the duel was ended. Tancred, though somewhat surprised, and perhaps even scandalized, that a private soldier of the Emperor's guard should have so long resisted the utmost efforts of so approved a knight, could not but own that

* See Chronicle of Lalain. Note 11.

the combat had been fought with perfect fairness and equality, and decided upon terms dishonorable to neither party. The Count's character being well known and established amongst the crusaders, they were compelled to believe that some motive of a most potent nature formed the principle upon which, very contrary to his general practise, he had proposed a cessation of the combat before it was brought to a deadly, or at least to a decisive, conclusion. The edict of the Emperor upon the occasion, therefore, passed into a law, acknowledged by the assent of the chiefs present, and especially affirmed and gratulated by the shouts of the assembled spectators.

But perhaps the most interesting figure in the assembly was that of the bold Varangian, arrived so suddenly at a promotion of military renown which the extreme difficulty he had experienced in keeping his ground against Count Robert had prevented him from anticipating, although his modesty had not diminished the indomitable courage with which he maintained the contest. He stood in the middle of the lists, his face ruddy with the exertion of the combat, and not less so from the modest consciousness proper to the plainness and simplicity of his character, which was disconcerted by finding himself the central point of the gaze of the multitude.

"Speak to me, my soldier," said Alexius, strongly affected by the gratitude which he felt was due to Hereward upon so singular an occasion—"speak to thine Emperor as his superior, for such thou art at this moment, and tell him if there is any manner, even at the expense of half his kingdom, to atone for his own life saved, and, what is yet dearer, for the honor of his country, which thou hast so manfully defended and preserved?"

"My lord," answered Hereward, "your Imperial Highness values my poor services over highly, and ought to attribute them to the noble Count of Paris—first, for his condescending to accept of an antagonist so mean in quality as myself; and next, in generously relinquishing victory when he might have achieved it by an additional blow; for I here confess before your Majesty, my brethren, and the assembled Grecians, that my power of protracting the combat was ended when the gallant Count, by his generosity, put a stop to it."

"Do not thyself that wrong, brave man," said Count Robert; "for I vow to Our Lady of the Broken Lances that the combat was yet within the undetermined doom of Prov-

idence when the pressure of my own feelings rendered me incapable of continuing it, to the necessary harm, perhaps to the mortal damage, of an antagonist to whom I owe so much kindness. Choose, therefore, the recompense which the generosity of thy Emperor offers in a manner so just and grateful, and fear not lest mortal voice pronounces that reward unmerited which Robert of Paris shall avouch with his sword to have been gallantly won upon his own crest."

"You are too great, my lord, and too noble," answered the Anglo-Saxon, "to be gainsaid by such as I am, and I must not awaken new strife between us by contesting the circumstances under which our combat so suddenly closed, nor would it be wise or prudent in me further to contradict you. My noble Emperor generously offers me the right of naming what he calls my recompense; but let not his generosity be dispraised, although it is from you, my lord, and not from his Imperial Highness, that I am to ask a boon, to me the dearest to which my voice can give utterance."

"And that," said the Count, "has reference to Bertha, the faithful attendant of my wife?"

"Even so," said Hereward; "it is my proposal to request my discharge from the Varangian Guard, and permission to share in your lordship's pious and honorable vow for the recovery of Palestine, with liberty to fight under your honored banner, and permission from time to time to recommend my love-suit to Bertha, the attendant of the Countess of Paris, in the hope that it may find favor in the eyes of her noble lord and lady. I may thus finally hope to be restored to a country which I have never ceased to love over the rest of the world."

"Thy service, noble soldier," said the Count, "shall be as acceptable to me as that of a born earl; nor is there an opportunity of acquiring honor which I can shape for thee to which, as it occurs, I will not gladly prefer thee. I will not boast of what interest I have with the King of England, but something I can do with him, and it shall be strained to the uttermost to settle thee in thine own beloved native country."

The Emperor then spoke. "Bear witness, heaven and earth, and you my faithful subjects, and you my gallant allies—above all, you my bold and true Varangian Guard, that we would rather have lost the brightest jewel from our imperial crown than have relinquished the service of this true and faithful Anglo-Saxon. But since go he must and will, it shall be my study to distinguish him by such marks

of beneficence as may make it known through his future life that he is the person to whom the Emperor Alexius Comnenus acknowledged a debt larger than his empire could discharge. You, my Lord Tancred, and your principal leaders, will sup with us this evening, and to-morrow resume your honorable and religious purpose of pilgrimage. We trust both the combatants will also oblige us by their presence. Trumpets, give the signal for dismissal."

The trumpets sounded accordingly, and the different classes of spectators, armed and unarmed, broke up into various parties, or formed into their military ranks, for the purpose of their return to the city.

The screams of women, suddenly and strangely raised, were the first thing that arrested the departure of the multitude, when those who glanced their eyes back saw Sylvan, the great ourang-outang, produce himself in the lists, to their surprise and astonishment. The women, and many of the men who were present, unaccustomed to the ghastly look and savage appearance of a creature so extraordinary, raised a yell of terror so loud that it discomposed the animal who was the occasion of its being raised. Sylvan, in the course of the night, having escaped over the garden-wall of Agelastes, and clambered over the rampart of the city, found no difficulty in hiding himself in the lists which were in the act of being raised, having found a lurking-place in some dark corner under the seats of the spectators. From this he was probably dislodged by the tumult of the dispersing multitude, and had been compelled, therefore, to make an appearance in public when he least desired it, not unlike that of the celebrated Puliccinello, at the conclusion of his own drama, when he enters in mortal strife with the Foul Fiend himself—a scene which scarcely excites more terror among the juvenile audience than did the unexpected apparition of Sylvan among the spectators of the duel. Bows were bent and javelins pointed by the braver part of the soldiery against an animal of an appearance so ambiguous, and whom his uncommon size and grizzly look caused most who beheld him to suppose either the Devil himself or the apparition of some fiendish deity of ancient days whom the heathens worshiped. Sylvan had so far improved such opportunities as had been afforded him as to become sufficiently aware that the attitudes assumed by so many military men inferred immediate danger to his person, from which he hastened to shelter himself by flying to the protection of Hereward, with whom he had been in some de-

gree familiarized. He seized him, accordingly, by the cloak, and, by the absurd and alarmed look of his fantastic features, and a certain wild and gibbering chatter, endeavored to express his fear and to ask protection. Hereward understood the terrified creature, and, turning to the Emperor's throne, said aloud—"Poor frightened being, turn thy petition, and gestures, and tones to a quarter which, having to-day pardoned so many offenses which were wilfully and maliciously schemed, will not be, I am sure, obdurate to such as thou, in thy half-reasoning capacity, mayst have been capable of committing."

The creature, as is the nature of its tribe, caught from Hereward himself the mode of applying with most effect his gestures and pitiable supplication, while the Emperor, notwithstanding the serious scene which had just passed, could not help laughing at the touch of comedy flung into it by this last incident.

"My trusty Hereward," he said, "(aside—I will not again call him Edward if I can help it)—thou art the refuge of the distressed, whether it be man or beast, and nothing that sues through thy intercession, while thou remainest in our service, shall find its supplication in vain. Do thou, good Hereward," for the name was now pretty well established in his imperial memory, "and such of thy companions as know the habits of the creature, lead him back to his old quarters in the Blacquernal; and that done, my friend, observe that we request thy company, and that of thy faithful mate Bertha, to partake supper at our court with our wife and daughter, and such of our servants and allies as we shall request to share the same honor. Be assured that, while thou remainest with us, there is no point of dignity which shall not be willingly paid to thee. And do thou approach, Achilles Tatius, as much favored by thine emperor as before this day dawned. What charges are against thee have been only whispered in a friendly ear which remembers them not, unless—which Heaven forefend!—their remembrance is renewed by fresh offenses."

Achilles Tatius bowed till the plume of his helmet mingled with the mane of his fiery horse, but held it wisest to forbear any answer in words, leaving his crime and his pardon to stand upon those general terms in which the Emperor had expressed them.

Once more the multitude of all ranks returned on their way to the city, nor did any second interruption arrest their march. Sylvan, accompanied by one or two Varangians,

who led him in a sort of captivity, took his way to the vaults of the Blacquernal, which were in fact his proper habitation.

Upon the road to the city, Harpax, the notorious corporal of the Immortal Guards, held a discourse with one or two of his own soldiers, and of the citizens who had been members of the late conspiracy.

“So,” said Stephanos, the prize-fighter, “a fine affair we have made of it, to suffer ourselves to be all anticipated and betrayed by a thick-skulled Varangian; every chance turning against us as they would against Corydon, the shoemaker, if he were to defy me to the circus. Ursel, whose death made so much work, turns out not to be dead after all; and, what is worse, he lives not to our advantage. This fellow Hereward, who was yesterday no better than myself—what do I say? better! he was a great deal worse, an insignificant nobody in every respect—is now crammed with honors, praises, and gifts, till he well-nigh returns what they have given him, and the Cæsar and the Acolyte, our associates, have lost the Emperor’s love and confidence, and if they are suffered to survive, it must be like the tame domestic poultry, whom we pamper with food one day, that upon the next their necks may be twisted for spit or pot.”

“Stephanos,” replied the centurion, “thy form of body fits thee well for the *palestra*, but thy mind is not so acutely formed as to detect that which is real from that which is only probable in the political world, of which thou art now judging. Considering the risk incurred by lending a man’s ear to a conspiracy, thou oughtest to reckon it a saving in every particular where he escapes with his life and character safe. This has been the case with Achilles Tatius and with the Cæsar. They have remained also in their high places of trust and power, and may be confident that the Emperor will hardly dare to remove them at a future period, since the possession of the full knowledge of their guilt has not emboldened him to do so. Their power, thus left with them, is in fact ours; nor is there a circumstance to be supposed which can induce them to betray their confederates to the government. It is much more likely that they will remember them with the probability of renewing, at a fitter time, the alliance which binds them together. Cheer up thy noble resolution, therefore, my prince of the circus, and think that thou shalt still retain that predominant influence which the favorites of the amphitheater are sure to possess over the citizens of Constantinople.”

"I cannot tell," answered Stephanos ; " but it gnaws at my heart like the worm that dieth not to see this beggarly foreigner betray the noblest blood in the land, not to mention the best athlete in the *palestra*, and move off not only without punishment for his treachery, but with praise, honor, and preferment."

"True," said Harpax ; " but observe, my friend, that he does move off to purpose. He leaves the land, quits the corps in which he might claim preferment and a few vain honors, being valued at what such trifles amount to. Hereward, in the course of one or two days, shall be little better than a disbanded soldier, subsisting by the poor bread which he can obtain as a follower of this beggarly count, or which he is rather bound to dispute with the infidel, by encountering with his battle-ax the Turkish sabers. What will it avail him amidst the disasters, the slaughter, and the famine of Palestine that he once upon a time was admitted to supper with the Emperor ? We know Alexius Comnenus : he is willing to discharge, at the highest cost, such obligations as are incurred to men like this Hereward ; and, believe me, I think that I see the wily despot shrug his shoulders in derision when one morning he is saluted with the news of a battle in Palestine lost by the crusaders, in which his old acquaintance has fallen a dead man. I will not insult thee by telling thee how easy it might be to acquire the favor of a gentlewoman in awaiting upon a lady of quality ; nor do I think it would be difficult, should that be the object of the prize-fighter, to acquire the property of a large baboon like Sylvan, which no doubt would set up as a juggler any Frank who had meanness of spirit to propose to gain his bread in such a capacity from the alms of the starving chivalry of Europe. But he who can stoop to envy the lot of such a person ought not to be one whose chief personal distinctions are sufficient to place him first in rank over all the favorites of the amphitheater."

There was something in this sophistical kind of reasoning which was but half-satisfactory to the obtuse intellect of the prize-fighter, to whom it was addressed, although the only answer which he attempted was couched in this observation—

"Ay, but, noble centurion, you forget that, besides empty honors, this Varangian Hereward, or Edward, whichever is his name, is promised a mighty donative of gold."

"Marry, you touch me there," said the centurion ; " and when you tell me that the promise is fulfilled, I will will—

ingly agree that the Anglo-Saxon hath gained something to be envied for ; but while it remains in the shape of a naked promise, you shall pardon me, my worthy Stephanos, if I hold it of no more account than the mere pledges which are distributed among ourselves as well as to the Varangians, promising upon future occasions mints of money, which we are likely to receive at the same time with the last year's snow. Keep up your heart, therefore, noble Stephanos, and believe not that your affairs are worse for the miscarriage of this day ; and let not thy gallant courage sink, but, remembering those principles upon which it was called into action, believe that thy objects are not the less secure because fate has removed their acquisition to a more distant day." The veteran and unbending conspirator, Harpax, thus strengthened for some future renewal of their enterprise the failing spirits of Stephanos.

After this, such leaders as were included in the invitation given by the Emperor repaired to the evening meal, and, from the general content and complaisance expressed by Alexius and his guests of every description, it could little have been supposed that the day just passed over was one which had inferred a purpose so dangerous and treacherous.

The absence of the Countess Brenhilda during this eventful day created no small surprise to the Emperor and those in his immediate confidence, who knew her enterprising spirit, and the interest she must have felt in the issue of the combat. Bertha had made an early communication to the Count that his lady, agitated with the many anxieties of the few preceding days, was unable to leave her apartment. The valiant knight, therefore, lost no time in acquainting his faithful countess of his safety ; and afterwards joining those who partook of the banquet at the palace, he bore himself as if the least recollection did not remain on his mind of the perfidious conduct of the Emperor at the conclusion of the last entertainment. He knew, in truth, that the knights of Prince Tancred not only maintained a strict watch round the house where Brenhilda remained, but also, that they preserved a severe ward in the neighborhood of the Blacquernal, as well for the safety of their heroic leader as for that of Count Robert, the respected companion of their military pilgrimage.

It was the general principle of the European chivalry that distrust was rarely permitted to survive open quarrels, and that whatever was forgiven was dismissed from their recollection, as unlikely to recur ; but on the present occasion

there was a more than usual assemblage of troops, which the occurrences of the day had drawn together, so that the crusaders were called upon to be particularly watchful.

It may be believed that the evening passed over without any attempt to renew the ceremonial in the council-chamber of the lions, which had upon a former occasion terminated in such misunderstanding. Indeed, it would have been lucky if the explanation between the mighty Emperor of Greece and the chivalrous knight of Paris had taken place earlier; for reflection on what had passed had convinced the Emperor that the Franks were not a people to be imposed upon by pieces of clockwork and similar trifles, and that what they did not understand was sure, instead of procuring their awe or admiration, to excite their anger and defiance. Nor had it altogether escaped Count Robert that the manners of the Eastern people were upon a different scale from those to which he had been accustomed; that they neither were so deeply affected by the spirit of chivalry nor, in his own language, was the worship of the Lady of the Broken Lances so congenial a subject of adoration. This notwithstanding, Count Robert observed that Alexius Comnenus was a wise and politic prince; his wisdom perhaps too much allied to cunning, but yet aiding him to maintain with great address that empire over the minds of his subjects which were necessary for their good, and for maintaining his own authority. He therefore resolved to receive with equanimity whatever should be offered by the Emperor, either in civility or in the way of jest, and not again to disturb an understanding which might be of advantage to Christendom, by a quarrel founded upon misconception of terms or misapprehension of manners. To this prudent resolution the Count of Paris adhered during the whole evening; with some difficulty, however, since it was somewhat inconsistent with his own fiery and inquisitive temper, which was equally desirous to know the precise amount of whatever was addressed to him, and to take umbrage at it, should it appear in the least degree offensive, whether so intended or not.

CHAPTER XXXIV

It was not until after the conquest of Jerusalem that Count Robert of Paris returned to Constantinople, and, with his wife, and such proportion of his followers as the sword and pestilence had left after that bloody warfare, resumed his course to his native kingdom. Upon reaching Italy, the first care of the noble count and countess was to celebrate in princely style the marriage of Hereward and his faithful Bertha, who had added to their other claims upon their master and mistress those acquired by Hereward's faithful services in Palestine, and no less by Bertha's affectionate ministry to her lady in Constantinople.

As to the fate of Alexius Comnenus, it may be read at large in the history of his daughter Anna, who has represented him as the hero of many a victory, achieved, says the purple-born, in the third chapter and fifteenth book of her history, sometimes by his arms and sometimes by his prudence. "His boldness alone has gained some battles; at other times his success has been won by stratagem. He has erected the most illustrious of his trophies by confronting danger, by combating like a simple soldier, and throwing himself bareheaded into the thickest of the foe. But there are others," continues the accomplished lady, "which he gained an opportunity of erecting by assuming the appearance of terror, and even of retreat. In a word, he knew alike how to triumph either in flight or in pursuit, and remained upright even before those enemies who appeared to have struck him down; resembling the military implement termed the calthrop, which remains always upright in whatever direction it is thrown on the ground."

It would be unjust to deprive the Princess of the defense she herself makes against the obvious charge of partiality.

"I must still once more repel the reproach which some bring against me, as if my history was composed merely according to the dictates of the natural love for parents which is engraved in the hearts of children. In truth, it is not the effect of that affection which I bear to mine, but it is the evidence of matter of fact, which obliges me to speak as I have done. Is it not possible that one can have at the

same time an affection for the memory of a father and for truth? For myself, I have never directed my attempt to write history otherwise than for the ascertainment of the matter of fact. With this purpose, I have taken for my subject the history of a worthy man. Is it just that, by the single accident of his being the author of my birth, his quality of my father ought to form a prejudice against me which would ruin my credit with my readers? I have given, upon other occasions, proofs sufficiently strong of the ardor which I had for the defense of my father's interests, which those that know me can never doubt; but, on the present, I have been limited by the inviolable fidelity with which I respect the truth, which I should have felt conscience to have veiled, under pretense of serving the renown of my father." *

This much we have deemed it our duty to quote, in justice to the fair historian; we will extract also her description of the Emperor's death, and are not unwilling to allow that the character assigned to the Princess by our own Gibbon has in it a great deal of fairness and of truth.

Notwithstanding her repeated protests of sacrificing rather to the exact and absolute truth than to the memory of her deceased parent, Gibbon remarks truly that, "instead of the simplicity of style and narrative which wins our belief, an elaborate affectation of rhetoric and science betrays in every page the vanity of a female author. The genuine character of Alexius is lost in a vague constellation of virtues; and the perpetual strain of panegyric and apology awakens our jealousy to question the veracity of the historian and the merit of the hero. We cannot, however, refuse her judicious and important remark, that the disorders of the times were the misfortune and the glory of Alexius; and that every calamity which can afflict a declining empire was accumulated on his reign by the justice of Heaven and the vices of his predecessors."

The Princess accordingly feels the utmost assurance that a number of signs which appeared in heaven and on earth were interpreted by the soothsayers of the day as foreboding the death of the Emperor. By these means, Anna Comnena assigned to her father those indications of consequence which ancient historians represent as necessary intimations of the sympathy of nature with the removal of great characters from the world; but she fails not to inform the

* *Alexiad*, chap. iii. book xv.

† Gibbon's *Roman Empire*, vol. ix. p. 84.

Christian reader that her father's belief attached to none of these prognostics, and that even on the following remarkable occasion he maintained his incredulity :—A splendid statue, supposed generally to be a relic of paganism, holding in its hand a golden scepter, and standing upon a base of porphyry, was overturned by a tempest, and was generally believed to be an intimation of the death of the Emperor. This, however, he generously repelled. Phidias, he said, and other great sculptors of antiquity, had the talent of imitating the human frame with surprising accuracy ; but to suppose that the power of foretelling future events was reposed in these masterpieces of art would be to ascribe to their makers the faculties reserved by the Deity for himself, when he says, “It is I who kill and make alive.” During his latter days, the Emperor was greatly afflicted with the gout, the nature of which has exercised the wit of many persons of science as well as of Anna Comnena. The poor patient was so much exhausted that, when the Empress was talking of most eloquent persons who should assist in the composition of his history, he said, with a natural contempt of such vanities, “The passages of my unhappy life call rather for tears and lamentation than for the praises you speak of.”

A species of asthma having come to the assistance of the gout, the remedies of the physicians became as vain as the intercession of the monks and clergy, as well as the alms which were indiscriminately lavished. Two or three deep successive swoons gave ominous warning of the approaching blow ; and at length was terminated the reign and life of Alexius Comnenus—a prince who, with all the faults which may be imputed to him, still possesses a real right, from the purity of his general intentions, to be accounted one of the best sovereigns of the Lower Empire.

For some time, the historian forgot her pride of literary rank, and, like an ordinary person, burst into tears and shrieks, tore her hair, and defaced her countenance, while the Empress Irene cast from her princely habits, cut off her hair, changed her purple buskins for black mourning shoes, and her daughter Mary, who had herself been a widow, took a black robe from one of her own wardrobes, and presented it to her mother. “Even in the moment when she put it on,” says Anna Comnena, “the Emperor gave up the ghost, and in that moment the sun of my life set.”

We shall not pursue her lamentations farther. She upbraids herself that, after the death of her father, that light

of the world, she had also survived Irene, the delight alike of the East and of the West, and survived her husband also. "I am indignant," she said, "that my soul, suffering under such torrents of misfortune, should still deign to animate my body. Have I not," said she, "been more hard and unfeeling than the rocks themselves; and is it not just that one who could survive such a father and mother, and such a husband, should be subjected to the influence of so much calamity? But let me finish this history, rather than any longer fatigue my readers with my unavailing and tragical lamentation."

Having thus concluded her history, she adds the following two lines :—

The learned Comnena lays her pen aside,
What time her subject and her father died.*

These quotations will probably give the readers as much as they wish to know of the real character of this imperial historian. Fewer words will suffice to dispose of the other parties who have been selected from her pages, as persons in the foregoing drama.

There is very little doubt that the Count Robert of Paris, whose audacity in seating himself upon the throne of the Emperor gives a peculiar interest to his character, was in fact a person of the highest rank; being no other, as has been conjectured by the learned Ducange, than an ancestor of the house of Bourbon, which has so long given kings to France. He was a successor, it has been conceived, of the Counts of Paris, by whom the city was valiantly defended against the Normans, and an ancestor of Hugh Capet. There are several hypotheses upon this subject, deriving the well-known Hugh Capet, first from the family of Saxony; secondly, from St. Arnoul, afterwards Bishop of Altex [Metz]; third, from Nibilong; fourth, from the Duke of Bavaria; and fifth, from a natural son of the Emperor Charlemagne. Various placed, but in each of these contested pedigrees, appears this Robert, surnamed the Strong, who was count of that district of which Paris was the capital, most peculiarly styled the County, or Isle, of France. Anna Comnena, who has recorded the bold usurpation of the

* Δῆξεν ὅπου βιότοιο Ἀλέξιος ὁ Κομνηνός
Ἐνθα καλὴ θυγάτηρ λῆξεν Ἀλεξιάδος.

Emperor's seat by this haughty chieftain, has also acquainted us with his receiving a severe, if not a mortal, wound at the battle of Dorylæum, owing to his neglecting the warlike instructions with which her father had favored him on the subject of the Turkish wars. The antiquary who is disposed to investigate this subject may consult the late Lord Ashburnham's elaborate *Genealogy of the Royal House of France*; also a note of Ducange's on the Princess's history, arguing for the identity of her "Robert of Paris, a haughty barbarian," with the "Robert called the Strong," mentioned as an ancestor of Hugh Capet. Gibbon, vol. xi. p. 49, may also be consulted. The French antiquary and the English historian seem alike disposed to find the church called in the tale that of the Lady of the Broken Lances in that dedicated to St. Drausus, or Drosin, of Soissons, who was supposed to have peculiar influence on the issue of combats, and to be in the habit of determining them in favor of such champions as spent the night preceding at his shrine.

In consideration of the sex of one of the parties concerned, the Author has selected Our Lady of the Broken Lances as a more appropriate patroness than St. Drausus himself for the amazons, who were not uncommon in that age. Gaita, for example, the wife of Robert Guiscard, a redoubted hero, and the parent of a most heroic race of sons, was herself an amazon, fought in the foremost ranks of the Normans, and is repeatedly commemorated by our imperial historian, Anna Comnena.

The reader can easily conceive to himself that Robert of Paris distinguished himself among his brethren-at-arms and fellow-crusaders. His fame resounded from the walls of Antioch; but, at the battle of Dorylæum, he was so desperately wounded as to be disabled from taking a part in the grandest scene of the expedition. His heroic countess, however, enjoyed the great satisfaction of mounting the walls of Jerusalem, and in so far discharging her own vows and those of her husband. This was the more fortunate, as the sentence of the physicians pronounced that the wounds of the Count had been inflicted by a poisoned weapon, and that complete recovery was only to be hoped for by having recourse to his native air. After some time spent in the vain hope of averting by patience this unpleasant alternative, Count Robert subjected himself to necessity, or what was represented as such, and, with his wife and the faithful Hereward, and all others of his followers who had been like himself disabled from combat, took the way to Europe by sea.

A light galley, procured at a high rate, conducted them safely to Venice, and from that then glorious city the moderate portion of spoil which had fallen to the Count's share among the conquerors of Palestine served to convey them to his own dominions, which, more fortunate than those of most of his fellow-pilgrims, had been left uninjured by their neighbors during the time of their proprietor's absence on the Crusade. The report that the Count had lost his health, and the power of continuing his homage to the Lady of the Broken Lances, brought upon him the hostilities of one or two ambitious or envious neighbors, whose covetousness was, however, sufficiently repressed by the brave resistance of the Countess and the resolute Hereward. Less than a twelve-month was required to restore the Count of Paris to his full health, and to render him, as formerly, the assured protector of his own vassals and the subject in whom the possessors of the French throne reposed the utmost confidence. This latter capacity enabled Count Robert to discharge his debt towards Hereward in a manner as ample as he could have hoped or expected. Being now respected alike for his wisdom and his sagacity, as much as he always was for his intrepidity and his character as a successful crusader, he was repeatedly employed by the court of France in settling the troublesome and intricate affairs in which the Norman possessions of the English crown involved the rival nations. William Rufus was not insensible to his merit, nor blind to the importance of gaining his good-will; and finding out his anxiety that Hereward should be restored to the land of his fathers, he took, or made, an opportunity, by the forfeiture of some rebellious noble, of conferring upon our Varangian a large district adjacent to the New Forest, being part of the scenes which his father chiefly frequented, and where it is said the descendants of the valiant squire and his Bertha have subsisted for many a long year, surviving turns of time and chance, which are in general fatal to the continuance of more distinguished families.

NOTES TO COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS

NOTE 1.—BOHEMOND OF ANTIOCH, p. 5.

BOHEMOND, son of Robert Guiscard, the Norman conqueror of Apulia, Calabria, and Sicily, was, at the time when the first crusade began, Count of Tarentum. Though far advanced in life, he eagerly joined the expedition of the Latins, and became Prince of Antioch. For details of his adventures, death, and extraordinary character, see Gibbon, chaps. lviii., lix., and Mills's *History of the Crusades*, vol. i.

NOTE 2.—CONSTANTINOPLE, p. 9.

The impression which the imperial city was calculated to make on such visitors as the crusaders of the West is given by the ancient French chronicler Villehardouin, who was present at the capture of 1203.

"When we had come," he says, "within three leagues, to a certain abbey, then we could plainly survey Constantinople. There the ships and the galleys came to anchor; and much did they who had never been in that quarter before gaze upon the city. That such a city could be in the world they had never conceived, and they were never weary of staring at the high walls and towers with which it was entirely encompassed, the rich palaces and lofty churches, of which there were so many that no one could have believed it, if he had not seen with his own eyes that city, the queen of all cities. And know that there was not so bold a heart there, that it did not feel some terror at the strength of Constantinople."—Chap. lxvi.

Again, "And now many of those of the host went to see Constantinople within, and the rich palaces and stately churches of which it possesses so many, and the riches of the place, which are such as no other city ever equalled. I need not speak of the sanctuaries, which are as many as are in all the world beside."—Chap. c.

NOTE 3.—VARANGIAN GUARD, p. 13.

Ducange has poured forth a tide of learning on this curious subject, which will be found in his notes on Villehardouin's *Constantinople under the French Emperors*. Paris, 1657, folio, p. 296. Gibbon's *History* may also be consulted, vol. x. p. 221. Villehardouin, in describing the siege of Constantinople, 1203, says, "Li murs fu mult garnis d'Anglois et de Danois;" hence the dissertation of Ducange here quoted, and several articles besides in his Glossarium, as "Varangi," "Warengangi," etc. The etymology of the name* is left uncertain, though the German *fortyanger*, i.e. "forth-goer," "wanderer," "exile," seems the most probable. The term occurs in various Italian and Sicilian documents, anterior to the establishment of the Varangian Guards at Constantinople, and collected by Muratori: as, for instance, in an edict of one of the Lombard kings—

"Omnes Warengangi, qui de exteris finibus in regni nostri finibus advenerint, seque sub scuto potestatis nostræ subdiderint, legibus nostris Longobardorum vivere debeant" [vol. i. p. 48]; and in another, "De Warengangis uobilibus, mediocribus, et rusticis hominibus, qui usque nunc in terrâ vestrâ fugiti sunt, habeatis eos."—Muratori, vol. ii. p. 261.

* [Munch *Det Norske Folks Historie*, i. (1), p. 288, note 2, derives it from old Norse *var*, Anglo-Saxon *wer*, meaning "those bound together by an oath." It is without doubt connected with the Old Norse *varja*, Modern Swedish *varja*, German *vehren*, meaning "to defend," "protect." The name does not indicate any nationality, but is in Russian and Norse annals applied equally to all Scandinavians who went, mostly through Russia, to Myklegaard (the Great City), as they called Constantinople, to serve the Greek emperor.]

With regard to the origin of the Varangian Guard, the most distinct testimony is that of Ordericus Vitalis, who says :—

When, therefore, the English had lost their liberty, they turned themselves with zeal to discover the means of throwing off the unaccustomed yoke. Some fled to Sueno, King of the Danes, to excite him to the recovery of the inheritance of his grandfather, Canute. Not a few fled into exile in other regions, either from the mere desire of escaping from under the Norman rule, or in the hope of acquiring wealth, and so being one day in a condition to renew the struggle at home. Some of these, in the bloom of youth, penetrated into a far distant land, and offered themselves to the military service of the Constantinopolitan Emperor—that wise prince, against whom Robert Guiscard, Duke of Apulia, had then raised all his forces. . . . The English exiles were favorably received, and opposed in battle to the Normans, for whose encounter the Greeks themselves were too weak. Alexius began to build a town for the English, a little above Constantinople, at a place called Chevetot, but the trouble of the Normans from Sicily still increasing, he soon recalled them to the capital, and entrusted the principal palace with all its treasures to their keeping. This was the method in which the Saxon English found their way to Ionia, where they still remain, highly valued by the Emperor and the people.—Book iv.

NOTE 4.—IMMORTALS, p. 55.

The Ἀθάνατοι, or Immortals, of the army of Constantinople were a select body, so named in imitation of the ancient Persians. They were first embodied, according to Ducange, by Michael Ducas.

NOTE 5.—KING OF FRANCE, p. 74.

Ducange pours out a whole ocean of authorities to show that the king of France was in those days styled *rex*, by way of eminence. See his notes on *The Alexiad*. Anna Comnena in her history makes Hugh of Vermandois assume to himself the titles which could only, in the most enthusiastic Frenchman's opinion, have been claimed by his elder brother, the reigning monarch.

NOTE 6.—LABARUM, p. 118.

Ducange, fills half a column of his huge page with the mere names of the authors who have written at length on the Labarum, or principal standard of the empire for the time of Constantine. It consisted of a spear of silver, or plated with that metal, having suspended from a cross beam below the spoke a small square silken banner adorned with portraits of the reigning family, and over these the famous monogram which expresses at once the figure of the cross and the initial letters of the name of Christ. The bearer of the Labarum was an officer of high rank down to the last days of the Byzantine government.—See Gibbon, chap. xx.

Ducange seems to have proved, from the evidence of coins and triumphal monuments, that a standard of the form of the Labarum was used by various barbarous nations long before it was adopted by their Roman conquerors, and he is of opinion that its name also was borrowed from either Teutonic Germany, or Celtic Gaul, or Slavonic Illyria. It is certain that either the German language or the Welsh may afford at this day a perfectly satisfactory etymon, *lapheer* [*lappen-heer*] in the former, and *labhair* in the latter, having precisely the same meaning—"the cloth of the host."

The form of the Labarum may still be recognized in the banners carried in ecclesiastical processions, in all Roman Catholic countries.

NOTE 7.—GAITA, p. 127.

This amazon makes a conspicuous figure in Anna Comnena's account of her father's campaigns against Robert Guiscard. On one occasion (*Alexiad*, lib. iv. p. 93), she represents her as thus recalling the fugitive soldiery of her husband to their duty—"Ἡ δὲ γέ Γαῖτα . . . Παλλὰς ἄλλη, κὰν μὴ Ἀθῆνη . . . κατ' αὐτῶν μεγίστην ἀφείσα φωνήν, μονοῦν τὸ Ὀμηρικὸν ἔπος τῇ ἰδίᾳ διαλέκτῳ λέγειν ἔωκει 'μέχρι πόσον φέυξεσθε; στήτε, ἀνέρες ἔστε.' ὥς δὲ ἐτι φεύγοντας τοῦτους ἑώρα, δόρυ μακρὸν ἐναγκαλισαμένη, ὅλους ρυτῆρας ἐνδούσα κατὰ τῶν φευγόντων ἵεται.— That is, exhorting them, in all but Homeric language, at the top of her voice; and when this failed, brandishing a long spear, and rushing upon the fugitives at the utmost speed of her horse. This heroic lady, according to the *chronique scandaleuse* of those

days, was afterwards deluded by some cunning overtures of the Greek Emperor, and poisoned her husband in expectation of gaining a place on the throne of Constantinople. Ducange, however, rejects the story, and so does Gibbon.

NOTE 8.—COUNT OF THOLOUSE, p. 166.

Raymond Count of Tholouse and St. Giles, Duke of Narbonne, and Marquis of Provence, an aged warrior who had won high distinction in the contests against the Saracens in Spain, was the chief leader of the crusaders from the South of France. His title of St. Giles is corrupted by Anna Comnena into Sangeles, by which name she constantly mentions him in *The Alexiad*.

NOTE 9.—CRUSADERS' PUNISHMENT, p. 274.

Persons among the crusaders found guilty of certain offences did penance in a dress of tar and feathers, though it is supposed a punishment of modern invention.

NOTE 10.—LATIN QUOTATIONS, p. 286.

The lines of Juvenal imitated by Johnson in his *London*—

All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows ;
And bid him go to Hell—to Hell he goes.

“Do thou cultivate justice : for thee and for others there remains an avenger.”
—Ovid, *Met*.

NOTE 11.—CHRONICLE OF LALAIN, p. 370.

In the Diary of Sir Walter Scott (19th February 1826) he writes :—“Being troubled with thick-coming fancies, and a slight palpitation of the heart, I have been reading the Chronicle of the Good Knight Messire Jacques de Lalain—curious, but dull, from the constant repetition of the same species of combats in the same style and phrase. It is like washing bushels of sand for a grain of gold. . . . Still, things occur to one. Something might be made out of . . . a tale of chivalry, taken from the passage of arms which Jacques de Lalain maintained for the first day of every month for a twelvemonth.” And in a footnote Mr. Lockhart says, “This hint was taken up in *Count Robert of Paris*.”

A brief notice of the heroic knight-errant referred to may, therefore, not be considered out of place here.

The *Chronique du Bon Chevalier Messire Jacques de Lalain, Frère et Compagnon de l'Ordre de la Toison d'Or*, attributed to Messire Georges Chastellain, forms vol. xxi. of the *Collection des Chroniques Nationales Françaises*, published by J. A. Buchon, of which there is a set in the Abbotsford Library. In a previous edition of this work, published at Bruxelles, 1631, small 4to, it is called “Histoire,” in place of “Chronique,” and has a small portrait of the *Bon Chevalier* with the collar of the Golden Fleece, carefully engraved, evidently from an original miniature painting. It may be added that this work was translated into French verse, and amplified, by a Flemish knight, Messire Jean d'Ennetières, Sieur de Beaumetz. It was published at Tournay in 1632, with the title, *Le Chevalier sans Reproche, Jacques de Lalain*; and is divided into sixteen books, with an engraved design to each. Had Sir Walter set himself to read this version he might have well described it as insufferably dull. The circumstance, however, that gives a special interest to this work is the portion that relates to Scotland in the reign of James the Second.

The *Nouvelle Biographie Générale* contains a long article, “LALAIN ou LALAING (Jacques, dit Jaquet de), surnommé le Bon Chevalier,” from which it appears that he was born about 1422, and when sixteen years of age was sent to the court of Adolphus Duke of Cleves; he afterwards continued to signalize himself by his exploits as the representative of a knight-errant. His biographer remarks that, on the first point of view of his historical career, “Ce personnage, on le voit, n'offre qu'un intérêt médiocre. Mais il n'en est pas de même si on le considère au point de vue des mœurs du temps. Jacques de Lalain nous offre en effet la personification d'un type aussi curieux qu'intéressant. Il fut un des derniers représentants de l'idéal chevaleresque. L'imagination s'attache avec sympathie au destin de ce personnage, exalté jusqu'à l'héroïsme par la foi qui l'anime.”

The chapters in the French Chronicle that relate to Scotland are very curious but are too long to be quoted. Jacques de Lalain, hearing of the prowess of Sir James of Douglas, sent a letter of challenge by a herald to Scotland, dated July 1448. The reply, accepting the challenge, is dated at Edinburgh, 24th September, 1448. He accordingly arrived in Scotland in the beginning of 1449, and the tournament took place during the time of Lent, at Stirling, in the presence of the Scottish king and the nobility, and a great concourse of people. To quote the words of a well-known historian *—"Two Burgundians of the noble house of Lalain, and a third styled the squire Melyades, challenged two of the Douglasses, and Halket, to fight with the lance, battle-ax, sword, and dagger. After a festival of some days, the combatants entered the lists, clothed in velvet, and proceeded to their pavilions to arm; the Earl of Douglas himself, attended by not less than about five thousand followers, accompanying the Scottish champions. After having been solemnly knighted by the King, the parties engaged; the spears were soon thrown away; one of the Douglasses was felled by a battle-ax, and the combat becoming unequal, the King threw down his baton, the signal of its termination."

At a chapter of the order of the Golden Fleece, the 4th of May, 1451, Jacques de Lalain was elected a knight of that distinguished order; but was slain by a cannon-ball at the siege of the Château de Poucques, 4th July, 1453, aged thirty-two (*Laing*).

* Pinkerton's *History [of Scotland]*, vol. i. p. 207 [1797].

GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

- Abydos**, a town on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont or Dardanelles
- Abye**, to pay for, atone for
- Achitophel**, the counsellor of King David
- Agamemnon**, commander of the Greeks in the Trojan War
- Alexandrian library**, the greatest collection of books in the ancient Greek world, was preserved at Alexandria in Egypt, and burnt in 640 by the Arab conqueror, Amr ibn al-As
- Aliquando dormitat Homerus**, Homer is caught napping sometimes
- All' erta! all' erta**, etc. (p. 273), Look out! look out! Here's booty!
- Alter** (p. 382), evidently Metz, of which see Arnulf was bishop
- Ambidexter**, doublehanded; double-dealing
- Androcles and the Lion**, the story of the Roman slave who removed a thorn from the paw of a wild lion, and afterwards was recognized by it when cast into the arena to be torn to pieces by wild animals
- Antoninus**. See Marcus Aurelius Antoninus
- Anubis**, a god of the ancient Egyptians, usually represented with a jackal's head
- Apelles**, the most celebrated painter of ancient Greece, lived in the 4th century
- Apis**, an ancient Egyptian deity, worshipped in the form of a bull
- Arblast**, a cross-bow
- Argive**, Greek
- Argus's tail, eyes of**. After the death of Argus, his hundred eyes were placed in the tail of the peacock
- Armipotent**, mighty in arms, an epithet of Mars, the Roman god of war
- Astucious**, astute, crafty
- Atmeidan**, a circus, exercise ring
- Attaint**, a successful hit, stroke
- Ballantynian ordeal**, printing. Scott's novels were first printed by the brothers John and James Ballantyne
- Bel**, a Babylonian god, corresponding to the Canaanite god Baal
- Besant**, or *Byzant*, a gold coin = 10s. to 20s
- Bevis of Hampton**, the hero of a mediæval romance
- Black Douglas**, or *Good Sir James of Douglas*, the loyal supporter of Robert Bruce, called Black from his swarthy complexion
- Boeotia**, a district of ancient Greece, the inhabitants of which were proverbial for their rude and unsocial manners
- Bona Dea**, peculiarly the goddess of women amongst the ancient Romans
- Bradamante**, a female warrior in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*
- Bruted**, noised abroad
- Brutus, elder**, the hero who, in the legendary history of Rome, feigned
- idiocy to escape the tyranny of Tarquin the Proud
- Caccabulum**, a small cooking-pot; (p. 253) a clean dish
- Caliph**, the head of the Mohammedan world, both politically and religiously
- Calthrop**, four iron spikes fixed into a ball in such a way that, when any three rest on the ground, the fourth projects upwards; this instrument was put down where cavalry were expected to charge
- Cap à pie**, from head to foot
- Cathedral clock**. Striking clocks are known to have existed in the 12th century; the earliest forerunner of modern clocks is believed to have been invented in the 9th century
- Cleonice**, the Byzantine maiden stabbed by mistake by Pausanias the Spartan
- Clovis**, king of the Franks, adopted Christianity in 496
- Comus**, in ancient Greek mythology, the god of revelry
- Constantinople**, was inaugurated as the new capital of the Roman Empire in 330
- Contra omnes mortales**, against all men
- Corps de garde**, the guard
- Corymbetes**, the surname of Periphetes, a robber of Epidaurus in Greece,

who slew travelers with an iron club

Crown, parsley. See *Parsley crown*

Cumans, or Comans, Turkish tribes settled in what is now Moldavia and southwest Russia

Cybele, the great mother, an ancient goddess of Asia Minor

Cydnus, a river in the south of Asia Minor

Cytherea, a name of Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love; *Cytherean*, dedicated to Aphrodite (Venus)

Cytheros, one of the Ionian islands, anciently sacred to Aphrodite

Daidling-bit, a path for dawdling, sauntering on *Damascus, Gate of* (p. 16).

See *Genie* and the prince *Dan*, a title of familiarity used by some old English writers

Davus sum, non Œdipus, I am a simple man, not a guesser of riddles

"*Did I but purpose*," etc. (p. x), from the poem *Henry and Emma*

Diogenes, lantern of. See *Lantern of Diogenes*

Diomedes, king of the Bistones, used to feed four savage horses with the bodies of all strangers he caught in his country, until he was slain by Hercules

Dionysius, ear of (p. 207). See *Fortunes of Nigel*, p. 391

Doited, stupid

Dorylaeum, in Phrygia, Asia Minor; there in 1097 the Crusaders defeated the Seljuk Turks led by their sultan Soliman

Draco, an Athenian lawgiver of the 7th century B.C., whose laws were of unusual severity

Drinc hael, drink health

Dromond, a large transport vessel

Ducange, Charles Dufresne, Sieur du Cange, an erudite French scholar of the 17th century

En brut, in the rough, unpolished

En champ clos, in the lists, the ground enclosed for a tournament

Etymon, the root or original form of a word

Eumenides, the Furies, monsters of terror, in ancient Greek mythology

Evœe, evœe, exclamations used by the worshippers of Bacchus

Ex preposito, of express purpose

Faitour, an evil-doer, scoundrel

Felucca, a narrow open boat with two lateen sails, used in the Mediterranean

Fetterbolt, presumably fetterlock, a shackle

Fleurs-de-lis semées, scattered lilies, a heraldic term

Fortganger (in Modern High German only a philological, not an actual form), from *fortgang*, "going forth," "progress"

Four hours, a light repast taken between dinner and supper, generally at four o'clock

Franklin, a yeoman, small landowner

Gaed, went

Gaitling, an infant, child *Gambaud*, or *Gambade*, a leap, spring

Gay, John, English poet, author of *The Beggar's Opera* (1728)

Genie and the Prince, (p. 16), an allusion to *The Arabian Nights*, "Nour-eddin Ali and Bedreddin Hassan"

Goddess-born, Achilles, son of the goddess Thetis

Gossipred, the relationship of sponsor and god-child "Grammaticus, rhetor," etc. (p. 288). Gram-

marian, rhetorician, geometer, painter, manager of a wrestling-school, interpreter of omens, rope-dancer, physician, sage, he knew everything. A hungry, paltry Greek, he will go to heaven if you bid him do so

Gusedub, means the geese's puddle

Gymnosophist, an ancient Hindu philosopher and ascetic

Hero and Leander. Leander swam every night

across the Hellespont, to visit Hero, guided by the light of her lamp, until, the lamp being extinguished one stormy night, Leander perished in the waves

Hiatus valde deflendi, gaps to be greatly deplored

Hussain, Prince. See *Prince Hussain's tapestry*

Ichor, a fluid that in the gods corresponded to the blood of human bodies

Ides of March, the 15th of March

Idumeans, or Idumæans, a people belonging to a district in the south of Palestine

Infinitus est numerus stultorum, the number of fools is infinite

Isthmian games, one of the four great athletic festivals of ancient Greece, were held every two years on the Isthmus of Corinth

Joinville, Sieur de, wrote a Life of Louis IX., who conducted a crusade in 1248-54

Ken, know

Kittle turn, a hard sentence, difficulty

Lantern of Diogenes, (p. 214), an allusion to the cynical philosopher Diogenes, who, being asked why he went about with a lighted lantern in broad daylight, replied, that he was seeking for an honest man

Laphee, correctly a compound of the Low German *lappen*, "cloth," and the High German *heer*, "a host"

Lave, the remainder, rest *Lelies*, the descriptive name given to the Arab shout of onset, *La ilaha illa 'llah*

Lemnos, an island in the Aegean Sea, about 40 miles from the Dardanelles

"*Les Anglois*," etc. (p. 66), the English and Danes fought much with battle-axes

- Licet exire*, permission to leave the room
- Lingua franca*, a corrupt language employed as a common medium of intercourse
- Loretto*, *Our Lady's house of* (p. 207), was, according to the legend, transported in the 13th century from Nazareth to Dalmatia, and thence in a single night to Italy
- Luster*, a period of five years
- Lycurgus*, the great lawyer of the ancient Spartans
- Macaroni*, a fop, beau of the 18th century
- Manchester railroad* (p. x). The Manchester and Liverpool Railway was opened in 1830, the year before the Introduction to this novel was written
- Manichæans* (p. 6), adherents of an ancient religious system, only in part Christian, which originated in Western Asia in the 3d century. They assisted Alexius against the Normans in 1081
- Marcus (Aurelius) Antoninus*, Roman emperor in the 2d century, renowned as a noble-minded heathen philosopher
- Morphisa*, a female warrior in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*
- Maud*, a shepherd's gray woolen plaid
- Menelaus*. See Homer's *Iliad*, Bk. xvii.
- Michael Ducas*, emperor of Constantinople from 1071 to 1078
- Militat omnis amans*, etc. (p. 221), every lover is a man-at-arms, and even Cupid has his camp
- Mitylene*, or *Mytilene*, also called *Lesbos*, an island off the west coast of Asia Minor
- Mount Pisgah*, the mountain, east of the Jordan, from which Moses viewed the Promised Land of Israel
- Muckle*, much
- Muratori Lodovico Antonio*, Italian antiquary and historian, lived 1672 to 1750. He published a famous collection of Italian chronicles from the 5th to the 16th century
- Musis severioribus*, to graver and more arduous studies
- Naxos*, an island in the Ægean Sea, celebrated for its great fertility
- Nibilon*, probably the ancestor of the Burgundian tribe of the Nibelungen or Niflungen
- Nicanor* (p. 27). The Greek word "nike" means "victory"
- Nicotian weed*, tobacco
- Niddering*, or *nothing*, a worthless person, stamping a man as an outcast and utterly vile
- Oboli*, or *obol*, a coin of ancient Greece=1-2 d.
- Odin*, the supreme god of the ancient Scandinavians. Compare *The Pirate*, Note 30, p. 462
- Æstrum*, torment, prick
- Ofelli*, a reference to an unpolished but upright countryman in Horace, *Satires*, ii. 2
- Omnium augustissimus*, the most august or illustrious of all
- Ordericus Vitalis*, a Norman historian of the 11th century
- Palestra*, or *palaestra*, the arena where boxing and other athletic games were carried on
- Pancration*, an athletic contest which involved both wrestling and boxing
- Panhypsebastos*, the most august of the august
- Par amours*, unlawfully, illicitly
- Parcel*, in part, partly
- Parsley crown* (p. 16), a prize for athletic skill; such were the prizes given at the Isthmian games
- Patroclus*. See Homer's *Iliad*, Bk. xvii.
- Paulicians* (p. 6), a religious sect who originated in Armenia in the 7th century; their doctrines were partly Christian, partly Manichæan. They assisted Alexius against the Normans in 1081
- Pelides*, the son of Peleus, i. e. Achilles; his mother was the goddess Thetis
- Penthesilea*, queen of the Amazons, who fought against the Greeks at Troy
- Periapt*, a charm, talisman
- Perpending*, weighing, considering
- Phidias*, the greatest sculptor of ancient Greece, in the 5th century B. C.
- Phryne*, a famous courtesan of ancient Greece, a woman of marvelous beauty
- Pistrinum*, a corn-mill worked by an ass or horse; slaves were sometimes harnessed to it as a mode of punishment
- Pitcairne, Dr.*, a celebrated doctor and writer of Latin verse, of Edinburgh (1752-1813)
- Porphyrogenita*, born in the purple, i. e. of imperial birth
- Prætor*, a class of ancient Roman magistrates
- Prætorian Bands*, the imperial guards or household troops of the ancient Roman Empire
- Praxiteles*, one of the greatest sculptors of ancient Greece, lived in the 4th century B. C.
- Prefect*, or *præfect*, the title of various high officers in ancient Rome
- Prærupt*, abrupt, sudden
- Prince and genie* (p. 16). See Genie and the prince
- Prince Houssain's tapestry*. See *Arabian Nights*, "Prince Ahmed"
- Prior's heroine* (p. x), Emma in the poem *Henry and Emma*
- Procopius*, the principal of the Byzantine historians, lived during the 6th century
- Procrustes*, the surname of an ancient Greek robber, who forced his victim to lie down on a bed which was either too short or too long, and then stretched or cut him until his body exactly fitted
- Prometheus*, a demi-god, according to one legend, created men out of earth and water
- "*Propago contemptrix*," etc. (p. 236), truly a godless generation, very greedy of slaughter and full of violence; mis-

- quoted from Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, i. 160
- Propontis*, the Sea of Marmora
- Protosebastos*, the fifth person in rank in the Eastern Roman Empire, the Emperor being the first, the Sebastocrator the second, the Cæsar the third
- Pulcheria*, *Empress*, sister of Theodosius, whom she succeeded in 450
- Puliccinello*, or *Punchinello*, a puppet, the prototype of Punch; also a typical comic character in early Italian comedy
- Punctiuncula*, trifling points, small matters
- Questor*, a class of ancient Roman magistrates
- Quidnunc*, one who knows or pretends to know all the news of the day
- Quirites*, a general name for the citizens of ancient Rome
- Regis ad exemplum*, after the king's example
- Res tuas agas*, attend to your own business
- Robert of Apulia*, known more commonly as Robert Guiscard
- Rodomont*, a commander in the Saracen army that fought against Charlemagne, in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*
- Saale* (p. 133), should obviously be *Meuse*, along which river and the Rhine the Franks (see p. 162) were for a long period settled. Charlemagne was a Frank, and was born at Aix-la-Chapelle, which is not far distant from the Meuse
- Sabine vintage*. See Horace, *Odes*, Bk. I. xx. 1
- Sae*, so
- St. Anthony*, in the 3d century, spent nearly twenty years as a solitary anchorite in a desert in Egypt
- St. Arnoul*, or *Arnulf*, bishop of Metz, and founder of the Carolingian dynasty of the kings of France
- Sair Lift*, a sore or heavy burden, task
- Sanctum sanctorum*, the most private of all apartments
- Schaw*, or *show*, to indicate, reveal, show
- Seyrons*, the inhabitants of Scyro, one of the Ægean islands, notorious for their piracies
- Sebastocrator*, the second person in rank in the Greek Empire. See p. 217; and, for the history of the title, and its relation to the title Cæsar, Gibbon, chap. liii.
- Sebastos*, august
- Semeæ*, strewn, sown
- Sequin*, a gold coin worth about 9s. 6d.
- Sestos*, a town on the European side of the Hellespont or Dardanelles
- Sibyl*. See Tivoli
- Sicarius*, a stabber, assassin
- Stadia*, a Greek measure of distance=200 yards
- Stummed* (wine), unfmented
- Sub crimine falsi*, under the penalty of being esteemed faithless
- Susurrus*, whisper, rumor
- Sylvan*, a faun, woodland diety, creature of the woods
- Tales of the Genii*, or the delightful Lessons of Horam, the Son of Asmar, by Sir Charles Morell (James Ridley), 1765
- Tanquam deus ex machina*, like a god stepping down from the (theatrical) car (or other contrivance)
- Taprobana*, some island or country in the south-east of Asia; sometimes identified with Ceylon
- Taranis*, the supreme god of the Druids, the priests of the ancient Britons
- Tasso has preferred* (p. 360). Tancred is the hero of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* of the Italian poet Tasso
- Tecbir*, the Arab shout of onset
- Thalestris*, queen of the Amazons in the time of Alexander the Great
- Theme*, a province or division of the Byzantine empire
- Thetis*, son of Achilles
- Tivoli*, the modern Tibur, not many miles from Rome; there, beside a waterfall, stood a temple to the ancient prophetess, the Sibyl
- Τὸν ἐμὸν Καίσαρα*, my emperor, my beloved
- Topped his part* (p. 173), done his part with zeal and success. Gay's lines (*Squire and Cur*) exactly hit off Agelastes—"That politician tops his part Who readily can lie with art"
- Tranchefer*, cleaver of iron, the name of Count Robert's sword
- Trimalchio's banquet*, described in the fragmentary *Satiræ* of the Roman writer Petronius Arbiter
- Trinculo*, the jester in Shakespeare's *Tempest*
- "*Tu cole justiciam*," etc. (p. 288), Do thou cultivate justice, there will come an avenger for thee and for others
- Ultimus atque optimus*, the last and best
- Ultimus labor*, the last work
- Ultramontane*, beyond the mountains—that is, north of the Alps
- Varangian*, the name of a class of Norse adventurers or soldiers. There is no language known by this name. The Varangians spoke Old Norse. Saxon, or rather Anglo-Saxon is intended on p. 44. See further footnote, p. 389.
- Vavasour*, a principal vassal, great lord
- "*Veiller y vont*," etc. (p. xxvi), thither come to keep vigil such pilgrims as desire to engage in single combat
- Vere Sapiens*, the truly wise man
- Vicit Leo ex tribu Judæ*, the Lion of the tribe of Judah (i. e. Christ) hath conquered
- Villehardouin*, Geoffroi, de, a French chronicler of the 12th century
- Vulnery*, relating to wounds
- Waes hael*, Kaiser, etc. (p. 43), Good health to thee, gracious and mighty emperor. For mirrig read mirige, and for machtigh, read miehtig or mihtig
- Water* (up the), valley

Windlestraw, a stalk of
grass

Xantippe, the shrewish
wife of the philosopher
Socrates

York, Duke of his refor-

mation of the army (p.
25). Frederick Augus-
tus, second son of
George III., was com-
mander-in-chief of the
English army from 1798
to 1809, and effected

many useful reforms
Zoe kai psyche, life and
soul
Zoroaster the founder of
the ancient religion of
the fire-worshipping
Parsees

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